1981

81
EX SCIENTIA
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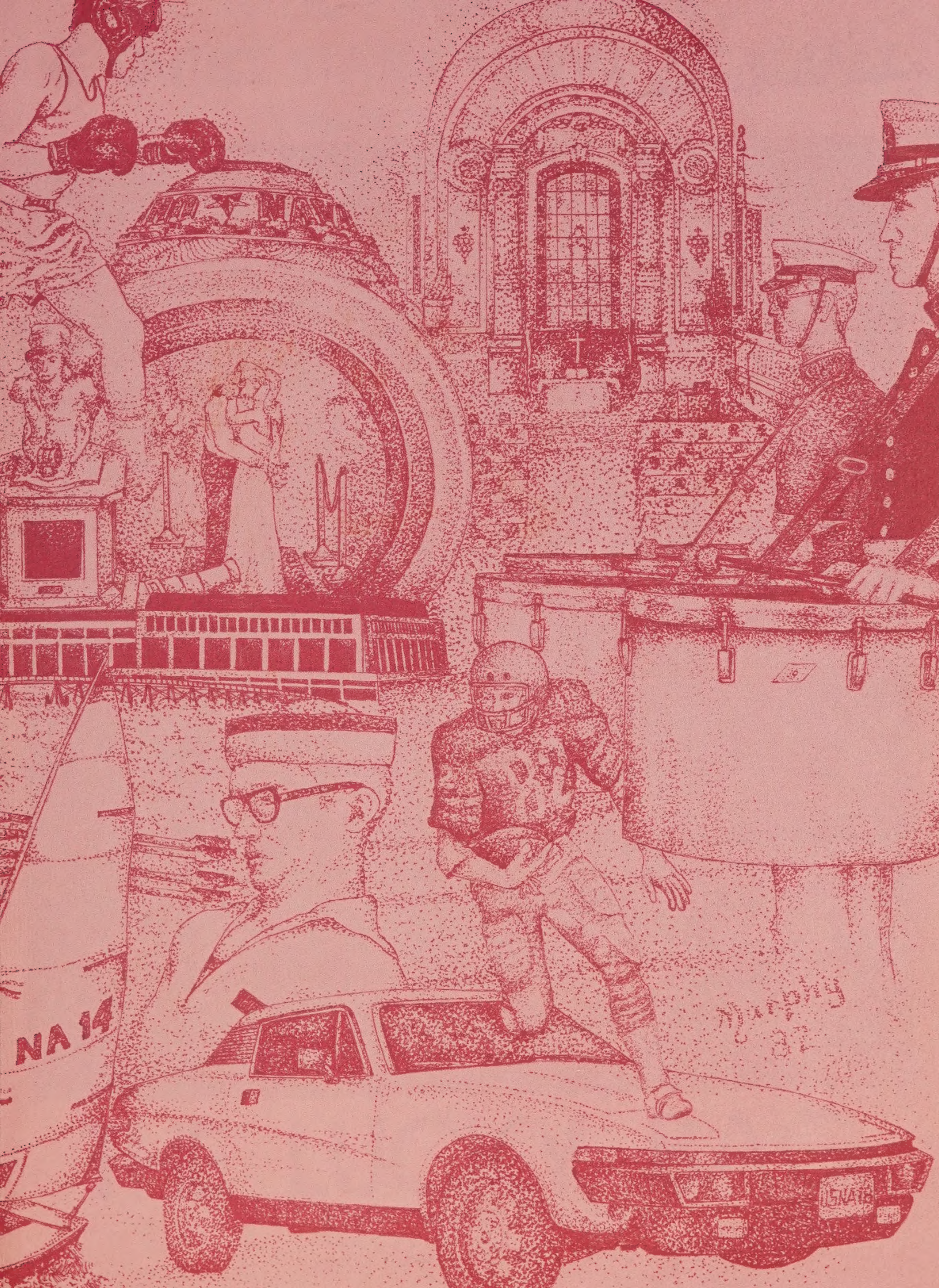
Lucky Bag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Archives, U.S. Naval Academy

The Class of Nineteen Eighty-One of

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Presents the 89th Edition of

THE LUCKY BAG

Editor-in-Chief Stuart W. Swetland
Associate Editor Albert A. Thomas
Layout Editor Christopher S. Cooke

Dedication . . .

The Class of 1981 will always remember Admiral and Mrs. Lawrence. From the very first day - July 6, 1977 - they were here with us. After reporting aboard in August, 1978, as Superintendant, Admiral Lawrence stressed to us the importance of a "commitment to excellence." The Class of '81 internalized his message and responded with outstanding performances in all categories. Admiral and Mrs. Lawrence were the class's biggest supporters. Whether it was a sporting event, a Masqueraders production, or a Glee Club concert, they were always there in the front row, center, to show their support. No effort went unnoticed by Admiral and Mrs. Lawrence. They were always the first to congratulate outstanding performance. They made us feel welcome at their house whether it was a June Week Garden Party or a academic year reception or just a place for guests to stay for the weekend. More than anyone else, we have Admiral Lawrence to thank for keeping our Service Selection free of any draft.

It is not possible to list all the things that these two wonderful people did for us. We hope that we can show our appreciation in a small way by dedicating the *1981 Lucky Bag* to Admiral and Mrs. Lawrence. Thank you!

To Vice Admiral and Mrs. William P. Lawrence

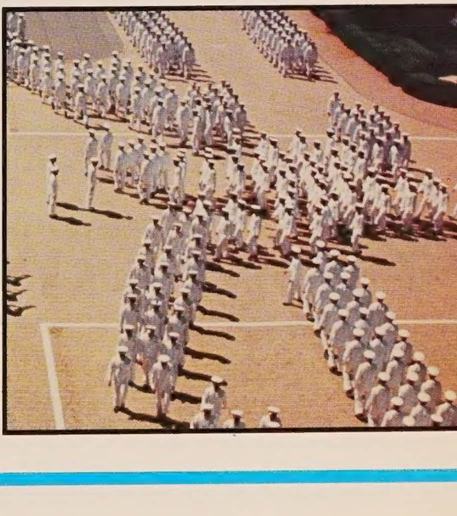
MISSION
# of the
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

To prepare midshipmen morally, mentally and physically to be professional officers in the naval service.

U S
NAVAL
ACADEMY
EX
TRIDENS
SCIENTIA

We at the Naval Academy are fortunate to be here. The opportunities for scholarship, leadership, athletics, and friendship are boundless. But the Academy is not an ordinary place. It is an institution that has survived the test of time. Perhaps the best description of Annapolis is "Navy - the Uncollege."

Our school is a unique one among universities. Hopefully, this *Lucky Bag* will show just how different we are.



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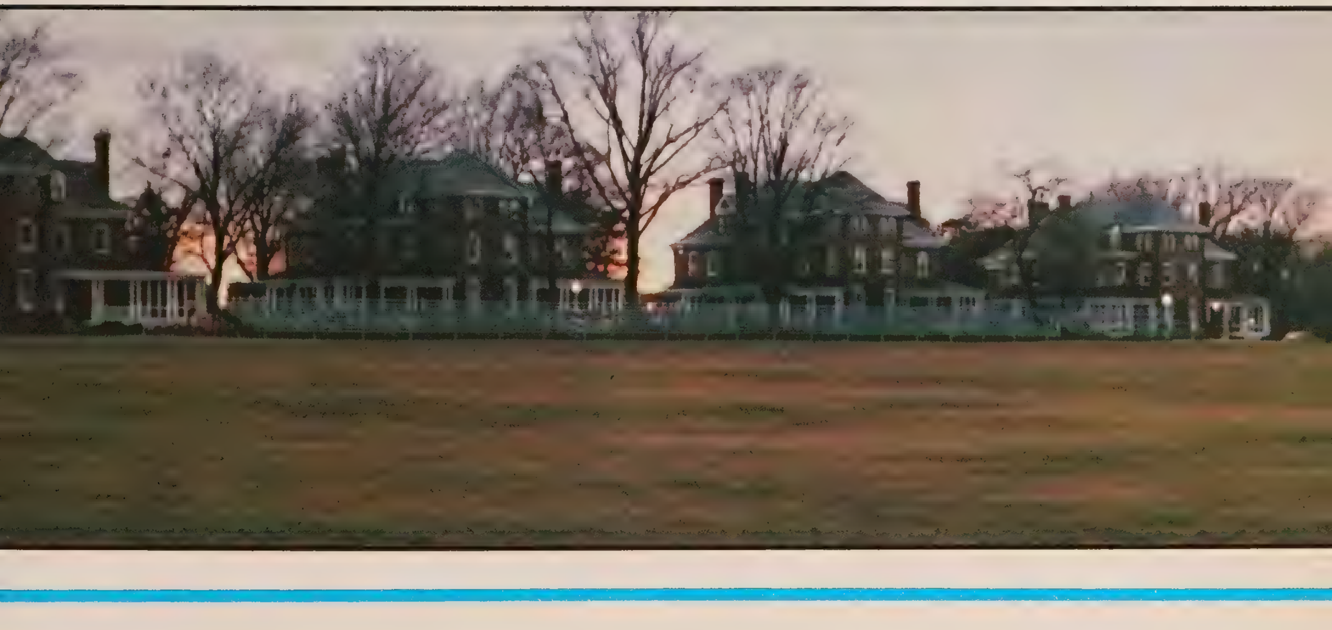

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The U.S. Naval Academy Alumni Association Presents:

CLASS CRESTS THROUGH THE YEARS

A Pictorial History

On behalf of the United States Naval Academy Alumni Association, and personally, I want to congratulate the class of 1981 for their many fine efforts during their four years on the banks of the Severn. You have displayed outstanding leadership in many areas, both within the Brigade and in the community of Annapolis. We are proud to welcome you aboard as Alumni.

We especially appreciate the efforts of your Lucky Bag staff in putting the Class Crest Project together, a symbol of unity among all Naval Academy classes.

Alumni from all over the world join me in wishing you fair winds and a following sea.

Bill Busik

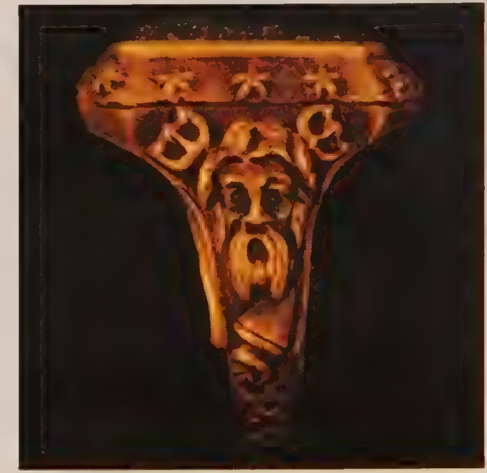
WILLIAM S. BUSIK
Captain, USN (Ret.)
Executive Director

THE FOLLOWING CLASSES DID NOT HAVE A CLASS CREST:

CLASS	*ENTERED*	*GRADUATED*
1846	55	47
1847	173	136
1848	8	7
1851	6	3
1852	24	16
1853	66	47
1854	6	6
1855	76	33
1856	118	65
1857	26	15
1858	57	15
1859	46	20
1860	62	25
1861	73	27
1862	62	32
1863	83	55
1864	114	50
1865	147	55
1866	179	73
1867	186	87
1868	154	99

THE FOLLOWING CLASS CRESTS WERE UNAVAILABLE:

CLASS	*ENTERED*	*GRADUATED*
1873	77	34
1877	93	45
1880	111	79

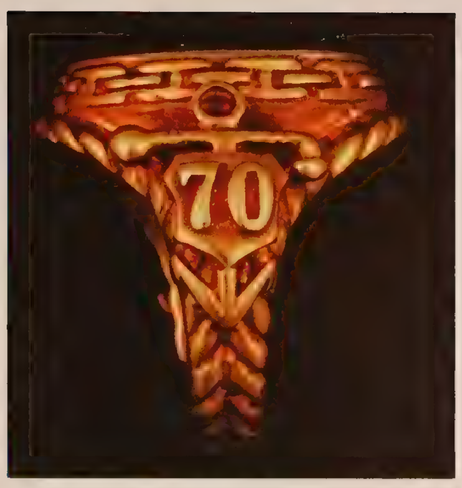


1869

CLASS OF 1869

74 ENTERED 130 GRADUATED

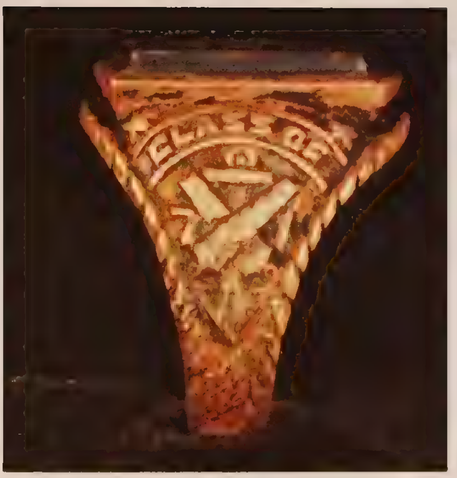
7
0



CLASS OF 1870

118 ENTERED 68 GRADUATED

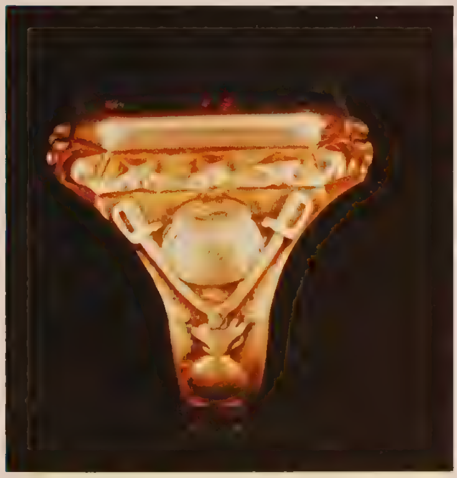
7
1



CLASS OF 1871

92 ENTERED 49 GRADUATED

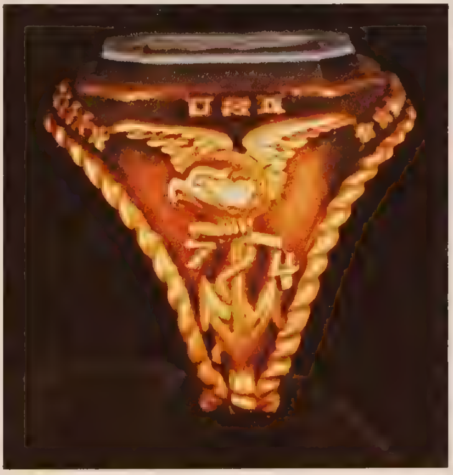
7
2



CLASS OF 1872

48 ENTERED 26 GRADUATED

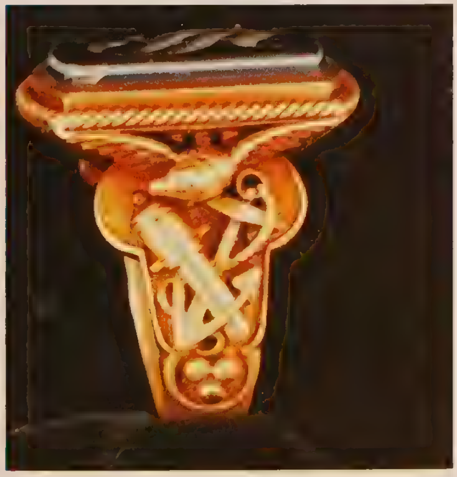
7
4



CLASS OF 1874

92 ENTERED 40 GRADUATED

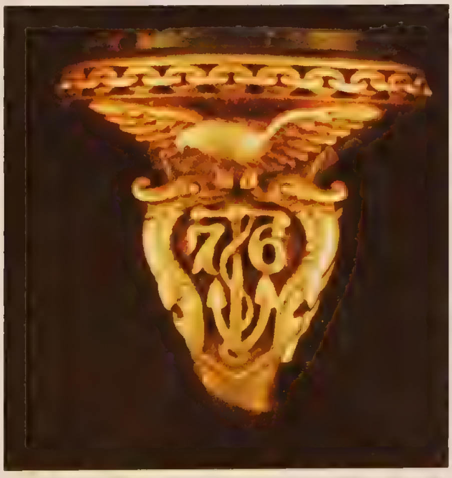
7
5



CLASS OF 1875

105 ENTERED 48 GRADUATED

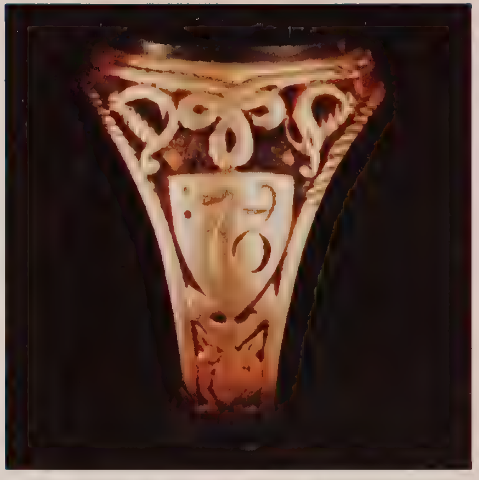
7
6



CLASS OF 1876

89 ENTERED 45 GRADUATED

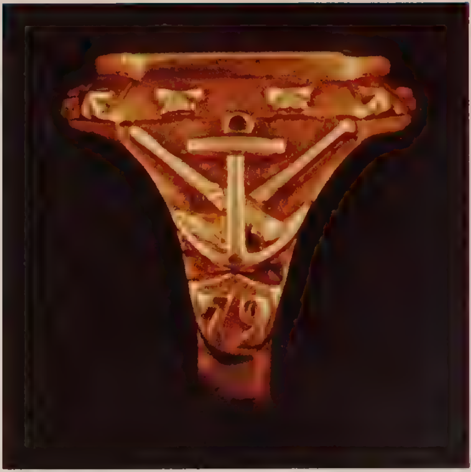
7
8



CLASS OF 1878

86 ENTERED 50 GRADUATED

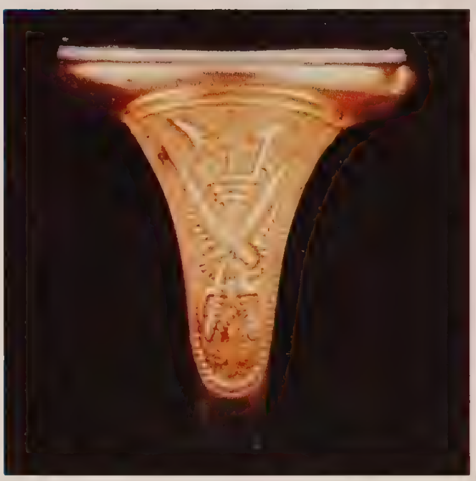
7
9



CLASS OF 1879

99 ENTERED 64 GRADUATED

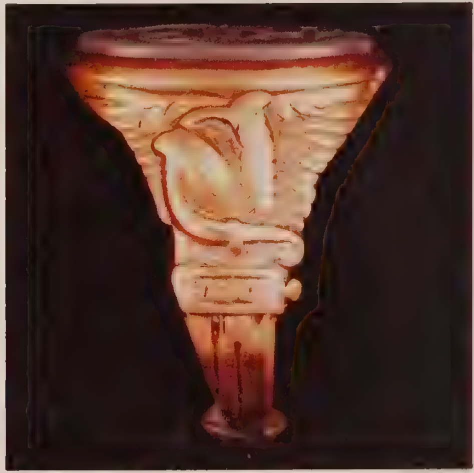
8
1



CLASS OF 1881

121 ENTERED 96 GRADUATED

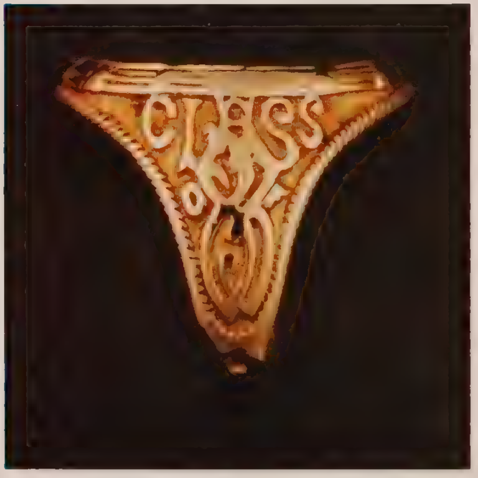
8
2



CLASS OF 1882

82 ENTERED 60 GRADUATED

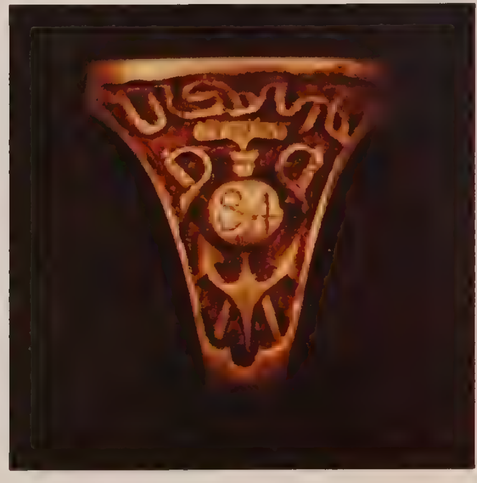
8
3



CLASS OF 1883

81 ENTERED 54 GRADUATED

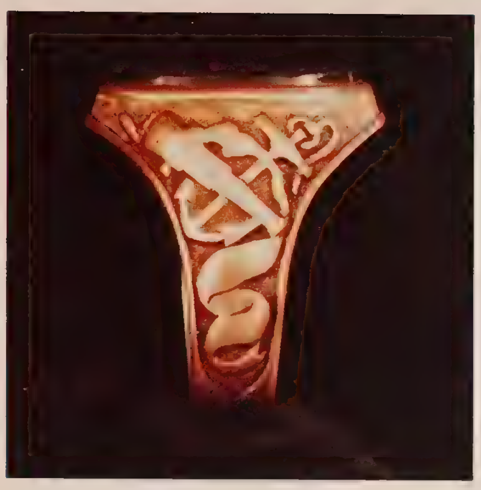
8
4



CLASS OF 1884

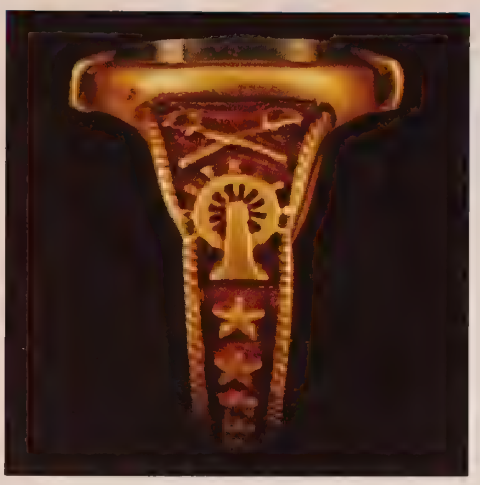
68 ENTERED 46 GRADUATED

8
5



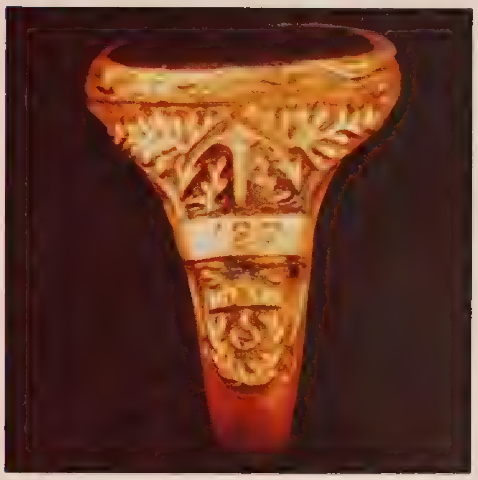
CLASS OF 1885
65 ENTERED 36 GRADUATED

8
6



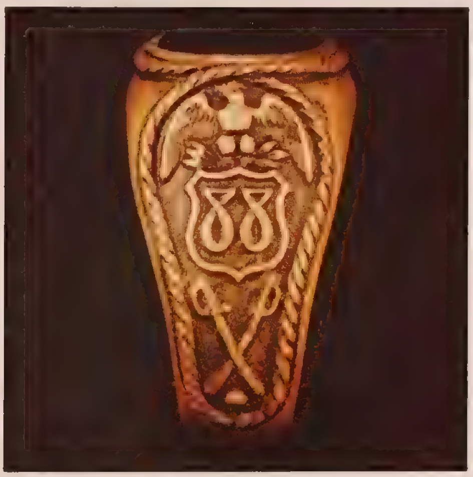
CLASS OF 1886
37 ENTERED 25 GRADUATED

8
7



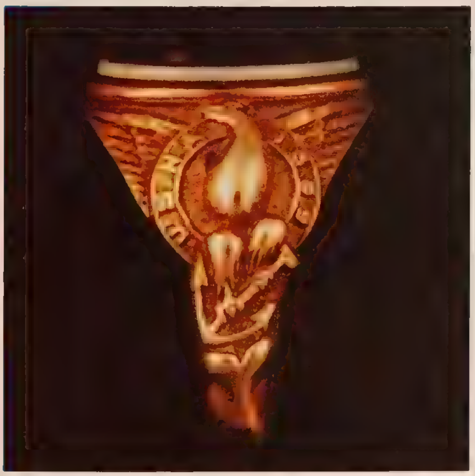
CLASS OF 1887
103 ENTERED 44 GRADUATED

8
8



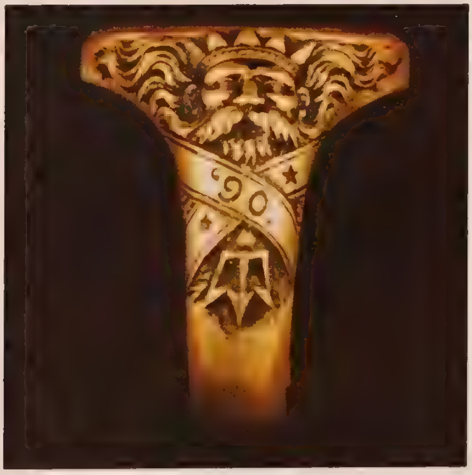
CLASS OF 1888
89 ENTERED 35 GRADUATED

8
9



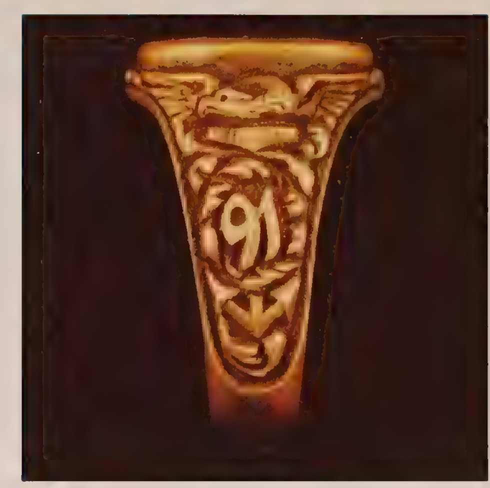
CLASS OF 1889
78 ENTERED 35 GRADUATED

9
0



CLASS OF 1890
81 ENTERED 34 GRADUATED

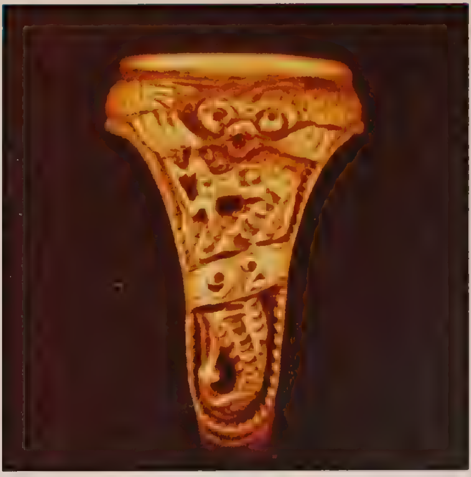
9
1



CLASS OF 1891

77 ENTERED 46 GRADUATED

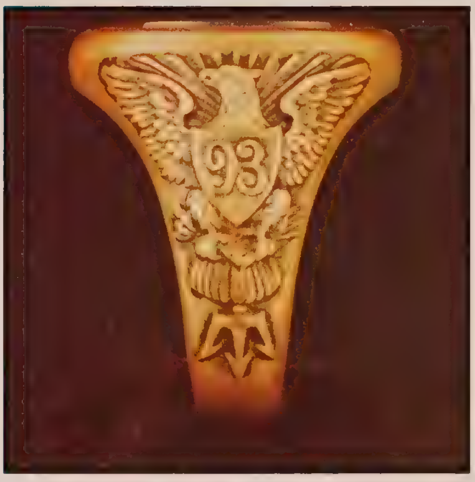
9
2



CLASS OF 1892

73 ENTERED 40 GRADUATED

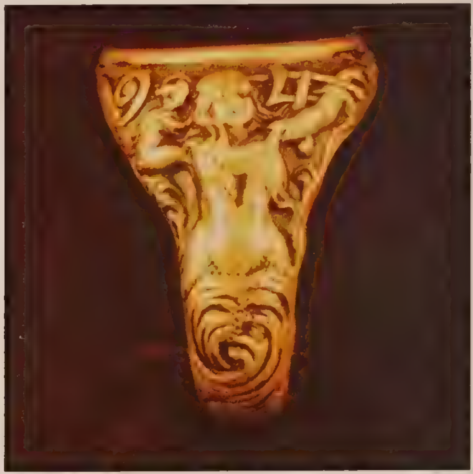
9
3



CLASS OF 1893

77 ENTERED 44 GRADUATED

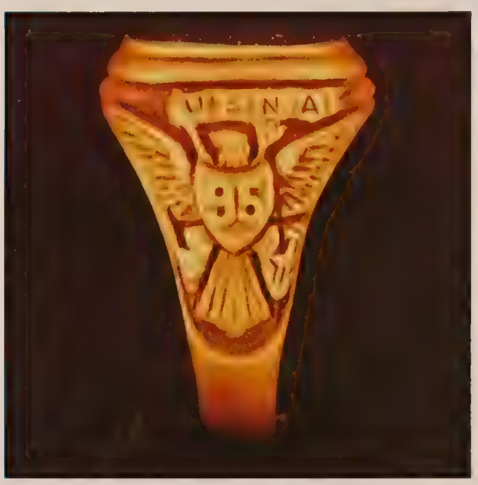
9
4



CLASS OF 1894

72 ENTERED 47 GRADUATED

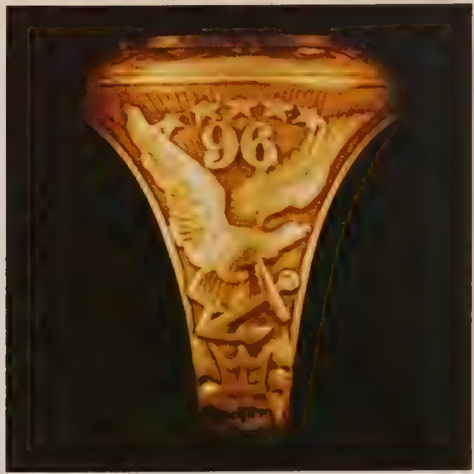
9
5



CLASS OF 1895

74 ENTERED 41 GRADUATED

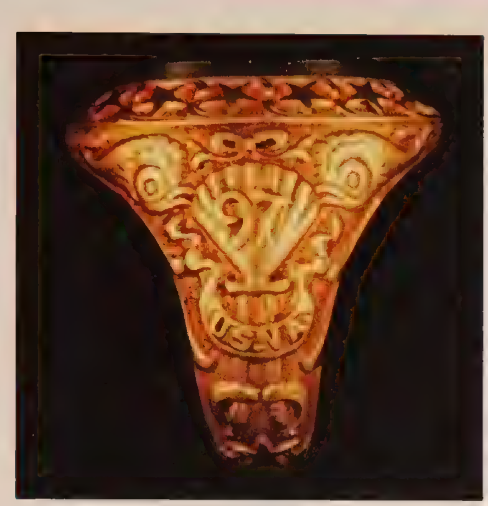
9
6



CLASS OF 1896

67 ENTERED 38 GRADUATED

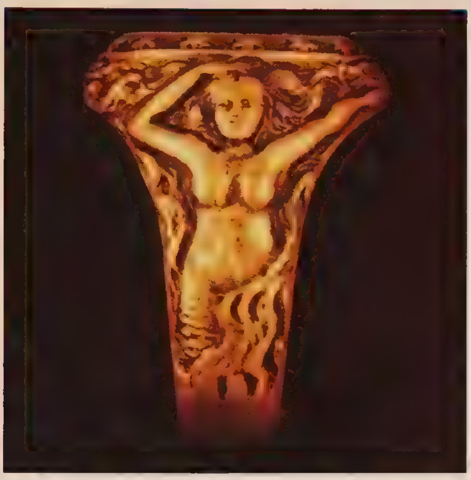
9
7



CLASS OF 1897

77 ENTERED 47 GRADUATED

9
8

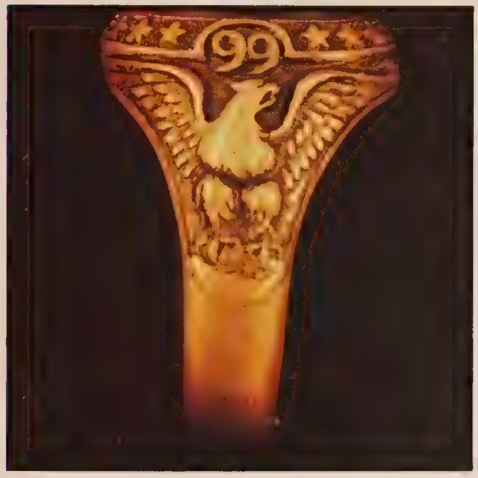


CLASS OF 1898

75 ENTERED 39 GRADUATED

"Given by the family of VAdm. Wm. T. Tarrant."

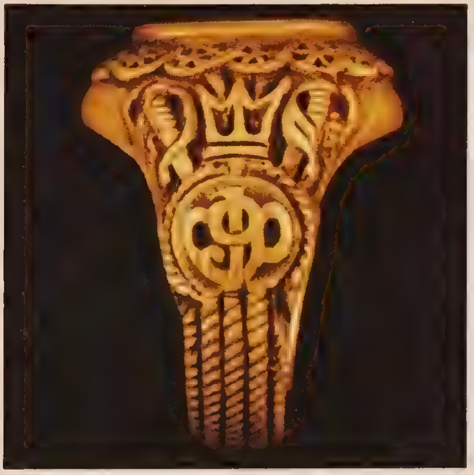
9
9



CLASS OF 1899

80 ENTERED 53 GRADUATED

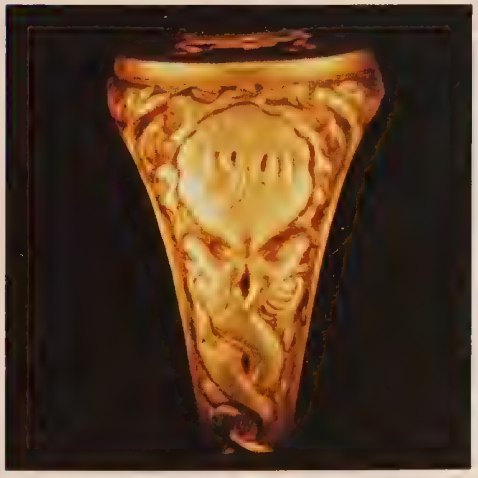
1
9
0
0



CLASS OF 1900

84 ENTERED 61 GRADUATED

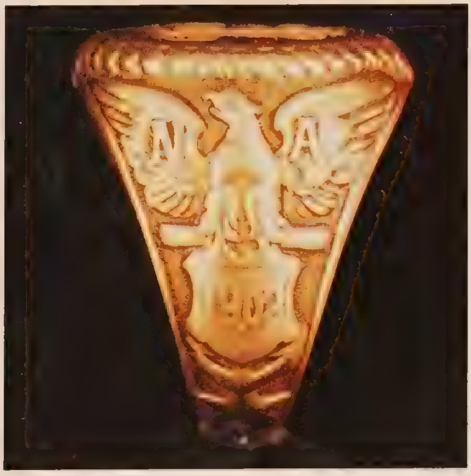
0
1



CLASS OF 1901

88 ENTERED 67 GRADUATED

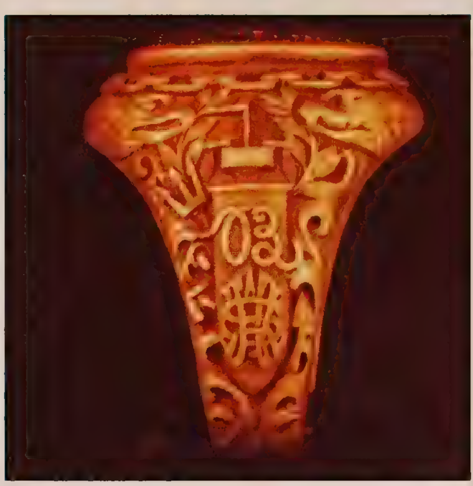
0
2



CLASS OF 1902

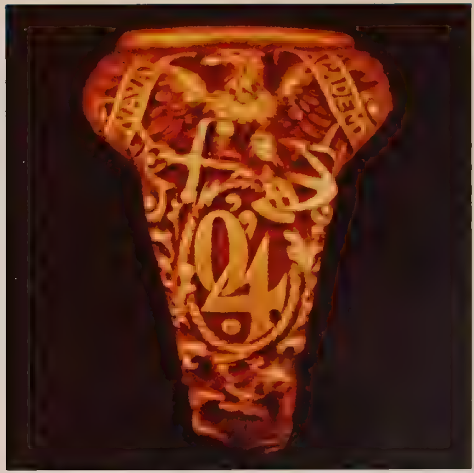
85 ENTERED 59 GRADUATED

03



CLASS OF 1903

63 ENTERED 50 GRADUATED

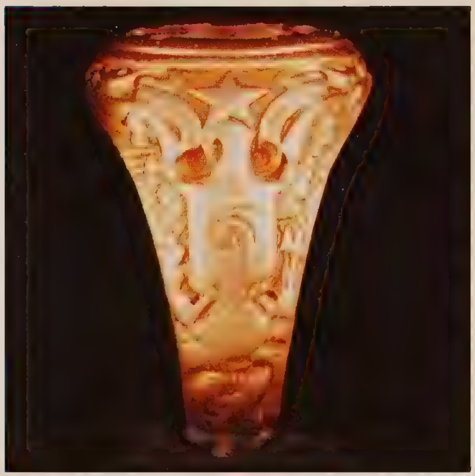


CLASS OF 1904

84 ENTERED 62 GRADUATED

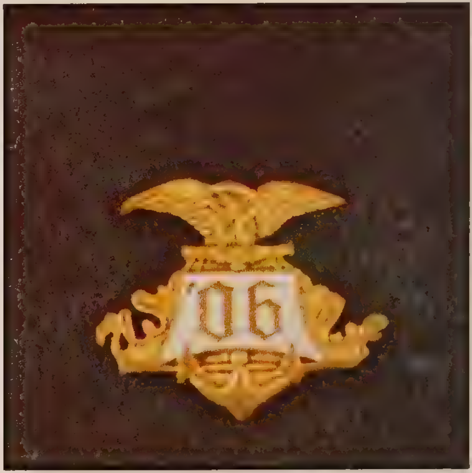
04

05



CLASS OF 1905

131 ENTERED 114 GRADUATED

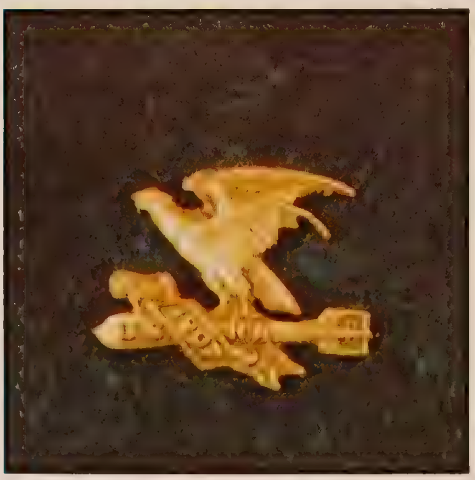


CLASS OF 1906

158 ENTERED 116 GRADUATED

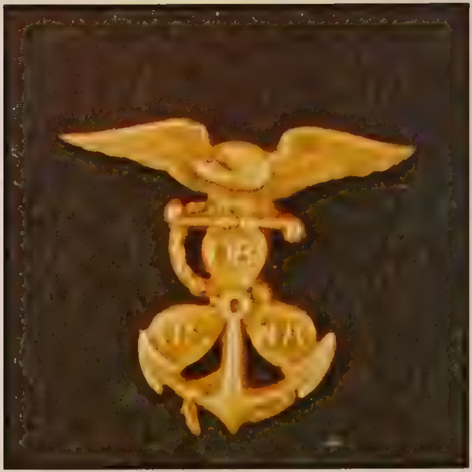
06

07



CLASS OF 1907

267 ENTERED 209 GRADUATED



CLASS OF 1908

284 ENTERED 201 GRADUATED

08

0
9

CLASS OF 1909

230 ENTERED 174 GRADUATED

1
0

CLASS OF 1910

187 ENTERED 131 GRADUATED

1
1

CLASS OF 1911

268 ENTERED 193 GRADUATED

1
2

CLASS OF 1912

211 ENTERED 156 GRADUATED

1
3

CLASS OF 1913

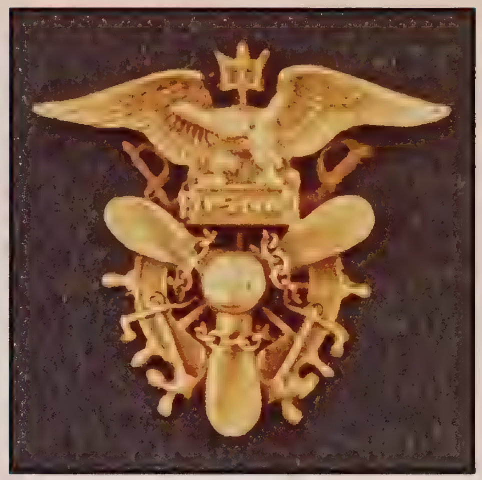
198 ENTERED 139 GRADUATED

1
4

CLASS OF 1914

207 ENTERED 154 GRADUATED

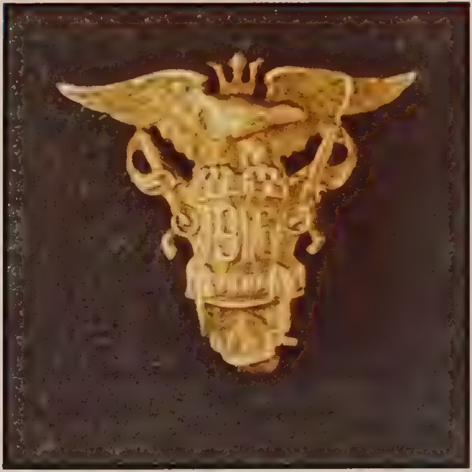
15



CLASS OF 1915

219 ENTERED 179 GRADUATED

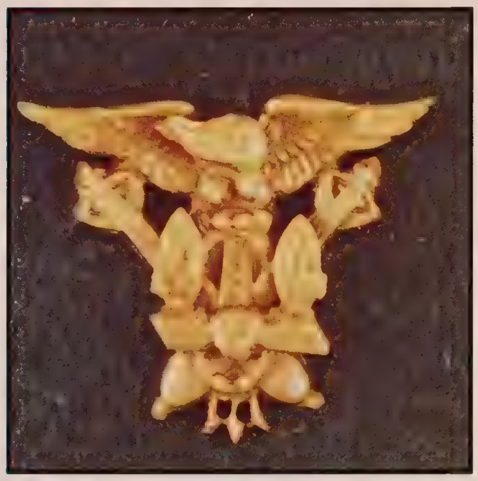
16



CLASS OF 1916

232 ENTERED 177 GRADUATED

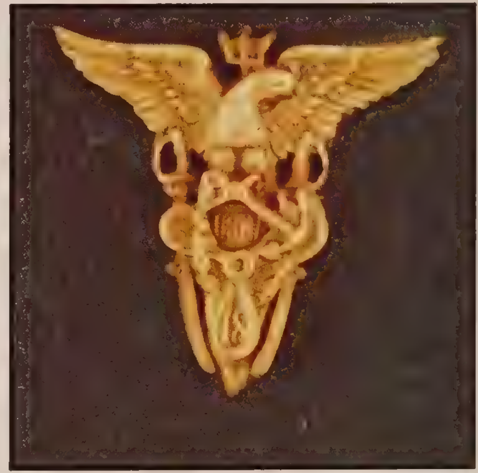
17



CLASS OF 1917

266 ENTERED 182 GRADUATED

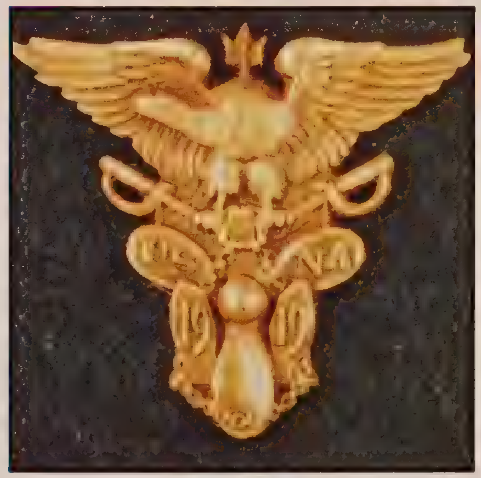
18



CLASS OF 1918

265 ENTERED 199 GRADUATED

19

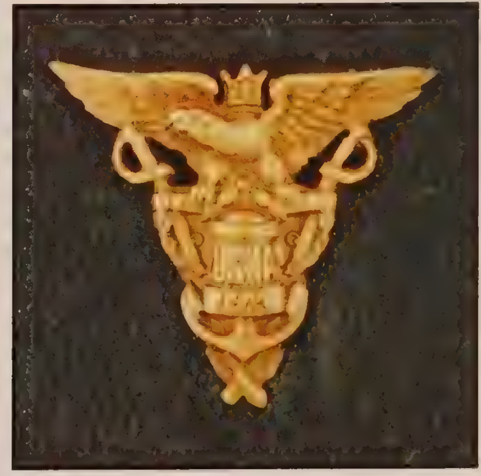


CLASS OF 1919

241 ENTERED 199 GRADUATED

"Forever Faithful — 60th Reunion Held — 65th Planned."

20

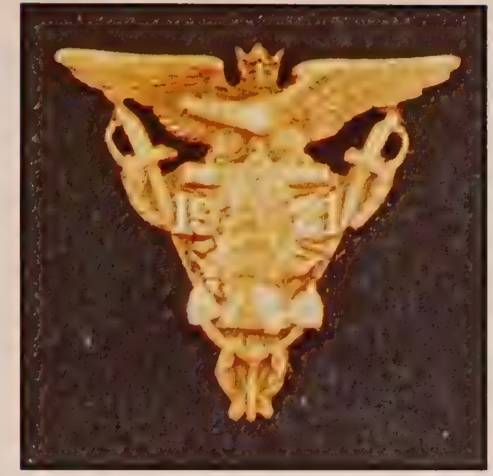


CLASS OF 1920

554 ENTERED 460 GRADUATED

"Comrades, classmates we: blessed with heritage matchless, trained by tradition, and free!"

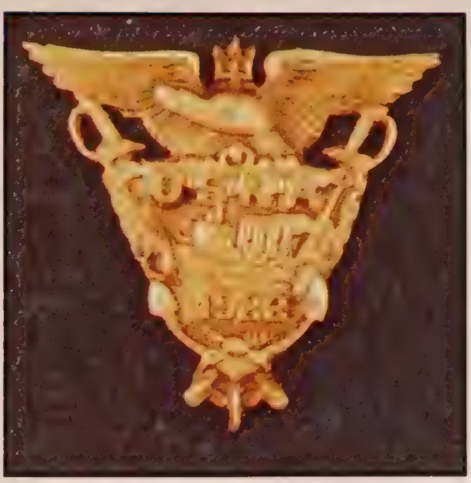
21



CLASS OF 1921

694 ENTERED 546 GRADUATED

22

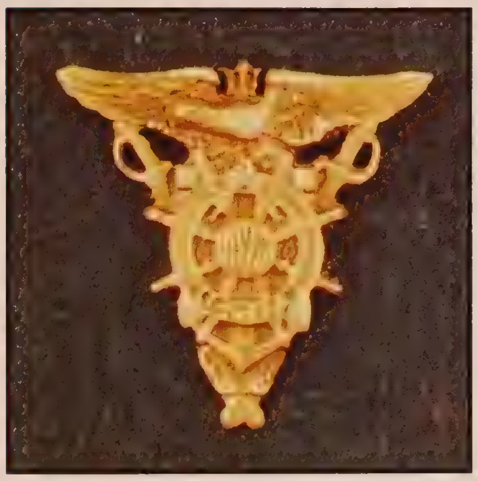


CLASS OF 1922

898 ENTERED 539 GRADUATED

"EX SCIENTIA TRIDENS - CHARACTERIZES OUR CAREERS"

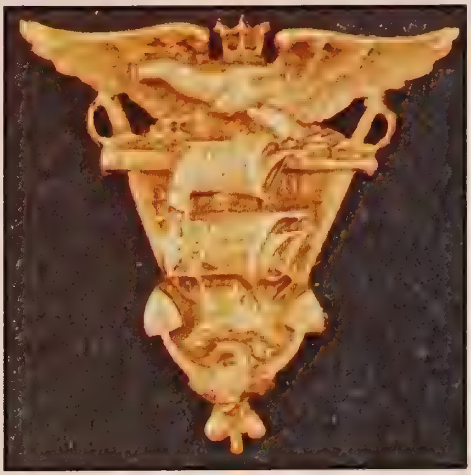
23



CLASS OF 1923

658 ENTERED 413 GRADUATED

24

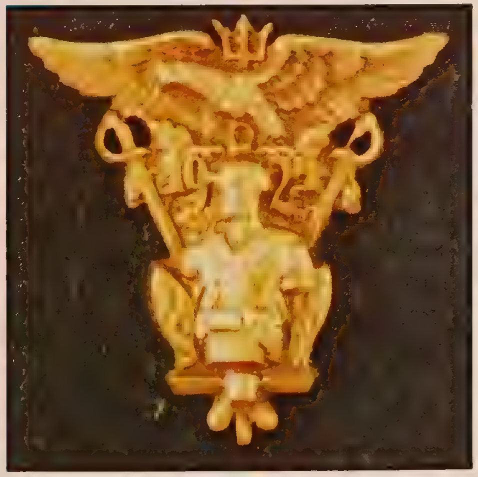


CLASS OF 1924

758 ENTERED 523 GRADUATED

"RAH, RAH, ROAR, ROAR, ONE NINE TWO FOUR"

25

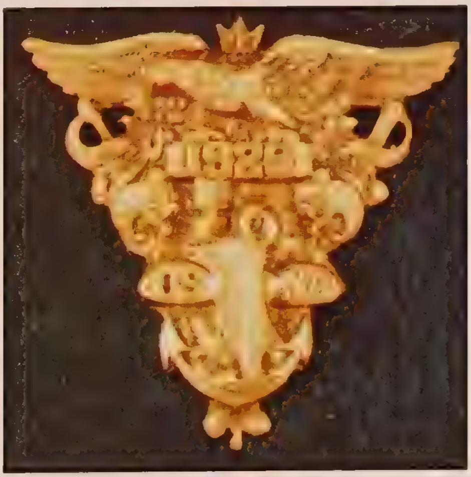


CLASS OF 1925

720 ENTERED 448 GRADUATED

"It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives."

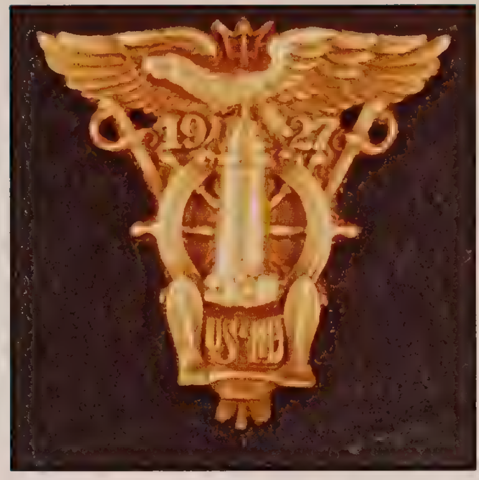
26



CLASS OF 1926

680 ENTERED 456 GRADUATED

2
7

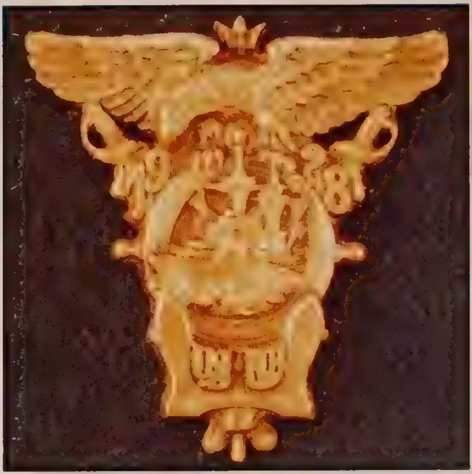


CLASS OF 1927

829 ENTERED 579 GRADUATED

"NATIONAL FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS - 1926"

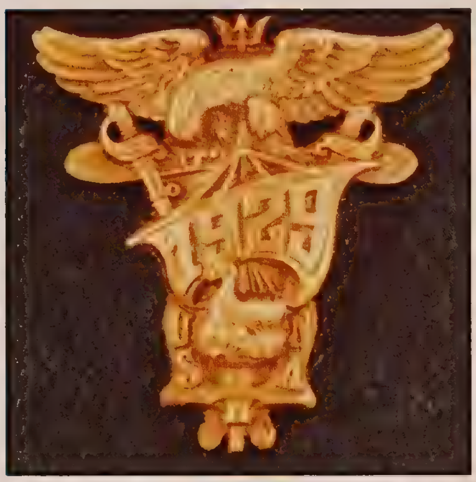
2
8



CLASS OF 1928

317 ENTERED 173 GRADUATED

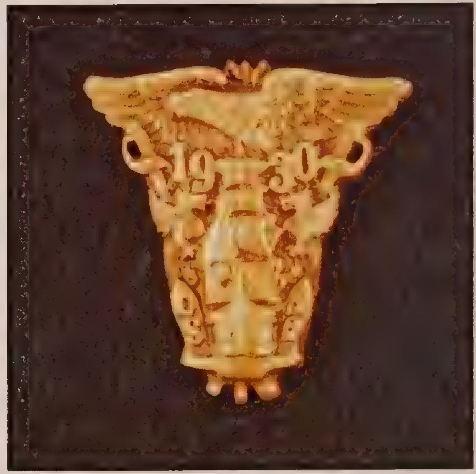
2
9



CLASS OF 1929

370 ENTERED 240 GRADUATED

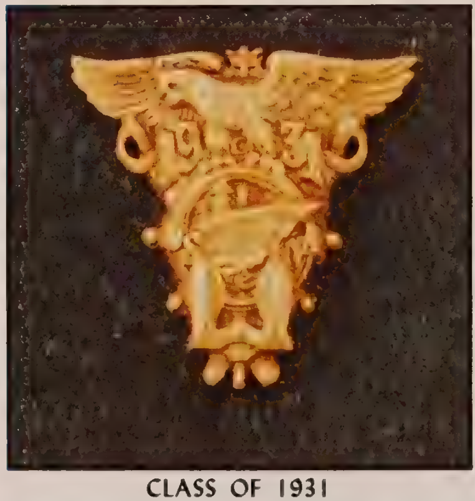
3
0



CLASS OF 1930

561 ENTERED 402 GRADUATED

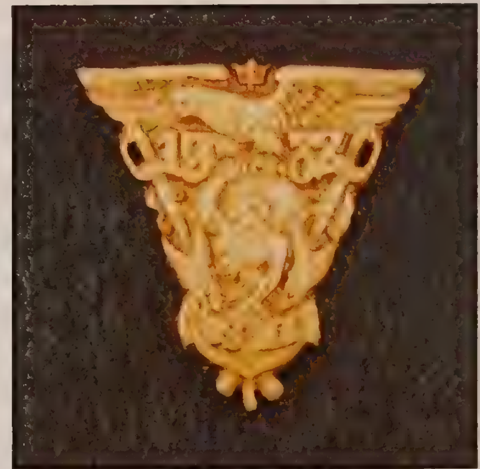
3
1



CLASS OF 1931

569 ENTERED 441 GRADUATED

3
2

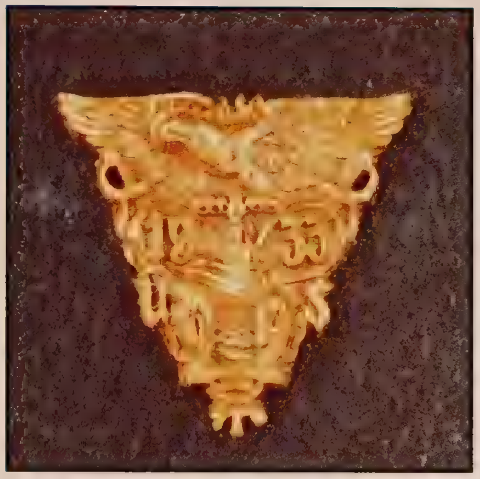


CLASS OF 1932

580 ENTERED 421 GRADUATED

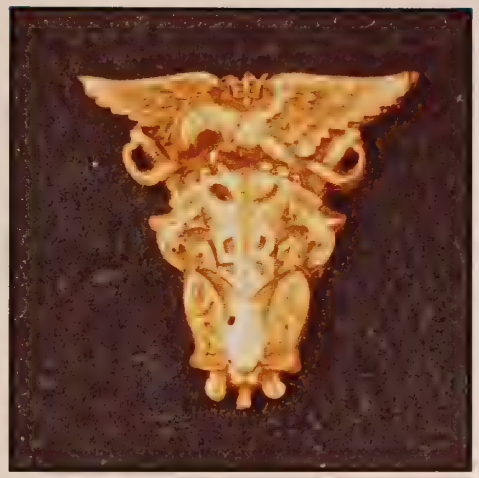
". . . for I intend to go in harm's way."

3
3



CLASS OF 1933

568 ENTERED 431 GRADUATED

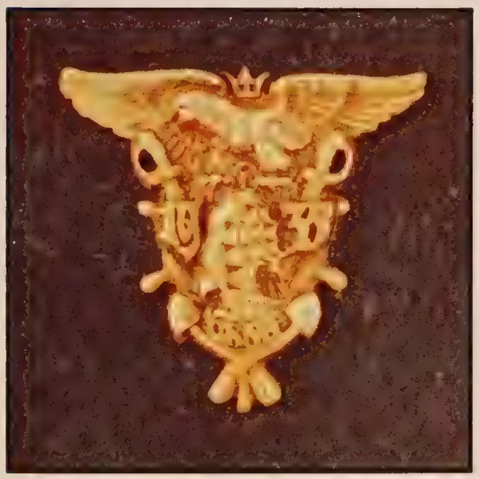


CLASS OF 1934

599 ENTERED 463 GRADUATED

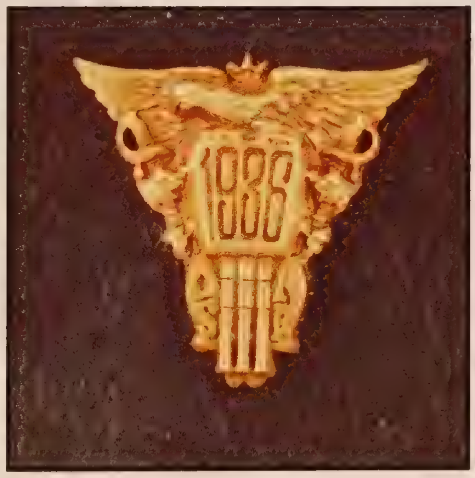
3
4

3
5



CLASS OF 1935

574 ENTERED 442 GRADUATED

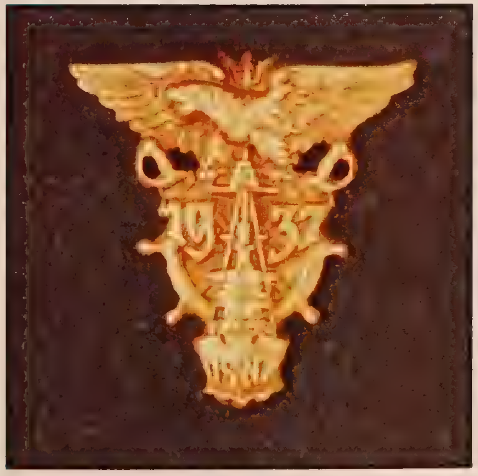


CLASS OF 1936

327 ENTERED 262 GRADUATED

3
6

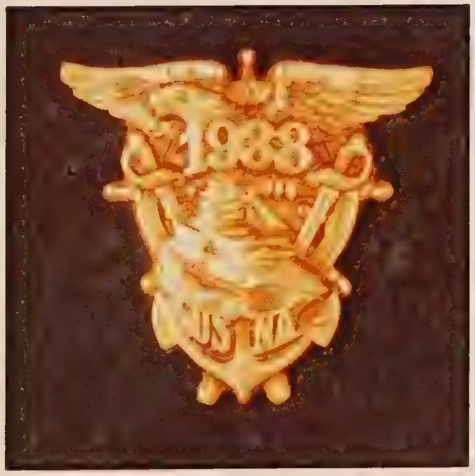
3
7



CLASS OF 1937

417 ENTERED 323 GRADUATED

"We served our Navy and our Country in three wars."



CLASS OF 1938

560 ENTERED 438 GRADUATED

3
8

3
9

CLASS OF 1939

801 ENTERED 581 GRADUATED

4
0

CLASS OF 1940

715 ENTERED 456 GRADUATED

4
1

CLASS OF 1941

560 ENTERED 399 GRADUATED

4
2

CLASS OF 1942

741 ENTERED 563 GRADUATED

4
3

CLASS OF 1943

741 ENTERED 616 GRADUATED

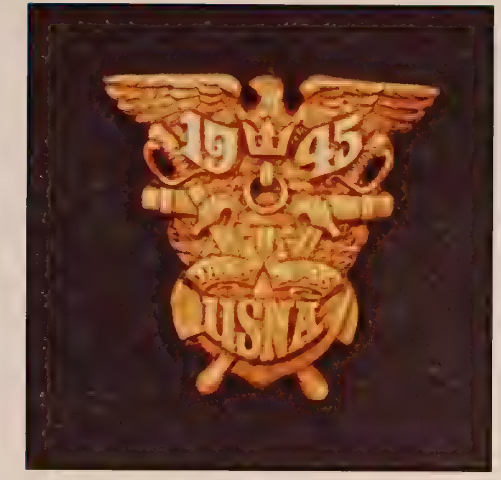
"The first World War II, Three Year Class, who produced two CNOs."

4
4

CLASS OF 1944

908 ENTERED 766 GRADUATED

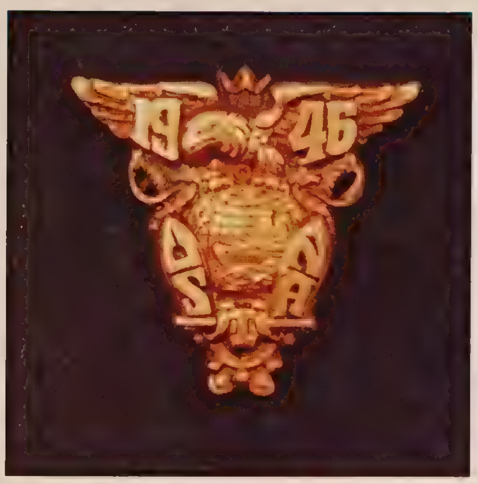
4
5



CLASS OF 1945

1035 ENTERED 914 GRADUATED

"Look Alive With Forty-Five."

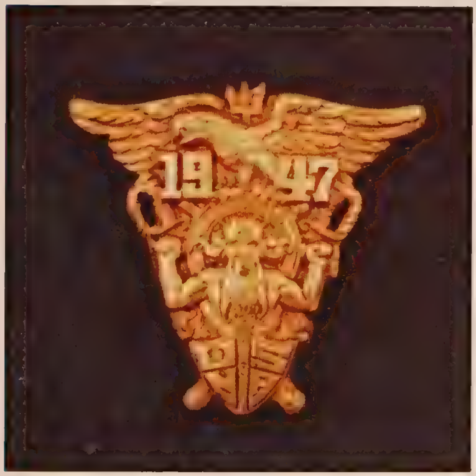


CLASS OF 1946

1211 ENTERED 1046 GRADUATED

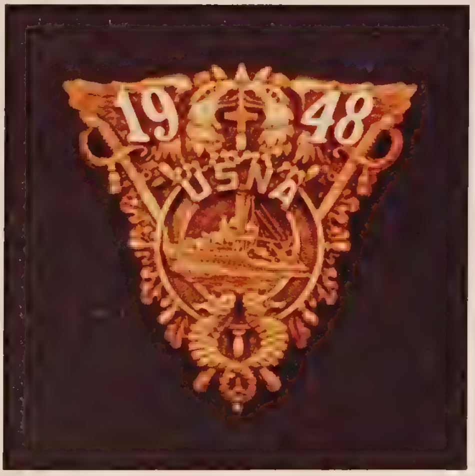
4
6

4
7



CLASS OF 1947

937 ENTERED 820 GRADUATED

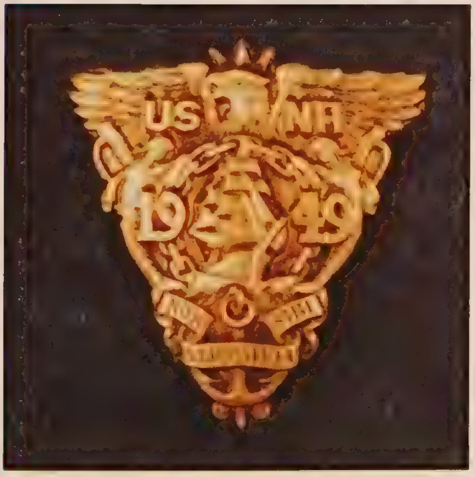


CLASS OF 1948

1078 ENTERED 910 GRADUATED

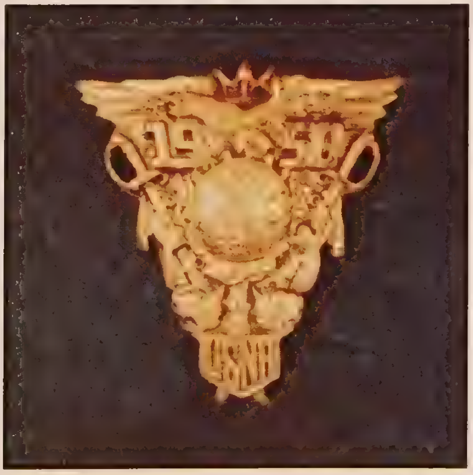
4
8

4
9



CLASS OF 1949

1105 ENTERED 790 GRADUATED



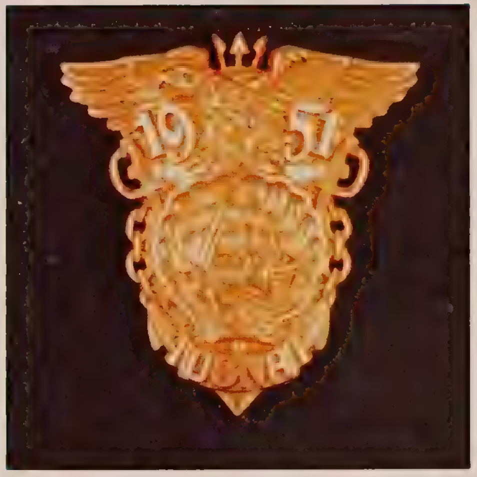
CLASS OF 1950

871 ENTERED 692 GRADUATED

"First class to enter in the nuclear era."

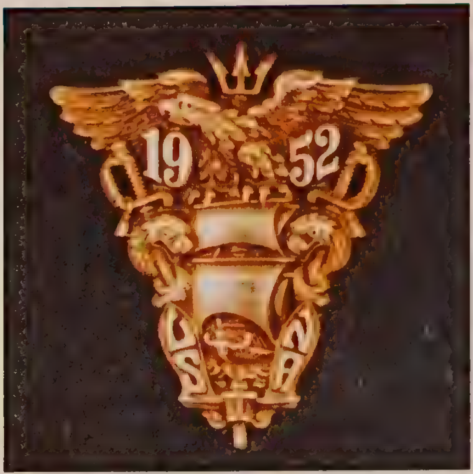
5
0

5
1



CLASS OF 1951

870 ENTERED 725 GRADUATED



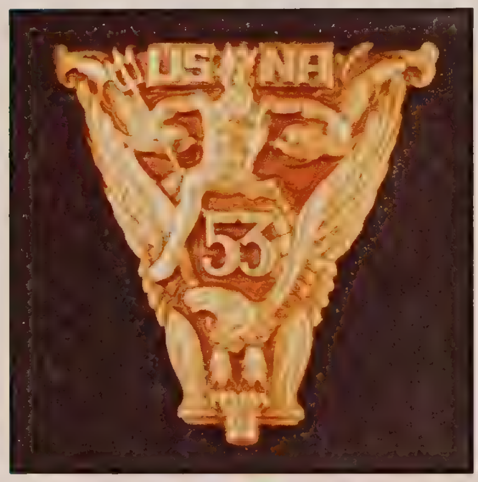
CLASS OF 1952

980 ENTERED 783 GRADUATED

"CALIGAE DURAE REPLERE"
"TOUGH SHOES TO FILL"

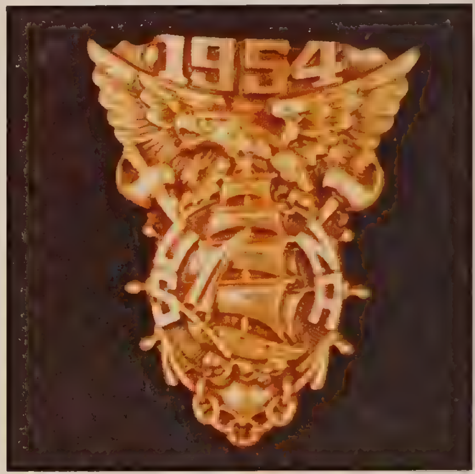
5
2

5
3



CLASS OF 1953

1139 ENTERED 924 GRADUATED

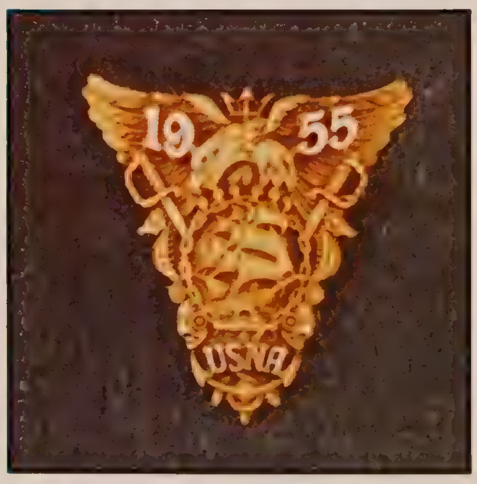


CLASS OF 1954

1109 ENTERED 855 GRADUATED

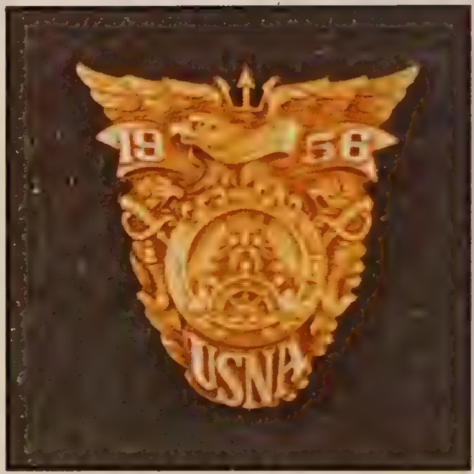
5
4

5
5



CLASS OF 1955

1066 ENTERED 742 GRADUATED

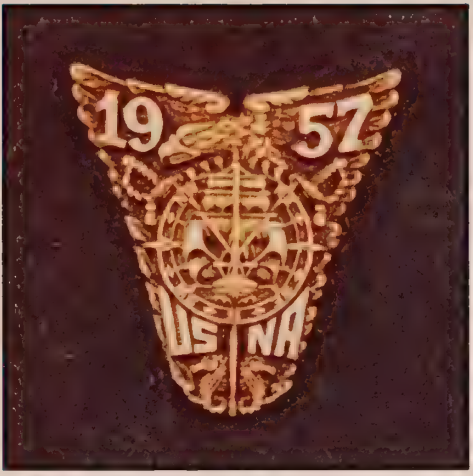


CLASS OF 1956

1034 ENTERED 681 GRADUATED

5
6

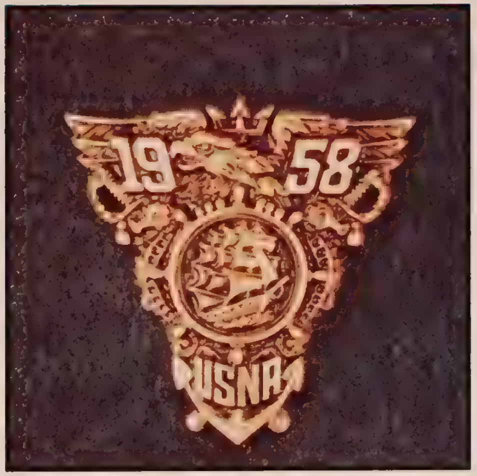
5
7



CLASS OF 1957

1144 ENTERED 848 GRADUATED

"We salute all USNA alumni. We especially salute our own classmates who have gone before us."

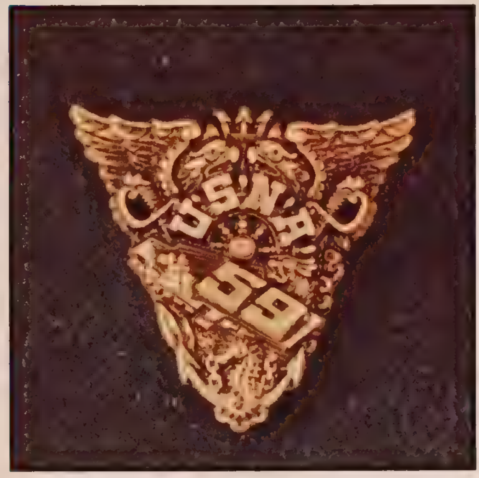


CLASS OF 1958

1206 ENTERED 899 GRADUATED

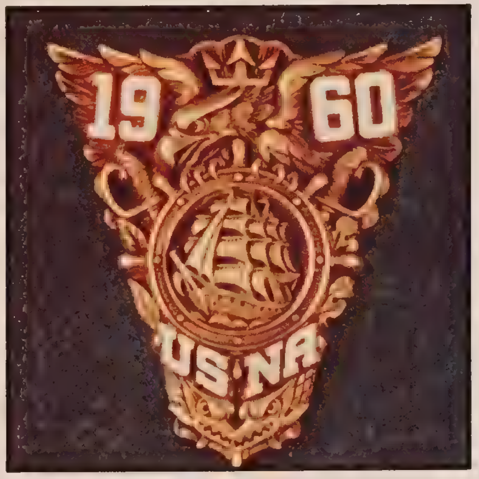
5
8

5
9



CLASS OF 1959

1100 ENTERED 799 GRADUATED

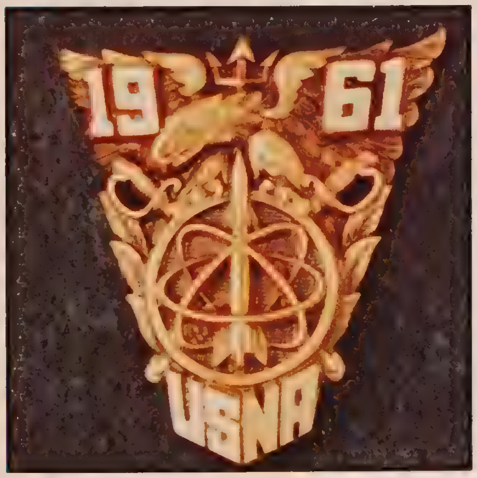


CLASS OF 1960

1068 ENTERED 797 GRADUATED

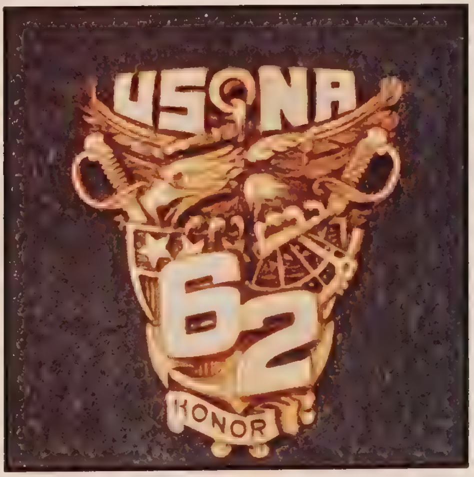
6
0

6
1



CLASS OF 1961

1123 ENTERED 786 GRADUATED

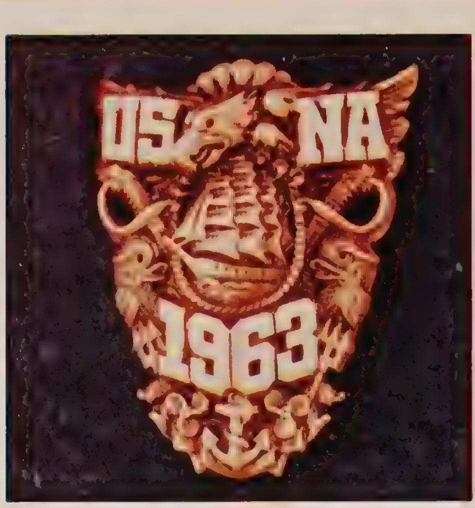

USNA
62
HONOR

CLASS OF 1962

1072 ENTERED 789 GRADUATED

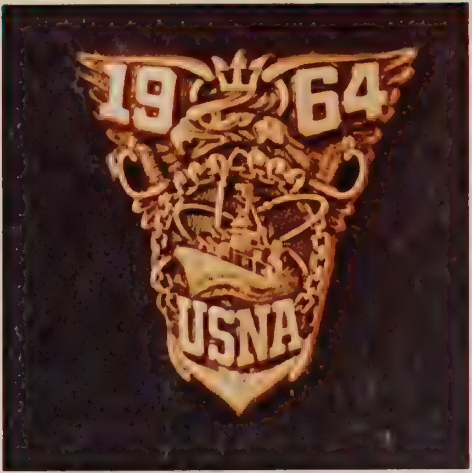
6
2

6
3



CLASS OF 1963

1188 ENTERED 871 GRADUATED

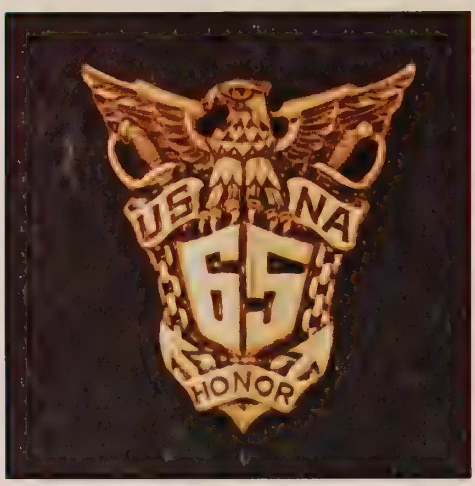


CLASS OF 1964

1260 ENTERED 927 GRADUATED

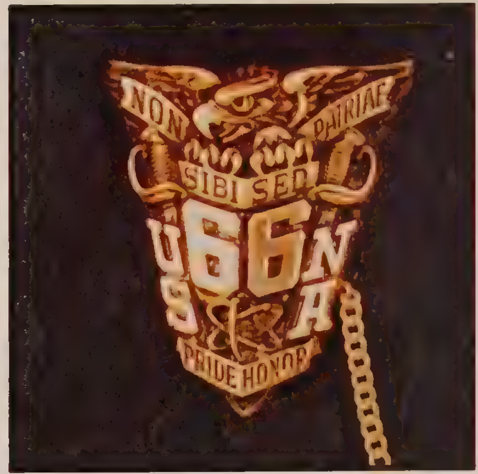
6
4

6
5


US
NA
65
HONOR

CLASS OF 1965

1190 ENTERED 801 GRADUATED

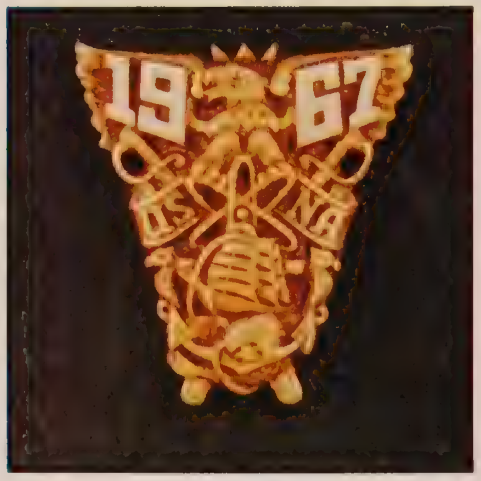

NON
PATRIAE
SIBI SED
U 66 N
S A
PRIDE HONOR

CLASS OF 1966

1301 ENTERED 868 GRADUATED

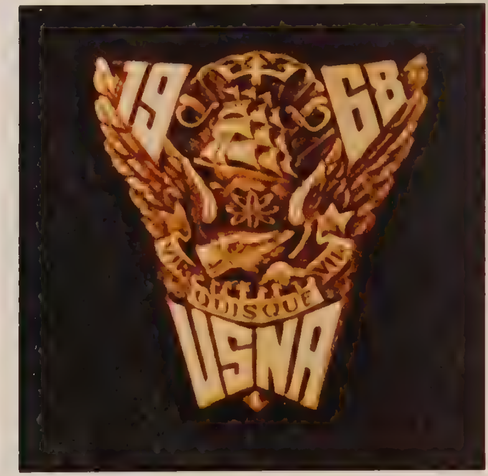
6
6

6
7



CLASS OF 1967

1260 ENTERED 890 GRADUATED

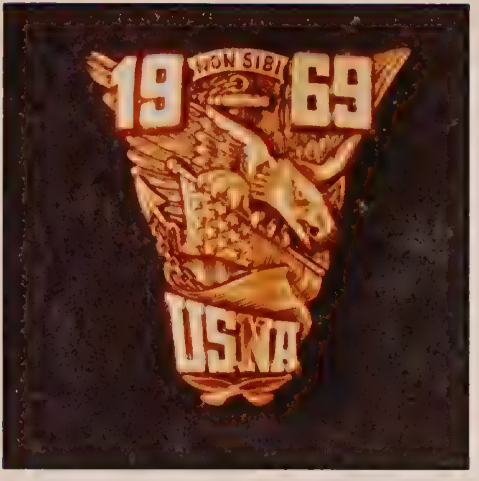

1968
QUISQUE
USNA

CLASS OF 1968

1318 ENTERED 836 GRADUATED

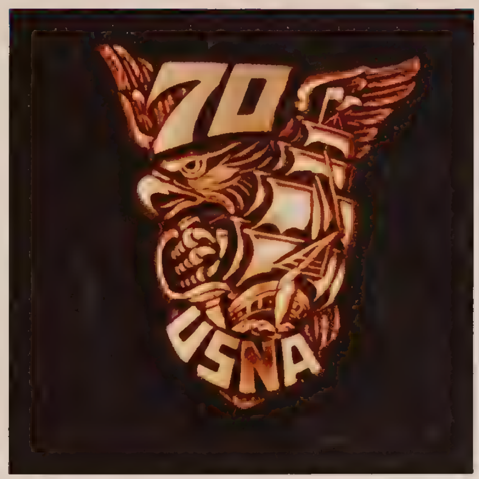
6
8

6
9


19
NON SIBI
69
USNA

CLASS OF 1969

1320 ENTERED 880 GRADUATED

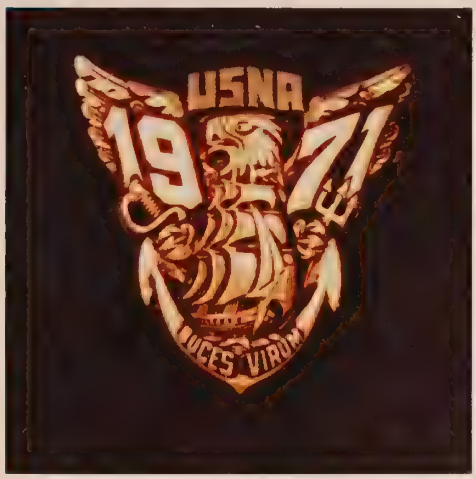


CLASS OF 1970

1339 ENTERED 838 GRADUATED

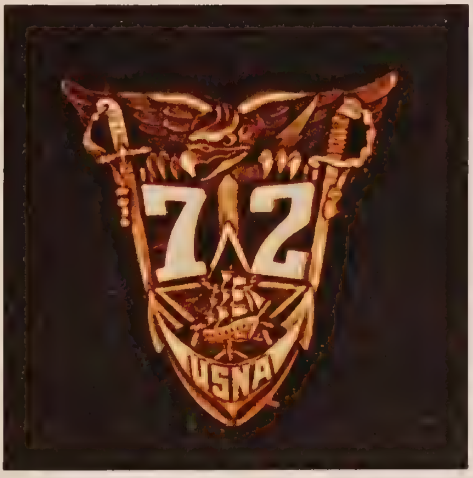
7
0

7
1


USNA
19
71
DUCES VIRUM

CLASS OF 1971

1386 ENTERED 875 GRADUATED

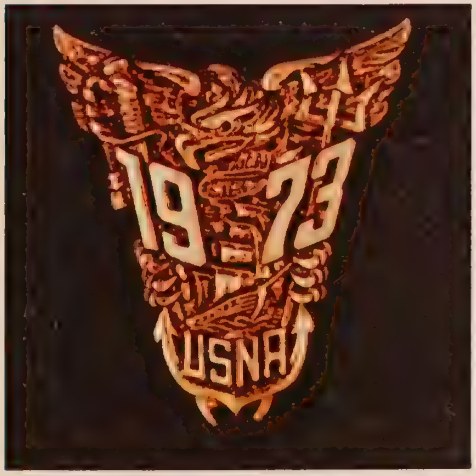


CLASS OF 1972

1369 ENTERED 905 GRADUATED

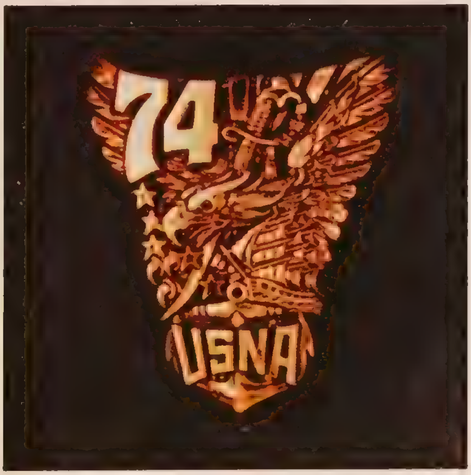
7
2

7
3



CLASS OF 1973

1392 ENTERED 888 GRADUATED

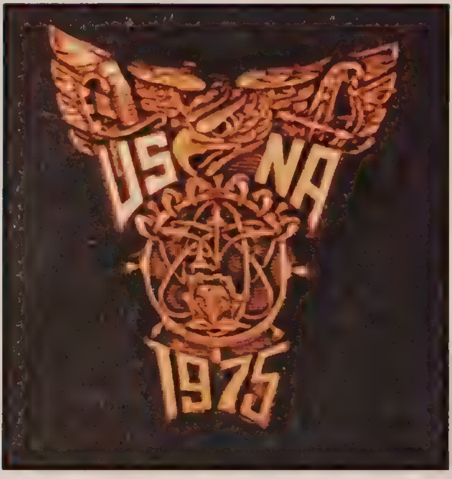


CLASS OF 1974

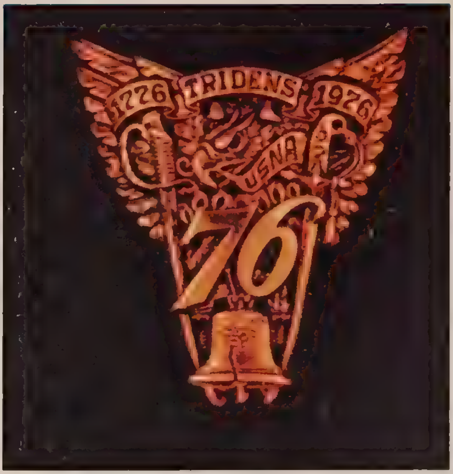
1392 ENTERED 917 GRADUATED

7
4

7
5



CLASS OF 1975
1331 ENTERED 807 GRADUATED

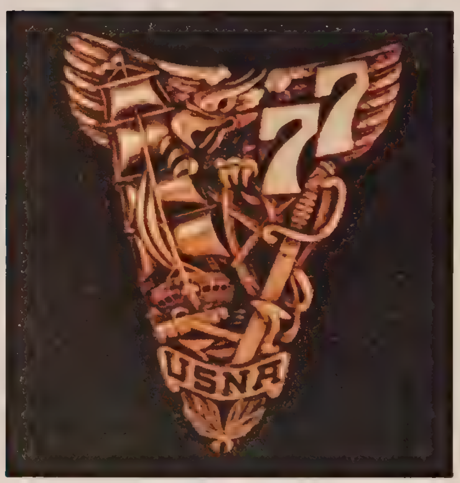


1776
TRIDENS
1976
USNA
76

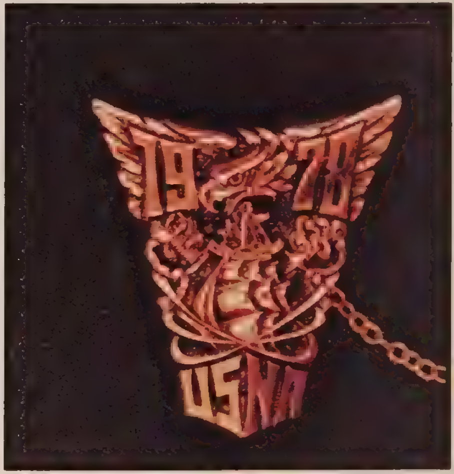
CLASS OF 1976
1330 ENTERED 831 GRADUATED
"1976 - THE BICENTENNIAL CLASS"

7
6

7
7



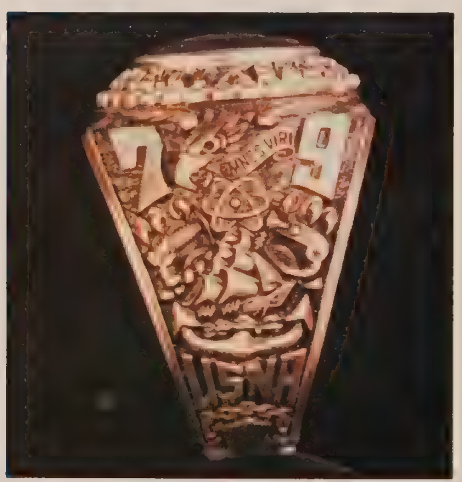
CLASS OF 1977
1444 ENTERED 967 GRADUATED



CLASS OF 1978
1527 ENTERED 986 GRADUATED

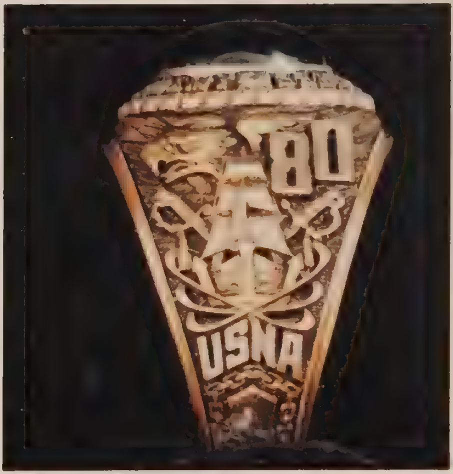
7
8

7
9



7
9
OMNES VIRI
USNA

CLASS OF 1979
1336 ENTERED 934 GRADUATED



CLASS OF 1980
1300 ENTERED 943 GRADUATED

8
0

1981

EX SCIENTIA
TRIDENS
USNA
81

CLASS OF 1981

1329 ENTERED

965 GRADUATED

T1
NAVY

CHAIN OF COMMAND

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

RONALD REAGAN

Secretary of Defense

Caspar Weinberger

Secretary of the Navy

John Lehman

CHIEF OF NAVAL OPERATIONS

ADMIRAL THOMAS HAYWARD

COMMANDANT OF THE U.S. MARINE CORPS

GENERAL ROBERT BARROW

Superintendent
Vice Admiral William Lawrence

Commandant of Midshipmen

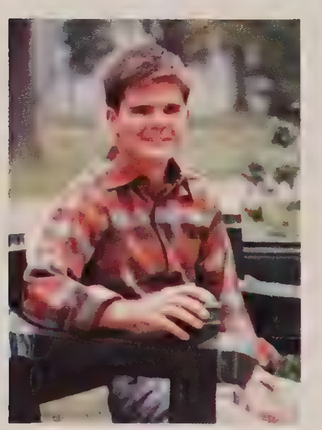
Rear Admiral William McCauley

CVW

LINGAYEN GULF

FIRST CLASS

FIRST COMPANY

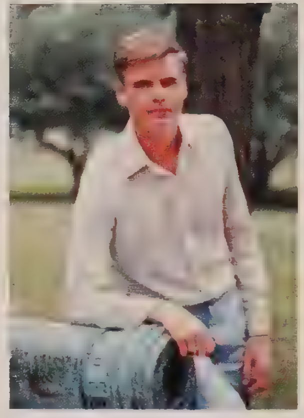


"STU"

STUART D. BAILEY
FAIRFAX, VA *EAS*

Although an Air Force brat, Stu blessed with the initials of an uniform S.D.B. followed suit and became a Navy man. Coming to Canoe U. from Fairfax, Vriginia, Stu still had a bit of the "Wild Blue Yonder" yearn in his blood and had aspirations of boring holes in the sky with one of Navy's birds. Consistent with these ideals he became an Aero major and soared to awesome heights in the Academic sky. It was not long before he became known as the man to see for help in dynes, statics, calculus, or whatever, and his labs and notes saw action on many an academic battlefield.

Stu was never one to miss a party or good time. A lover of sports, Stu could always be counted on as the wild-card in the deck on a B-ball court or as an odds maker whenever a bet involved the Redskins. All this success eventually led to Stu becoming the company's Head Honcho. Unfortunately for Stu as the wing is to lift, hardwork is to eyestrain so it's likely to be the backseat of a Tomcat instead.



"DAVE"

WILLIAM D. BEYDLER
CONCORD, NH *ENA*

Dave, who was called Bill for nearly three years by his favorite Marine, came to the Naval Academy from Manassas, Virginia simply to learn why ships float. To answer his question completely, he resigned himself to Naval Architecture. He managed to make it through those four years of thrills and frills by taking frequent excursions to a place called euphoria, and to Grandmother B's home for the tired and disillusioned. Yes, it was good old H'burg, where men are men, Skip Castro is the greatest, and the recreation is plentiful, along with countless weekends with the Sale clan, that kept him going.

When Dave wasn't avoiding the Parade season by running track, or sailing yawls, he could be found dangling off a mountain on a rope, or running through a cave. In order to become mobile, Dave bought a MGB that was shades of blue, tan, and white. But after all is through, it would be Dave to say "Work too hard, play much too hard, and remember, you've got to love it!"

"ARLAN"

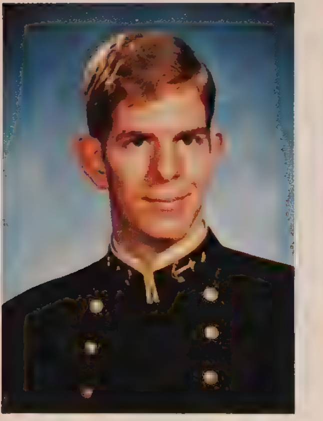
ARLAN J. BIESECKER
TRENTON, NJ *SRM*

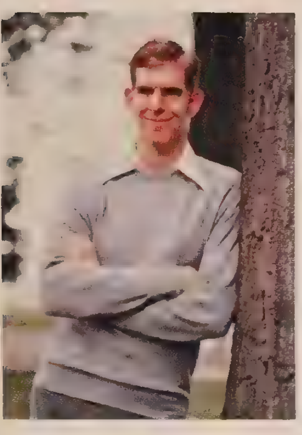
Arlan affectionately known as "arly" to his friends, came to USNA via the marine military academy, marion institute, and his home town of Trenton, N.J. After he walked through the grand high gates of the "big A", Arlan used every resource within his grasps to ensure that we was going to stay. A four year success story in itself, the "Rhomboid" survived 3 AC Boards, and ventured into nine different sports. Arlan kept us all entertained with some of the most pro-found statements every heard by mankind. "I was attacked by a unanimous woman!", and "I don't know whether to — — or wind my watch?" were some of the highlights. But if it wasn't his articulate use of the king's language, it was his sense of humor that always kept us loose. Either way, the "conjurer" has surely left his mark at USNA. As he enters the "real world" we do know that he will bring vitality and sincerity along with him which surely will be a happy ending. We wish him the best of everything.

"JOE"

JOSEPH L. BRIDGE
RIALTO, CA *SPS*

Joe came to USNA from the sunny, smog filled streets of Rialto, California. After surviving Plebe Summer, he found Ac Year more of a challenge, playing water polo and receiving intimate instruction in the Admin Conduct System. After E.D., Joe found time to be head statistician for the hockey team and to "Dee Jay" at WRNV. Youngster Cruise found him in Hong Kong, Subic Bay, and Typhoon Agnes. 3/C year Joe saw the light of PHY SCI, and soon had enough time to join the Bridge Club. He also continued in his conduct instruction, hacking it as a member of the "Infamous 30". Second class year went fast, and 1/C Cruise found Joe on the "Starship KAZOO", visiting the countries of Spain, Italy, and Israel. First class year ironically found Joe as the Company Conduct Officer, President of the Bridge Club, and a member of the USNA Executive Concert Committee. Service Assignment didn't worry Joe, being Surface Line all the way. For him we wish fair winds and calm seas, and a fast ship so he can sail out of harm's way.





"JOHN"

JOHN E. BUTALA
SEVERNA PARK, MD EEE

John came to the boat school ready to meet the challenges ahead. Little did he know that marching would be his greatest nemesis. Plebe summer John found himself quite adept at alerting the whole wardroom to an "incoming" tray of food. John was an academic star from the first class of that first semester. He put his potential to the test by choosing EE as his major. Youngster year he learned the realities of the oil crisis, midnight oil that is. Although he studied with unsurpassed diligence, John also found the time for other things fn life. He had a 6 foot camera lens, a 10,000 lbs. stereo, and a truck that could get to 55MPH quicker than you could check your life insurance. John could be counted on to help plan a super weekend. Skiing, biking, sailing, basketball, hopping on MAC, John was always eager. His hard work and dedication led him to be the alpha company commander and the brigade adjutant first class year. Fair winds and following seas are in order for this fine man.

"TED"

WALTER E. CARTER
BURRIVILLE, RI SOC

Ted came to the Academy from the booming metropolis of Burrillville, R.I. as a skinny, naive kid. But from that first moment when he led us in plebe summer spirit songs, we knew that Ted was a front runner. During plebe year "The Infamous W.E." made the ice hockey team, and from then on things began to click. Youngster year brought his second year of hockey, a year as Managing Editor of The Log, and a new girl named Lynda, who would be with him the rest of his Academy days. Things picked up even more during second class year as Ted became Editor-in-Chief of The Log. During his little free time Ted could be found racing around in his blue MGB with the top down and employing his famous naval saying, "One hand for the wheel, one hand for the beer!" As unbelievable as it may seem, first class year became more hectic as Ted was named Captain of the hockey team. But despite these duties, we will always remember Ted for his hard work and sense of humor. We wish him well.

"DAVE"

DAVID A. CICCARILLI
BELTSVILLE, MD SPS

Dave, or "Chic", as he was affectionately known, spent most of his career at the Naval Academy in striped running shorts going from one place to another at six minutes a mile or better. Running was his life until he bought a bright red Spitfire. It took most of his time just trying to keep the thing on the road. Chic, a Maryland boy, loved Maryland girls. He had many steady girlfriends, one right after the other. Because he lived so close, Dave's parents became the parents of many of the class of '81 from first company.

Chic was always ready for a party and never failed to remember what happened during those bashes, even if someone had to jog his memory now and then. A career in the Corps lies ahead for Chic and we're sure that nothing will stand in his way.

"SUE"

SUSAN A. COWAN
BIRMINGHAM, MI HHS

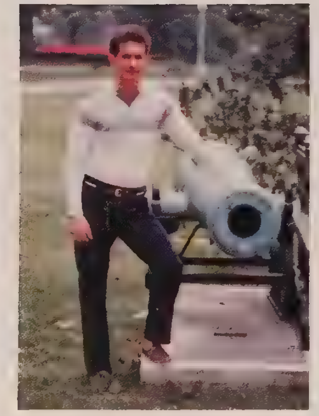
Spike is the first girl to make it down the four year path in first company. Those of us who've followed her career since plebe summer, when she serenaded the squad with an original rendition of the theme from Rocky, can truly say they've witnessed a success story. She would tell you there is nothing like parachute jumping, unless it might be spiking a volleyball to the ten foot line. Her expertise in both is seen through her gold wings and captaincy.

Unlike the typical "jock" stereotype, however, Susan has seen enough 4.0's to make a normal person light-headed. Looking over her record, Admiral Rickover would probably consider opening the nuclear program to women. Though the Marines want her, surface line will get her. As that community will soon find out, it is getting quite a bit of officer potential, and Susan will give one hundred percent in trying to fulfill it. She doesn't know any other way.

"BUTCH"

GEORGE P. DAVIS
GRIFTON, CT SCH

Butch made his first trek to the civilized northern world with more bewilderment on his face than grits in his pocket. However, as time wore on the bewilderment was soon overcome and gave way to mere frustration when he realized that this place was not exactly like the way it appeared in the pictures in the Navy catalogue. He did eventually realize that there was something to this place besides green roofs and cold rooms; such as lending all of his Waylon and Willie collection to various individuals too ashamed to be seen buying them in public. An aspiring med student, Butch elected to take on Chemistry as a major. Rnd a major undertaking it was. Unfortunately, certain higher ups felt that his knowledge of atoms, electrons, and reactions would be of much better use in other areas of study rather than the medical profession. Thanks HGR. However, if Butch plays his cards right, things will work out in the end — maybe.



"DOUG"

DOUGLASS J. DEBODE
DENVER, CO SPS

DJ came to us from Denver, Colorado and took little time to establish himself as an all-around great guy. Doug coasted through his first two years with no major problems. Doug amazed us all during 2/c year as he appeared in his beloved "B" and cruised his way to the supt's list. DJ started his 1/c year with a bang as he departed toward the orient on his Westpac pleasure cruise, before returning to USNA as a plebesitter during the summer. Doug was feared by the plebes with the exception of the DEBODE '84 model. DJ was shocked out of his 1/c syndrome by a friendly letter from ADM. Rickover. However, DJ managed to smile his way through his nuke experience and is planning his stay in the NAVY as a NFO. Doug will be remembered as a great friend and classmate of us all. We know that Doug will be a success at whatever he does.

"BOB"

ROBERT W. FILLER
CONNEAUT, OH EME

When Bob traveled to the Naval Academy from Conneaut, Ohio, he was prepared to study the grueling Mechanical Engineering curriculum which he successfully completed. He was involved in a number of ECA's including Lucky Bag, ASME, ASNE, SAE, Car Club and the Log. Deciding that hard work and nuclear power was not the best route to success, he became a member of the First company Men's Club as Mr. Assistant Vice in charge of Manly Activities. Bob hopes to head towards Pensacola after graduation to start a career as an NFO.

"KENNY"

KENNETH R. FORD
TITUSVILLE, FL EME

Kenny came to us from Astronaut High School in the action packed(?) town of Titusville, Florida. He started out a partier — where ever the boys from Fun One went, Kenny would be there. All that changed second class year, not because he lost the motivation to party, but because he fell for a girl from neighboring Virginia (a GMU sorority type). We didn't even ask Kenny where he was going on weekends; most of us knew. Because of this "tied down" feeling (and the rising cost of road trips to Falls Church, Va.) Kenny traded in his other love — a '71 Camaro — for a Volkswagon Rabbit (Planning on settling down anytime soon, Ken?) First class cruise lead Kenny to submarines, where he decided he belonged. He became obsessed with submarines. If you got Kenny in a corner all he could talk about was subs, or Alabama football and the "BEAR" (or Missy). We all wish Kenny luck in the future, even if he doesn't ever see the sun.

"VINNIE"

VINCENT T. HARTMAN

CINCINNATI, OH *EME*

Vinnie needed the Academy so much, he left Hudepohl beer and the Cincinnati Reds to spend a limbo year at NAPS just to be a Mid. Vinnie, in a fit of passion, lost 40 lbs. youngster year to play football. He became the starting offensive tackle on the 150# team. His play earned him an All-League selection his 2nd class year. A slip disc forced him to retire to the sidelines as an assistant coach his 1st class year. Pat, Tom and family were always an inspiring force to Vince especially in times of question. And then came Jenny. Quatts and Murph were very hesitant on his long distance relationship, only to be stifled by two letters a day and frequent visits. He had to put a ring on her finger not to let her get away. Who would ever believe that Hux and Vinnie two friends as close as brothers would leave the Academy as brothers-in-law. Vinnie's back forced him to go restricted line but wherever he goes he'll always be with Jenny. Then there were 3: Quatts, Vinnie and Murph. Separately they came, together they left, forever they'll be.

"EC"

ERIC C. HOPKINS

GREENWOOD, ID *ESP*

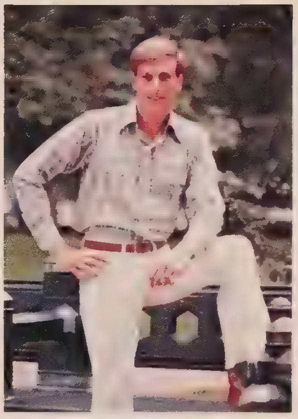
Eric is an enigma to many of his classmates. On the one hand, here is a guy whose path to Nimitz was well worn and beaten, a guy, who after four years is still trying to tell which gate is Gate 1, which is Gate 3, and which is Gate 8, because he rarely used any of them. He is a guy who took a perverse pleasure in signing up for Saturday evening meals after a tough day doing fluids problems. On the other hand, Eric was a front row participant in the Dirty Thirty; his youngster year wrestling bouts with real men were legendary, not to mention fevered and high pitched; and his leave periods were sufficiently exciting enough to get him engaged to a hometown sweetheart. What she and the Nuclear force will find out is that Eric Hopkins is a) a good friend; b) a hard worker; c) a closet wit; d) all of the above.

"GERRY"

GERALD F. HORTON

BROCKTON, MA *SRM*

Jerry came to us as a 21 year old plebe with amazing stories from his three years in the Marine Corps and 18 years in Brockton, ("I knew this guy . . ."). He immediately established himself as a company socialite spending nearly every Saturday night plebe year sneaking a six pack in the bushes three miles away (don't worry mothers he wasn't alone). Jerry has always been the first one out on weekends and the last one back. But those of us who knew him well will never forget the Jerry Horton logic which continually kept us on our toes. The end of second class year saw Jerry finally split up with one of his old high school sweetheart; a Pontiac Lemans. He traded crass for class and picked up a classie Mustang convertible. We'll remember Jerry for his innate ability to smell out a fishy situation or talking his way out of just about anything. On Graduation Day Jerry will go back to the Marines; good luck in the future.



"ROCK"

DANIEL W. HUDSON

CHERRY HILL, NJ *SRM*

Wes came to the Academy via Newport, Rhode Island. He started in M.E. but decided that it wasn't cricket so he later transferred to management. Sporting an old Datsun roadster, capable of 100 MPH, Wes left us all without words when he led us on countless Second Class road trips at speeds in excess of 27 MPH. And it was that same year that Wes hung up those magic spikes that had for years enabled him leap into unoccupied racks, none higher than six feet, to later begin moving weights in Halsey. Wes was a forerunner of the First Company Men's Club. During his First Class year he surmounted to the clubs highest honor — Vice President. If it wasn't for 10w-40 motor oil, Skip Castro, The Boss, being set up with all sorts of girls, and for manly activities, he may have been lost to some ole Datsun warehouse in New Jersey. But he made it, carrying forever those great days at Navy in his back pocket.

"JOE"

THOMAS J. LYNCH
McCOMB, MS *FPS*

Joe came to USNA from the booming metropolis of McComb, MS. Despite this humble start, Joe managed to charm us all with his Southern drawl and his quiet manner. Joe experienced his first taste of culture shock when he drew "Mac" for a roommate; the perfect "Felix and Oscar" combination had been born. After surviving Plebe year, Joe added his membership in the "Infamous Thirty" of Fun One to his list of accomplishments. Not being a big partyer, Joe directed his energies into the Drum and Bugle Corps. First Company's loss was the B&B's gain as Joe put in a dedicated four years to the Corps, culminating in his position as D&B Commander during First Class year. The Corps excelled under his guidance for which, of course, Joe would modestly accept no credit. A Charmer of girlfriends and mothers alike, Joe had one of those rare personalities which enabled him to be a cherished friend to us all. Our best wishes go with him. We know that Joe will be a success at anything he does.

"RICK"

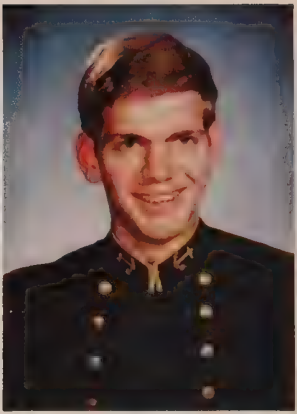
RICHARD F. MARSH
ALPENA, MI *SPH*

Rick came to this beloved institution of higher learning from the sprawling metropolis of Alpena, Michigan. Rick breezed through Plebe Summer without many problems (especially since he didn't have to go through PEP like the rest of us!). Plebe year was fruit for this physics major, and youngster year things got easier. Second class year proved to be a little tougher for Rick (3.0 and coast), but somehow he managed to squeeze in a trip to Europe over Easter Leave. First class year Rick became the company CAO, and ALMOST N.P.Q. at the same time. Having failed at the latter task, Rick succeeded in attaining a lifelong goals of being one of "The few, the proud, the SUBMARINERS". We all wish Rick the best of luck, and we know that wherever he goes, he will do well, and that God will be with him.

"MAC"

JOHN A. McCANDLISH
GARDEN GROVE, CA *SRM*

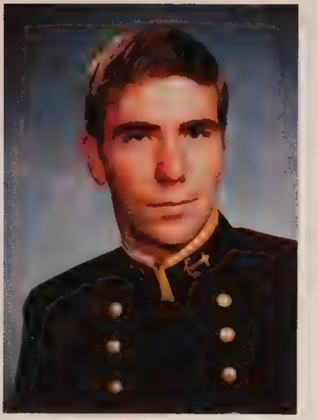
Just why "Mac" left his home playground of Garden Grove, California to come to USNA no one has ever figured out. But once here, John was determined not to let a few regulations stand in the way of his good times. John became the self-proclaimed and widely acknowledged captain of the brigade drinking team, and lead his team to victory on many a long Wednesday afternoon (Not to mention any other time he could get over the wall.) John amazed us all with his ability to watch 40 hours of T.V. a week, never open a book, and still pull a 3.0. Athletically, John pursued a little white ball on many afternoons in his quest of the 19th hole. And we're sure that his many 12 ounce curls came in handy on the "o"-course. Through it all, John was always quick with a smile and could always find a good party. His easy manner of taking on USNA was envied by all. First Class year saw his only struggle arise — but we know that John will manage to avoid his passion for Nuclear Power and push on to Pensacola. Good luck Mac.



"KEVIN"

KEVIN G. McCARTHY
CHICAGO, IL *EAS*

Before even coming to Annapolis from Chicago, Kevin decided upon Air as his service selection. Turning down an appointment to Air Force that would put him in a non-flying billet after commissioning, he decided to come to USNA and try for Navy Air. Naturally he chose Aero as his major and as result, Nimitz Library soon became his second home. Weekdays or weekends, it didn't matter, you could always find him over there. Known as the "old man" for his conservative ways, he finally broke down and bought a car first class summer and decided to have some fun. Professionally, Youngster Cruise on an amphib in Little Creek and running aground on his second class sub cruise were definitely negative experiences. Even though first class cruise out of San Diego proved to him that Surface Line isn't all that bad, Navy Air remained his first choice. Beating the odds, he passed his pilot's eye exam, only to receive an invitation to join the Nuclear Navy. But even if he doesn't get to go Air, he'll know that he tried his best.



"JIM"

JAMES C. McMURTRY
SPRINGFIELD, VA *ESE*

When one hears baseball talk coming from 3-0, they're sure to see Jim. Unmistakeable in his green Adidas and uncountable ball caps, Jim has pulled off quite a feat at USNA. He is a survivor of both Systems Engineering and Coach Duff.

A varsity pitcher for four years, the Tree-Dog cites his time on the mound as the best of his life. Even though some of his teammates might question his ability to break a pane of glass, Jim is designing and building a baseball radar gun for his Systems project in order to silence the skeptics. This might surprise some of 81's finest, who had the impression that the left-hander's only real project was to capture the attention of a certain brown haired classmate.

Often seen in his rag-top Mustang cruising to the beat of Waylon and Emmy Lou, Mac will be heading for the Surface fleet — having his full of subs youngster cruise, Jim hopes to see his sunsets from the deck of a surface combatant.

"RICH"

RICHARD L. METHENY
MIDDLEBURG, FL *SPS*

The Navy had no trouble getting Rich to sign the papers. As an ex-NJROTC stud, he was ready and willing to leave the slightly less than exciting town of Middleburg FL. Rich will most readily be remembered for his proficiency in cadence calling and his close acquaintance with Coach Lenz. Rich started out in the Physics Major but was quickly convinced by the advisory board that Phy Sci was the way for him. Rich plans on flying for the mean Green. We hope he'll log as many flight hours as he did rack hours here. Fly high Methane!

"GWEN"

GWENDOLYN D. MINES
AIKEN, SC *FPS*

She wanted a regular college and she got one. Well almost! Not being a swimmer added to her enjoyment of her regular college - USNA. Oh! The Parades especially made her realize that she had chosen the perfect college. And who could forget the challenge that 2nd class year brought - she received 3.81 both semesters, was selected for the superintendent's and Dean's List, earned her third "N", and was selected for the Postgraduate Preparatory Program.

I believe that, if it wasn't for fencing, she would have found an uncollege along time ago. So let's remember her for her fencing: captain of the women's fencing team, and 1979 2nd place and 1980 1st place winner of the Eastern Fencing Championships. Good Luck '81!

"MURPH"

DENNIS J. MURPHY
SO. SAN FRANCISCO, CA *FEC*

Murph came to us as a minority from the reservations out in San Francisco, and spent endless hours calling back there convincing family and friends that this was more than an adventure. Between Jim, Barbara, Gary, Keith and Otto, C&P knew they had a friend in Dennis. The antics of "The M.C." were soon legendary from coast to coast. From Hawaii, Cincinnati, Florida, Buffalo and back to Annapolis, his memory will live on. Minimizing study time and maximizing grades was Murph's specialty, not to mention blatantly hiding from officers under his covers. Second class year, Murph helped the Navy rugby team finish fourth in the nation. He always had somebody coming out from California to visit him and this includes the ultimate visit: Philadelphia 1979 when the Murphys met the Quattrinis and Hartmanns - an Army not to be forgotten. Whether Hyman gets him, or he gets Pensacola, the good times will follow Murph. And then there were three: separately they came, together they left, forever they'll be.

"JOHN"

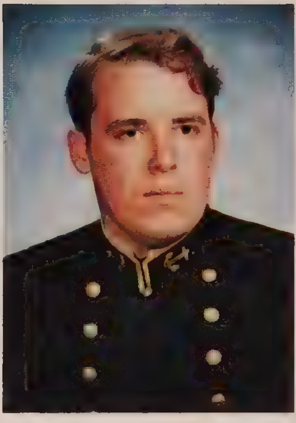
JOHN D. PAUL
CHERRY HILL, NJ *SRM*

It has been quite a road to graduation for "The Pope." Coming from his hometown of Cherry Hill, N.J., John went to NAPS and then on to USNA. As the years progressed, he came upon a few obstacles, such as Statics, but overcame these with a Management Major selection. Youngster year brought forth 150 lb football as John walked on the field and made the squad. Women chasing days ended for our hero plebe year on a blind date with a girl named Mary Ellen. Becoming experts at letter writing and lengthy phone calls, they survived the test of time and long distance. The future for John is bright as he enters surface line with high aspirations, a dedication to the Navy, and a passing grade on the 40 minute swim. We wish him luck with the "Grey Line," Mary Ellen, and their family to be. sav lis

"QUATTS"

DANIEL J. QUATTRINI
BUFFALO, NY *SRM*

The little guinea ROLLED (there is a reference to a bowling ball) down to Annapolis from the NICKEL CITY after spending a year sabbatical with the boys of Psi U at U of R. He adjusted quickly to the rigors of plebe summer as after only 2 weeks he and MURPH became the first 2 members of 81 to drink a beer. With the help of Rosemary, Dick, Rich and Janet the 4 year prison term was much more bearable. A good time was never too far from Quatts and he soon earned respect as one of the boys. His sports life was similar to his social life as he could never be tied down to just one. He finally settled on rugby and combined the two. He was friendly with everyone and often times too friendly as he discovered many Sunday mornings Leave was tough for Quatts as he always returned to USNA a wilted warrior (thanks to Hatts, Butts, "The Captain", and Griffy). And then there were three: Quatts, Vinnie, and Murph. Separately they came, together they left, forever they will be.

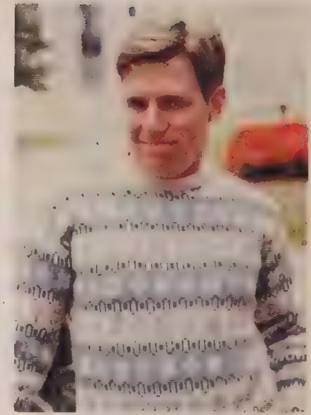


"JOE"

JOSEPH T. F. QUINN
UPPER DARBY; PA *SMA*

Young Joe Quinn, hailing from Upper Darby, PA, planned a brief visit to Annapolis before moving on to P-cola, Fl. Joe had no problems with plebe summer except when the fateful scream of: "Mr. Quinn, are you pissed off?" echoed through the halls. They just couldn't understand that was the way Joe looked. Plebe year, Joe spent his afternoons, early evenings and most weekends rowing on the Severn. With the onset of youngster year, Joe hung up his oar and took to company basketball and fieldball where the nickname Chooch seemed to follow him.

When it came to academics, Joe was very realistic. He knew he was no genius, but the answer was there. In his own words, "sheer rote memorization" was the key. Second class year things seemed to fall into place for JTFQ, Fun One's resident eight striper culminating in a Marine Option Cruise out of Hawaii. There, Joe got to fly, his primary prupose for donning the green. If he can dodge the draft we'll see him in the great beyond.



"BILL"

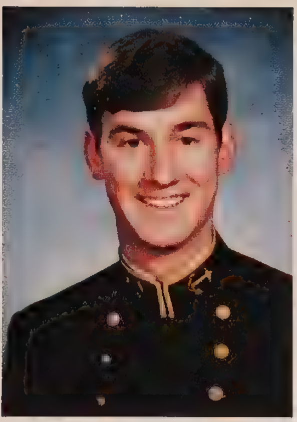
WILLIAM J. REARICK
MADISON HTS, MI *SPH*

Bill joined the Brigade from the lovely town of Madison Heights, Michigan. He will be remembered by his classmates always for his initial famous naval saying "If I go down we all go down." later on in his career he inspired us on with more direct information, such as "I won't hesitate to fry my classmate." While here Bill labored within the Physics Dept. He worked ever so hard during the week, but always came back with "ear to ear" smiles after a weekend visit to Mary Washington College. Bill's sense of dedication to service, integrity and thoughtfulness will always be secretly admired by all of us. We hope he enjoys his hitch the Nuclear Navy.

"HOOP"

WILLIAM J. ROBERTS
QUINCY, FL ***EME***

"HOOP" Roberts came to us from Quincy, Florida one dark and dreary day in July of '77. Between fighting with his Mechanical Engineering and playing basketball (this is where he got his nickname), his schedule was pretty full. After Graduation Hoop wants to drive those big grey boats. Smooth sailing and fair winds to one who has touched our lives so.



"BOB"

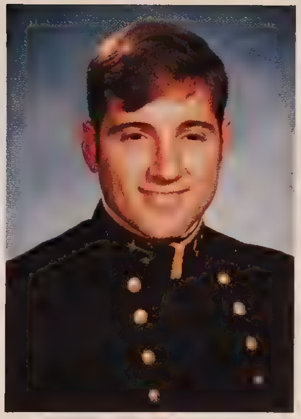
ROBERT M. SCHULTZ
ATTLEBORO, MA ***SMA***

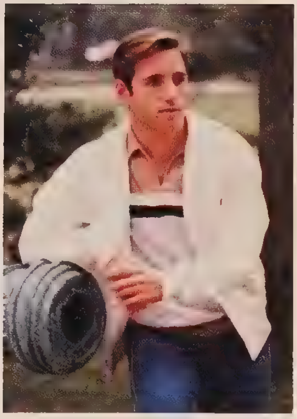
Bob, reared in Attleboro Mass., arrived at USNA via NAPS with a severe problem: inability to speak the English language. He "paaked his caa" and drank from a bubbler, not a water fountain. Plebe summer saw Bob paired up with another Bob, his roommate, resulting in non-stop chaos. Plebe year came and you could always find Bob hiding in the back of the closet listening to his highly illegal stereo Building a solid QPR Bob decided ME was for him. That lasted about two weeks. He switched to OA, obliterated the word "study" from his Bostonian vocabulary, and slid through the last three years on seminatural ability. On the sports scene, Schulzie was a standout on the company intramural teams, but when he wasn't on the field he could be found at the fieldhouse lifting mass quantities. The only real problem Bob has is his propensity for being nice to every one, no matter how unbearable they truly are. You've made a great deal of friends here and we all wish you the best of luck.

"SKI"

PETER J. SCIABARA
BROOKLYN, NY ***SRM***

"Ski," a native of Brooklyn, NY came to USNA with a year of college under his belt and a hockey stick in his hand. He was originally known as Lcdr Sciabarra's little brother, but it did not take long for Ski to develop his own reputation as one of the biggest partiers in Fun One, and as one of the most well-liked people in the brigade. Not known for his adherence to the MHP, Ski thought his letters in hockey and winning of the Rookie of the Year award earned him the right of not having to get haircuts. Ski could be seen most weekends going to and from "the City" in his baby with the "D". Ski will be remembered for great parties, great gaters and as a true friend and classmate to us all. Ski is planning on Navy Air, but before that takes place, Deb is planning on a trip to the altar. Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Ski for three great tailgate seasons. Good Luck and we'll see you in Pensacola, Ski!





"SAL"

SALVATORE J. WEAVER
ELLICOT CITY, MD ***EOE***

"Earl" as he was affectionately called, came to USNA from Ellicott City Md. with a smile on his face and a lax stick in his hand. Sal was always happy to help others even if it was the night before five Mid-terms. His small stature fooled everyone as he quickly proved to be the physical stud of fun one. After two years of JV Lax, Earl was a highly recruited addition to the 1st. Batt Brigade Champions. Second class year brought him his perennial title as "The Last Minute Man". Sal was never one to lose out on Ma Weaver's great cookins; therefore Earl broke the "Route 2" record on 16 consecutive Saturday nights. His dedication to his Ocean Engineering major enabled him to endure his bout with Rocket Man. Through it all Earl retained his sense of humor and was known as a great guy. Always a willing party-goer, Earl will be remembered by his many friends for his quiet ways and his true sincerity. Earl plans his career as a Navy NFO and we wish him success and luck in all he does.

SECOND COMPANY

"BUD"

JOHN R. WOMER
CAMARILLO, CA *HHS*

Bob drifted over to USNA after being politely but firmly asked to get out of his hometown of Camarillo, California. Bob had a little trouble during Plebe summer in accepting authority but he got over it. Though he soon learned the art of making his upperclass feel important, he rarely did so and his rude comments guaranteed that his class standing would forever bar him from the happy ranks of the nuclear power draft Third and second class years sort of wandered by Bob but his first class year was great because only officers could tell him what to do then. Bob also survived three years of "Bimbo", a remarkable feat. Academics posed no problems with Bob because he totally ignored them. Bob's greatest asset was his outrageous sense of humor which he let loose through his nasty typewriter and poor artwork which frequently smeared the pages of the Log magazine. Surface Line has been his first and only choice since day one. We are all sure that Bob will make a fine addition to a major civilian corporation some day.

"MARY"

MARY ANDREWS
ANNAPOLIS, MD *FPS*

Mary didn't come to the Academy on I-Day; it seemed she had always been here. From just a stone's throw away, Mary came relaxed and comfortable. No wonder! She already knew half of the officers and faculty! Swimming and ECA's helped Mary survive plebe year, and with Poli-Sci as her major, how could she lose? Mary's upperclass years flew by, without 2nd Co. seeing too much of Mary on weekends (or weekdays for that matter!). But Mary was still busy . . . earning a varsity letter, being Sec. of the French Club and Vice-Pres. of OCF. Among other places, I/c summer found Mary in France and I/c year found her ready to graduate. In her four short years at Canoe-U, Mary touched so many lives and made many friends. Her terrific sense of humor and loud ringing laughter will be missed by all who knew her. However, all good (?) times must end and the Lord must lead Mary on to greater challenges. "For God has not given us the spirit of timidity, but of power and love and discipline." 2nd Timothy I:7

"STAN"

STANELY E. BASHAW
ESCONDIDO, CA *ESE*

click, whrrrrrr . . . . Stan Bashaw, being a navy brat, had already made up his mind in high school as to his lifes goal — making a career of navy. To reach this goal he blessed USNA in '77 by becoming a plebe. During plebe year he realized just how little mids go paid. To correct this lack of funds he made use of his flying fingers and became known as "Stan the typing man." After a rough cruise at home in Stan Diego, Stan proceeded to 3/c year which saw the start of the "oid" family and his membership in the 4.0 club. Being a systems major, he quickly became emotionally attached to the "confuser" and he learned the thrill of studying. 2/c year he surprised everyone by running in and finishing two marathons. Being very professional, Stan took detail and a sub cruise I/c summer. Professionalism took its toll, however, as Stan realized that 240z's and juggling were every bit as important as studying. Everyone wishes the real world luck when USNA inflicts Stan upon them.

"DEBBIE"

DEBRA M. BAUERSFIELD
BALTIMORE, MD *ENA*

Not wanting to travel far from her hometown of Balitmore, Deb decided on a small engineering school on the Severn River. With no knowledge in the Navy Way she made 2 decisions (the last one since then). One was to be a Naval Arc and the other to be a NADS sailor. 4/c yr found Deb stumbling in with minutes to spare from a Sat. Nite Sailing Mtg. 3/c & 2/c years usually the toughest academically, did not phase Deb in getting her 8 hours rest, receiving excellent grades and watching Benny Hill. I/c yr was a settling down period with one roomie (finally) & one boyfriend. Debbie's addition to the company was in the subtle form of an understanding heart and compromising manner. Her adornment was not only external but it was also the hidden person of the heart with the imperishable quality of a gentle and quiet spirit which is precious in the sight of God. Even though she leaves her parents will still come to watch sailing practice, home ftbl games and formations. Remember . . . DJ's, Puerto Rico, Fair American, Spike, Bert Jones, and the uncalled four.

"PAT"

PATRICK E. BRADY

CAMP SPRINGS, MD EOE

Big Pat traveled all of 30 miles when he came to Annapolis. He came with wrestling on his mind and, impressed us all from the start with his showing in the Plebe Summer tournament and his "N" plebe year. Though he had to wait until second class year to get his "N-STAR" and place in the Easterns (and mess up a knee). Even though this sounds like a pretty impressive mat record some of his best matches were back in the hall!! Besides the athletics, Pat decided to take on academic challenges as well, and eventually turned out the winner over Ocean Engineering. On weekends Pat could always be found making pilgrimages back to Camp Springs, where "H" and him entertained many a mid. All we can say to Pat is Good Luck in the future wherever the "draft" may put him!!!

"BILL"

WILLIAM L. CONE

SAN ANTONIO, TX SOC

William L. Cone, alias "Wild Bill," came to the shores of the Severn from San Antonio, Texas. Masachism hit Bill early as he tried his luck at Brigade Boxing for three years. After smashing numerous opponents gloves with his face, a shoulder injury put boxing into history. Bill was one of the CHOIR BOYS founding fathers and never put studying above a beer, or two, or three . . . By first class year Bill found time to relax in the Rugby Club and in his Oceanography major (club?). Hymen is after Bill but Bill's dreams are in the sky. Only Del flys higher in this Texas boy's eyes. Who could forget this weekly message: "Call me. I love you. Del." Bill's natural friendliness, and great legs, will find him a home where ever he goes. Good luck my friend. May you get your wings with Del by your side.

"ERIK"

ERIK A. ERIKSON

INDIANAPOLIS, TN EME

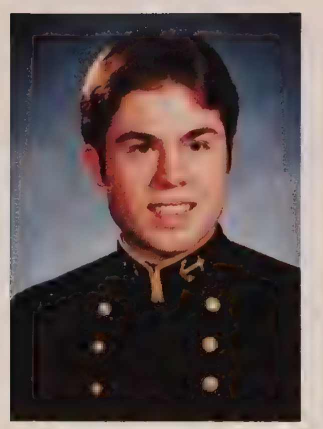
Erik Eriksen from Indianapolis, Indiana. Even his title gives hint to his origin from the engineering orthordoxy of Mechanical Engineering. In 1977 Erik was blessed with an invitation to plebedom by the Engineers that be. Erkoyd is one of the few with enough patience to put up with the stress and stains of Mech E. After winning the companionship of mid-n/GOD Jolliff and other members of the Olyd family, he soon changed, acquiring tastes for Bach, Pink Floyd, and massive quantities of pizza. From this mismatch of minds and bodies, Moonbase Alpha was affectionately formed in tribute to all space cadets, past and present. Although Erkoyd will probably not join the glowing ranks of the Nuc Draft, his mellow personality will serve as novocaine for those unlucky few that will slide down the razor blade of nuc power. God bless Indianapolis and its vrumm vrumm cars.

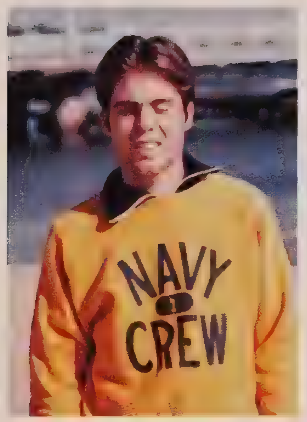
"TOM"

THOMAS S. FRICKE

CLEVELAND, OH EME

Tom Fricke - a real stud, a well rounded individual, who has gained the respect and admiration of many of his fellow classmates, not to mention their friendship. Despite the fact that Tom had a "real" major, Mech E, he never let his academic prowless get in the way of having a good time. He always had the time to give the plebes a tactics lesson in wedgy warfare, or to instruct his good friends, Frank and Mike, in the classic art of the "pink belly." Also, Tom demonstrated his leadership abilities as one of the ring leaders of the infamous "Choirboy's" raids on Georgetown and Reb's. Tom is a true friend and a very special person, always able to lift your spirits with a good joke or a kind remark. Good luck Tom in what ever your future holds in store for you. May God continue to bless you forever!





"TIM"

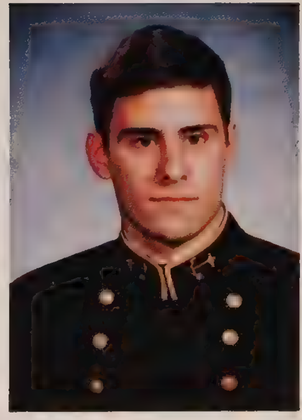
TIMOTHY GRIFFITH
BUFFALO, NY *SOC*

Tim arrived from his Canadian chalet just above Buffalo, N.Y. to extend his excellent high school performance at Canoe U. Spending most of his Academy daylight hours coxswaining a championship crew shell, Tim managed to put in a few hours gouging his Oceanography courses up to a 3.0 QPR. His weekends were spent either at the boathouse instructing the slaving crew jocks, or at Disco Dahlgren chasing the single digits out from underneath the couches. Tim's sincere willingness to excell for Navy was visable in his performance as the Co-Captain of the Heavyweight Crew Team as well as his acting as the company "Glee Club" Vice-President and Choirboy's Activities Chairman. Griff lead his team to a 1980 IRA National title, was placed in the Naval Academy Hall of Fame, and has a chance to command an Olympic shell. With flying on his mind and Rickover whispering in his ear, Tim's naval career is not yet certain. In any case, he should be voted a "Man Most Likely To Succeed". We love ya "Mort"!

"TIM"

TIMOTHY HARE
BALTIMORE, MD *SOC*

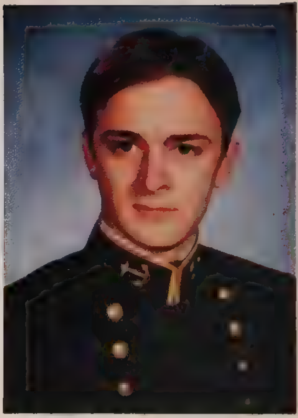
An All-American high school baseball player, Tim came to USNA to play baseball for Navy. But after a few seasons of dealing with the infamous Coach Duff, Tim said goodbye to Navy baseball and opted for the leisurely world of intramural sports. Choosing to major in Oceanography, Tim decided early that studying ranked somewhere below "Vegas", "Dallas", and "Hart to Hart" on his list of priorities. Tim spent so much of his time in front of the TV that the mates began delivering his messages to the wardroom. When the weekend rolled around, Tim would leave the streets of Annapolis for his nearby home in Dundalk. On Sunday evenings you could see Tim strolling into the hall with a belly full of mom's home cooking and a grocery bag of munchies for his buds. Upon graduation Tim will go his way with best wishes from second company and memories of friendships that will never fade.



"GREGG"

GREGG M. HOBBS
SCOTCH PLAINS, NJ *SPS*

this is the springtime of my loving — the second season i am to know you are the sunlight in my growing — so little warmth i felt before. it isn't hard to feel me glowing — i watched the fire that grew so low it is the summer of my smiles — flee from me keepers of the gloom. speak to me only with your eyes, it is to you i give this tune. isn't hard to recognize - these things are clear to all from time to time i felt the coldness of my winter, i never thought it would ever go. i cursed the gloom that set upon us, but i know that i love you so but i know that i love you so. there are seasons of emotion; and like the winds they rise and fall this is the wonder of devotion — i see the torch we all must hold. this is the mystery of the quotient - upon us all a little rain must fall. plant



"HENRY"

HENRY C. HOLT
EPPING, NH *FPS*

No one is quite sure where Henry is from. His license plate says New Hampshire, his family just moved from Egypt to Washington DC and he spends his summers in that strange place next to Turkey. The radical saw life from a different viewpoint when he came here during plebe year - like from inside a laundry bag. Still looking for your cup, weasel? Youngster year and that precious stripe, brought many changes and a love affair with his not-too-distant car that was to last for 3 years. Of course, this place always had a larger # of gates for Sammy than for most people anyway, so they were never farapart. Weasel's approach to the hair reg. was indicative to his attitude to the whole game here. They had to remind him on occasion that it wasn't an option But through all 4 yrs. Yoda has held 2 things in the highest esteem statue man and the NOSE. Find your ballpeen hammer yet? As his stay in this hotel becomes as temporary as his roommates, Henry gets closer to his real desire - NAVY AIR. It looks like smooth sailing to P-COLA

"CLAUDE"

CLAUDE S. HUBBARD
LUTHERSVILLE, MD *HHS*

With all the fine schools in his hometown, it's hard to imagine why Hubbs ever came to Canoe U. Whatever the reasons, we now know he was a latent professional and could not resist the lure of the YP's. Realizing that swimming for Navy was academic as well as recreational, he proceeded to give it up for that gentlest of all sports, RUGBY. It was on Dewey Field that Slime developed a keen understanding of physics and an insatiable thirst for combat. The object? Take no prisoners!! Countless kegs were brutalized at the parties with this same strategy. Alas much of the fun ended when Jolly Green got his car loan and mobilized for some heavy duty AIRBORNE missions over I-95. After that adventure, we might suggest that he looks into the Marine Air option. And Hubbs, why don't you get yourself a new set of cammies. That pair you were born in is beat.

ARE YOU SURE THAT YOU CAN'T PLAY ANY CARD GAMES?

"MARK"

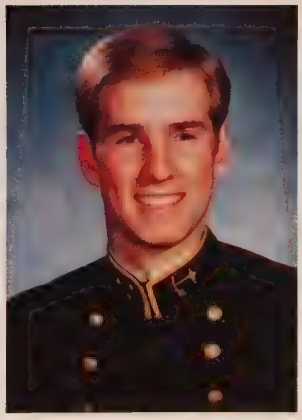
MARK W. KELLY
PRINCETON, NJ *FPS*

Our man Kelloyd drifted into Mother B from the teeming metropolis of Pennington N.J., bringing with him a blinding crop of red hair and feet that wouldn't stop running. Slowing to sub-orbital speed he landed at Moonbase Alpha, along with that guy from Indianapolis and the Original Space Cadet, to embark on the four year mission of becoming an officer and a gentleman. Along the way have been many companions, from Rocky Racoon and the Mustang to old Putt Putt and Sam, and never a dull moment to be found. Our favorite Irishman has always made life a little more interesting with his mountain of classical albums and his jungle of plants, resisting the forces of Maynard Ferguson and the Indy 500 while marching towards the future to the beat of his own different drummer. Now as he prepares to lift off (or dive) to bigger and better things, we wish him good luck and happiness for the future, and the knowledge that it's been great. Live long and prosper, buddy!

"JIM"

JAMES F. KING
TUCSON, AZ *SRM*

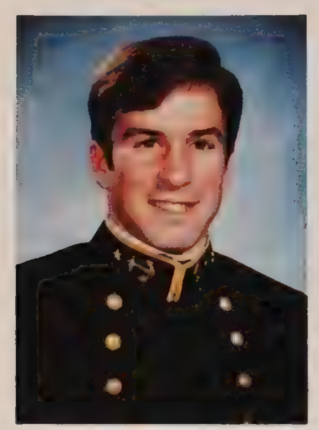
Port of call, Tucson, Arizona. That's where Jim King orginally called from. "Jimbo", as his friends call him, started off our plebe summer on the right foot by becoming a life member of the infamous "glee" club. From there it was off to the books where once again Jim was right on track. Jim saw the light early and became a management major. While having no problems with academics as an upper class, he concentrated on more important studies. Jimbo joined "The Choirboys" and became a weekend warrior. He broke hearts in all eastern seaboard states and was working his way back to Arizona when first class year started. Jim soon caught "firstie syndrome" and eased back on the reins, except for an occasional post or pre game rugby party. As for what's next, Jim's head is in the clouds. Jimbo's dream is for a fleet seat in the air community. We know he will get what he wants. Godspeed Jimbo, and "keep it straight and level!"



"CHRIS"

CHRISTOPHER G. KURAN
LA MIRADA, CA *SRM*

Christopher G. Kuran, more commonly referred to as "Hey, Kuran . . .", left sunny Southern Cal to serve the sentence required on to qualify for NAVY AIR - four years confinement at hard labor at USNA. (An unjust punishment by any interpretation of the UCMJ.) A true management major, Chris could be counted on to have more deals in the works than most Wall Street firms. A member of the "Glee club" and the "Choirboys", he was always nearby when the action started (when he wasn't hopping home for the weekend), although where women were concerned, he stayed close to his native "California Girls." Fearing no interference from "Hymie", Chris is pointed for the Wild Blue Yonder. Wherever he goes and no matter how high, we'll always be behind him wishing him the best of luck and a full fuel tank.



"MIKE"

MICHAEL D. MAHRE
SUNNYVALE, CA *EME*

Mike came to USNA from sunny Northern California with his mind set on being a mechanical engineer. Finding no pleasure in Navy baseball Mike joined the rugby team to play and party at the same time. He was one of the founding fathers of the "Choirboys" and throughout his early Navy career upheld his motto of "a woman in every port." Everyone in second company has looked up to Mike's outstanding academics and leadership ability, however, Mike has had to look 'up' at everyone some time or another. In the beginning of second class year, Mike decided to take a semester off by vacationing at Air Force. Finding Air Force academics no challenge, Mike returned to USNA with a "4.0". When Mike wasn't busy at the helm of the Carnot Club, he was road-tripping to one of the local hotspots. In the future, Mike will become one of Hymie's boys. We know wherever Mike goes, he will be a success and a good friend to all who know him. God bless and Godspeed Mike.

"FRANK"

FRANK L. MARCO
NEWARK, DE *EME*

Frank Marco, alias "The Bead", came to Canoe U. from the "radio free" city of Newark, Delaware looking for a super education and mega good times. Finding only one, the education, he spent many hours plebe year flooding the desks of Nimitz. However, after youngster cruise, "Marlinspike" came back to ole' U.S.N.A. a mellow fellow. Ready for the good times to roll, he signed with the "Choir Boys" and set sail for graduation. Frank established his reputation early by sleeping through study hour, lectures, class, and almost through formations. "The Bead" also managed to spend his afternoons of leisure either preparing for his marathon or trying to break 90 on the golf course with his "buddies." He was soley responsible for causing the Academy's wardroom to go bankrupt, and for keeping his squadmembers lean and trim. Frank leaved us going into the nuclear navy, and we, the Second Company wish you the best of luck, and God's blessings.

"RICK"

RICHARD J. MARTIN
LA MESA, CA *SRM*

Resident beach enthusiast and California dreamer, Rick left his Palos Verdes life of ease to travel east and receive an education. After a satisfying year at the Naval Academy Prep School, Ricky arrived in Annapolis, as his father had (class of 1955), with visions of fast planes and fast women - not necessarily in that order. He patiently dedicated hours of his time to the Varsity Wrestling Team. First class year, however, saw him knocking heads in battalion football. Rick, a spirited member of the second company, served in fine form as the President of his companies "GLEE CLUB" and as an original "CHOIR-BOY". As a management major, Ricky learned those essential needed to reach the top and indeed he will as both an officer and a gentleman. Rick was always willing and able to deal selflessly with his every acquaintance. Second company is not losing a friend; the Navy is gaining a truly dedicated and diligent individual. Good Luck my friend.

"BEN"

ANTHONY MARTINEZ
WAGON MOUND, NM *SPS*

Anthony came from the thriving metropolis of Wagon Mound, New Mexico (He had to leave town, they found out he was there illegally). From the very first days of Plebe Summer, he began work on what turned out to be a four year reign as captain of the Academy's racking team. As plebe year ended and led into youngster cruise, Anthony got a taste of the surface navy and fell in love (all he did was sit on the beaches of Hawaii). As 3/c year began, Anthony had to tackle marine eng. Finally, he got smart and went "QPR High" with "Phy Sci". The last half of 3/c year was when he started to stud out in classes, as he broke the 3.0 barrier and continued to fly high through 2/c year with minimum time out of the rack. After 2/c year came 1/c cruise (and his true love the sea) and Anthony found himself in the Mediterranean. For 1/c year, Anthony was going to relax 'til graduation when Hymie said he wanted him. Let's hope Anthony gets to go back to his true love (the sea) and is on top of her, not under her! Good Luck in the future

"MIKE"

MICHAEL McKINNON
NEW TAZWELL, TN *EME*

MICHAEL WAYNE came to Canoe U. from the back woods of New Tazewell, Tennessee, speaking a language we still do not understand. Only Company B-Ball and Football could keep Big Mac out of the rack, as many a "New Man Theory" went down with the blinds. Not into academics at all, Mac spent most of youngster year making 'friends' in Get-Backgammon. An elite member of the ferocious foursome, Mac was known for being unable to 'get it up' on the golf course. Although never passive at the table, BMC McKINNON enjoyed a somewhat passive membership in the choir boys in between speeding home every possible chance to see his hometown sweetheart. Attempting to save his eyes for P-3's by logging many hours in the wardroom failed as the Mech E still managed to squeal loud enough from the front row couches to be heard by the Admiral. My best buddy, wrestling partner, companion, and above all, friend; We love ya buddy and wish you the world. May God Bless You.

"SHELTON"

SHELTON D. REDDEN
TOLEDO, OH *FEC*

Let the record speak for itself:
Two time National Boxing
Champ
Two time Brigade Boxing
Champ
Spike Webb Trophy Winner
150lb. Football N winner*
A Three-Striper
And a 2.4 CQPR

He took all this going into his 1st class year.
Who knows what he accomplished that year.

What can you say? Well -
Veni . . . Vidi . . . Vici . . . ! (He came . . . He saw . . . He conquered . . .)

"TED"

THEODORE D. STUDWELL
WATERTOWN, CT *EEE*

years ago, in the dim ages, in the mystical land of Connecticut, there existed Ted Studwell. for reasons unknown, ted chose the rigor of usna over the parties at uconn. while he was feeling so masochistic he also decided to become a ee major. on any given night ted could be found hunched over his calculator, muttering "they can't fail us all!" after surviving plebe year and his bilging roomates, he mellowed out as a 3/c. ted had a recognition problem youngster year; not only couldn't the plebes identify hi m, they didn't know he existed. 2/c summer convinced ted that surface line was mighty fine, so he set out 2/c year to lower his qpr to avoid the nuclear navy. despite his best efforts he still managed to do well. 1/c year ted, as cao, threatened to cut everyones table or erase your name off the early meal list. he never did but a lot of people were nice to him just in case. ted will be remembered for his taste in music (p.f. and f.m) and for his performance at the 2/c dining out. good luck, ted.

"JEFF"

JEFFREY W. STYRON
ANNAPOLIS, MD *HHS*

How is one supposed to express 4 years of friendship and life in a mere 15 lines? It just is not fair that that is all that is dedicated to each person. Arriving at good old USNA from a distant town called Eastport, Jeff gained early popularity with his Plebe Summer chow packages. Never being one to take advantage of his own good fortune Jeff's house was always open to destitute midshipmen. An offer that was often accepted (I should know. I accepted most of them). The rest of Jeff's career here consisted of Lacrosse with a little studying just to break the monotony. Always being the athletic one, he once juggled 4 girls simultaneously, a feat seldom duplicated, and, when it is, seldom with such flair. Many people owe a lot to Jeff, myself especially. Thanks for helping, listening and pushing (everything but a broom that is). You were always there when you were needed. May the Lord continue to bless you in the future.

THIRD COMPANY

"JEFF"

JEFFREY A. TRUMBORE
HATFIELD, PA ***SRM***

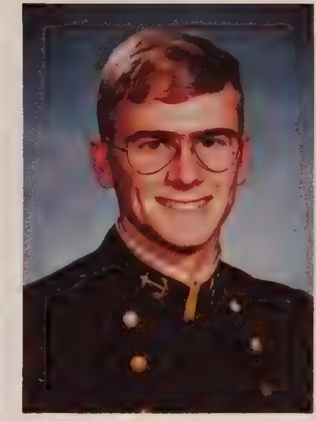
Coming to Annapolis viva the real Navy, Jeff quickly established himself as a humorous, scholarly, and dedicated mishipmen. His prowess for sit-ups, both atomic and regular, matched his knack for maintaining a high QPR throughout his stay at USNA. He proved to be a "jack-of-all-sports", from rowing Crew to being a fearsome fieldball player. His summer cruises took him from such ports as EARL, N.J., to such popular ones as NORFOLK, VA. On such exciting ships as ARs and LSTs. Jeff wound up engaged to the sister of one of his Plebe year firsties, and this commitment kept him in line during the week, and at her place on the weekends.

Jeff's Service "Assignment" is still up in the air but wherever the Navy sends him, his wife, and his "12" kids we know he will do well!

"JEFF'

JEFFREY L. UPCHURCH
ST. LOUIS, MO ***ESP***

It's hard to imagine just exactly what brought Jeff to the shores of the Severn, but a likely assumption is that someone tried to tell that St. Louis boy that somewhere in the world something called oceans existed. Naturally Jeff disagreed, and set out to prove that person wrong. After four years at Navy, Jeff is still looking for some loophole in the creation of the earth or some twist in the theory of Relativity to prove that oceans do not really exist so that Jeff won't have to admit he was wrong. Jeff has enjoyed his years at USNA; nowhere else could he study so much and argue so much. He became so mechanically efficient at these activities that by first class year Up-pup and Bead found time to run in a marathon. (Time will tell Jeff!). Still undecided about service selection (and ranked high enough to still have a selection), Jeff will make a conscientious and professional officer, no matter which service he enters. Fair winds and following seas to you good friend.



"MIKE"

JOHN M. YANDELL
ATLANTA, GA ***SPS***

Mike made the trip from Atlanta to USNA via NAPS, with a brief covert assignment to OCS. At USNA Mike excelled in the professional areas. He became so infatuated with YP's that he decided to get one of his own. He managed that 2/c year by becoming a CO. Professionally Mike was a stud. Unfortunately Mike hadn't realized that the whole man concept included academics, so aero fell by the way. Mike took it in stride, figuring that flying them was a lot better than building them any way. Mike fought an ongoing battle with the medical department, and it looked like the doctors might win for a while, but he finally got his bee sting quals and lived to tell about it. Mike will be remembered for his flashy 'z' and for trying to give his roommate some class. Best wishes, Mike.

"UNCLE ED"

EDMUND H. CARMANY
CHERRY HILL, NJ ***SRM***

Big Ed has always been into muscles, muscle beach and muscle cars. He spent many dedicated hours pumping in the gym so he could look awesome in his vehicle. His first racing machine was a blown midnight blue chevelle. It was a fun car to ride in, but his dates didn't appreciate the G-forces. Soon he caught vette fever and the radical machine would no longer do. Finally as a segundo, Ed settled down to be the proud owner of a customized '64 coupe. During first class year his 'vette was hurt so he directed his attention towards tailgaters and his quest for a golden pussycat. His battlecry of paaarty was often heard before such festive occasions.

Not to be mistaken for just another thirsty third derilict, Ed would always strive to leave his mark and make the world a better place for his having been there. His leadership ideals and dedication to those who were close to him let us know that Ed Carmany had indeed left his mark in our hearts.

"JERRY"

JERRY L. CARSON
OCEAN SPRINGS, MS EME

Jerry was considered Third Company's father figure. After hearing us boast about our wild weekends, he was quick to give us words of wisdom and lessons of life. Unfortunately, Jerry spoke correct English so we couldn't understand him without a dictionary or thesaurus close at hand.

Although Dad was an engineer by trade, he had more hours in HUM/SS than a bull major. He worked hard plebe and youngster year keeping his grades up and saw many a sunrise over the Severn. Then came Cecilia. After that, his only objective was to keep SAT for the weekend so he could follow the well-worn rut to Bethesda.

Jerry put endless hours into his collateral duties and it finally paid off when he was drafted in the second round for batt staff. In our hearts he never left the company. Smooth sailing and the best of luck in the future.

"CONEHEAD"

RANDALL B. COHN
CONCORD, CA EOE

Hailing from Northern California Randy's only goal coming into plebe year was to get it over with as painlessly as possible. At his first opportunity to let his hair down Randy celebrated in style. To this day he still holds the group record for the longest hangover (3 days)! In the spring of youngster year Randy and the rest of the group made the first roadtrip to BOOTHILL SALOON. He and the other plankowners repeated the ritual the following spring as segundos.

As laid back as he was, Randy was fond of dishing out abuse to some guys in the company. Except of course when he was tossing bayonets or trying to throw them out windows. One of his dreams came true first class year in the form of a BLACK 67 VETTE. Now his only obstacle to Navy Air is to convince the Admiral that he isn't Nuclear Navy material.

"PRICE"

LEONARD P. COULTER
BELLEVUE, NB EGE

Leonard "Price" Coulter had one overwhelming motivation for coming to the Naval Academy: Navy Air. However, he also had one overwhelming lack of motiviation: the God of 2.0. He hated studying with a passion and no one ever treaded the edge more closely. But whatever was lacking in academidevotion, Price made up for in athletics. A triple jumper and long jumper, Price won multiple letters. His only "A"'s were in PE, where he set the O' Course record and aced the applied struggle consistently. A dedicated athlete, he volunteered for the BUDS/SEAL summer program in Coronado, Calif., giving up a month of valuable leave for mud crawling and physical abuse. But that wasn't Price's only bad decision. When he left Nebraska for USNA he left his high school sweetheart behind. She was the love of Price's life. Nobody's worrying though because Price is a dedicated Navy Aviator, and like all good pilots, has only P-Cola on his mind. Good luck and Thirsty Third's behind you all the way.

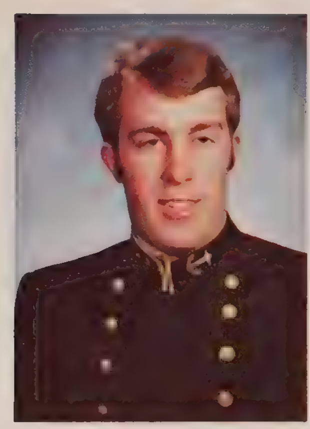
"DONNIE"

DONALD E. DENSFORD
ARTESIA, NM SMA

Abusive. Raunchy. A plankowner of the group. And probably a genius. Don had a talent for cutting right to the heart of the matter and letting you know about it. Anyone was fair game for his one liners, and he showed no mercy. But Donnie was never malicious, and his victims were usually as entertained as the rest of us.

If anything, Donnie was a rational person. If he wanted to do something, he did it: marauding through the tunnels under Stribling Walk, ice skating in Dahlgren after taps, hustling Norma at Donatelli's or going to 'gators, he "did it all."

Even if you don't talk about his exploits, you have to agree that he was a premier personality in the class and in the whole company. But you can't explain why so many people liked him by saying he was funny or clever. People liked him and liked to be around him because he liked having a good time, he liked friends and he was a good friend himself. Don says to say "Later!"

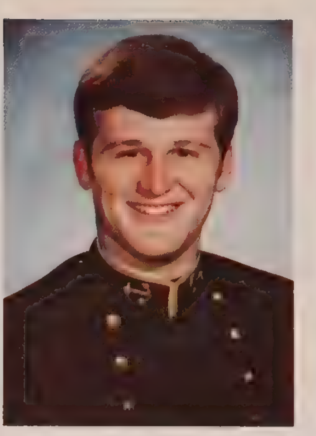


"FULT"

THOMAS G. FULTON

PITMAN, NJ *SOC*

Tom helped found a couple of clubs for Thirsty Third, among which were being a plank holder of the Group & being a key to the success of the local AA chapter. His plebe and youngster years were uneventful except that he decided swimming would not be his past-time. In the spring of 79, Tom found his place as a mid in Daytona Beach during bike week at the Boot Hill Saloon (across from the cemetery). Between that time and his return there the next spring, Tom decided that he couldn't handle his two girls at once & he dropped them in pursuit of another Philly (or is that a Mustang 66 convertible). At this time he went on a single-handed campaign to make Jimmy Buffett the richest singer in the land. All of this was partly due to his new reidency privileges at the U of/ Virgin(ia) which he later revoked (by the way, congrats on your engagement, oh, no one told you?). First class year, Tom came to the realization of his dreams(??) and got a written stab in the back with his nuke interview. Whatever the outcome, the fleet is getting a fine man.

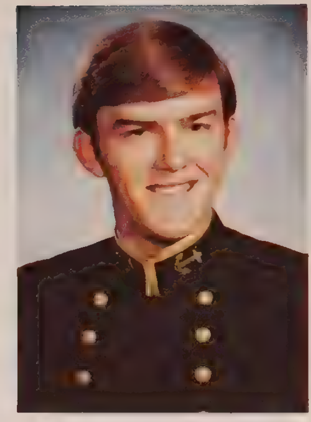


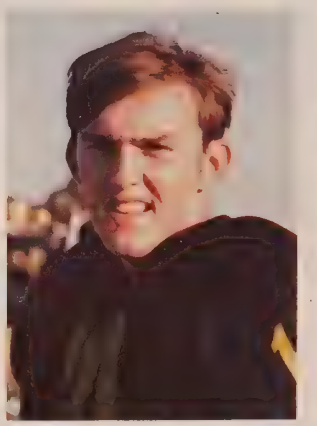
"GERBS"

JAMES F. GERBIG

KENDALL, NY *SRM*

Jim struggled through plebe year but was able to hold on because of soccer and a girl back home. Youngster year saw Jim "sat for the first time and Dahlgren got its first taste of Gerb's Saturday Night Tour Service. Jim came into his own second class year when he no longer had soccer or his old girl to worry about. He took up enjoying enjoying his liberty in company with JB, JD, and Uncle Ed. Gearing up for fieldball as the weather got colder, Jim became a terror in the goal. Among his many casualties was a former roommate (sorry John-boy!). On the social scene Jim retracted his application to Marymount in the spring of the year (or did he just get tired of Gerb's Girls?)! After a short return bout with soccer in the beginning of first class year, Jim turned his attention towards coaching a little league soccer club out in town. His life as a Mid got some direction when he decided to set his sights on a Surface Line service selection. Fair winds and following seas . . . Good Luck, Jim.



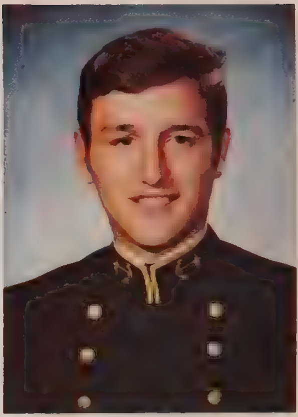


"DAVE"

DAVID R. GUIN

BELTON, MO *EAS*

Dave: what can we say? He marched to the beat of a different drummer. While attending Canoe U., Dave ran the gamut. We thought he was into the Navy plebe year - very squared away. Maybe it was academics - he did change majors from Management to Aero and, yes, he will graduate in Aero. Then it was football, three N's and two stars, first team All-East, what a foot! Ah, maybe it was women. In those first two years he went out with as many girls as most of us know. Then came the one to change his life. Miss Butler didn't really change Dave - just brought out the best in him. We didn't see much of Dave those last two years. He saw Patsy whenever he could and also when he couldn't. He must have set the record for trips over the wall. Patsy is a lucky girl. One thing hasn't changed - Dave is going to fly. The Squadron that gets him is lucky, too.



"WILLY"

WILLIAM H. HILARIDES

HICKORY HILLS, IL *SPH*

LIS

Willy had a typical career pattern at USNA. Class A'ed as a plebe, dated a WUBA as a youngster, boozed it up on Friday nights in the room as a second class, and company commander, as a firstie.

Along with being company commander he was the first in the company to bite the dust and get engaged and he was the only Trident Scholar in the company, each of which took about equal time. None.

Willy took the academic standards, applied lots of TV time, and still came out on top. No wonder he was a Physics major.

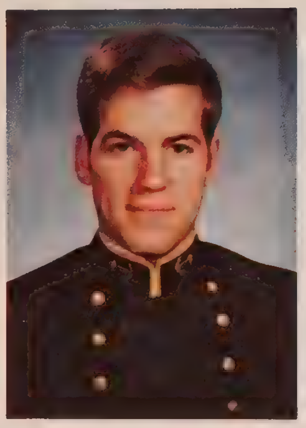
A good friend of the group, Willy will always be remembered as the geek who never geeked, the smack who very seldom smacked, and a real good guy. And of course, for Lisa too.

"HLUBES"

GREGORY J. HLUBEK
SABULA, IO *SRM*

A PLANKHOLDER IN THE GROUP Chet the Jet once told Lubes that he was the "happiest midshipman in the company". It's also true that he was one of the most laid back. Lubes never got bothered by much of anything, least of all schoolwork. His upbringing in smalltown Iowa taught him to enjoy the simple pleasures in life; a youngster in the rack, a'gater, a few too many brews with the boys, or just lounging out in the wardroom for an evening of tube.

Lubes can be best described as a sincere derelict. His outlook on life, cheerfully devoid of any concern at all for "things that matter," i.e., school, marching, etc., was full of enjoyment of great friends and great times.



"JEREMIAH"

MARK W. KRAUSE
MONROE, CT *SMA*

A plankholder of the group, Mark had an easy smile and never got excited. His outward mellowness belied the fact that he was basically a sweat. We remember the late nights "Kay" spent lurched over the books with his "negates" half way down his nose, long after his roommates had hit the rack. One of Third Company's original "Mountain Men," Mark became known as "Jeremiah" after distinguishing himself late one moonless night in the rocks of Great Falls during the spring of youngster year. Surprisingly, during plebe detail, Kay got a rep for being a flamer with the plebes. Actually, he just wasn't getting enough sleep. Taking advantage of the liberal liberty policy, he spent a lot of time in Washington after the plebes had gone to bed. After graduation, Mark and Sheddy will be heading for P-cola and gold wings.

"DOG BODY"

DANIEL K. LYONS
WAYNE, PA *HHS*

A native of Wayne, Pa., Dan tore himself away from Philadelphia's "Boathouse Row" to spend a productive year at the Naval Academy Prep School. At the Academy, he decided to major in Heavyweight crew while taking a few history courses on the side. Danny, better known as "Dogbody" and often mistaken as a lightweight oarsman, was determined to make a name for himself in rowing - as his ex Olympian father had done. Dan was elected co-captain of his 1980-81 team, stroked the 1980 National Championship Navy eight and was named to the Academy Hall of Fame for his contributions to Navy Crew. A quiet, humble and well respected individual, Danny was indeed a highly competitive and inspiring member of the class of 1981. Learning the essentials of teamwork, dedication and sacrifice while at the Academy, Dan will undoubtably be a standout wherever he travels. "GO NOW" buddy!

"MIKE"

MICHAEL R. MARA
ANNANDALE, VA *EOE*

One of the undisputed talents in the Company, Mike made everything look easy, and he did it with style. One night during Plebe Summer, he reconned all the sneaks from Alpha Company's firsties. Not content with just stashing them, he tied them shoelace to shoelace and flew them from a yardarm over the PEP field.

Mike was a natural Youngster. While he was no slouch on grades, he knew how to have a good time, and that included a few forays over the wall. He was also a good scrapper; handy in a rumble or on the soccer field where he didn't seem to mind that the other guy was five times bigger than he was. During Second Class year, a love-hate relationship developed between Mike and his newly acquired GT6. But through careful nursing and care, he finally got it to the point where he could pawn it off on somebody else.

And you couldn't talk about Mike and not mention Cammi. She was good for him and come Summer 81, we'll be crossing swords for them.

"RICH"

RICHARD A. MORGAN

LAS CRUCES, NM *ESP*

Rich came to the academy from the depths of the seven seas. A prior nuke and presently a Marine Engineer, make him a prime candidate for Hymie's program. However, Rich wants to be a fly-boy. Oh well . . . Nuke Air!!!

Rich stuck with crew during second class year but got tired of racing tooth picks while the coach was motoring around conventionally. get away from the water and establish his credentials with Navy Air Rich's hobby of hang gliding escalated into Third company's first fighter-glider squadron; we challenge anybody!!

On the academic side, Rich spent many a weekend in the hall studying thermo and sweating out exams. Hopefully, all that knowledge will come in handy in the fleet, but for now he would rather be out riding his motorcycle in the South West desert.

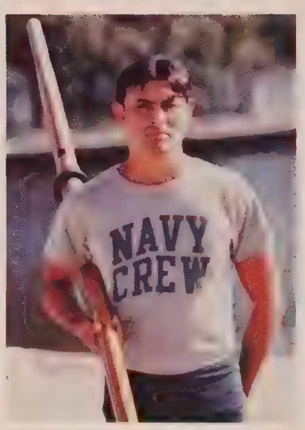
Why a kid from New Mexico came here we'll never know but we're sure he'll make a good Officer. Good luck in the future and sleep tight.

"JARRIN GEORGE'

GEORGE S. NAGY

PISCATAWAY, NJ *SOC*

George rolled in from the unlikely town of Piscataway, NJ. It didn't take him long to discover life different than at the Jersey Shore & nearly opted to return home. Youngster year, George learned to use his time wisely. Study hour meant rolling doubles to the sounds of Barry Cantelope while early appointments with the rack did not prevent him from reeling off a streak of 3.39 semesters. Feeling the need for a set of wheels, Baggy traded in the 'myth' for a Camaro Z28 & programmed it with directions to Hood. It was here that PW met his fate second class year. Now an upperclass, Bagman was usually seen in white (works), being reluctant to don them only on the tower. The weekends at Hood grew longer & first class year saw 'Jarrin George' emerge as Thirsty Thirds own Varsity Football (senior manager). This afforded him all the comfort of home. But alas, wedding bells and meteorology aside, a nuclear interview awaits. Whatever the outcome, the fleet stands to benefit from the addition of this fine individual.



"HYMIE"

JAIME NAVARRO

EL PASO, TX *SPS*

This pride of El Paso, Texas and the Riverside Rangers had shown people every step of the way that hard work and plenty of alcohol are his own special winning combination. During his stay here Jaime's dedication to crew was the only salvation for his mother's credit card. All those extra hours of work and sobriety at the boathouse led to him being chosen co-captain of the varsity lightweight crew and also helped put some meat on his bones.

No one has ever been able to stop Jaime from having a good time. People follow him because they say that with his Mexican-Irish blood, he can smell a party. Where ever and with whoever he winds up, he'll be enjoying himself. I hope to be there.

"RICK"

RICHARD C. OLDHAM

POTOMAC, MD *SOC*

Rick, who has developed his reputation as a scourge of the raquetball and squash courts has had quite an eventful time here at Canoe U. Any problems encountered over the years could mostly be attributed to his long list of female companions, latest being Marji, or was tat Meg or maybe Maggie? This led to his dutiful service to the company with the Oldham Touring Guide Co. of Georgetown. Plebe year Rick went unnoticed until his stellar performance on the Pro test (but - WHO CARES?, right Rick.) He felt he needed a change so Rick went from 188 to 158 (pounds - that is) so he could play Varsity 150 pound football. After the season Rick took up the latest fad, DISCO. To accompany this his stereo system grew until his computer controlled cassette deck began to control him. Disco died about as fast as his interest in WUBA (Where do you go to school? - NOOO!) This year he will decide between NFO and Surface Line probably while reclining in the "comforts" of his room. Whichever be his fate, good luck!

"PARKY"

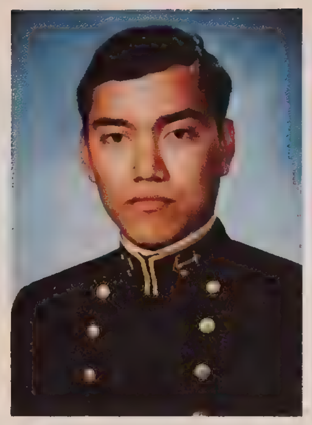
JOHN B. PARKINSON
SOMERS, NY SRM

Johnny Parkinson, "PARKY" by his many friends, is the kind of guy who always had the right answer. If you ever had a problem you knew right where to find him, in the weirdroom. Parky spent as much time in the wardroom as he did in the rack, and hence the title of Rodentia Wardroomus (a rare species indeed)! As a leader and plankowner of the group he was responsible for several covert operations including a couple of treks to the BootHill Saloon! John was a tough competitior on several championship La Crosse and football squads, which left him with more weekends than the calendar would allow. The system rarely gave his talents a fair shake, but that was their loss as those who knew him became better persons as a result.

"RENEE"

RENEE B. PIETRUSZKA
FORKED RIVER, NJ SPH

Renee came to us from Forked River, New Jersey, determined to major in Physics and go nuke power. Uncle Hyman declined to accept, but no one has been able to stop her from reaching her first goal. She worked tirelessly at whatever job was set before her, whether it was academics, P E , or ECA's, but she always had time to spend with a friend or lend a helping hand. First class year, her efforts were rewarded with regimental stripes, and her eyes were opened to the fact surface line really is might fine. Her hard work and determination will serve her well in the years to come. Good luck, Renee!



"SPO"

RAYMOND A. TOVES
SINAJANA, GUAM SRM

When Ray left his native Guam for the land of the white-skinned Haoles, he knew he was in for a struggle. Ray's first big challenge came during a Plebe Summer field meet. He tried hard to win the "Dizzy-Izzy", but after spinning around the baseball bat a couple of times, he invented a new sideways walk, and kissed the ground a few times. "SPO" was born. Ray wasn't done trying to fit in, though. "Luke the Gook", used his experiences as Boat Person to help coxswain the Crew team for a season. That wasn't all, either. Convinced he wasn't really a rock, Spo set out to validate 1/C swimming 2/c year. He celebrated a fine Saturday morning by swimming in the bay; fully clothed. But "Spo the flyweight" wasn't all wet, as he proved on cruise. When Ray got to the Med, he hit all the big spots, especially Barcelona. Spo's little brown body survived flying bayonets and 4 years of Academy life, and he did it all with a smile.

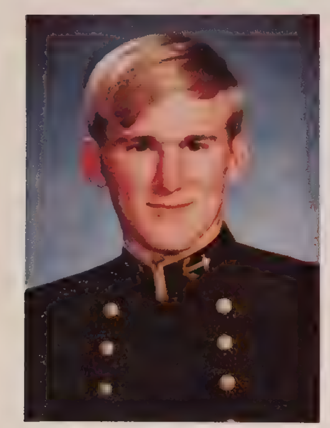
"JANE"

JANE R. VAN ZYL
COLORADO SPGS., CO EAS

STROKE! STROKE! STROKE!

Jane stroked her way into Thirsty Third, bringing along an extra passenger (who became affectionately known as her "other" roommate), after two years in Fun (???) One. Crew and computers were the name of the game for Jane, the Systems major. Yet, one can't help thinking she won more crew races than battles with the computer! A native of Colorado, Jane appears to have "zoomie" in her blood and her head in the clouds as she turns from stroking crew to flying planes! As she soars off after graduation (making her "other" roommate a more permanent one-) we all wish her open skies and happy landings always.

FOURTH COMPANY



"P-WETZEL"

JAMES C. WETZEL
KAI LUA, HI *SPS*

Jim says he's from Hawaii, but most of us would sooner have guessed one of the outer moons of Jupiter or Alpha Centari. A confessed space case, the Admiral never let the distance between his feet and the ground bother him. During his first three years he spent a lot of time sailing with the Varsity team until he finally became an X.O. second class year. After deciding to enjoy his weekends for a change, he left the team at the beginning of first class year for a weekend residence at Hood. And then there was Wetzel Logic. Wetz had a way of thinking and looking at things that defied understanding, but it worked fine for him. He balanced outlandish bank books and was on a first name basis with the Honeywell computer in Ward Hall (who he called "Honey"). No doubt about it, if you needed help with a program, Wetz was the gouge. Seriously, Jim has a lot of things going for him and Navy Air will put him right back where he is comfortable: in the upper stratosphere.

"WILDMAN"

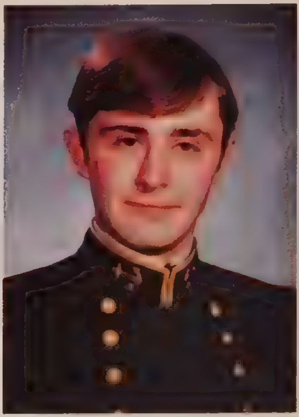
GLENN D. WILDFONG
KENT CITY, MI *FEC*

Glenn got plebe summer off to a "banging" start on the pistol range when his gun went automatic on him. Christened "Wildman" for this and other antics, Glenn was given the 3rd Co guidon. Nobody would trust him with a rifle or a sword, so Wildman carried the guidon his full four years. Although Glenn lived a relatively quiet life plebe and youngster years, he burst onto second-class year like the Wildman he was named for. The first week of the year saw one car violation, and the last week, June Week, saw his second, with a quick 100 demos in between. Wildman, as "King of the Admin Conduct System," (235 was tops for the Brigade!), was a natural for Co Conduct Officer 1st set 1/c year, which he saw from a second-class point-of-view. After his second chat with the 'Dant, Wildman felt pretty salty, and the oldest and most experienced one calmly lived on, savoring the memories of two road-trips to Fla., and an afternoon on 14th St. Wildman was the one who did it all, but with a touch of bad luck. Better luck, Wildman!

"RANDY"

RANDY T. BALL
SCOTTSMOOR, FL *SOC*

Having had a taste of the real Navy, Randy came to the Academy to get a mouthful of RME. He is still trying to get that awful taste out of his mouth by water-picking three times each day. Leadership came naturally to "Big Slick" and he adopted as his theme song "Stars and Stripes Forever", of courst majoring in Oceanography didn't hurt him any. His key to success was getting out from under the protective wings of Mother "B" and taking refuge for hours upon hours in Nimitz Library. Not until he was a Firstie did Randy leave the library on weekends, don his leather jacket and motor through Annapolis in search of that matching, perfect 7.3. He showed some of his smoothest moves by managing to hold hands with the best looking gal in his Sunday School class, but lost his chance when he couldn't turn down extra duty weekends. No matter what the future holds for R. J. we know that he'll always be at the top, not only due to his own talents, but also due to his walking side by side with God.



"RICH"

RICHARD D. BLUNT
SHREWSBURY, MA *SOC*

Rick hails from "Shrucklesberry". He was kind enough to take time out of his busy schedule of upholding the law and order of his hometown and saving people, to come to Annapolis and grace us with his presence. Despite his weakness for the "fairer" sex, he has managed to do a good job here at USNA, including earning three stripes while on detail. USNA has managed to corrupt him slightly, as his frequent Tuesday expeditions into town for tacos shows. We wish him loads of luck as an NFO and hope he does not celebrate too hard when he finds out that Uncle Hymie does not want him.

"MARTY"

MARTIN J. BODROG
AUDUBON, NJ *PYS*

Martin "Tyrone" Bodrog: The king of the Boss' bootleg and a Philadelphia fanatic. HE was known to many as "Parts" and was probably the Brigade's fiercest Deathball combatant due to his infamous headbutt. Marty was also the sole proprieter of the cave. He was liked by all but only known by a few. Marty was of the most unusual people around but above all he was a friend.

"PJ"

PATRICK J. BRANNIGAN
FREEPORT, NY *FEC*

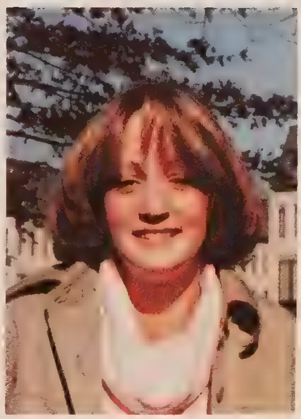
PJ began his Naval career with his enrollment into NAPS. The Brannigan name had been a legend in Freeport, L.I. where he had a brilliant lacrosse career. Never one to turn down a fight he was soon terrorizing the streets of Newport and Boston. When USNA finally got hold of him, Pat settled down to study Economics. He played lacrosse for four long years here. Always one to let his opinion be known, PJ was not always in complete harmony with the Slaz.

After losing his youngster sweetheart he hopped on the bandwagon of mids making frequent trips up to Head College. With a car l/c year he could be seen taking advantage of the rights he had earned during the week. When 4th company needed a tailgater rep, pj was there to lend his advice and experience, he even made sure the brews were flowing good before the game ended. Pj will be remembered as a friend and partier. We wish him good luck in life.

"LISA"

LISA M. CICCHINI
SANTA MARIA, CA *FPS*

Since that first day that Lisa landed here at good ole USNA, she proved that she wasn't just your average mid-yes, this crazy girl had to be different. Plebe year she tried her luck at swimming, but she discovered that the water just wasn't for her, so youngster year the Bird took to the air (with a little encouragement from our neighborhood Marine). Through her seemingly endless number of jumps and the Parachute Nationals, Lisa, in all her infinite wisdom, attempted to perfect her own style of PLF-one which results in a visit to Bethesda. Lisa's stage career at USNA began with the "Slicks". She probably could have been a success if she had't promptly told the lead singer to "Buzz-off!" Since then Lisa has played parts in several other productions as well. Think now — do you remember that first day that we met Lisa?? Such a nieave Italian girl and so gungy for Navy. And look at her now - four stripes on her shoulder, gold wings on her chest and all ready to lunge headfirst into the Marine Corps. Good Luck!



"PATTIE"

PATRICIA R. CANDLEMIRE
MACHIAS, ME *EME*

Plebe year Patty could outswear the saltiest sailor, inspired many a crazy recon raid, defiantly kept her swaying walk, and became the first varsity "N" winner of the class!! But she settled soon enough into the academic struggle of being a mechanical engineer (2.0 all the way!) and the roommate of a real "bird" brain. She made it to Youngster year with a flourish — becoming one of Navy's first skinny cheerleaders! It was a year of letting her hair down, building up her wardrobe, gabbing with Evie, and becoming a real girl again. Second class year found RICH the household word, and suddenly Patty was able to conquer her fear of the deep and to become Scuba qualified. Class Rings became her specialty, and even she became a flame that the '83 Wolf "Cubs" shied away from. Recruited by the general engineer department finally, Patty devoted herself to the Cheering Squad and sailed into first class year. Stubborn . . . yes! Defiant . . . yup! But what a friend!!

"JOE"

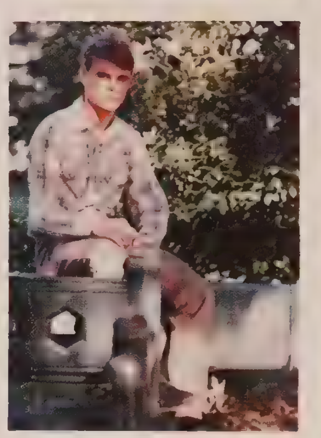
JOSEPH W. CRAVER
POINT LOMA, CA EOE

Midshipman Skipper "Jumpin' Joe" Craver, the infamous tyrant who ruthlessly runs the dope smuggler "Insurgente", is probably one of the meekest, mildest, nicest guys you'd ever meet on the high seas. Life is not always sailing, for in his spare time he dabbles in Ocean Engineering and is an avid sleep researcher. WHEN THE river freezes over you can find him ripping limbs off his fellow mids in front of a fieldball crease. Joe also loves having his clothes ripped off by his "mother" after they've had a little Cold Duck. If you see Joe in the hall, you might just ask him if he's had any trouble using his boat for extracurricular activities lately.

"BILL"

WILLIAM F. CRENSHAW
DURHAM, NC SRM

Bill went through many changes while at the Academy. First of all, he traded in his buck sergeant's stripes for a set of second Lieutenant's bars (once green, always green). He entered the Academy with two girls with the title of "finance", but as a firstie could not even find a date for Homecoming. His monetary resources went from abundant to virtually non-existent (a certain Porsche 924 may be to blame). Some things, however, just stay the same, such as his favorite saying, "Pass me another beer, please," which he repeats twenty or thirty times a day, when possible, of course. Also, his loathing of the "thrill" of athletic competition has dissipated very little over the past four years. His favorite time to study still remains from one to four in the morning. Oh, well, what can you expect from a guy who collected two "black N's" and an E in less than two years. A-7's forever.



"DAVE"

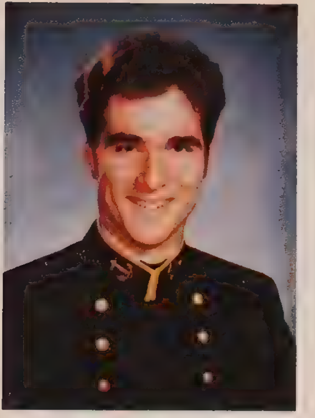
DAVID M. FOSTER
MEMPHIS, TN EEE

Dave came to the Academy from Memphis, Tenn. and was found by his friends to be a southern gentleman through and through, saturated with cheerfulness, southern hospitality, and a conviction that it was everyone else who spoke with an accent. Dave proved to be one-up on the rest of us when he demonstrated early that the key to success was to maintain a low profile. It took all of plebe summer before his roommates even learned who he was. Now, that's a low profile! In spite of his apparent mild-manneredness, there have been some disturbing rumors circulating about this human enigma. Some say that he has been seen prowling aound Academy grounds in a Gorilla costume (Freud would have had a field day with this character!). Still more disturbing are the rumors about what he and Jenny did that night on Hospital Point. Care to tell us, Dave? No matter what Dave specializes in, we know that he will do well with his Academy training and with the Lord Jesus as his guiding light. Good luck, Dave !

"JIM"

JAMES M. GERDING
FRAMINGHAM, MA SCH

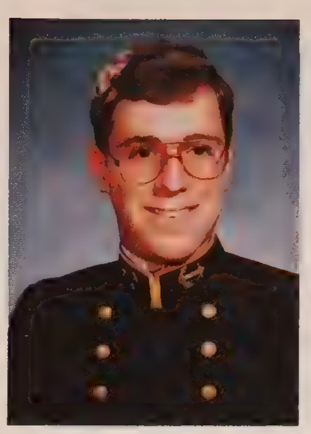
"Gerd" came to 4 from Framingham, Mass. as a bewildered plebe and has become the company's resident first class grad student at JHU. After Varsity Sailing plebe year he moved onto more important things like Deathball. Always a sleake runner, he enjoys a good run for fun. As president of the MSA club first class year, he is an expert at Dungeons and Dragons, not to mention other forms of entertainment. D & D-always. Study - what's that? His first and only academic love is chemistry, which he more than excells at. One of his favorite hobbies is cars. Who could ever forget the six-toned Crashmobile? Gerd was always willing and eager to help out his friends. His Gerdonian philosophy always allowed him to pursue a good time and have plenty of fun. We hope him all the best in his bid for the Nuclear Power Program, we know that he'll go far.



"PAUL"

PAUL GIOSA
WETHERSFIELD, CT *FEC*

Paul Giosa came to Annapolis to do to the Academy what he did to all of Connecticut with his Bjorn Borg-like tennis prowness. After getting here however, the need for sleep, the need to party, the lack of ability, an ever present supply of demos and the teachers at USNA forced him into an early retirement after one short season. Paul then switched his sights on graduating in the most painless way possible. And painless it was every single weekend and sometimes in between. He maintained his weekend wildness for over three years here until, much to his fellow partier's dismay, he found a Southern belle 'wife' at everybody's favorite college in Northern Maryland. Paul bulled through school on his way to an economics degree, but never let that interfere with outside the gate activities. Paul, always the one to smack up to superiors, kept pace with his roommates in staying in the basement of the company rankings. Nevertheless Paul wll no doubt make a fine naval officer in the real Navy.



"ART"

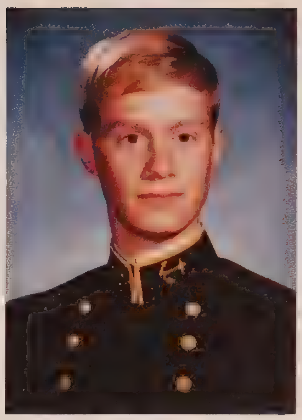
ARTHUR G. HAUGH
SEAFORD, NY *SCH*

When Art blew in from Smithtown, New York, he seemed to being a big part of that town with him, . . . its butt. This was evidenced by some of the loud and boisterous arguments he had with his Plebe Summer roommate. With the arrival of Plebe Year, however, Art soon adopted a relatively low profile which lasted until Segundo Year when he bored of the game and started removing stripes from the First Class. Art's lack of wheels put a damper on his amorous activities throughout his years here, but we hope that his elusive perfect girl eventually finds him. She should gain as fine a husband (wife?) as the Sub force is gaining a J.O.

"SCOTT"

SCOTT J. HOWE
MISHAWAKA, IN *EAS*

Hailing from Mishawaka, Ind., Scotty-Baby Howe, AKA Carrot Top, arrived on I-day ready to begin his quest for riches, fame and friendship (must've taken a wrong turn in Albuquerque). Don't worry Scott, one out of three ain't bad. In fact, he made so many friends that one roommate wasn't good enough 2/c year - he had to have three. He quickly adjusted to his new life in Mother "B" and became involved in many ECA's. Lets see, there was the Navigators, the Navigators, and the Navigators. He became so involved in the Navs that his parents soon had him listed as MIA (Really Scott, four years without a letter?). His career at U.S.N.A. has included many esteemed positions, among them were; Class Honor Rep., Plebe Summer "B" Co. Cdr., and most recently, the Jokin' Co. S.P.O.. His high Christian ideals and degree in Aero should prepare him well for his career. Good Luck Scott! Though your flights may take you high and far, you will never fly alone!



"PAUL"

PAUL D. IMS
ECHO, MN *SPH*

Paul came to the Academy right out of a little Minnesota town that was so small that his graduating class was known as the "Dirty Dozen." It took some time for Paul to "Get his act together," with respect to "Life in the Big City," but now that the transition is almost complete, the great strides that he has made are readily apparent. He has changed from a young man that wasn't very sure of himself into an individual that anyone would be proud to serve with. Paul has been an active member of the Glee Club - catching MEGA rays on their Hawaii trip - and a member of the Protestant Chapel Choir as well - that is when he isn't trying to prove Einstein or some other famous physicist wrong, using only paper, pencil, and his trusty "HP". Admiral Rickover will be very glad to "ask" Paul - and his high-powered calculator - to join the NUCLEAR TEAM. Fourth Company's loss will be the Navy's gain.

"GENE"

EUGENE D. JUBA
FAIRVIEW PART, OH *EEE*

Gene Juba will be notoriously remembered by the class of 81 long after his four year term is served. Just look at the facts: Who else but he could still act human after four years as a double E major? Who else but he could be a potential NFO and a VTNA pilot despite virtual blindness? Who else but he could have earned over three black N's, one coming his way merely as a result of being left oblivious from slamming down too many lagers to the point where he couldn't even outrun the jimmyleggs. Who else but he could possess more than one "wife" in a single semester without "marital" problems cramping his playboy lifestyle? By the way, ever wonder why Fourth Company tailgaters always ran out of beer so fast? Midshipman in charge of tailgaters, Gene Juba, never quite understood the shortage either. Did someone mention accountability? How could the Fourth Company adjutant keep track of company absences when he needed an SR-54 to tally the A's next to his own never-present name? U. S. Navy, look out!

"JASON"

JASON L. KESSEL
RICHMOND, VA *SOC*

Jason entered plebe year a confirmed bachelor and left first class year a dyed in the wool married man. He started off plebe summer being the first member of 81's swimming subsquad and enjoyed it so much that he reamined there for the better part of three years. He is a man with varied interest, though his two favorite must be sleeping and yelling at the intramural referees. Being the very model of temperance and thriftiness, he only consumed three bottles of vodka at the Army-Navy Game his youngster year and bought a Trans Am during a gas shortage. This is not to say that he is a killjoy, as anyone one first set plebe detail will tell you that Jason's favorite saying was, "Mister, get back here!!" A-7's forever!

"PETE"

PETER O. MAJKOWSKI
WILLINGSBORO, NJ *ESP*

Pete came to us from Willingboro, New Joisey — where people care. Pete decided to come to USNA because of the excellent educational and job opportunities — but mostly because USNA was the only "college" acceptance deadline that hadn't passed. He left his mark on USNA by participating in D&B, Pep Band, and Trident Brass. He left his mark on Frank Pitelli by almost strangling him. Pete really found himself when he bought a 1970 Firebird. Two years and four coats of primer later, his dream car is almost completed.

Pete always seemed to have more luck with the fairer sex than the rest of us. He's done a lot — two girlfriends down for Parents' Weekend, getting picked up by an ice cream waitress, and let's not forget those women in blue.

Pete majored in marine engineering and hopes to serve with the Navy's finest on board attack subs. Oh well! As a last will and testament we leave Pete a unicorn, a penguin, and a maid.

"DJ"

DONALD J. MARRIN
SILVERSPRING, FL *EOE*

Don came to the Academy from the University Of Florida - one of the best party schools in the nation. Now, even though Don cmae to USNA to "Get serious about becoming a professional naval officer," he did not forget how to cut loose on the weekends. During youngster year, Don took frequent road trips in the "Green Max," leaving a trail of broken hearts and beer bottles all over the state of Maryland. However, by First Class Year, Don settled down to a couple of steady girlfriends at various locations on the east coast of the US, from New York to Florida. Don has always been known for his fine all around athletic ability, his love of good rock'nroll, and for the "Marrin Factor" (20 minutes that you add to the time Don says he will be somewhere). Don's sincerity and loyalty are probably the reasons that he has so many friends (it surely isn't his good looks) and we all wish him the best of luck in Surface Line.

"STEVE"

STEPHEN D. METZ
LAKE STEVENS, WA *ESP*

Coming to US(NA) from "God's Country" which he is quick to tell you is Washington State, and the Fleet, Steve is the old man of the company. His first love is the Naval Academy Sailing Squadron and the ketch "Astral." His second love is (or was) Marine Engineering and Nuclear Power. He hasn't found his third love but that doesn not mean he has not had enough qualified applicants. Some of his interviews have lasted till 2:00, 3:00, 4:00 . . . in the morning. Over the four years here Steve has participated in many areas of academy life. These include D&B, Catholic Choir, Annapolis Week, American Society of Naval Engineers, Batt Soccer and Handball, and Varsity Sailing where he received his "N". Steve's future is uncertain with the possibility of restricted line on the horizon, but whatever he does he'll be "the best darn Ensign they ever was."

"FRANK"

FRANK A. MOREMAN
RURAL RIDGE, PA *EME*

Fleet of foot, quick-witted, and opinionated describes Frank Moreman. Majoring in mechanical engineering, Frank managed to find the time to also be a four-year letterman for Navy track. Hailing from the "armpit of the States", Pittsburgh, Pa., this busy athlete/engineer always had time for friends, parties, jokes, and good-times. Continually on the go, his favorite line was, "Well, I could have!". Confident, and destined to do well, Frank Moreman has a lot going for him. Even Mercury, the wing-footed god of quick minds and agile bodies, would be proud of this cool individual. See you "out there", Frank!

"PHIL"

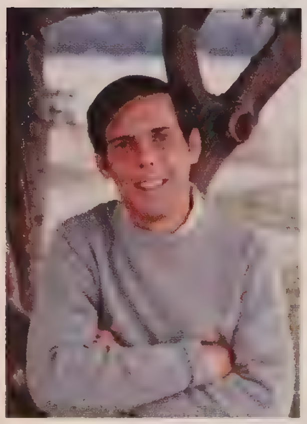
PHILLIP O. NOLAN
SAN ANTONIO, TX *SPH*

Phil Nolan: the Mid that never was. During his four years at the academy "Cool Breeze" as he was known since plebe summer, managed to hide away on his sailboat making only brief appearances to change clothes and get in trouble for his hair. Phil was at home on the water and under the stars he loved. His sailboat was appropriately named CONSTELLATION.

"GREG"

GREGORY H. PACE
GARY, IN *SPH*

Greg had a tough decision to make when he finished high school. He could go to Juliards and become a professional musician, or come to the Navy Academy to be another kind of professional. He packed his sax under one arm and his bass guitar under the other and headed east from Gary, Indiana. Greg joined the Navy fencing team so that he would have something to do when company basketball was not in-season. Proving that experience isn't everything, Greg took only three years to become an All-American and the best American collegiate epee fencer in the country. Greg never had any money, but somehow always found some for his limited edition car that sometimes worked and an unlimited supply of girls. Greg never left them disappointed when he was not on the restriction list. Greg liked the academic department, it was nice of them to set aside three hours each night for him to plan his next weekend. Good luck Greg, We'll be looking for you out there. A final word from Greg . . . So long Sis.



"DAVE"

DAVE A. PHILLIPS

PATUXENT RIVER, MD *ESE*

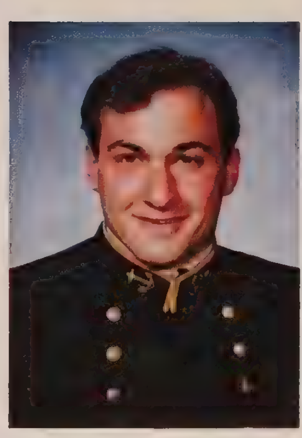
Always one to find the way to make difficult problems easy to handle, Dave headed his days at USNA down Easy Street when he fixed-up a firstie with his beautiful sister for Parent's Weekend. Needless to say, good care was afforded him the rest of plebe year. Youngster year was even easier as it seemed that everything good was headed his way - except clean laundry (but that never bothered Dave as much as it did the rest of us). In an attempt to share his many talents with the Brigade, 2/c year found Dave type-cast in the Glee Club production of "Damn yankees." Unfortunately for him and his aspirations of a degree in Systems Engineering, hours of rehearsal led to hours of rack which led to hours preparing a defense for the Ac Board. When one of the varsity coaches would recognize his varied athletic skills Dave turned back to the books as a firstie. Dave has always given his best in all that he has done because he knows Who he serves and Who holds his future. God Bless you, brother, God Bless you.

"TONY"

ANTHONY G. ROMERO

TAMPA, FL *FPS*

Tony the "Torch" Romero joined the fourth company direct from Tampa Florida and proceeded to leave his (scortch) mark on each class which has ventured the hallowed halls of fourth. Over the four years Tony has spent in Bancroft his interests have involved several organizations. These include the Bowling club, the Ham Radio club, Catholic Choir, and a Folk group. In company Tony has played on the company's soccer, light weight football, and knockabout teams. His area of study is Political Science and as a major of "BULL" Tony holds a candle second to none. Tony's major pursuit has been the fairer sex and few weekends have been spent without one of his pursuits well in hand.



"BILL"

WILLIAM S. TATE

PITTSBURGH, PA *SRM*

After eighteen years of hell raisen in the little coalmining town of Clymer, Pa. Bill set forth for two years of prep school first at he MMA and then at NAPS upon entering the academy at the old age of twenty-one Bill could usually be found in the shadows of his life time friend bart conehead Nixon Bill will be remembered by his friends and many there are for his devoted study habits but more so by the big RED suburban.

Noted highly for his parting ability and his charm with the ladies, Bill could never be found around the academy on weekdays let alone weekends. As an avid fishing nut, Bill will either be found on the stern of some dog fishing for blues or in the badlands of Quantico fishing for Bass. Just remember (they dont pay ya every day).

"ELECTRIC JOE"

JOSEPH M. ZURLO

WEST CHESTER, PA *EGE*

Hailing from West Chester, Pa., Joe decided to follow in the footsteps of his father and pursue a career in engineering. Finding the experience so enjoyable, Joe decided to take thermo twice and nearly succeeded in repeating EE.

Recruited for soccer, Joe played two seasons intermixed with a season of track before settling down as a place kicker for the 150 lb football team.

When not on the field or in the hall, (which was frequent), Joe could be found making twilight trips to West Chester.

Thanks are out to Carol and Joe Z. Sr. without whose constant support University of Delaware may have had one more student. Navy Air '81 . . .

JOEL M. ANDERSON

VICTORIA, TX *EAS*

On "I" day, Joel walked through the gates of USNA willing to sacrifice his hair, boots, red-neck music and lone star beer for the life of a midshipman. USNA proved to be no competition for this proud Texan for there were few obstacles that he could not overcome. During his stay, Joel made every effort to keep the subsquaders company by showing them the correct methods of swimming, doing pull-ups and doing sit-ups. When he wasn't spending his afternoon in Halsey or the natatorium, Joel could be found with the boys doing 12 oz curls at the Ox Bow Inn. No, one even J.R. would out guzzle this tough Texan. When it came to academics, Joel took each course in stride. Having fought his way through thermo, fluids, and vstol the rest proved to be all down hill for this aero major. For Joel, there are visions of Pensacola, F-14's, and blue skies. We wish ya luck . . . partner.

"DO WHAT"

MARK C. ASHLEY

ARDEN, NC *EOE*

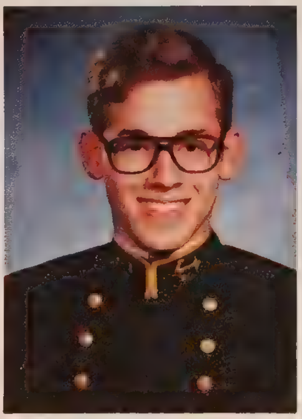
M.C. hiked out of the mountains in N. Carolina to join what he thought was just some sort of summer camp. During during that summer he still tried to 'rough it' by eating chow packages after dropping their contents on the floor. He brought with him a unique way of speaking - Birfday parties - and even strangerways of spending the weekend - "Let's go hang out at Seven-Eleven". And who can forget that footstomping that he tried to tell us was buck dancing. "Do-What" did display some musical talent with his trumpet and later with the D&B, but it was put to better use the "The Cardigans". A codeveloper of the minimum study method, Mark was always ready to do something besides study - mainly sleep. In athletics, Roscoe showed his fierce competitiveness by doing head-drops on the floor after field ball games. (Im back now!) More noteable was his participation in Puck-Ball, a combination of hockey, rollerball, and suicide. Good Luck in everything you do, especially in finding a girl! And don't forget to set the alarm . . .

"BB"

BRIAN M. BARTON

SCOTIA, NY *EME*

Brian Milton Barton settled into the "CLUB USNA" and Fifth company after a destructive year at Bullis Prep. Plebe year cramped BB's style a bit while leaving him with a taste for cars and women as erratic as the Academy's laundry service. Determined to pursue those interests, Brian became an EE major so he could make "big bucks." Unfortunately, the boy's grades became as messy as his locker stowage so after a brief struggle he switched to something easy . . . Mechanical Engineering! Milt learned that studying was not everything by filling a spot on the company and battalion soccer teams during most of his stay here. Oh, those mean looking soccer legs . . . many a girl has sought them. From Boston to Harrisonburg the women weep . . . Nan, Karen, and "Mean Janine" to name a few. Cars were important too. Even though Milt was spared the agony of buying one, home, the slopes of New York, and Karen are now only "minutes away" in the Turbo Capri! Yes, this "cool guy" has it all now, even good eyes. Good luck in the friendly skies . . .!



"FRED"

JOHN F. BERRY

CAMPHILL, PA *SPS*

Fred reported to the Acedmey two days early — "just in case." His hard-working attitude quickly earned him a new nickname, "bead," and the respect of his companymates. Fred's reputation was unblemished until 10 January 1978, "An historic first at the U.S. Naval Academy," when the bead was caught in the rack before taps. Of course, he could never live that down; we didn't give him the negatives. Fred sweated the load all week, but bolted for "the boat" on weekends. The boat became a frequent haven for the 81'ers in 5.

Fred seemed headed for stars and stripes until his fateful bout with EE second class year. First it was late nighters, then Fred lost his "A" in P.E., then REAL tragedy struck: Fred's room inspection average fell below 3.9. Finally, Fred split the EE brothers to pursue more important things: tennis ball fighting, skiing, motorcycling, and girls. A squared-away guy like Fred doesn't really need much luck, but we wish him luck anyway, and success in whatever service he picks.

"AB"

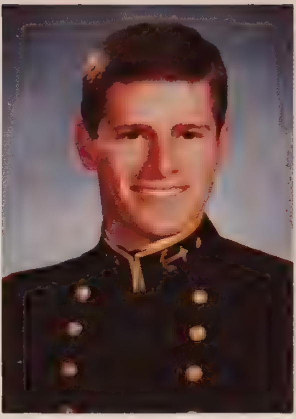
ANDREW B. DICKINSON
O'FALLON, IL *SPS*

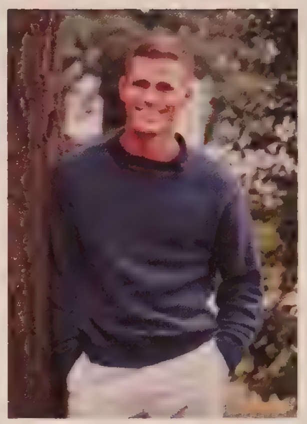
A. B. skated into Usna from O'Fallon Illinois. Though he wasn't too adept on the ice, he quickly learned a new meaning for the word skate and took plebe year in stride. He became involved in many varied activities though studying did not rank high. The minimum study method worked well for Andy and the words "blow it off" were frequently heard from the dept's of his rack. He applied himself in more important matters such as world class parachuting, canoe NFO and a collector of weird music. Second class year, as the Cardigans were replaced by "A.B. and the Sons of Disco", Andysan turned US all on to Nippen cuisine at the 3-3 bar and grill. After learning to skate, the famous Navy Hockey goalie led the team to many victories and he continued his winning ways with "Go Moon Lady", a real filly. We will miss this much loved member of Fighting Five and wish him smooth sailing. Remember: if things go wrong — Don't blame it on the sunshine, blame it on the boogie. GOD BLESS A.B. . . .

"BONG"

DAMACENE V. FERANDEZ
NABUA, PHILIPPINES *EOE*

Bong arrived at USNA from the Philippines with a few advantages in his pocket. Besides being older than a majority of his firsties, he had already completed four years of college back home. He knew what "real college" was like, so he was ready to work. Why then was he always asleep by 2305, and why did his amount of rack time increase in a manner directly proportional with the proximity of final exams, and why, regardless of these factors, were his grades always better than most of ours? In spite of these factors, we all held a deep respect for Damacene. The respect grew during our years, not because of the frequent chow packages from "the Admiral", but because of the way he accepted by far the longest and farthest separations from home and family of any of us with silent resolve. As one of the "few and the proud" that wished to receive a nuclear summons and did, Bong is looking forward to a career below the surface and success which we know he will earn.





"DAVE"

DAVID C. FUQUEA
JAMESTOWN, RI *HHS*

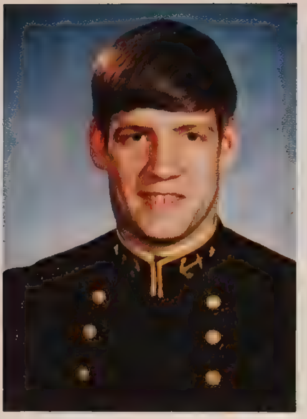
David Fuquea came to the Naval Academy expecting to major in engineering and to join the Navy. Somewhere along the line, he took a wrong turn and decided to be a bull major and shift his interest from ships to tanks. From the first days of plebe summer, it was easy to see that Dave was one to take charge. Worrying about himself was not enough, he had to 'help' his classmates too ("Mr. Payne, put your hands on your lap . . .!"). Somehow getting the idea he could sing found Dave always capturing the hearts of the young gals with his greased-back hair, dark glasses, and high tantalizing voice singing 50s songs. Of course that meant many broken hearts too.

By second class year, he decided on a semester - long vacation to the Coast Guard Academy to try and convert it into another USNA. Unfortunately they sent him back to Annapolis to become our beloved "4-striper smack.". A hard worker in everything he does, the Fighting Five Clan wishes Dave the best of luck and good times with the Corps.

"CHUCKLES"

STEPHEN W. HAMPTON
BROOKFIELD, WI *EME*

Stephen Wallace Hampton shot his way into Canoe-U. He's wondered ever since why he bothered. In fact, wonder is the best word to describe Wally's bouts with reality here on the Severn. Proof is his nic-name earned at an SIP. After plebe year, "the meat", hit his stride. Steve couldn't "voulez-vous", so he voided Econ in favor of the well coached ME major. When he isn't studying or engaged in a varsity rack, er, rifle workout, he'll do anything for a laugh. His act includes everything from bailing out of chairs to ordering Perrier in a redneck bar. "YOWZER!" Chuckles does have his serious side, he never smiles while in the inertial guidance mode. He is also famous for road trips to diverse places like Boston, Canada, Florida, and New Mexico. A real love 'em and leave 'em kind of guy, Wally's only true loves are his sweat pants, VISA card, and a battle worn Camaro. His latest passion is rum punch and throwing money at horses. "Hi-ho, Pimlico!" The Italian team will miss him. Us too. To a true individualist, we say, "Later Buck!".



"KIMBO"

KIM A. HAUER

JUNEAU, WI *SPH*

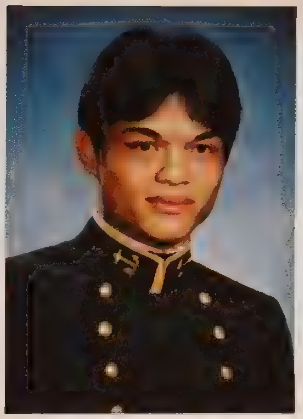
Kim came to USNA from the sausage and cheese lands of Juneau, Wisconsin like a "big rat." The class of 78 recognized his true potential when they entrusted him with Insaner Zehner's ball of string ("Oh so that's it!"). With Albert Einstein looking over his shoulder, Kimbo quickly demonstrated his academic talents by earning stars on more than one occasion. Who knows what went on in those physics labs, for Kim would often be seen crawling through the halls of Mother B with strange lizard-like powers (Thwipp!). The D&B was sorry to lose this talented snare drummer; but, the batt football and wrestling teams were glad to add his bone-crushing enthusiasm ("Utz!"). Kim has traveled the country far and wide. He has left his mark on beaches from Waikiki to Jacksonville (which left its marks on him!). State troopers from six states will remember Kim and Chuckles for those twelve hour trips to Milwaukee. Kimbo found his true love at the end of second class year; an MGB. Good luck to one of Fifth's beloved sons!

"HUX"

TERRENCE R. HUXEL

CINCINNATI, OH *SRM*

Along came Hux who almost didn't make it out of the Newport prison, but he did, and now is one of the Annapolis enforcers. Hux got along well with everyone - especially commanders and above. If anyone could turn a C into a B in a single minute after class, it was Hux. Just ask him about his wires grade. Toad's path was paved by a certain Major A. and whether it was the right way, we're still not sure. We will always be grateful to Jan who let Toad come to Annapolis on a very long leash. Captain of the football team, ole #54 led the BLUE as well as the RED. He will be SOREly missed. Good luck.



"RICKY"

RICHARD Z. LADAO

CARSON, CA *SMA*

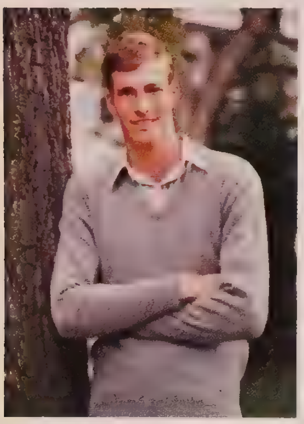
Tricky Ricky was one of the Fifth Company far-west boys. Philippines is his long-lost homeland, way beyond the setting sun. As an infant, Ric took refuge in Carson, California, Sunnyside USA. Ric's eastern migration brought him to Belly-button U after a brief diversion at NAPS. Plebe year, Ric managed to produce his limited edition version of the MHP after contemplating the need to revitalize a dying system. He was found punching out the walls in his room one snowy February day after running around in the snow shouting "airborne, airborne all the way" or something at four in the morning. As a firstie, Rick took on the art of chasing fast cars, fast women, and fast balls as he ran up and down the handball courts leading his battallion to victory. So here's to you Ric! — sit back and enjoy your cruise . . . provided things don't get too DRAFTY!!!

"MIKE"

MICHAEL J. MATTHES

JACKSONVILLE, FL *EME*

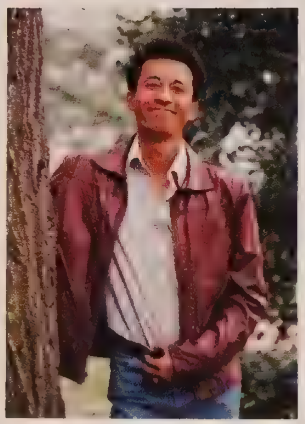
MR RED came to us from Jacksonville after spending one year learning the trades of the fleet with his dad ART at NAPS. An instant celebrity at parties with his glass eating and head butting talents he was only rivaled as a party joke by FRANKIE THIGHS. Dressed in designer overalls to show off his tight little rear and big "roid" pins, DISCO could be found in any little redneck bar with a chew in his mouth listening to some country music. Disco and his roommate TERRY "TOAD" HUXEL shared many of the same habits such as walking down the hall nude in a drunken stupor. With his ability to pick up really classy women (as he showed on second class summer), its a wonder he had any free time on Saturday nights. With his one year of valuable fleet experience in hand, Disco will head into todays Navy.



"MIKE"

MICHAEL J. McGUIRE
JAMESBURG, NJ *EGE*

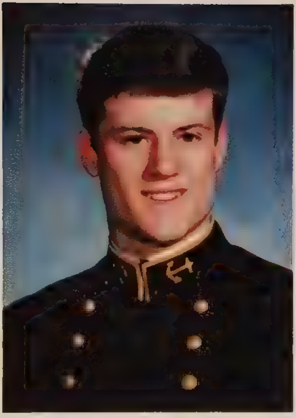
Mike came to us from Cazenovia, NY with great aspirations for Navy Air. But, the rigors of Naval Academy life eventually took their toll and now Mike hopes for an NFO billet. He will be headed for sunny Florida one way or the other because Uncle Hymie is after him. Being six feet seven inches tall, you would think Mike plays basketball. But, the plebe crew coach had other ideas and Mike rowed crew plebe year. Well youngster year came and Mike decided to broaden his horizons in the intramural program, playing various company and battalion sports. Next came second class year and the new addition to Mike's family, a 1980 Chevy Citation, which the boys made good use of on weekends and area libs. Whatever he chooses at service selection will be a lucky day for some warfare community. Mike's professionalism and dedication are admirable and is sure to be a success in any field he chooses. We all wish him fair winds and following seas. done



"OLLIE"

BRANDON C. OLIVER
KENT, WA *SPS*

In July of 1977, USNA took on the supreme challenge - not the Class of '81 - just one hapless Plebe, Brandon "ollie" Oliver, the shy, unassuming fellow from faraway Kent, Washington. Soon, throughout the bowels of Bancroft came his familiar cry . . . Plebe year took its toll on Ollie, and soon he turned to womanizing. And everywhere that Ollie went, the girls were sure to go. If not with the ladies, Ollie was playing Sgt Rock under his MCI-B. Then, after a discouraging duel with the EE department, Ollie settled comfortably into Phy Sci for some serious work — the rest is history — Here he stands, an academic giant, a top notch drill team member, a brash and handsome lad — But above all else, he's humble. Good Luck in surface line Ollie, and remember us when "you have the con."



"TIGGER"

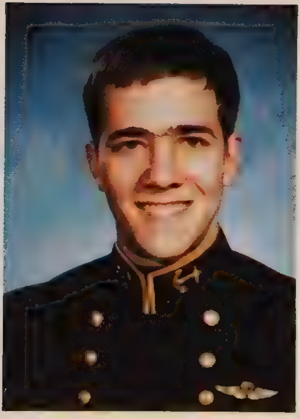
TILGHMAN D. PAYNE
ALEXANDRIA, VA *EGE*

Tigger arrived at USNA amid much fanfare and hoopla, most of it coming from the tuned exhaust of the infamous Speed Buggy. Innovation was the name of the game as far as Til was concerned. Miracle cures for fungal infections, rapid transit navigation techniques, trend-setting ring christenings ("I'm glad I got a gold plug!"), and the Renault landscaping method, just a few of the ways Tig said, "Hey, look at me!" Very aware of the need to be well schooled in the social graces, the American Gigolo never put his foot in his mouth (but, oh, that finger down the throat!) Tilghman was equally aware of the need to maintain high professional standards . . . everyone else's, that is. This guardian of the Brigade standard did not march in a Parade after Fall of Youngster year, and was a Deputy Vice Grand Imperial Poobah in the Honor Club. Irregardless, it can be said, and it's been said many a time, that this cool guy with the big heart and ankles is "one hell of an individual and one damn fine naval officer!"

"MIKE"

MICHAEL D. PORTER
OWINGS MILLS, MD *SPS*

When the company learned that Mike only lived forty minutes away, Owings Mills, Md. seemed like the place to meet people of the feminine gender. However, Mike never had time to take us home because he was too busy with Varsity Cross Country, Indoor Track, and Outdoor Track. T-tables became a way of life, and his Full Dress Blue remained strangely unmolested for four years. By racing an opening Eastport drawbridge, Mike made a name for himself early, but the Brigade Bulletin wasn't too complimentary. The 1500 meter record that he smashed time and again during the Spring of 2/c year was made alot sweeter by the arrival of a certain U of M women's track star on the scene. Needless to say, they are looking forward to many happy miles together. At this writing Fightin Five's rack champion is still in dispute, but Mike has maintained his position near the top by strong showings in study hour, class, and even company officer's meetings. It is going to be alot tougher to sleep at Quantico Mike, but we know you'll do great!



"RAT"

ANDREW W. RATLIFF
GOOSE CREEK, SC *HEG*

Ange hopes to have a brilliant career in the surface navy. Good luck, and we all hope you get that destroyer in Norfolk as your first tour.

"JOE"

JOSEPH E. REYNOLDS
PEARL RIVER, NY *FPS*

Joe came to USNA from Pearl River, New York, a town known for its skyscraper. He was a member of the Fifth Company soccer team for most of this midshipman career, after learning that the Varsity did not fully appreciate his talents. Though he earned the nickname "Good Mid Joe", he was rough on roommates (4 out of 7 chose the USNA Junior College route). Joey's success with the women was legendary; he is known to have driven at least 2 to European exile. Joe has contemplated going Corps but, as has been said, you could cut Joe's brain into a hundred pieces and still have a hundred good Marines. Rickover has expressed an interest in the boy, which may have made service selection a moot point. Joe's transiton from three stripes to none during First Class Year is understandable considering his convivial manner at Green Alerts (Berry, you Jerk, we're outa' beer . . .). Good Bye and Good Luck to one of Fifth Company's Favorites.

"GNARLY"

DONALD P. ROANE
BURKE, VA *ESP*

After trying a year at a civilian college, Gnarly was sent to USNA for remedial study. As the son of a son of a sailor, Pat showed up on I-day feeling like he knew it all, however, he quickly found out otherwise. Hats, as well as rings, can go out 3rd deck windows. Due to his unparalled ability to pass word, Pat made an exceptional CMOD. As everyone knows you can telephone, telegraph, or tell-a-Pat. This gentleman scholar has been an impressive guest at social functions with his food showing, AOD's and small talk of nasal bagels. Never one to miss out on a good time - although he had to sprint for 2/c Army - he was the instigator of the Turkey Bowl and Fritzbe road trips. Hey, Pat is a fun guy; just ask him. (So what if we embarrass ourselves; we'll never see these people again.) In short it can be said, and it's been said many a time, that this super performer is "one damn fine individual and one hell of a naval officer.".

GARY L. SCOTT
CRAFTON, PA *SPS*

Gary came to us from the "super" steel city of Pittsburgh via the fleet and NAPS. We all quickly became familiar with Gary's personality which might best be described as caustic. Gary found some favorite targets for his verbal warfare especially roommates and a certain ex-Marine. Gary started out as an aspiring young math major but he quickly began to see the light and by second class year took the big step up to phy sci. After some uneventful trips to Hood, Gary, alias Scary alias M.A. Rascona, met the future Mrs. M.A. Rascona at the Ring Dance. Gary served on Batt staff for Plebe Detail (at the Linthicum branch of USNA) and by the end of the summer, another one bit the dust. As we pass through first class year, Gary waits to hear from Hymie and is still trying to wear a groove in Route 2.

"SKARPH"

ARTHUR W. SCRIVENER
HOUSTON, TX *EME*

The Perfect Child headed North at a young age, leaving behind a life of armadillos, ranches, Oilers, and lousy home cooking. At USNA, he soon earned the pseudonym Skarph for his eating accomplishments at the Mighty Oak's table. The years were good to him, though, as he clung to shades of his former self with good boots and rock and roll that makes your nose bleed. One of the serious drinkers of 5th COMPANY, Scriv practiced religiously in Dahlgren Hall, also the scene of his initiating the practice of 'dropping 'em like a B-52'. Hitting his stride in first-class year, Skarph was famous for a tight squad, much rack (especially during P-rades), the white Tr-7, Ray-bans, and the progressive duty section. A leeter from Uncle Hymie decided his future of lack of sunlight and mutant children, rather than the smell of victory from A-'s overchina. The company was richer for having such an intelligent and genuinely friendly individual as Scriv with us.

"CATHY"

CATHLEEN M. THOMAS
LOWELL, MA *FPS*

When Cathy arrived at USNA her easy going manner made her a standout. Of course, the red hair didn't hurt any. Just ask any future mega-stripper on any youngster ladder. Plebe year saw Cathy making a big hit in women's basketball. Such a hit that she became the track team's shot putter. When it became time to choice a major Cathy saw that the academy was an engineering school so she picked Political Science. She has always been a mid to do her own thing. And she does those things well. Her ability to party hardy was legendary throughout youngster year and second class summer. As the infamous C.T. FLAMER, she terrorized the class of '83. But if it was C.T. FLAMER during the week, it was just plain Cath on the weekends as she tried to put as many miles between herself and the Hall. She had her brother Jack move to D.C. so she'd have a place to go. As the only surviving female of 81 of 5th, Cathy has been a marvelous friend to whom we wish the best of luck.

"WAD"

SCOTT D. WADDLE
AUSTIN, TX *SCH*

Scott marched through the gates of USNA after 18 years as an Air Force brat. He was rudely introduced to the difference between the Air Force and the navy when he sat in Mr. Tracy's chair and asked for a trim. After recovering from this traumatic experience, he had little trouble with plebe summer. When Ac Year arrived, he was faced with a decision for the first time in 2 months, what to major in? He emulated his favorite firstie and chose Chemistry. Scott professed to have a bit of trouble with Physical Chem, but the Chemistry he used on the local cuties was a thing of beauty. He obviously exaggerated his problems. After devoting 2 years to 150's and jumping out of perfectly good airplanes, he decided to spread his talents around and became a cheerleader. Scott possessed the uncanny knack of finding value in other people's throwaways and soon furnished his room with all the comforts of home. As our days pass by, we will always remember Scott as a fine man whose infectious spirit brought smiles to us all.

ROBERT E. WARE
LOS ANGELES, CA *EGE*

Robert Ware entered the United States Naval Academy with some set ideas on the way things should be done. He quickly found that he had to abandon some his his "Bob Ware" standards and adopt those of this great institution. Fortunately, his true nature remained and slowly reappeared as his rights were given back to him "one at a time." Being a difficult person to categorize, Robert was often perceived the wrong way. Contrary to popular belief, he does not regret the sacrifices called upon by the Naval Academy, though there are not many people as anxious to age four years. Good luck Bobby, and remember, the future holds more in store than even you can imagine.

SIXTH COMPANY

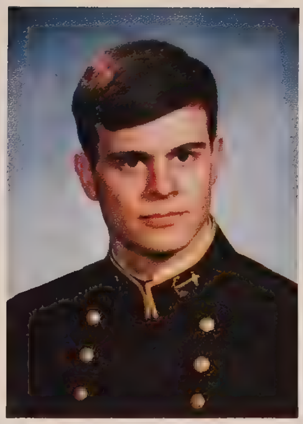
"SANDI"

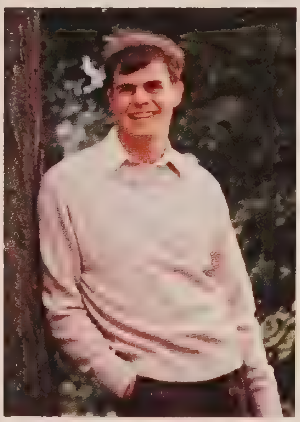
SANDRA L. WHITE
GAINESVILLE, FL *SOC*

Little Hitler knew a good thing when she saw it and abandoned Nerd Third in favor of Fighting Five at the beginning of her youngster year. She found her niche in the company, chattering at plebes and signing deuces at any opportunity (especially as second class CDO). She vented her enthusiasm through managing Womens basketball and drumming for pep band. Her athletic ability earned her a place as the first bagger for Navy softball.

Her mother always wanted her to marry a Doctor, but she would settle for the boys in the band. Her popularity among her classmates was reflected in her being fried for being too short, after asking about the civilian clothes they rated. Another valuable lesson was learned after 4 weeks as an EE major: she wanted to major in Oceanography.

Her Academy years are over now, and the place may never be the same. We wish both her and the fleet Good Luck!

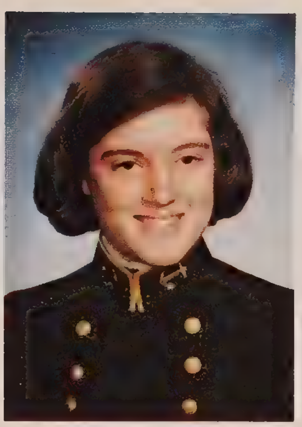




"BULL"

FRANK J. ZUCCO
FORT WAYNE, IN *EEE*

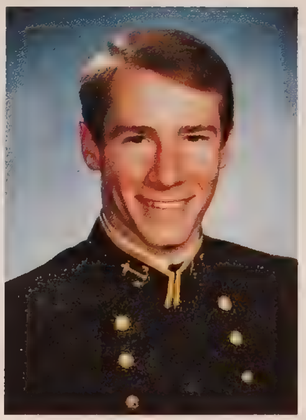
Frank hails from the state of Indiana and the city of Ft. Wayne.



"KATIE"

KATHLEEN R. COOPER
HOUSTON, TX *SMA*

Katie came from bustling Houston, TX as the eldest of four. She brought her academic prowess, her tennis racquet, and the inspiration of her grandfather, an Academy grad. Intent on beating the system, Katie memorized her Reef Points before she got to Annapolis. The greatest challenge of Plebe Summer was an occasional smile. Although she couldn't participate as a varsity tennis player, she satisfied her love of the sport by managing for four years. Her quick calculating mind not only put her on the Sup.'s list every semester, but allowed her to destroy opponents at the bridge table. As a second class, Katie became known as Sixth Co.'s baker extrodinaire, with "katie-grenades" and pecan pies. This talent caught the heart and stomach of the resident zoomie and during second semester she became "master of the Autovon" to Colorado. We wish her luck in her endeavors in the computer field and we are sure that with her talents the Fleet is gaining a fine Naval Officer. Good luck, Katie!!!!



"QUEIR"

WARREN Q. CURTIS
ALEXANDRIA, VA *FPS*

Despite his outstanding leadership talent and love for the navy Quief has hardly been a fine example of a midshipman. In his notorious plebe year he acrued several demos for having too much fun at the company dining in, not to mention throwing snow balls with Norton. This habit followed him youngster year all the way to Mary Washington, where instead of finding girls he found a BLACK N. Once the Worm finally decided to stay second class year, he tried to become a stud and meet beautiful girls. Quief would have succeeded had it not been for the lure of the DOCKS. His remaining days were spent in search of a way to escape USNA. It wasn't until graduation day that he finally did. His future may not take him where he'd like to go, but where ever that road leads he is sure to find many friends. We all wish him the best of luck in his years ahead.

"CORY"

WILLIAM C. FRANK

ANNAPOLIS, MD *EAS*

Cory, who hailed from Marlboro, MA, was surprised one day after a Plebe Summer p-rade when his little brother showed up and told him that the family had moved to Annapolis - without telling him. Cory survived the shock as well as Plebe Summer and has enjoyed a fine career at USNA. He earned his jumpmaster wings and helped design the Army project and showed that he had a sense of humor when he found his bed short-sheeted . . . lengthwise - a comment on his height (or lack of). Cory, you've enriched our lives with your enthusiasm, guidance, and friendship. Always someone to turn to, your willingness to help others even at personal sacrifice has earned you the respect and admiration of many. You've had your share of problems - women, academics, Rowley - but you've always got someone to turn to. Roomie, you'll always be a close friend. Fly forever high. — . . . III

"GARP"

TIMOTHY S. GARROLD

SEARSPORT, ME *SPS*

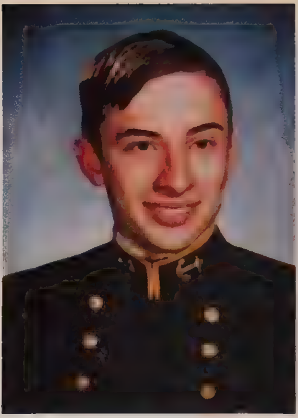
Going from Maine to the fleet, Tim then decided to hang up his cross and make his home at USNA. He breezed through Plebe Summer, even though he had to learn the instincts of survival, people. Garby's plebe antics included breaking a finger while being a Peeping Tom, spending many weekends with the infamous duo of Arnie and Wasky, and plotting the demise of the legendary Christie. Armed with a stripe, he was ready to flake-out. But, his Bio prof had other ideas. So Tim quickly turned to a nearby briefcase becoming Supergeek. His one black mark resulted from the '78 food fight. Second Class year meant many things to Tim, however, studying wasn't one of them. For fun, there was always Trivia, baseball or snowball-fights, but Steam and Wires pursued relentlessly. He did however, become a member of the elite NVRSC. The summer's high point was a big 4 stripes for '84. Tim has finally learned the arts of survival with the help of a certain Fla. blonde. Armed with his wit and wisdom, Tim should take the fleet by storm when he hits it in '81.

"PUD"

TIMOTHY A. GAVIN

GLEN BURNIE, MD *SRM*

NAPS gave us the Pud. We weren't sure who invited him, he came nonetheless. Plebe year was to show us his potential. Whether he was contracting pneumonia, tying up Ed Ames, or ralphing into goat court from the fourth deck, no one could deny he was officer material. We just questioned his methods. Duplicate black N's and a backseat bout with Yane after Army; a model squid in the making. Academics for Pud came easy, study hour became a time to beat the Gumper or hit the hay. We worried. But then came a girl named Miss Deborah to capture what the system could not. Gone were the days of beer goggles and abuse. He gave away his porn collection and played lax with a new ferocity. Sure, the fast driving Pud could still be found doing an inebriated version of the L.A. Hustle, spending money he never had, but boy was he happy. Certainly an institutional success.

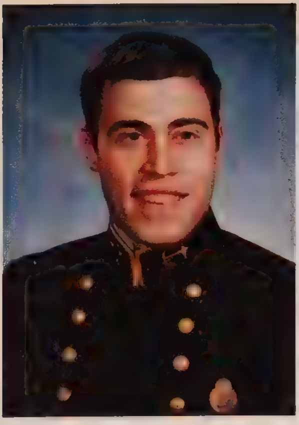


"CK"

THOMAS W. HARTLINE

ROCKFORD, IL *EAS*

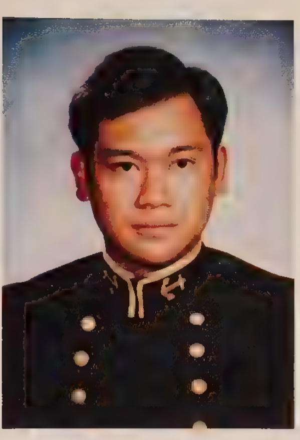
The summer of 77 saw our Pa. natives begin a journey beyond reality and into the Twilight Zone. While Keith was shaving 3 times a day, becoming the Co. conduct case and suffering through the effects of the Grode and Ray Show, Tom, with the help of Larry Dale, was fighting against Man's greatest Sin, MEDIOCRITY. Ac year saw Tom straining against the heavy load (13 hrs) and carousing with the D&B. Meanwhile, Keith was involved with those famous figures of Arnie, Wasky, Fess, the Kid and, of course, the Co. Klepto. Spastics taught the most valuable lesson of the year: what goes up must come down BUT, not necessarily in the same shape. 3/c cruise saw Keith, a sub freak, on a carrier and Tom, an air freak, on a sub. For Tom it was the year of modeling, speaker destruction and a particular girl from Ohio. Keith toyed with mental cruelty and the towering drop of destruction. Our heroes finally combined forces with the formation of Pelsky and the 2nd semester All-Nighters. So begins Part II.



"KEITH"

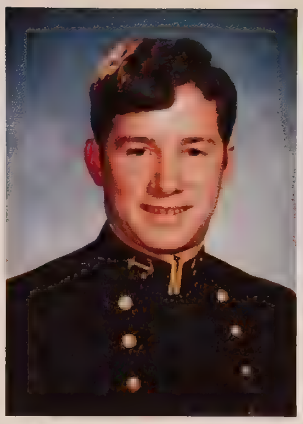
KEITH J. MAHOSKY
IRWIN, PA *SRM*

Part II of our story finds the duo on 2/c cruise enjoying a movie viewing spree, a walking marathon and the Red Roadster's only Annapolis-Pittsburgh run. This year became particularly infamous. TRIVIA became a standard. It was the year of life in the Barn, Resident Zoomie and the birthday Extravaganzas. Our 2 entrepreneurs made their own niche in the history books by stacking the garbage bags in their favor. Unfortunately, that pot of gold at the end of the rainbow was rusty, VERY rusty. In the spring, the boys tried the exciting sport of SCUBA diving. As usual, it was too exciting as their 1st dive was almost their last. They finally assumed control of WRNV and then it was off to the MED for 1/c cruise. They even managed to monopolize 6-3 during the summer. For Tom's future, is it Pensacola or Orlando? Only Hymie really knows. As for Keith, only May 27th will tell. It's almost over and soon it will be goodbye to the celibates' club. At least they could say they knew 1 thing, "For sure, it had to be a Communist Plot!"



ROWLEY E. MOILNA
COLUMBIA, MO *FPS*

Rowley left his family in Columbia, Mo. only to find another one here at USNA! Of course, this refers to none other than the tight-knit "family" of the Drum+Bugle Corps' flag line. His sincere devotion and understanding awarded him their friendship from the start. His admirable integrity also earned him the position of company honor rep. A source of strength and advice to many, here is a man who was never without visitors. "Where is he?" "I don't know, try steerage!" Every man has a weakness, and Rowley's has definitely been women! From plebe to firstie, he tended to play strongly in the way of romantic endeavors. "But Rowley, she's just another girl!" "What are youj smiling for?!" "Earth to Rowley, come in . . ." Rowley lives a rich life by choosing to savour all of life's emotions to the fullest. There is no doubt that he was born for the Academy, the sea, and love (not necessarily in that order!). From a dedicated roomie and a grateful friend, "Smooth sailing, — . . .!"



"ZOOKE"

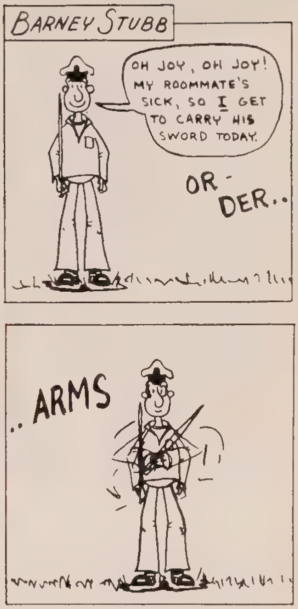
MICHAEL G. O'ROUKE
FARMINGDALE, NY *SRM*

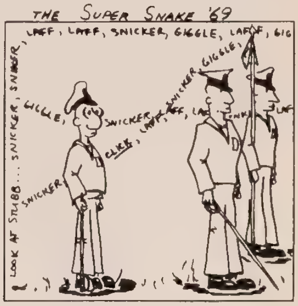
I'm not really sure, I was drunk at the time. Hoodtramids the docks, the elusive helmet, wardroom, lots of it, books, what books, of course 99, the olf civilian in the mid trick, W.C., Bruce, bachelor pads, the Island, second story basements, guzzling, a Black 'N', and lastly, 2 kegs are better than 1.

Zooke always felt: The road of excess leads to the mountain of wisdom, the only reason not to drink is if you can't swallow, and the only reason to drink is for effect. We will always remember him with a smile on his face, a beer in his hand, on the nearest road to the Island, AND LOVING IT.

Thanx you helped it go just a little easier. See you in the next world, and dont be late.

Later. Zooke


BARNEY STUBB
OH JOY, OH JOY! MY ROOMMATE'S SICK, SO I GET TO CARRY HIS SWORD TODAY.
OR-DER..
..ARMS


THE SUPER SNAKE '69
LOOK AT STUBB.... SNICKER, SNICKER, LAFF, LAFF, SNICKER, GIGGLE, LAFF, GIG
GIGGLE, SNICKER, LAFF, LAFF, LAFF
SNICKER, GIGGLE,
SNICKER,
CLKK,

"MARK"

MARK D. PATTON
CHEYENNE, WY *SOC*

Mark came sailing in to the yacht club from the far away shores of Guam. Having spent a year at NMMT, his military bearing had been set (what little there is). A four year member of the sailing team, Mark is now the captain of his own vessel, "Liberty". When he's not sailing, Mark can be found up at Hood with his little Lady Ellen. Somehow Mark suffers through his oceanography major, and oyster feast labs (tough life). Mark survived his four years with but one blemish on his record, and she looked 18. All in all, however, he will be remembered as a guy you can count on and a good friend. Later Mark. P.S. No nukes!

"VINYL JUNKIE"

BRETT A. PELOQUIN
YAMHILL, OR *SRM*

Brett came to us from the unlikely metropolis of Yamhill, Ore. Receiving a letter a day from a certain fair haired lass on the coast helped him to greatly cope with the likes of Smilin' Ray and the Grode. Youngster cruise saw him escape Herndon for a Pacl, the Portland Rose Festival, and of course, the same fair haired lass. The innovator of Pelsky, he gave it a good try, but, the Worms and the Morons were too prepared. Christmas had that certain special ring to it. Brett also moved up from playing Trivia to doing it. 2nd class year saw BAP and his Red Roadster make many an Annapolis-Newark run of all of those extra long weekends for, you guessed it, that certain fair haired lass. That year also saw him go through four roommates and $10,000 in jewelry. In retrospect, the year was quite boring. He ended up in the Barn where he exterminated all known ant life. The summer saw 2 stripes and a sword, the only questionable part. Graduation will see Brett finally marry that lass and pack his bags for Hymie's Honeymoon Hideaway.

"LIL"

LILIA L. RAMIRES
BAYSHORE, NY *FPS*

Lil started her journey through life in the northern farmlands of South America amid numerous coffee bean fields and chicken parts. With stops in Bayshore N.Y. and NAPS, she made her way to USNA. Lil survived Plebe year despite the efforts of such notables as Ray, Smokey and the Grode. Youngster through 2nd class year saw her living in the I-4 ice box, assuming the secret identity of the "T-Court Orange Slinger" and surviving the shock of wires. After a successful 1st class cruise with the engineers of the Tarawa, Lil returned to Plebe Summer II, starring Frank's Daily Donut Delivery and of course, the Major. With '84 benefiting from her stellar job, she entered 1st class year as our Sub-Cdr, participating in those tricky outside formations and joined the ranks of WRNV. She successfully survived by maintaining her positive attitude and her concerns for those of us around her. The Navy will make a significant gain when Lil hits the fleet in May of '81.

"BOURTE"

DAVID C. ROBERTSON
HACKETTSTOWN, NJ *FPS*

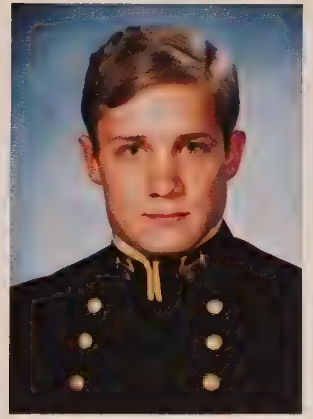
Dave came to the "boys" school via Cavanaughs in Hackettstown, N.J. Learning to drink among the dead was his goal plebe year and he achieved this with no problem. Beginning 3/C year Dave decided a Black "N" would add a little color to the room. Deciding that a couple of J.D. shots in the room before passing out on his homecoming date was proper, Dave set his pattern of always having a pint available just in case. With his first stripe also came Peggy (got to love those parties) and his Russian (which deprived him of many lunches). Dave took the big plunge with 2/C year but this didn't matter for Dave always had "Yane" to look at stars with him. Taking weekends always didn't hurt Dave's academics (what time did you go to bed last night?). Meeting "Gingger" in his old nemesis, Dahlgren, came many "eventful" evenings. With 1/C year, Dave added to his first rate stereo (best in the brigade) and also a trip to LVC which resulted in injury. His future is bright as long as he has his pint of J.D. and a warm, busy chick.

"MIKE"

MICHAEL K. SHIELDS

BOWIE, MD *EEE*

Shieldsy came to USNA from Rota, Spain as a Navy flyboy-to-be. He was awkward, gangly, and only slightly coordinated. We were sure 4 years of tough Academy life wuld change all that. We were wrong. He survived plebe year without much damage and dove into youngster life with gusto. Housekeeping was never one of his strong points. The room often resembled a sanitary landfill or an empty lot in the South Bronx. His favorite ECA was the military parachute club. He survived 35 jumps. Academics went well for the young EE major. His best transistor work often went until 0300. But the EE dept. could not push him past breakdown voltage and he entered 1st class year with IC's for reflexes, LED's for eyes, and a microprocessor for a heart. Speaking of hearts, Mike was a dyed in the wool bachelor until he met Susie. A long lost acquaintance, she lit up those LED's and the boy fell (big time). Engagement soon followed. Still destined to fly, but looking to Marine Air (thanx H.G.R.), Mike is sure to soar high!



"SKO"

PHILIP M. SKOPEK

MANLIUS, NY *EOE*

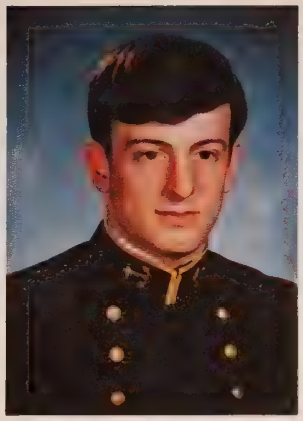
Sko has been a fine example of a midshipman. He distinguished himself plebe year by physically abusing his red-haired roommate and was widely known for his geekish tendencies. He soon became an engineer but roomed with bull majors and conduct cases, and it is rumoured that he even started reading BASS magazine. He grew out of all this second class year, and in his spare time would entice young maidens into visiting him until he found fairer game. He developed a penchant for those of Germanic origin, and would enact his wildest fantasies when his sister was not around. Sko's future is uncertain but with all his good looks, charisma, and natural intelligence Phil may have no trouble finding a job. In any case Sko is sure to be a success, and we wish him good luck and happy hunting.

"SMITTY"

GEORGE S. SMITH

IRVINE, CA *SRM*

Smitty gave the warm sand and clear water of California for the red tile beaches and muddy Severn of Annapolis. The routine came quickly to Steve and he soon learned the ins and outs of the "system". Never one to let something unimportant like studying come between either the rack or a good time, he was nevertheless fondly dubbed "geek" by those of us who looked on in envy and marvel at his high QPR. While Steve's plans may not always co-incide with the plans that the Navy has for him, we all wish him fair winds and following seas and will always regard him as a true geek, friend, and shipmate.



"NICK"

NICHOLAS VREVICH

SAN JOSE, CA *SMA*

He left San Jose at the tender age of 17 and proceeded to four years at USNA. A casual view of Nick gave one the impression that he was the typical spoiled brat of a California executive. The kid who drives a fast car, lives at the beach, drinks max amounts of alcoholic beverages, and doubles as a playboy on the side. There is more to Nick than such a thin facade. He can achieve the same effects of max alchohol with a minimum of actual drinking. And as to being a playboy on the side, well . . . he was sidelined many times in that category. Nick studied hard and after Navy Air became unattainable, he opted for the service selection that involves underwater exploration and fluid flow studies. He was able to boast hardily of ops analysis as a major in one second and then curse it heavily as the homework entered the realm of the 39th dimension. Still clinging the Genesis and the Doobies, and with a hatred for the Stones ("SHATTERED"?) he leaves here in his '66 Vette — off to his deep sea adventures.

SEVENTH COMPANY

"JUICE"

CARLOS E. AYUSO
TACOMA, WA *ESP*

Carlos Eddie Ayuso, better known as "The Juice", has travelled far in his search for his special purpose since being born in a shoe box in Uganda. It was at the tender age of 32 that his parents were finally able to ship him off to military school and be rid of him. As a mercenary studies major here at the academy, he has excelled in all academic facets. As an athlete, he has proven himself by shattering all of the previously-set records in women's stickball. This amazing human(?) from deep in the caverns of Space Alley is perhaps best known for his unmatched trickery and devastation of other's rooms during room wars. With such remarkable credentials, the Juice is highly respected by all, feared by many, and loved by none.

"EB"

EMMANUEL A. BARRERA
FREMONT, CA *EME*

Emmanuel Barrera, better known to us as Bear, came to Seventh Co. from Union City, California. He was a hard charging individual and quickly distinguished himself plebe year by being braced up til x-mas. All was not lost for this young man, however, since he made up his shortcomings academically. He had an uncanny ability for picking gouge profs like the "ROCKET" and "WILD BILL". This M.E. Jock was truly confident in his abilities with statements like "Why didn't I pick Resources". Bear was not all work and no play; he was never sacked arm chair quarterbacking. Athletically he ripped the field of sports having participatd in the Aqua Rock Club, Company Rock and the Nimitz Dash on weeknights. We will never forget Bear for his dedication to sleep and ability to be "cool". He will always be remembered as an easy guy always willing to lend a helping hand. Good luck in the future

"BERNIE"

BERNARDINE BOSKA
ALEXANDRIA, VA *FPS*

Bernie is, without question, the most acomplished woman athlete the Academy has known. Volleyball and basketball took up most of her time and all of her weekends, but she still kept up with her studies. A better roommate, a better person, couldn't be found. When times were good, we shared them, but more importantly, when times were bad, we shared them too. Plebe year brought sweat parties and metal door plates, civilian hats, a freezing Army, and a none-to-close encounter with the "Fryin' Hawaiian". Youngster cruise was with the not-so-real Navy (YP's) and 3/c year we lost a roommate. She broke 1,000 career points in B-ball 2/c year and that spring gleefully announced to the company, and anyone passing by, "I'm an aunt, I'm an aunt" (What's anant?). A long awaited first class year came oh so soon, and with an equally awaited graduation comes the frustration of an uncertain future.

LET NOT THE MEMORIES WE SHARE BE LOST WITH TIME, GOOD FRIEND.

"FLASH"

TIMOTHY B. FLEISCHER
BERKELEY HEIGHTS, NJ *SOC*

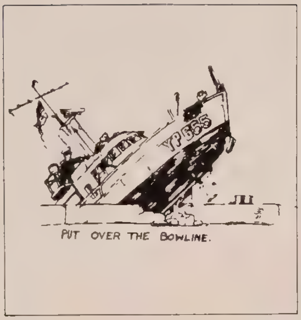
Tim Fleischer, king of the jungle. Timmy came to the Academy from a tribe of Tanzanian pygmies. While on a hunt he was overpowered by Russian agents who thought him to be a champion javelin thrower. Discovering their error while flying over Maryland, they ejected their mistake at 30,000 feet. Luckily for Timmy, he landed on his head and walked away without a scratch. He was a might bewildered though, and was naturally mistaken for a plebe. Thus was the beginning of his Naval career.

Timmy could always be remembered for his lively spirit, which at times went a little overboard. Who can forget the time he tried to boil the company officer in oil? But this was only one side of Timmy. Timmy's other interests included religion and academics. Timmy was an active member of the voodoo congregation, as well as a student of anatomy. This taught him where to stick the pins. All in all, we will remember Timmy with a spear in his hand and a pain in our sides.

"DICK"

RICHARD M. HARKINS
PHOENIX, AZ *HHS*

Dick rolled into the Academy from his native home of Phoenix, Arizona. Known for his sense of humor, Dick has kept the company going for four years. His comical and carefree attitude has never failed us. How could we ever forget his study hour visits. His zany humor and sharp wit kept life bearable. However, his best feat was losing his glasses while taking a shower. Being unable to locate the spectacles, he called upon his recourceful roommate who eventually found them on the shower floor. Dick has definitely made these years fun. In addition to his humor, Dick has shown himself a talented athlete, an avid outdoorsman, and a worthy friend. We all wish him the best of luck in the future.



"MOE"

TODD T. HELLMAN
TACOMA, WA *ENA*

Midshipman Moe had about as much going for him as an armadillo. His four-year ambition was to be a lumberjack and he dreamed of the day when he would get out of traction and begin a new life of vigor among the Redwoods of British Columbia. Because of his lack of a spine and his body odor he became feared as he lurked through Bancroft Hall with the rats. Despite his physical and mental imperfections he was quite a ladies man and often his telephone would ring at strange hours of the night for no good reason. The Yeti managed to maintain a 3.987 grade average through four years as an illiterate Nursing major and the Navy will welcome his skills as a hairdresser.

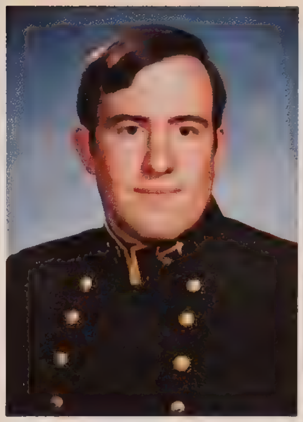
GARY R. HENNING
EASTON, PA *ENA*

On July 6, 1977 Gary Henning reported to the Naval Academy to start his life as a Midshipman. We think!! It wasn't until his first class year that his classmates could match his name with his face. We assumed that he had an apartment out in town for three years.

Gary was the epitimy of an athlete by torturing his body in such events as the Marine Corps Marathon, the JFK 50 Mile run (yes 50!), and was also the best stroker on the crew team.

Whatever Gary did, he did first class as illustrated by his car (a Porsche 924) and his girlfriend. And after seeing and meeting his mother, we all wonder what happened to him.

Although none of us will ever remember the cookies he kept in his con locker, we wish him FAIR WINDS AND FOLLOWING SEAS.



"GERRY"

GERALD F. HITT
CANANDAIGUA, NY *ESE*

If you ask Gerry where he's from he will tell you he's from Rochester, New York. But don't believe him, he is really from CANANDAIGUA. Try saying that three times fast. Gerry's nature is such that if someone needs some help to try to understand something he himself understands, he will gladly assist you. As a Systems Engineering major he really can't afford to do this too often, yet he does and probably will all his life. This trait, combined with his ability to sing well, are probably why he is the Producer for this years winter musical, "The Fiddler on the Roof." Gerry will make an excellent pilot, if he gets the chance to go to flight school after graduation. Being a Systems Engineer with good grades makes him a prime target for the Nuke Draft ala Admiral Rickover. In either case, Gerry will make the best of the situation, because that is just the way he is. Well, Good-Luck Gerry. Hope to see you down in Pensacola.

"JERRY"

GERALD A. JONES
BEDFORD, TX *SPS*

"BILL"

PORTER W. LEWIS
FAYETTEVILLE, WV *ESP*

Bill "the Geek" Lewis, the man in the class most changed by Naval Academy Life. From the thriving metropolis of "Hicksville", West Virginia, Bill came to USNA as the idealmid: never drank, studied all night, and wanted to be a Nuke. Well, that was taken care of pretty quick. After three years of training, his favorite pastime is going out and getting wasted, he only studies when his other priorities are met (watching TV and making popcorn), and he is even considering failing a course to avoid the nuclear power draft. Bill is a fine example of Naval Academy training.

"LIPS"

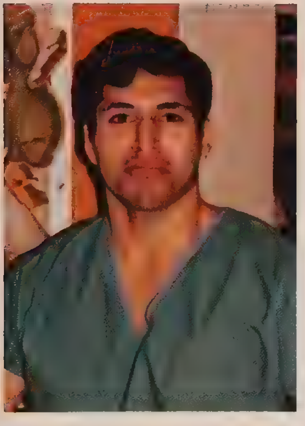
KIRK S. LIPPOLD
CARSON CITY, NV *SRM*

On the morning of 3 July, 1977, Kirk S. Lippold first set his eyes on the low lands of Maryland as the hatch broke open on the trans-continental airliner. As he made his way to his appointed destiny, little did he know he would bring so much with him. Along with him came a new pronuciation of the noun "N-E-V-A-D-A". Kirk proved to be one not to be daunted by the minor set backs. He never let his choice of a mechanical engineering and Rocket Reed bother him. No, he just switched majors. Kirk found a fascination with jumping out of perfectly good airplanes. He was so dedicated to this form of pleasure that he went on to become a jumpmaster and even served a tour as president of the military jump club. Despite all this, Kirk will always be best known for his exemplary leadership style within the company. With people like him, the ideals which represent U.S.N.A. will never die. It goes without saying that everyone wishes Kirk the best of everything.

"CT"

CRAIG T. MORRISON
SALEM, OR *HEG*

Backhanded to us from the state of Oregon, Craig Morrison came to USNA with visions of wild East coast women and dreams of Wimbledon. To this day, Craig has scrimmaged with these hopes, but has not yet established himself as a true competitior in either sports! All seriousness aside, from his growth as a bilge to his present company commander position, Craig has contributed immensely to USNA. His success both on the courts, which include a role as captain and NCAA play, and off, as company commander, epitomizes Craig's "Whole Man" character. Having decided to major in tennis, Craig chose English as a recreational activity and, when available, went to classes also. Although a nuke at heart, Craig's affinity for fast and exciting activities is turning him towards Navy Air! Bust o' fluck in the skys and keep on stroking!



"Q-BALL"

THOMAS A. QUINTERO
SAN ANTONIO, TX *EGE*

Tommy attended the Marine Military Academy before coming to the beloved boat school. Q-Ball, as he affectionately became known as, had one goal in mind when he came here; to crawl around in the mud and play war with other "skin-heads."

Q started his academic career here as an aspiring Mechanical Engineer. His career ended abruptly when "EI" (e before i) Keith decided that Q could better direct his efforts in another field.

Q's athletic career was also redirected from crew to boxing. Boxing became almost an obsession with Q during his 2nd class year. If he wasn't practicing his newest move, he could be found running the perimeter or swimming 1,000 kyards. We never questioned Q's masochism or his desire to become a grunt.

We'll never forget Q for his precise cadence calling, and his "intelligent" remarks. But most of all we'll remember Q for just being Q. GOOD LUCK AND GOD BLESS YA Q!!!!!!!!

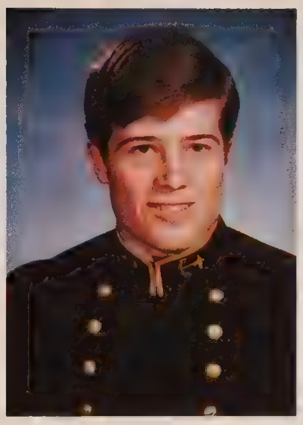
"SMITTY"

MARK T. SCHMID
SAN DIEGO, CA *EAS*

Coming from Navy town, U.S.A., Mark Todd Schmid was a die hard San Diego Charger fan who entered the Naval Academy already primed for Navy life since he was a Navy Brat to begin with. During Plebe year and during the next four years here, he was known in the company for his ability to blow his horn with the Drum and Bugle Corps. Much of his free time was taken up by this activity, but it did not deter him from his goal to fly up in the big blue sky.

Mark's background in the Aerospace Engineering program will definitely be of use to him since he has so many air and space ideas floating around in his head.

Mark's ability to get a person excited and stirred up will never be forgotten, and all of us in the company wish him a happy and successful career in the air and/or space.

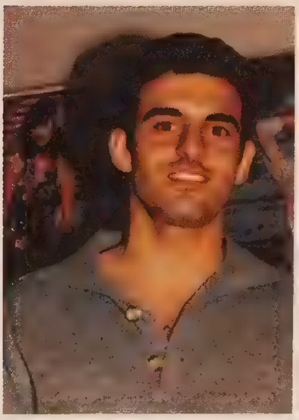


"VINNY"

RONALD M. TRENTI
SEVERNA PARK, MD *SRM*

Ron rolled in from across the river ready to give it his all . . . . . . With experience of NAPS and his quick wit he easily adapted to the Academy rigors. "Vinny", to most of us, was the joker with an affinity for the unusual. Will we ever forget the time he planted a firecracker in the back pocket of a true friend? Juice will never forget the eel. If only walls could talk! Only the female could slow this man down and the inevitable happened. The motto "I don't care" quickly gave way to "stay out of trouble at all costs" when weekends were at stake. Hey Ron, we have a better idea . . . Let's don't talk during study hour, OK! "Vinny" will not be forgotten. Jack, Moe, Juice, Q, Bear, Genrul, Flash, Squelch, Scro . . . and all the rest say so.

"THE LEGACY LIVES ON"



"WAGS"

DAVID R. WAGNER
LINCOLN, RI *EME*

Loser. What more can be said about such a low life form? Dave's life started on a small farm on the southern tip of Saudi Arabia, just a stone's throw from the Scandinavian coast. Born the son of a camel breeder, Dave could never quite lose that back-home smell. Wags was always a handy type to have around, especially when the sink got scummy, as his head doubled as steel wool. Wags could always be found on the athletic fields, cheering the company on, since his own athletic prowess was limited to Candyland and Rock'em, Sock'em Robots. But seriously folks, Dave was a true middie, dedicated to life, liberty, and the MHP. Hopefully Dave will fulfill his lifelong ambition of becoming the first nuclear aviator. Little Bertha and Irving are proud of Daddy.

"DAVE"

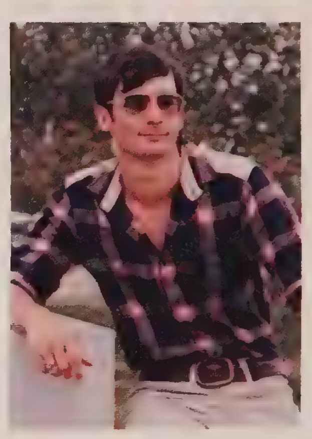
DAVID A. WARREN
LITTLE ROCK, AR *EAS*

David Warren came to Annapolis via the University of Arkansas at Little Rock. Having just finished a year of college, he was well ahead of the Aerospace Engineering matrix, with all his free time due to a lightened load, he joined such organizations as the Navigators and the Drill Team. As a result, he did what most of us have done at some time or another: he spread himself a little bit too thin and barely escaped the simultaneous grasps of Dynamics, Strengths and Thermo. Unfortun — OOPS - Fortunately, with the help of the Navigators, he found his way around the mines and traps of the AC-Board. Dave has all the desire in the would toput his Air-Head courses to some good use down in flight school after graduation. Dave will probably have the cleanest plane in the Navy and will follow every NATOPS Rule very religiously. I mean, why whould people (Dave included this time) change their habits after graduation, right. Well Dave, GOOD-LUCK and see you in P-COLA.

"SQUELCHMAN"

JOHN P. WELCH
CUMBERLAND, RI *HEG*

John Welch, a man with a mission. John came to us from a small town in Puerto Rico. The son of a poor millionaire farmer, John's early life consisted of chopping sugar cane and collecting cigarette butts. His years at the academy reflected this upbringing, especially in athletics; he was a star center on the basketball team as well as a champion heavyweight wrestler. Saturday nights and Sundays were special to John, as they meant veritable uninterrupted study periods. Squelchman, as he was known to all of us, represented the finest example and military bearing that any seven-striper could. The Marine Corpse will be getting a few good man when they get J.P.



"SCROT"

SCOTT A. WHITFIELD
SCITUATE, MA *SMA*

One day Scott left his one room, termite-ridden, weather-beaten shack in Grape Nuts, Mississippi for a short little walk, fixin' to go crawdaddin' and catfishin', when he fell in the creek and washed into the Santee Basin. He's never been the same since . . . We've never been the same since. He won himself into our hearts with his chow packages of black-eyed peas, possum tongue, and candied coon drops. Those high falootin' city gals always fell for his silky-smooth southern drawl and Smokey the Bear utility belt. Here at the academy, Scott quickly found friendship in many of the local rodents as a triple engineering major. At night, Nature Boy could often be found outside nestled with his forest friends. His lifelong ambition to be a forest elf and to pet Bambi will have to wait until after his stint as an in-flight helo rotor mechanic.

"GENERAL"

JOHN H. WILSON
GAINESVILLE, FL *SMA*

Point Barrow, Alaska was John's stomping and fishing grounds before arriving at USNA. John decided to attend the academy after several heart to heart talks with his friend and confidante, Rodney, the family penguin.

John's arrival at USNA made an impression on all of us when we saw him paddling up the Severn in his kayak. John's interests quickly turned to WUBA hunting, and was soon known for his harem of hundreds. But John was not all work and no play. He often entertained us with his pressed flowers and Barbie and Ken dolls. His athletic inclination as a heavyweight boxer and crew coxswain were instrumental in the relocation of Halsey Fieldhouse to Kalamazoo, Michigan during an Army week recon raid.

We wish John the best of luck upon graduation, knowing that he'll be having a blast testing terminal guidance systems and safety and arming devices on nuclear warheads.

"LORI"

LORETTA E. YATES
HARLINGEN, TX *SPS*

At first there were three. It was plebe summer and you thought Parent's Weekend would never come. Killer Kloppmann replaced Davis. You'll never forget the singing at night, the Good Housekeeping award, Laura's dancing, Bernie's civilian hat, the crab's funeral and the memborable sweat party. Survival was the key word plebe year and you managed. Gymnastics became your sport though golf will always be dearer. The Usticks' place was your second home. You voiced your anger and frustrations but received only love, sympathy and understanding. Finally you were a youngster. Many of your classmates left, including Laura. You also met Burr. Mom and Kelly sent chow packages filled with twists and cookies. Then second class year hit. It meant lots of studying and the true meaning of all-nighters. Army passed by, you were a squad leader, Kelly got married and Captain moved. l/c summer and the Tarawa gave you your first glimpse at the real Navy. Detail went quickly and now you look joyfully to graduation.

"JOSIE"

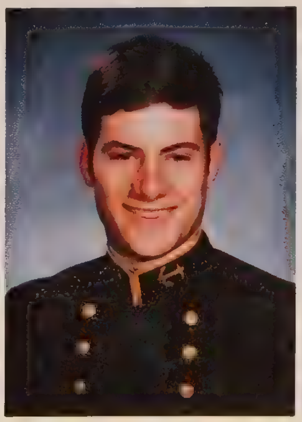
JOSE F. ATANGAN
SUNNYDALE, CA *SPS*

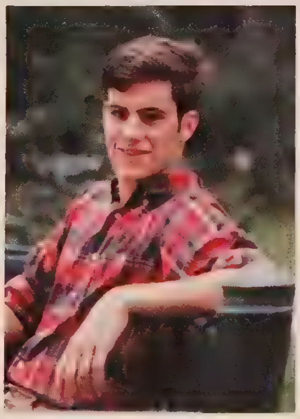
Jose, hailing from the sunny shores of California, came to USNA expecting wild parties, wine, women, and song. He even passed up a scholarship to USC in order to come to Canoe U. He was, to say the least, disappointed. Jose found that he needed a few things before he could really make it at USNA. The first thing he needed was a haircut - and he's needed one ever since. The next thing he needed was a varsity letter. And get one he did. A Black N he won, varsity performance at its finest, indeed. Jose also distinguished himself in the much vaunted "horizontal workout." Jose was unparalleled in sleeping ability. It was always a rare sight to see him out of the rack. Jose did add many a light moment to the trying times in Bancroft Hall. Who can possibly forget the Birdman, the Atangan Shuffle," or Army? Surface Line will consider itself very lucky to have you among its ranks, Jose. Good luck, Best Man!*

"SQUAD-MOM"

MARY E. BARTLO
BUFFALO, NY *FPS*

Mary Bartlo, or Buffalo Bartlo as she shall be remembered by Twenty-Two has led anything but the typical "sedentary" mid existence. She began plebe summer with a certain advantage over the rest of us, with an older midshipman sister to show her the ropes. Mary fared well that summer with the distinction of being the only one able to laugh at "Asbestos" Johnston. Plebe year was rewarding with rates and good grades putting her into the ranks of the geeks. But Mary had her fun too, as BAC Hop Rep along with Cookie, the Raisin King and her mysterious Saturday night excursions with Sara. Perhaps plebe year was too enjoyable since youngster year was a disappointment. "Baby Bartlo" had difficulty deciding whether or not to become a civilian. There was a warm friendship with Jon who gave her presents. After musical roommates, Mary settled with good ole Jen and Lisa. l/c year commenced with one goal in mind — graduation after which Surface Line will be fortunate to share her warm smile and soul.





"GIFF"

ROBERT G. BEATON
CONYERS, BA *SPS*

A resident Marylander, Giff left Townson to join the Class of 81 on a certain 6th of July. During his stay at Mother-B, three passions in his life soon became apparent; loud music, fast cars and fishing. With a pair of BOSE 501s and a system worthy of these, Giff could balst with the best of them. Be it Lynard Skynard, CDB or ELO. Giff felt ever obliged to let the whole shaft share in his listening pleasure. Never one for wasted effort, Giff wasted very little on studies. His philosophy on homework was apt, "Never do today that which can be put off til the night before." One was more likely to find a Louis L'Amour or an ERB in his hands than a textbook. To Giff the most important aspect of Academy life was the weekend. While for some weekends were made for Mich, to Giff weekends were made for Mepps . . . and a 20" trout. A home-made rod in his hands and a promising stream were all that were needed to keep him happy for days. Wherever the Navy may send Giff, it's fine with him . . . so long as there's plenty of water and big fish to go with it.

"BISH"

JEFFREY M. BISHOP
DALLAS, TX *SPS*

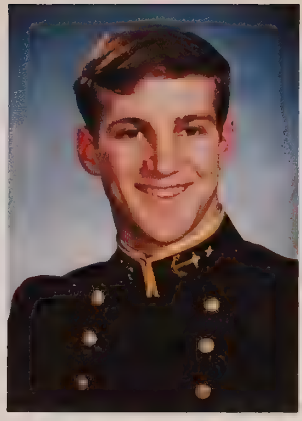
Bish came from Dallas, Texas. He learned to handle flash floods during plebe year and has since passed this knowledge on to the undercalssmen. Bish never passed up any opportunity to join a discussion when there was J.D. or a cold beer around. His great loves were Chevy cars and America's team the DALLAS COWBOYS. Bish appreciated women, any kind of women. Being a laid back individual, he never got upset until he was invited to visit Uncle Hyman for a NUC interview. He hopes to follow in his fathers footsteps and by pursuing a career in the aviation field and then his first hitch flying for DELTA AIRLINES. Bish is a good friend who I hope to keep in touch with.

"ROY"

MARK R. BRADLEY
PARADISE VALLEY, AZ *SRM*

Mark Roy came from the dry wastelands of Arizona to Annapolis, where the skies are cloudy all day. He was ranked first during Plebe Summer, but gradually found his groove and made the best of the "halo effect." Though recruited for his football prowess, Mark soon found that life as a musician left little time for varsity athletics. So he became a rock star in such spots as Disco Dahlgren and Hood College.

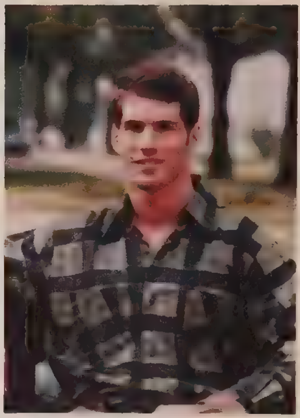
No one every accused Roy of being "married," probably because we couldn't be sure of how close to the truth it would be. As a Firstie it soon became obvious that Mark was seeing more of Donna than he was of his management books. He did occasionally stop in the company area to change clothes, however. His little one, Satin, has her father's facial features and her mother's disposition. Roy's domestic life consisted of raising catfish in his pool and stifling intertribal warfare at the "girls' house." We will miss Mark's quick wit and carefree disposition and know that he will live happily ever after.



"FRANK"

JAMES F. CALDWELL
GALES FERRY, CT *ESP*

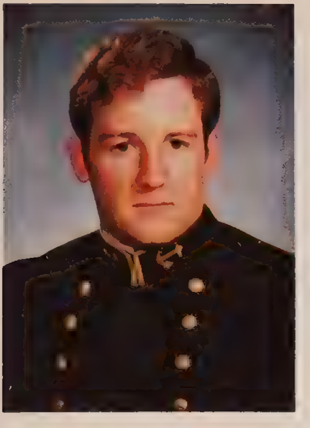
Frank came to us from a long line of Navy folks. "Momsie & Pops" were institutions at tailgaters, not bad for plebe Thanksgiving either. Frank went through all phases here at Canoe "U". He went from a sweat to a squirrel to a "whipped boy." His ventures into the south were awesome beginning with the big fight in Knoxville. He further proved himself when he tried to drink that dearl girl Dixie under the table. Want some Tequilla Frank? He also tried to be a plumber but he never got the hang of laying Pipes. Frank managed to sleep thru his own birthday party at the famous 8th Co. Frat House. Now-a-days we rarely see Frank. He's either studying with Head, being Gary's boy or being married. We lost poor Frank early in life. I just hope they don't let him take those awful baby pictures on his sub. What a waste. Reel it in Buddy.



"DAVE"

DAVID A. CASE
ANNAPOLIS, MD *ENA*

Dave has been a resident of Crabtown most of his life, so going off to college was just a jaunt across town. Yet despite the nearness of "home," Dave always had a serious attitude about everything — especially when a job needed doing. He often volunteered to do the jobs no one else wanted, particularly during leave or holidays when everyone else went to a more distant home. Dave gave the company a sense of professionalism, which at times went against the grain of "mellow Eight." He was in particular the scourge of many plebes, and it was no trick of fate that he was one of the first to be "escorted" to pep rallies. Yet Dave took it all in stride and came back with a stack of Form 2's (which he never actually used!). Notorious as the "No shoes!" wardroom officer, Dave also created many of the stages in Mahan Hall for the Masqueraders and the Glee Club. Dave conquered his academics, and as a narc he will most likely be an airdale flying under the waves. Good luck and God speed on your Treks with the Navy.



"D"

MICHAEL R. DAVIS
BUFFALO, NY *SRM*

Mike, a NAPSSTAR, arrived at Navy saltier than Sam himself. Not one to waste time D immediately began to put his extra year of learning to work. From making his rack once a year to Wednesday nights at Flora's, Mr. D took life at an easy pace. Mike became famous for his unusual taste in women. His uncanny ability to locate the girl with the nicest personality kept everyone on constant watch over him. D brought with him such hometown delicacies as Buffalo chicken wings, La Creme de La Creme, and donut holes. His insistence that the NFL Bills could go all the way shows his ability to see a ray of light in the most hopeless of situations. Mike always insisted on acting like a little kid, so he reduced his six foot, 185 lb. body to skin and bones so he could play lightweight football. He always was junior lightweight. D's most famous saying was "No, really guys what are we gonna do?" Mike Davis will make a fine officer and jet jockey in any service. We wish him the best of luck and will sincerely miss him.

"FANMAN"

RICHARD H. FANNEY
RIDGEFIELD, CT *EAS*

After spending a year at USC as a ROTC the "Fanman" saw the light and came to the USNA. Affectionately known as "Rear Admiral Fanney," Rich accomplished great things during his stay here. As a second class he was named the Midshipman of the Year and awarded the Navy Commendation Medal for performing CPR on a heart-attack victim while sailing on the Cheasapeake. Lower on his list of accomplishments and the envy of many mids was the fact that Rich evaded marching by being on the sailing team for four years. Rich is an aspiring and perspiring Aero and Physics major and dreams of flying F18's following graduation. We wish him the best of luck in his further endeavors. We all know he'll do well "out there."

"SHEABO"

HOWARD S. FERRELL
PONCA CITY, OK *EGE*

Shea arrived at Navy all the way from Ponca City, Oklahoma, complete with his conservative ways and Aggie War Cry. He proceeded to make many friends — notably his buddies Jim and Bob of '79. After breezing through Plebe Year, Shea vigorously launched his engineering career. The Oakie so enjoyed statics, he opted to take it three times. Sheabo celebrated the end of Youngster Year one memorable night by running into a moving vehicle, locking his friend in Burger King, and having his car stolen. Remembered for his running style, Shea occasionally decided to take pitstops in nearby trashcans in order to let the others catch up. Shea leaves behind him many lifetime friends. The air community is lucky to have such a fine officer.

"JAMIE"

JAMES G. FOGGO
SPRINGFIELD, VA *SCH*

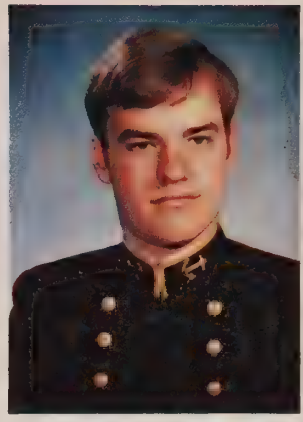
When Jamie arrived in Annapolis in July 1977 he tried to maintain a low profile but it was difficult not to be noticed by the first class on "Plebe Detail" with that flaming red hair. Some of us thought Jamie studied too much "plebe" year but then 50 hours per week and spending Saturday nights in the library is nothing unusual, is it??? Of course you have noticed the "stars" for academic excellence on Jamie's "pencil neck". We all know that he had to take an exchange semester at West Point in order to get them! When he returned to Annapolis, it took us a while, but the Class of '81, 8th Company, finally "deprogrammed" him. Jamie still has an affinity for dropping "plebes" for push-ups as though he were still at Army Airborne School in Fort Benning, Georgia, though! We know Jamie is headed for a bright future in the Navy and we hope things go well with that sexy blonde he was seen with at the Ring Dance. Fair winds and following seas . . .

"MIKE"

MICHAEL G. GEOGHEGAN
BRONXVILLE, NY *FEC*

Mike, claiming to hail from New York, left his small midwestern town to enter Annapolis. His winning personality quickly made him many friends. Mike was living proof of te luck of the Irish, as many classmates would affirm while restricting away their weekends. Second class year Father Geoghegan was tasked with the moral development of the company. Taking this assignment very seriously, he and his sidekick Mute Grimmer devoted many weekends to counseling at local girl's colleges. Many of these girls are now legally insane.

Howie Meeker set out as an engineer but quickly realized the error in his ways. Molding himself to be an economist, he perfected his sleep-study method. This endeared him to countless roommates, many of whom are also legally insane. Geoghs will long be remembered as a great guy and will be an asset to anyone's pilot program.

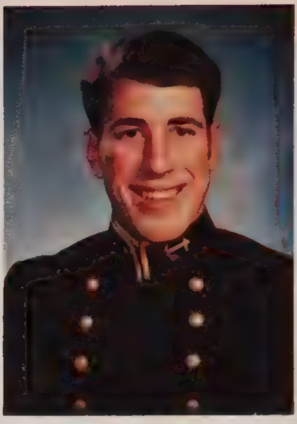


"DAVE".

DAVID A. GILLILAND
HYANNIS, MA *EGE*

Dave piloted himself to USNA all the way from Hooterville, Mass. Always a gentleman, Dave learned to break out of his conservative mold to the point of leading fierce attacks on the company bone blower. Fortunately for us, Dave converted back to the mellow mode just in time for liberty and youngster antics. With an orange Honda and pilot glasses in hand, Dave proclaimed himself the first registered bachelor of the company (a small minority) with his bud's permission of course. This new found freedom brought about many wild weekends at nearby girl's colleges. We certainly didn't mind the Gills bringing an escort along from time to time.

Dave's greatest achievement, aside from an expert hand at flying, was his membership in the International club. His trip to Europe with that infamous Joey made the two an inseparable pair, earning Dave the nickname, Gimpy. Gills was a close friend to all of us and we wish him luck in Pensacola. Clear skies to a great guy . . .



Steelers
32

"GRIMMER"

THOMAS R. GRIMM
ALEXANDRIA, VA *ESP*

Head rolled into company eight all the way from Alexandria, Virginia, ready and willing to be abused. Bearing the weight of many fumbles, Grimmer was known as a man of refined musical tastes and amazing outburst of Grimmeroid. Randy joined the ranks of the Marine Engineers only to discover that he never did homework just for himself, but such was the life of a two striper in a three-striper world with an in-box. His lust for a Steeler's Super Bowl victory was only outdone by his lust for chicken and a girl named Spam. Those of us who remember Grimmer will never again venture into that Burger King "head" where Randy spent a most unusual evening during June Week of youngster year. First class year, Randy finally reached the pinnacle. He had everything he'd ever wanted - unfortunately, the pinnacle was bald. In Randy the Navy gets a hard worker and an outstanding officer. Thanks for everything Randy! Fair winds and a good watchcap - you'll need it Bud!

"HANUS"

KEVIN J. HANEY
HAMILTON, NJ *FPS*

Hanus, not to be confused with Gunny from California, came to us from New Jersy. Six concussions put this fine Navy goalie out of commission a year before his time. Some wondered if those bumps on his head were his downfall, but we now have diagnosed his behavior to be inate. It's been told he owes D and Joey quite a few dinners by this time. Maybe "the worm" or as he is now known "the nightcrawler", (given to hime for heroics beyond the scope of this text) will take the boys to his current favorite bar. Famous sayings by Kevin include: Does this get your attention!? Boys, by the time you read this I'll be at the beach. Can I clean your room? Some guy that looked alot like me. The Poner boys describe Hanus very well, "sick". Well there you have it.

"BILL"

WILLIAM E. HIGGINS
CAPE ELIZABETH, ME ESP

It all started in the summer of '77. Not knowing what to expect, the "Higman" showed up fearing the worst and found it. He became an immediate favorite of his firsties who gave him all the attention he could handle. In spite of it all, Bill survived plebe year. Bill kept a low profile for the remainder of his stay at USNA. He spent most of his time in the "bary" preparing to become one of "Uncle Hymie's" boys. On weekends Bill could be found in Disco Dahlgren where he was known as the "terror of the dance floor". Bill's love for music got him involved with the Catholic Chir, Glee Club, and the Pep Band but his greatest involvement was in the hallowed halls of Rickover. Best of luck to you, Bill, on your NUKE career. Bancroft Hall won't be the same without your unique laugh echoing through its corridors.

"RICK"

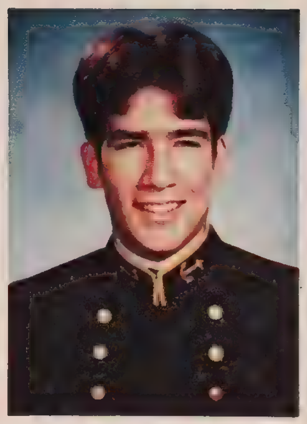
PATRICK D. KELLER
GUNTERSVILLE, AL SRM

Ricky drove up from Guntersville, Alabama, complete with southern accent, herppies, two dozen pairs of socks, and sixty bic disposable razors. He soon found his place as the bulk item on the USNA Rugby team in a sport that was made for the original Kelleroid. Although many have handed it out, few have thrived on abuse as Rick did while under employment as Lock's live-in maid. "Hey Rick! Our girl's on the phone!" "Hello person who's not here!" Yes, Navy was not always a cheerful place for Rick, after all there was the "O" course, Coach Duff, those unrully plebes, and most important, three folds a day. But when the time came you could always count on Rick, the epitome of tact, that magician of the English language, to come through in the clutch and abuse some poor, unsuspecting, ignorant slob. In Rick, the Navy gets one of the finest - a definite asset to anyone's team. But deep down inside, "You'll always be our girl's boy!" "Tennis anyone?"

"KROCKERS"

MICHAEL W. KROCK
UNIVERSAL CITY, TX SPS

Krockers is the OLD MAN of 8th Company. He came to USNA from his home town of San Antonio, Texas after a year of regular college and two years in the real Navy. Knockers has a laid back manner, but don't let appearances fool you. MOLEMAN waits for no man! In fact, he can spend money so fast that there has been a "Krock Watch" in effect for the last two years. Krockers gained new levels of dating experience being the only member of 8th Co. to have a one night platonic stand. However, high school girls proved too trying for the old guy, and he was soon back after more seasoned game. His passions include fast cars, motorcycles, cowboy boots, the Houston Oilers, J.D., C.B., and armadillos. Krockers won't be joining Rickover's Navy again and, if he doesn't retire, will be a welcome addition to the Naval aviation community.



"KUS"

NEAL J. KUSUMOTO
KAILUA, HI EME

Neal (Kailua Kid) came to the Acadamy because having the Midwatch was much more exciting than chasing girls on the beaches of Hawaii all day. In his quest to sail the high seas, Kus had to endure four glorious years as a Midshipman at Canoe U. In doing so, he set several goals, all of which he has proudly accomplished. Each year has gone by with Pearl Harbor day holding a dear place in Neal's heart. We all had to take our aggressions out on somebody, right Neal? While Neal put up with that, he grew excited and confused. As a result, Neal resorted to a new form of Martial Arts, called 'wall punching' with his buddy Kelleriod. He is now in the wall punching hall of fame. But that's not all folks . . . he even has managed to become the undisputed master of caps. He's a shoe in for the '84 olympics. While doing all of this, Neal has managed to be a top contender for the anchor spot of the Mech. E. dept. With all of this happening, the fleet should be a piece of cake for N.J.K.

"DUKE"

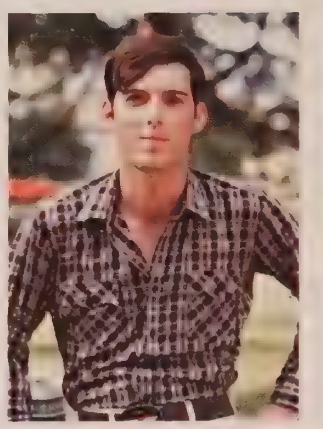
THOMAS S. LANSDALE
LONG BEACH, MS SRM

*Tom came to good ole' USNA from the darker side of Ireland. When it came to girls "The Farmer" was no slow poke. His finest hour occurred in Philadelphia youngster year, when Navy wasn't the only one to run up the score. Tom, based his life on the teachings of T.S. Norwood. The "Jappo" had the distinct honor of owning the company phone. If Tom wasn't calling Kathy, someone else would be running the total up on his credit card. Tom could almost always be found in the wardroom watching either the "Duke", "Buck", or "M*A*S*H". When finished with his T.V. watching, he would pursue his skill of typing two or three term papers in a matter of hours. Tom's imagination for clothes worn in the hall was ledgendary. With his long johns, sweat shirt, black socks, and slippers, he was quite a sight. Wherever Tom's career leads him he will be very successful. Good luck always Tom.*

"MAC"

MARK A. McCORMICK
BOYNTON BEACH, FL SCH

Often mistaken for a famous Disney character, our class company geek came to the Academy with no idea of what the Navy was like (Where's the bathroom, sir?). Plebe summer was quite a shock for him, but he quickly adjusted by becoming part of the woodwork. With the dawn of Academic year, Mark was recognized by his dear friend "Topo" for being a procrastinator: "Why do today what you can put off till tomorrow?" As a plebe, he also had the distinction of being served beer by his squad leader — only he didn't know what it was at the time. As four-weekers went by, Mark quickly established himself as "THE GOUGE" and made many friends. He developed quite an attraction for a special someone (a tektronix terminal named Rosie) and over the years they became inseparable. Mark is now on his way to P-cola, cleverly avoiding "Hymie" by being TOO smart. Mark loved his Friday night bowling matches with "The Boys." Good-luck in your post-graduate studies and your required career.



"MIKE"

MICHAEL K. MOORE
JACKSON, TN HHS

Michael Kent Moore came to Annapolis from West Germany, Virginia, Tennessee, or Louisiana depending on where the wind was blowing from. A Zoomie brat, Mikie wasted no time in perfecting the art of becoming invisible. Mike also set many athletic records while at USNA, like never breaking a sweat after 1515 (3:15 p.m. for Military Mike).

Major's selection was easy for him, there was only one choice - anything but Engineering. Mike finally decided on Ancient History, empasizing the late 1960's. Mike's paper, "Jimi Hendrix's influence on Soviet Naval Developments", was published. It was Mike's proudest moment seeing his name in print (on the check for $350).

Not one to waste time (or money) chasing women, Mike found the little Southern Comfort he'd always been looking for and is heading to the Chapel after Graduation. Mike isn't too sure where he's going yet - Pensacola or Canada; but wherever it is he'll add some life to it. MOTTO: "SEMPER SLUMBERUS" (always sleeping)

"WALT"

WALTER A. PAULSON
WALKERSVILLE, MD EEE

Unlike most mids, Walt made it through USNA without ever getting fried. In spite of this fact Walt became very proficient in handling deuces. When he wasn't dishing them out he was processing them as Batt. Admin. Besides form-2's, Walt's favorites included "spirit related" activities. He loved to start pep rallies in the 5th wing parking lot and was also "invited" to several rallies by the plebes of of 83 and 84. Walt was feared by many a plebe but those of us who knew him better know what a nice guy he can be. In fact, he has saved his roommate's life more than once by pulling him out of the streets and away from moving cars after a wild night in town. Walt said "it" would never happen to him but youngster year and a little lady from Severna Park has proven him wrong. Walt will be going Nuke on service assignment night. We wish him the best of luck in the subs of "Uncle Hymie's Navy".

"DOGGER"

DAVID R. SCHOENE
ORCHARD LAKE, MI *SPS*

Dave sailed to USNA and 9th Co. from the darker side of Orchard Lake, somewhere in Michigan. He aspired to be a fireman when he was little but as fate would have it, Dogger (as he is affectionately known to the boys of 8th Co.), came to be the captain of the sailing team. With the pressures of rigorous military and academic schedules, Dogger sought for an outlet - 4 years of 3 - stripper libs, which he took full advantage of. He was always seen at least twice a week in the company and for the most part was a ghostly inhabitant in Bancroft, sailing aound with his sailing teammates. As Minnesota Fats is to pool, Dogger was to darts, as is evidenced by the holes he left in his walls, which Gary never found. We though we were rid of the Dead Heads when Lennie left, but soon discovered that they lived on in Dogger's tape deck. He sailed in, sailed around and sailed out. Sail on, Dave, and good luck with Surface Line.

"MIKE"

MICHAEL J. SHERLOCK
ALDAN, PA *SRM*

Michael J. Sherlock carried on the Bud Thompson image in eighth company complete with white works. Jackson Browne, and that un-written chit for four years for three striper Libs. Although his two roommates didn't do much for his ball player image, Mike's positive influence saved the two would-be geeks from academic suicide. While ascribing to high leadership positions, Sherles took command as the leader of the Squirrels. YP Commadore for a week, and the keeper of the Kelleroid. Yet at heart, Mike always loved stuff-a-rack, fifteen year old girls, and cheerleaders whose names he never could remember. Second clss year, Mike became Bob's Boy with fog-cutter in hand and a roommate's girl who loved to throw expensive drinks. Mike must have traded in all his class uniforms to buy his vette, for we very seldom saw him don the Navy Blue unless of course it was for George. Mike will undoubtedly be remembered most for his gifted abilities as a ball player and that incredible Sherlock smile.

"SNEVES"

JOHN A. SNEVELY
COSTA MESA, CA *SMA*

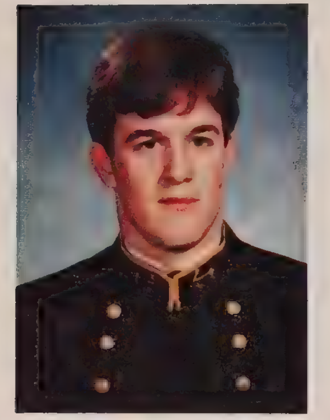
*John "A. H." Snevely hails from Costa Mesa, Cal., home of beaches and blonds. He brought with him a teddy-bear smile, a skateboard, and a charming charisma . . . we would have preferred the beaches and blonds. He was either congenial or disrespectful, depending on whose mother he was talking about. John swore he would never be tied down to one woman for two reasons: he wanted them all and they had to be young — between the ages of 16 and 16. John's getting married in September. Whenever someone was needed for a duty weekend, John always loved to volunteer. He always felt he was going to get the worst of everything. John wasn't a pessimist — he just had a healthy paranoia. New Wave, preppie, Boston College, Navy Air, pedo, Zep, Walter, Dallas, M*A*S*H , and Jeff Beck(?) all summed up his "experience" of the Naval Academy. He majored in Rock and Roll, and many officers came by to discuss his stereo. Yet even through varsity restriction, he was "Hey, just too hip."*

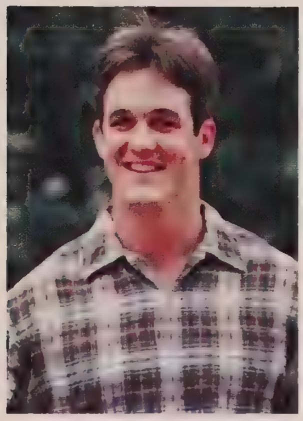
"PC"

PAUL C. STATION
OMAHA, NB *FPS*

When he first arrived at USNA, P.C. had set lofty goals for himself. By the time he left they had been lowered considerably, giving way to more important considerations such as rack time. To this end he chose a nice safe major in Political Science. While generally conceded he should have gone to the German Naval Academy. His Wisconsin temperament stood him well in everyting he did. A possible exception was Brigade Boxing, which he managed to win in spite of being mellow. Still, not everything here agreed with him, his roommate played the stereo much too loud and one summer he had such a good time he extended his leave. He was always a master at getting out of things. Many clubs held his interest because they had lunchtime meetings and he managed to get out of drill for three semesters. He will be remembered as a quiet guy who got things done (better late than never) and was well-liked, especially by his German prof.

NINTH COMPANY

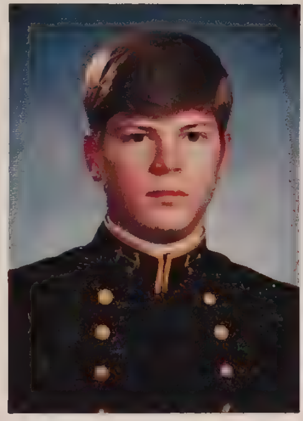




"RW"

ROBERT W. VESSELS
NEW ALBANY, IN *SRM*

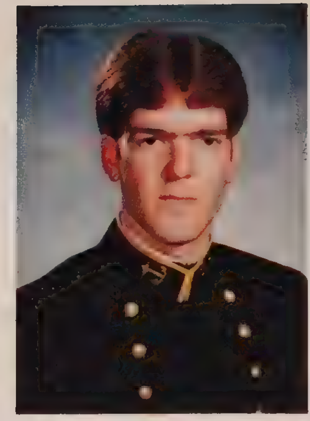
Wayner arrived at Annapolis with a chaw in his cheek and Uncle Jack Daniels in his hip pocket. Not one to waste time, this good ole boy out of the backwoods of Indiana established a reputation of being able to clear the wardroom in seconds. The man was talented. Wayne was older than most of us and the protrusion above his belt was testimony to that. The administration seriously considered separating him for violation of the regulation concerning pregnancy. There were times when we thought he was surely in labor only to find him in the rack snoring the lullaby that was his theme song. As first class year arrived Wayne experienced some new adventures. He bought the truck of his dreams and marched for the first time since Parents' Open House Weekend. Wayne kept us all smiling with his uncanny ability to remember every joke written in recorded history. We will best remember Wayne for his magic sense of humor and athletic prowess. We will sincerely miss the enjoyment he brought us all.



"TOM"

THOMAS A. WEBER
TAMPA, FL *SMA*

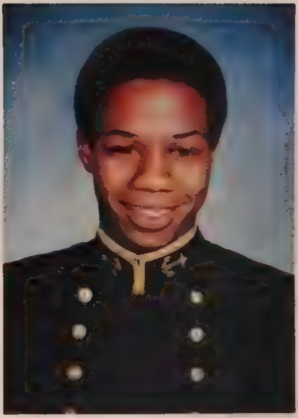
Tom made that short drive from the Eastern shore to join us plebe summer and didn't waste any time in finding his groove, somewhere between the shelves of his locker. In fact, evasion tactics were his strengths, and plebe summer he even successfully arranged a special demonstration illustrating tbe many ways of avoiding an enraged New Yorker and fixed bayonet. As the youngest in the company Tom was quite impressionable and it wasn't until his youngester year that his true colors showed through. Majoring in his rack with a minor in operations analysis Tom decided that loud music, girls, and beer were what made life worth getting up for. It wasn't until he received his second stripe that he developed an interest in our company, especially the security. Who can forget the reassuring sight of Tom partolling the halls with his numbchucks ablazing by his side? And now he's with the running club, Masqueraders, and the Glee Club to keep this young marine busy until graduation. So Tom, Good luck and Go Buc's!



"MIKE"

MICHAEL F. WILSON
MEDFORD, LAKES, NJ *SPS*

Mike came to the Academy by way of Medford Lakes, N.J. He came to play soccer and he played with reckless abandon. The Globe, captain of the team two years running, and his crew from the Jersey Shore, terrorized many an opponent. Mike, always one for nice clothes, had an account approaching the national debt at the stores of Annapolis. To go with his clothes Mike needed a nice car to traverse the countryside so the Bear got him a Corvette his senior year. Mike, never one to exert himself came in from three striper libs in time to snatch the next to the last NFO billet. We all wish Mike well and know he will be a complement to the fleet.



"SYD"

RUFUS S. ABERNETHY
ANNAPOLIS, MD *FPS*

From all corners of the globe we came to the Academy Syd walked across the street. "Homegrown brought his smile and natural swimming ability to Bancroft with one idea in mind, graduating with as few hours as possible. Majoring in Lacross with a minor in political science, Syd was never one to let academics interfere with his lacrosse. specializing in devouring crabs, drivin the "Bird", and Rufusizing, Syd managed to squeeze a lot of good times into four years of school. Fond remembrances include Byrd Stadium 1980, Park Rangers, and the hallowed halls of Stouffers. A successful and happy future inevitably lay in store. And he too, survived Jellystone Park!

ERNIE M. AMENG

SPRING VALLEY, CA *EME*

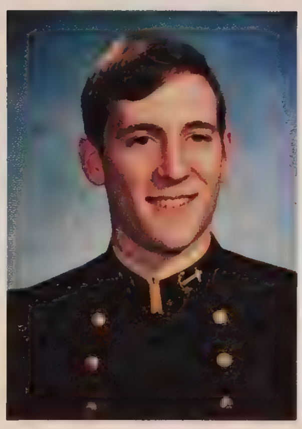
Ernie gave up the pleasures of beautiful sunny southern California in order to come and meet the challenge here at USNA. We in ninth company feel we were lucky to be blessed with Ernie and his calves otherwise who would have passed the milk? Regretfully after spending four tough years learning whatever it is ME's learn this man wishes to be admitted to the ranks of "the few, the proud . . ." We are sure the Navy looks favorably upon this decision. They no longer have to worry about burying his VW at sea. Best of luck Ernie, but before you go - pass the milk please.

"BEHLER"

MARK V. BEHL

LAKE NILS, WI *SPS*

Ever since he has been here Mark has always found ways to get into trouble, whether it be breaking an unknown reg or doing the wrong thing at the wrong time. Coming in from the fleet, Mark was about as un-academy as you could get. Behler has a solid background from the Dairy state in beer drinking, hunting, and hell-raising. A good old boy who has a great many friends in both ninth and tenth companies he is one man who is counting the days to graduation.



"MATT"

MATTHEW R. CALDWELL

AUGUSTA, GE *EME*

Matthew provided an alter-ego to those who strived for academic excellence. Even though he was a M.E., he spent every weekend in his 240-Z (The Yellowjacket) looking for the greener grass on the other side of the fence. Matt was quite an outdoorsman. In fact, if he wasn't camping out, he was heading "To The Mountains". We learned alot from Matt. Like about farms (with Elsie and Piggy) and how to talk out of the side of our mouths. Matt still does not know what he wants out of life. But beware, because once he decides, there will be no stopping him. He has 22 years of energy saved up. SHALL WE? WE SHALL! LETS!

"FRODDO"

FREDERIC P. FLIGHT

ALEXANDRIA, VA *EME*

Fredalissimo Francisco Flighto came to Navy from his home in a PO box in Haverford and from ten other towns in five states in two countries. Frodo's saving grace at Navy has been his geekdom, which first reared its ugly head as a plebe, when Fred was caught typing History notes on a Saturday night. Frodo's geekishness knew no limits as a youngster, and as a segundo, he made the academic study team two semesters in a row. Frodo was one of the infamous 3-D Mech-Ees. And now that his BSME is in the bag, does he go to Green Alerts? No, he goes to the library. But Fred's more than just a geek. He's unique. He gets fried by the librarian. He's got a golden softball arm and he kicks a mean soccer ball. He spends hours in the weight room proving that anyone can make evolution go backwards. He's got a golden wit, and Summer Frodo is the greatest guy around. With a name like Flight, do you think there is any question of service selection for Frodo? Only one question remains for him. Does anybody need a roommate at P-cola?

JILL A. FORSYTHE

LAKESIDE, MT SMA

Jill came to cloud nine after a long plebe year in the depths of 3-2. She didn't know the air was so thin but did manage to acclimate to the heavenly circumstances. She entered the world of numbers and logic when she chose to be a math major. She sits comfortably with a 3.5 cum but fate would not let her life at Canoe U. be all fun. Many Mids. could not have survived her roommates accordian playing without turning to alcohol, but Jill just turned to channel 20, 5, or 4. Yes, the wardroom was her domain. She loved old movies, simple stories and good times. We'll never forget her and we wish her well in the fleet and after.

"GUN"

DANIEL O. GALASKA

UTICA, MI EAS

Dan "Gunny" Galaska ventured out of the green fields of Michigan leaving - Mary Jean and the farm, for four years at NAVY. With NJROTC in his hip pocket and 20/20 vision, Gun set out to live up to the ideals of academic excellence, and a future in aviation.

From the start, this quiet, well mannered gentleman lacked key words such as "brew", "wasted", "woman", and having wild and crazy times. But for years of wandering throughout the caverns of RICKOVER, coupled with bad luck, poor vision, and a run in with "THE ROCKET" brought him to reality.

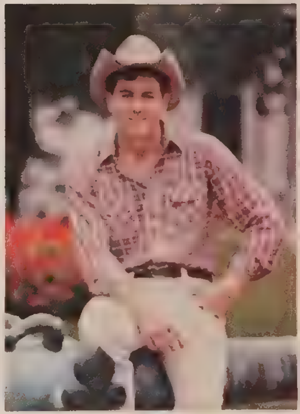
Second class year found Gun drinking beer, having a pet tarantula spider, running marathons, thinking NUKE POWER, giving up bachelorhood and throwing stars for demos.

Well, four years have passed and gone, and neither one of us the wiser. To Mary Jean, you're getting a good man. To Gun, good luck; Navy Air, or NUKE POWER, they're getting the best.

CARMEL E. GILLILAND

ALBUQUERQUE, NM HHS

Carmel was let loose on this earth in the wonderful month of January and the world has never recovered. From the very beginning, Carmel has left her mark on society. But that wasn't enough for her. So, she decided to apply to this famed institution of geeks, organized pep rallies and the rack monster. The later catching her almost every day since I-Day. She loves her rack, and her rack loves her. I guess that is why they are so hard to part in the mornings (afternoons and evenings also). Her plebe and youngster years were uneventful but as a segundo, she caught he limeliht many a tim. If it was a come-around period, she was giving some poor plebe grief. If it was study hour you could find her, in the wardroom. Luckily for her senior year wasn't as easy as it should be and has broken her of that habit. Good luck you rack hound.



"HAMMER"

JAMES W. HAMILL

TOWSON, MD SRM

If anyone ever asks you where Hammer is, just tell them he's at the library, Towson Branch of course. Jim began his Naval Career in Newport, R. I. and has been to the barbershop maybe once since then. This famous beltway traveler managed to rekindle the fire with his true love, Linda, a fine lady with whom he will tie the knot after graduation. The Jammer came to USNA with lax stick in hand but soon opted to enjoy his weekends to the fullest. After observing him for four years, I can honestly say he makes everything look reg. and still comes out looking like a rose. His secret, act like you own the place. Seriously threatened at Yogi's Place in Newport, Jim failed to qualify as a Park Ranger. And no one can forget the trash bag over the fire hydrant trick, but again he survived. Fond remembrances include Army '78 (even though we lost), the Mod Squad, and NAPS '80. Every once in a while you find a friend like Jim, but not often. Best of luck to he and Lyn and a successful Naval Career.

"HUMMER"

LYLE R. HUMPTON
CHADDS FORD, PA *SPS*

When the word gouge was invented Lyle "Dumper" Humpton was born. He came to the Academy, not in search of an education, but for the gouge. Lyle has since found the gouge. It lives 1 mile from the academy in town. Other than his fascination for the gouge, he has one for F-14's. He has already made himself a red oak ejection seat that has black walnut trim. Perhaps someday when Lyle 'Dumper' Humpton becomes Mr. President he'll give up the gouge. Until then the gouge is . . . "NO GOUGE!" Hey Snyds, I can tell that you learned a great deal from your plebe English!!!!!!!!!

"JR"

JAMES R. HUSS
BROOKSVILLE, FL *EOE*

Rowland came to Annapolis four years ago via NAPS. A native of sunny Florida, he has never quite adjusted to the Annapolis climate and still holds the record for the fastest transit south during Spring Break. He came here originally with the intention of playing football, but youngster year he found something easier and more suited to his unique talents and determination - powerlifting. Having found his niche, Rowland worked tirelessly. His efforts have been rewarded with a national ranking. All this he accomplished while compiling a grade average well above 3.0 in an engineering major. Indeed, the only factors limiting Rowland's achievements were the two great distractions in his life; fast cars and pretty women. He is a well-known coveter of both. Rowland will be a welcome addition to the fleet and his rare blend of abilities should carry him far in his Naval career.

"JJ"

JENIFER A. JOYCE
PHILADELPHIA, PA *ESP*

Jenifer arrived (as in "I have arrived") at USNA full of smiles. Her perspective Marine roommate was appalled, but Jen sobered when the 1/c turned magicly into ogres that 1st night. Organized and efficient describe all of her plebe year endeavors. She had a strange habit of dressing in the head, but what's one little quirk, right Carmel? 4/c and 3/c year she churned her way through track. Her last two years she cracked the whip as a sub-squad trainer. 3/c year, J.J. enjoyed stowing rifles with the "shaft alliance". Inter-alliance clowing followed when Jen left a smoky wardroom mess night. "The boys brought the smoke to her." Wet towels and crew toilet cleaner held them at bay until an unauthorized window entrance was made. 2/c year Jen gave Mule country a taste of Beat Army spirit and the woops taught her to march. Jen found her O.A.O. in a guy from 81-1. Best wishes. Jen gives freely and isn't afraid to be touched by others. "How do you hold a moonbeam in your hand?"

KRISS M. KENNEDY
EL PASO, TX *EGE*

They say everything grows big in Texas-Kriss Kennedy came from Texas and he's the biggest — in the Brigade. He flew to USNA for peanuts with a tennis racket in one hand and a meadow muffin in the other, (not to exclude the meadow muffins on the bottom of his pointy 10 gallon alligator hide boots). Being the sly person that he is, Kriss would never be suspect to "SPIRIT RELATED ACTIVITIES" when in fact he was the mastermind behind the entire diabolical scheme that everyone else got in trouble for. Kriss, like the others of "81" in 9, had a fascination for standing on desks in classmates rooms and catching them gandering at his person. Although at first a perspiring MECH.E., he is now an inspiring G.E., waiting to graduate and do it legally. Good luck to Kriss and Ellen in their future together.

"SLAMMY"

SAMUEL L. LARIOZA
SAN DIEGO, CA ESE

After being picked up in Philippino waters by an LST, Sam became very grateful to the Navy. Like many of the other rescued boat people, Sam was inspired to become a Naval Officer. Entering Annapolis, Sam was confronted with quite a culture shock. The plebe routine did not allow him the 12 hours of sleep that he was accustomed to. However, his ability to keep a low profile (usually in the horizontal position) helped him survive plebe year. After living in the 9th Co. ghetto for two years, Sam moved in with a Jerseyite who had similar interests (ie. lights out by 2230.) Although Sam kept his sleeping down to 8 hours at night and 2 hours during the day, he managed to keep good grades. Many wondered what was his secret. I feel it was those letters from his sister with that funny powder inside. If you ask him he'll say he derives secret powers from his disco music. Well I know Sam wants to go Nuc because sleeping is easier on a sub, which doesn't pitch or roll. But, whatever pipeline Sam follows, I know he will make a fine officer.

ERIC J. LINDENBAUM
CLARENDON HILLS, IL SRM

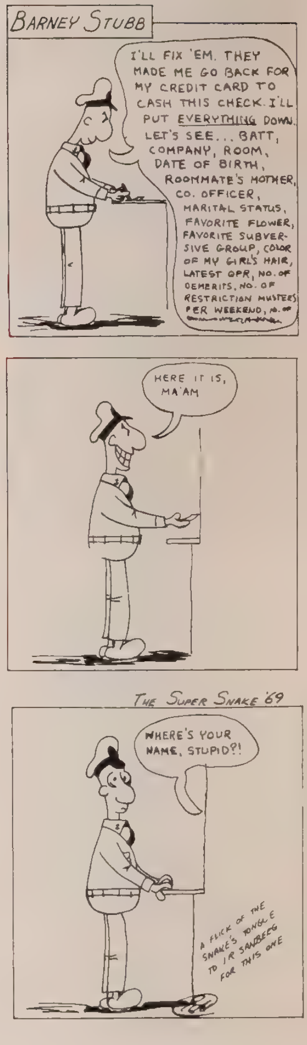
Buns, Baum-Baum, Mr. Pleasant.
Pam, Swimming, Photography.
Parents, Chow Package, Support.
Matt, Gary, Woop.
Racquetball, Soccer, Sleeping.
Weekends, Youngster, Leave.
Illinois, Georgia, Maryland.
Cubs, Bears, Navy.
81, USNA, Surface Line.
Some Gone, None Forgotten,
Until later.

"TOBI"

RICHARD R. MAYER
SOUTH ORANGE, NJ EAS

Rich arrived at USNA and from day I lived up to his well deserved nick name. After desparately searching for his room most of the afternoon, Foggy started out his first evening meal formation of his Naval career by telling his squad leader "I can't find my room sir." His loftiness was soon confirmed by wearing his roommate's white works and nametag to a Plebe-ho and asking a firstie how to get tickets to see "Mr. Pippin." Like his saying "I take a shower once a week whether I need it or not" he continued to amaze everyone. Including the Armed Forces Co-op after "misplacing" two wristwatches and two camera sets.

Rich was born to be an aviator. He was always more than willing to have an unbias discussion on the advantages and undisadvantages of Navy Air. But alas, the banana appeared. First in the form of a doctor saying "You used to be 20/20", then as a nice letter saying "You WILL love Nuke Power." So Rich, whether you're getting a cat-shot off a carrier or pulling mega—G's on a sub, smile you're in the Navy.


BARNEY STUBB
I'LL FIX 'EM. THEY MADE ME GO BACK FOR MY CREDIT CARD TO CASH THIS CHECK. I'LL PUT EVERYTHING DOWN. LET'S SEE... BATT, COMPANY, ROOM, DATE OF BIRTH, ROOMMATE'S MOTHER, CO. OFFICER, MARITAL STATUS, FAVORITE FLOWER, FAVORITE SUBVERSIVE GROUP, COLOR OF MY GIRL'S HAIR, LATEST OPR, NO. OF DEMERITS, NO. OF RESTRICTION MUSTERS PER WEEKEND, NO. OF
HERE IT IS, MA'AM
THE SUPER SNAKE '69
WHERE'S YOUR NAME, STUPID?!
A FLICK OF THE SNAKE'S TONGUE TO J R SANBERG FOR THIS ONE

"McGARV"

DANIEL S. McGARVEY
OAKLAND, CA FPS

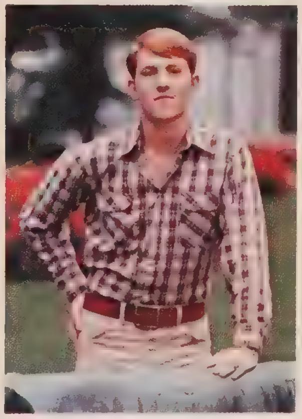
From the first glance you could tell this one was another defective unit from California, Alameda to be specific. What can be said about a guy who walks in with red hair, roller skates, surf board, and a picture of mom on his chest (not his own)? Yes, he took his turn at Disco Dog-farm but it only made him worse. Everyone thought he always went to the library to study while he actually went over the wall to see his "teen groupies". You can always tell when good old McGROOVE is on the prowl by the sound of his "geeeeheh". What girl can resist a mating call like that? Always maxing out, he finally went out for 150's after 2 years of crew. He quickly turned into a true killer (although he's still up the creek and CAN'T paddle).
FAVORITE HOBBY: Rack Surfing (lateral)
FAVORITE GROUP: 6 Girls - 1 Guy
FAVORITE SAYINGS: Ooooh Jenny Uuuuh Ooooh
TURN ONS: WUBA's, napalm, fish smell-chigum taste (GOOD LUCK).

ROBERT C. MURTHA
ORRVILLE, OH EOE

Bob, one of Woody's boys, is a longsnapper for Big Blue. Bobby has quite an accomplishment in not only having played ball for four years but graduating as an ocean engineer as well. One of his best attributes is his even temperment and level-headedness, especially in the morning, and even better yet after a hard night. In his four years here Bob has always managed to stay in the limelight; whether it be harrassing the upperclass (as a plebe), glaring at his room-mates (in Pensacola) or terrorizing young kids at a local college. All in all he has made the years very enjoyable for those around him (his roommates especially).

MICHAEL A. PARKE
TOLEDO, OH EEE

Mike was born in Toledo, Ohio on July 9, 1959. There he enjoyed life until he was condemned on July 6, 1977 to four years at Bohica Banana Tech. He decided "rates" didn't give enough pain so . . . he joined the E.E. dept., where he has been reversed biased ever since. While here he has played many different company sports, been a member of Juice Gang and IEEE. His ability to keep out of trouble failed him senior year where he met the love of his life, twice. Both times he paid dearly afterwards. But as all stories end on a happy note, he received his FINAL Bohica early in the year, the infamous letter from Rickover. He plans on framing it and placing it next to his picture of the Ayatollah, to help improve his dart game . . . GOOD LUCK!!!



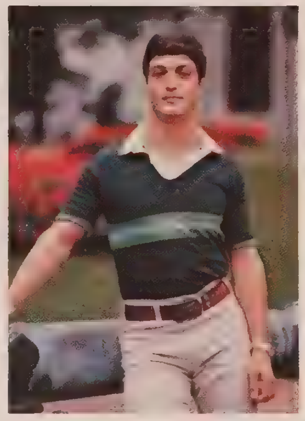
JOHN M. PUTTRE
KINGS PARK, NY EME

On a fine March day in 1959, John Michael Puttre was brought forth into the fabled land of Kings Parke, New York. He went into the world to enjoy 18 years of an excitingly uneventful life, until that fateful day in 1977 that he entered the exciting life in Hotel Bancroft. In his first year here, John was soon voted the person most likely to forget he was a plebe. Unfortunately, the firsties always remembered. John has worked very hard for over 3 years in hopes of joining the Rickover Clan. He has found that that is the best way to avoid being drafted into the nuke line. While here, John has shown an interest in small gray tubs, glee club, choir, and other musical activities. He has discovered the fateful Green Doom and things in blue packages . . . John has acquired an extreme dislike of doors in his time here.

"RUSSFONZO"

RUSSELL W. SCOTT
TOCCOA, GE *EME*

The Halls of Rickover may never be the same. Plebe summer didn't treat Russ very well and he was often caught muttering, "When will academic year get here?" Russ didn't have long to wait and The Grad Imperial Annointed Poobah got the first of his many 4.0's. Russ' accademic prowess knew no bounds and the "Pulsating Brain" would watch TV and study two or more academic subjects simultaneously while being the first Mechanical Engineer to finish his homework in the Battalion. Russ' room was always "Gouge Central." Upon Russ' departure from USNA he became a permanent member of the Dean's List, National Honor Society (called Phe-Phi-Foe-Fum or something), Engineering Honors and a few no one ever heard of. Aside from Russ' academic talents, he plays a fair trumpet, a fair game of soccer, and has the ability to continuously drink all kinds of alcoholic beverages in phenomenal proportions. Russ' service selection will be either Hyman Rickover's ever popular Nuc. Power or possibly NFO if Russ comes to his senses.



"SNYDS"

CHRISTOPHER J. SNYDER
LINTHICUM, MD *SPS*

The Snyds came to the Academy from N.A.P.S. via a wrestling scholarship in terrible shape: a pin in one leg, a bent spline, and a witt that wouldn't quit. We thought his stay here was going to be a short one until much to our suprise he was allowed to take STEAM over for the third time thus giving him the name "Dr. Thermo." Academics were not his biggest hurdle however, Snydie Poops' biggest problem was overcoming his deep desire to put a weight machine on the bottom of the pool, (being that he sunk like a rock he figured that he might as well lift on the bottom of the pool). Only he could jump off the tower hit the bottom feet first and hurt his neck. As for humor Chris wrote the book. There never was and will never will be a dull moment as long as the "man with a face painted on his neck" is still around. "But wait a minute I don't understand, I'm confused, I know, I'll stay in this weekend and study my weight-lifting books."

"SPANGS"

DAVID J. SPANGLER
GREENFIELD, IN *SPH*

Coming from the cow pastures of Greenfield, Indiana (don't worry if you've never hear of it), Spangs was the object of much good natured abuse due t hi small-town naivete. Being a fast learner, however, he soon discovered that he had outgrown the "cooties", and was often seen youngster year leading a cadre of teenage beauties, all of whom had caught his "disco fever" in Dalghren: Athletically, Dave has easily held his own from the first day. After a year of varsity crew, he decided to stop breaking riggers and start breaking bodies (including his own via Airborne and B.U.D.S.). He humbled many boxing opponents, then joined the karate club where he has risen to president and one of the senior belts. If he could only learn how to drink! Being a physics major, Dave spends much time contemplating the various aspects of relativity (a feat he claims is best accomplished with eyelids closed. Dave hopes to be a jet pilot, and he will undoubtably be a great one GOOD LUCK SPANGS!!!

"MR. MATURE"

GARY W. STASCO
ORANGE PARK, FL *HHS*

Gary came to USNA from Jacksonville, Fa. and immediately set out to impress everyone with his maturity. Never one to be outdone when telling a story he left us with only one question to be asked, "Is this the novel or the edited version, Gary?" He is seriously considering going nuc subs and eventhough Adm. Rickover needs good men, one point should be considered; What will be the psychological dangers involved with locking him up underwater with only a handful of people to talk (lecture) to? EPA should rule on this! It is also rumored that Gary is allergic to barbers - especially the one of 5-4! Best wishes to one of the best(?)

MICHAEL J. VANBROCKLIN
ST. JOSEPH, MI SCH

When Son of Norm traded in the frozen shores of Lake Michigan for those of the slightly warmer Severn, little did he suspect that life here would sometimes be as rugged. But never forgetting those lessons of life learned out on the boat, Mike's mom and apple pie (image) managed to endure four years of the abuse afforded all dwellers of 5-4. What do you expect from a guy whose only evil is an obsession with hooking Nookie? In fact, he was always so trustworthy that he never lost anything - even when he tried. These endearing qualities eventually put Vansmellin . . . in the unenviable position of commanding Nebulous Nine, and even after a semester of shaft wars, Nessie calls, D.C. streets, and tard jokes, Mike's Integrity was still worthy of the fine lasses he wooed with his flashy sports car. But this is just one more (long?) story on the way to his first rig for dive so with many outrageous ones to come, we wish him good luck and smooth sailing

"LI"

LISA B. VOSBURY
PROSPECT, TN EEE

Well, Lisa finally made it to graduation and not by an easy route. She came to USNA by way of a "real" college and a year as a WM. Lisa was determined to make the four years as hard as possible, so majored in EE and joined the gymnastics team. But her confident nature never let upperclass, coaches, profs, and sometimes even regs bother her. It is having memories of slime, 2/c doors, airborne mice and 3/c, a l/c woman's hair length, and shower water on the floor that will never let Lisa forget she was here. Lisa did have one hangup: running. She's probably the only mid that thinks running a mile is more painful than continuously falling off of a balance beam. Lisa was good at taking advice, like, "Why don't you put on a tie?" But even better she often gave advice without hesitation, and that's what got her in trouble! But with all the struggles with academics, the PE department, and a certain marine, Li always had a smile and an ear for everyone. The Corps is certainly in for a special treat.

MARK K. WASHINGTON
BOWIE, MD SPC

Mark met an inspiration the month before he came to the Naval Academy. Every chance he had he tried to get out for some inspiration. He was known to leap tall fences in a single bound and he could out run a lazy capture. He has now invested in his plebe year find, TEPA. Although she was not keeping him out on a ledge, she sure has tamed her Boom-boom. Soon up, up and away will be Marky's themem song as he dances about the clouds. His 20/20 concern is no longer for MAD DOG and those wonderful mornings we don't remember. Mark has contributed a lot to us here at Navy. His friendship is one of the top accomplishments many of us leave here with.

RICHARD M. WELCH
CHURCHVILLE, PA SRM

Rick spends a lot of time studying, after playing backgammon, after watching t.v., after making his rounds to Syd's and after a battle of wits with Kriss. Yes we all know that management is a highly technical major, or so he says as he interrupts other technical majors such as Ocean engineers. He is always "treated" right during the day, when he relaxes he really relaxes. He loves to bellow out at the moon on certain nights. He also enjoys testing the sturdiness of automobiles. His most relaxing evening was when he paid his respects around Lockhaven. Around Navy he is known as a fine football player, and has a great number of friends.

TENTH COMPANY

"ROB"

ROBERT W. WINSOR
WILMINGTON, DE *SPS*

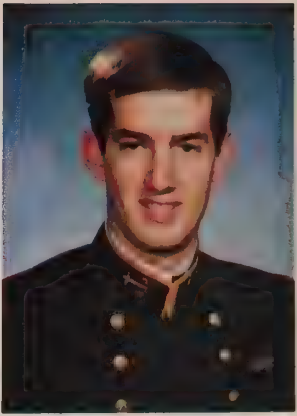
Rob started his life in of all places, Patterson NJ (Yuk!), but he hails Wilmington DE as his home. Originally he attempted to go to the U.S. Coast Guard Academy, but insanity struck and he found himself wearing a Dixie Cup and running around wondering what hit him. (Didn't we all?) But Rob has done well as a mid. He was often able to avoid trouble and even ran into quite a few good deals, from having a great room-mate, (I wonder who wrote this?) to flying for free with VTNA. And believe it or not, he even met a nice looking girl at Dahlgren (a local) whom he intends to marry. He has even done well in self-improvement, he no longer drinks a six-pack of Coke a day! But he is not against drinking the contents of any other type of six-pack. Well four years here hasn't messed up his mind (much). Good Luck! (both to you and Angie)

JOSEPH C. ADAN
SANTA CLARA, CA *SOC*

Joe transversed the entire continent on his way from sun, surf, and sand in Santa Clara, California to join his brother here in Mother "B". Upon arrival Joe quickly proved his physical prowess by jumping out of perfectly good planes and paddling boats without motors. For these valiant endeavors, he received many rewards, such as guilded tokens from the uncollege, and other favors from the opposite sex. But Joe's interests go beyond the physical and transcends into the subatomic realm. He has dedicated many long hours of study to pass the initiation into this unique cult. In fact, so earnest is his dedication that he frequently suffers from dehydration, which has led to his theme song, GIMME BACK MY BULLETS. Honestly though, Joe is an upright individual who cares about his job here at the Naval Academy. He is a very warm person and shows concern for all his friends and acquaintances. Upon graduation, these traits will contribute to his success wherever he goes. We all wish him fair winds and following seas.

PHILIP A. AUSTEN
PORT JEFFERSON, NY *SPS*

Phil showed up in July from Port Jeff, Long Island with a suitcase full of preppie clothes and a photo album of pictures of himself. He had high goals of becoming a NARC and expert hearts players. He became a PHI-SCI major and didn't always have to run for sodas thanks to Gary. Phil also came to USNA to play baseball. He played behind some of the best ball players in the country. It's too bad his best days occured when no one was around to witness them. He had one fan who never gave up on him though. Right Mrs. Austen? A couple of beers will do strange things to Phil and this has led to many adventures, such as practicing his batting style on walls or necking with Colleen. Luckily Rav has always brought him back sick but safe. Phil is easy going and generous to a fault. It's good you're in the navy. They'd walk all over you in the business world. Stay in touch in the future. Thanks John.



"BAKES"

STEPHEN C. BAKER
DECATUR, AL *FEC*

Bakes came to us from the four corners of the world but finally chose 'Bama as his home. I guess 'Bama didn't claim him because it spit him right back out to land on the shores of Crabtown. A Plebe Year runner, Craig's running talent seemed to go from his legs to his mouth. Always famous for stories, let Craig tell you the one about when he went to Mt. Hillary. Craig was a spectator at girl watching until he got into the arena himself. With scattered success, it would be safe to say he got a DEE in woman chasing. As a drinker, Craig knows that you can only rent beer and he returns it in the most amazing places. Speaking of going places, Craig is going to jail if he doesn't take it easy on his friends, one broken shoulder and a chin split open. All in fun though, right Bakes? Seriously, Craig has many friends, all of them close. He is honest and a gentleman in the truest sense - one of the finest the Academy has to offer. Craig will prove himself an asset to the Marine Corps. Semper Chingerus, Craig!

"BARLOW BOY"

GLEN B. BARLOW
MOBILE, AL *FEC*

When Brooks came to Annapolis we could that he was just a normal person from Mobile, Alabama. The toughest part of plebe year for Glen was abstaining from beer, but youngster year came and he hasn't been thirsty since (he's been nursing the same brew for four years). Glen has an excellent talent for creating favorable impressions. He satisfies his profs with his grasp on their subjects, as evidenced by his high grades. Glen's hard work paid off second class year when he was made company commander. He didn't make us color company, but he sure tried hard. Glen has some interesting hobbies, like playing policeman on his Pinto's P.A., gatoring in unusual places, and studying African customs in the privacy of his room. Truthfully though, Brooks is one of the most well-liked persons in the company, and he has proved that southern hospitality really exists. We all wish him the best in the path that he takes.

"BILL"

WILLIAM H. BENSINGER
TAMAQUA, PA *EAS*

*Bill is the second member of Tenth Company from Tamaqua, Pa. to graduate from USNA. He spent most of his time studying, rooting for the Orioles and entertaining his mother and her guests. His hard work and diligent efforts in pursuing academic excellence were rewarded with an Admiral Rickover "I Want You" citation. As a member of the "M*A*S*H'ers", he performed in an outstanding manner by insuring that the team was in the majority for both the seven-thirty and the eleven showings; going against such odds as Monday Night Football and PM Magazine. EE proved to be his favorite subject as he was the inventor of quadraphonic chow calls. He will probably be best remembered for his incessant search for sleep. Continously scarred with rack burns, he believed that there was always time for a ten minute nap. Seriously, his ability to work hard and complete complex tasks (such as Aero Labs) will enable him to go far in whatever he wishes to do. We all wish him good luck and smooth sailing.*

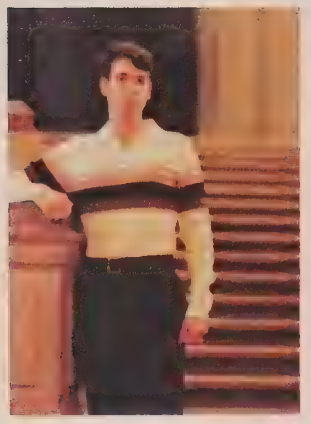
ROBIN A. BUTLER
CINNAMINSON, NJ *FPS*

"WhereinthehellisCinnaminson, N.J.?" If you don't know, ask "The Robin" because to her that's home. She graduated from Moorestown Friends School in a class of 33 students. She then reported to U.S.N.A. and became a member of the 8th Company. Due to a Battalion shuffle, she joined the 10th Company in her youngster year. For the second semester of her second class year, she voluntarily took up residence with "The Brigade Vagabond" and has been stuck with the situation ever since. "The Robin" is known for being seized by fits of absolutely uncontrollable laughter and at other times by moments of absolute silence. Give her any task, and she can handle it. She's a real lady with all the class and spunk God could give to any one person, and still have a clear conscience.

"RANDI"

RANDALL W. DECK
MORAGA, CA *ENA*

Randy, a native Califorian, started his military career at NAPS. While at NAPS Randy learned all the important aspects of military life which helped him get through plebe year. Randy's major at the academy was wardroom engineering. During the afternoons he would be diligently at work studying the inside of his eyelids. In his spare time he would occasionally flip through a naval architecture book. During second class year Randy and his company officer hit it off really well - so well in fact that the company officer recommended that Randy see the Battalion officer, Deputy Commandant, and Commandant., to be considered for stripes his senior year. Randy did so well at these meetings that he was almost allowed to leave the academy a year before his classmates and serve only two years as a third class petty officer instead of five years as an ensign. Despite his glorious career in the Navy, Randy has maintained his quiet and modest personality. The fleet should be eager to accept an officer such as Randy.

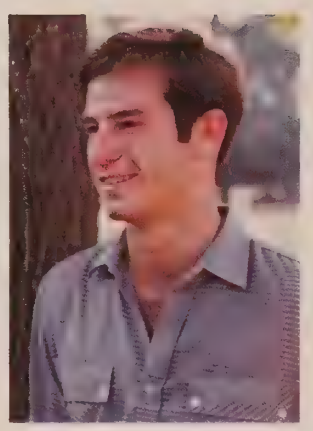


CONRAD S. DOAK
RICHMOND, KY *SPS*

Conrad came to USNA from Kentucky, looking for a chance to be more professional than at home and to carry the War Between the States to the Northern enemy. Rad, as he was affectionately known, was soon disillusioned, for living at home was much more rigorous than Academy life. Not one to be daunted by such trivialities, Rad did his best to be more professional by brushing off for hours before formations. One might wonder when Rad had a chance to read his inordinate amount of personal mail, but a closer look once revealed that his parents write separately, and that most of the envelopes were empty anyway. Looking for an academic challenge, Rad began as a Physical Science major, but his true colors showed later, when, through intense study and harsh Doakian ritual, he finally qualified for the Nuke draft. Conrad's industrious nature allowed him to save more money than he earned, and Rad was the first plebe to ever graduate from USNA. Conrad will always be a great friend and an asset to the Surface community.

JOEL F. DORGAN
MARTIN, MI *SOC*

Joel arrived at USNA from a small town in Michigan with a population not much larger than his age. The well known Kalamazoo College was glad to get rid of him after one year. Funny thing though, Joel was not able to validate much. It seems the Naval Academy didnot have any classes in chewing tobacco, country music or fishing! Aspirations of participating on the power lifting team quickly vanished when he was turned down for a "before" picture in a Charles Atlas advertisement. His energy then shifted to academics where he has acheived his goal - a letter from the Nuc Power Community! The Academic grind took up so much of his time that he had none for girls. Wait, he did manage to attain a date for the Ring Dance with a female, but not without the help of his mother! Most people speak to the great Ralph of the bathroom, but Joel managed to find a shortcut through his spitoon. A picture is worth a 1000 words though. Lew, I mean Joel, has spent an hour a week in church but really practices another religion, right Behler?



"BILBO"

WILLIAM T. EVANS
CLEARWATER, FL *SRM*

Navy snared Bilbo from the Gulf Coast of Florida, the Beatles and Blowers promptly snared him from his rack. But before Bill could get his eyes all the way open, (a feat which has eluded him to this day) a strategically placed stereo and a still warm rack lured him back. And so passed four years. But during his hours of semi-consciousness Bill could be found being shadowed by his personal physician, Dr. Jack Daniels, involved in such stunts as taking pictures of feet and viewing Coleman stoves in hair-singeing Sensurround. When it comes to the fairer sex, Bilbo prefers the Vulcan approach. The way he sees it, romance is illogical - why not just get right down to the point? Why not, Bill? Well anyway, we'll always remember Bilbo for those "chomped hoagies down at the switchyard." Big-Hearted Bill will be remembered by his friends for his handy Visa Card and his quick wit. Assuming he evades the draft, the boys of Good Times Ten wish him the best of luck a P'cola. Take her UP, Mr. Evans!

JAMES B. FLEMING
SO. DARTMOUTH, MA *SMA*

Jim came to USNA via Dartmouth, Mass., N.C. State, a year in the fleet and NAPS. He figured that when he got to USNA he would settle down and start a family. He made great strides in this area with Melinda out at Barry's grandmother's house. Youngster cruise found Jim on the LOVE BOATS. When he returned, he had learned other phrases besides "back at NAPS, me and Behl . . .". Things like "And we drank SO MUCH!", or "everbody was getting sick but me!". With youngster year, Jim settled on a career as a math major, and relaxed into a calm year of 'gammon and Friday night card games. After a fun-filled summer as a Protramid Platoon leader, high-lighted by stories about Dam Neck, Jim returned to USNA and Advanced Calc. Jim spent many happy hours expanding both his mind and his vocabulary of four letter words at the expense of this course. After second class year, Jim thought that he could coast home. Not so, said the Conduct Officer about his summer exploits. Jim is O.K., though, and he DID survive Jellystone Park!

JOHN R. GILES

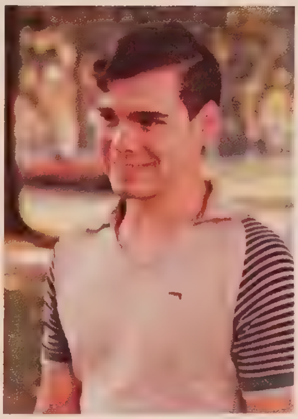
BAKERSFIELD, CA *SRM*

J.W. came to us from the Golden State of California whose state song should be "California Dreamin'"; that is how he spent his four years here — constantly checking his cash flow and how to finance the next ski trip to the Sierras. Somewhere between trips from the Boat School to the West Coast, John managed to spend a while in Sicily, but he now claims Connecticut as home. Let there be no question, though, settling this young man down has been no easy task. To keep this short, names won't be listed, but then names aren't important anyway, right John? In the true spirit of a sailor John managed to find a girl in every port — how 'bout that Eskimo Pie? Aside from girls, skiing and racking, he started plebe year as a swimmer but during youngster year Wadd didn't find swimming too swell! John has been a source of friendship, a plethora of good advice, and has gone out of his way to provide his friends with the finest of women and the best of parties. He FINALLY attained his dream: Navy Air and a loving roommate at P'cola.

EARL K. HAMPTON

UNION CITY, CA *FPS*

Earl "Pogi" Hampton came to the Academy with two things in mind. One, to become a stud jet fighter pilot and two, to obtain the reputation of being the longest haired mid at U.S.N.A. As for his second aspiration, well most of us can say that he was undoubtedly one of the top runners for that distinct honor. When Hamps wasn't studying his Chinese, he was usually in the ring, throwing those lightening quick jabs, and always striving to win "the big one". And if you couldn't find him in the ring, well it was a sure bet that he was cruising along somewhere in his chocolate ZX. The Academy is sure going to miss Hamps but as far as Hamps is concerned, the feeling isn't mutual. Mabuting Kapalaran pare, from "the boys".



STEVEN G. HAUPT

HUNTINGTON WDS., MI *SCH*

Steve migrated from his humble beginnings in the frozen wastelands of suburban Michigan to the seaside city on the sunny Severn. He knew little upon arrival and proceeded to prove that during his eight semesters at USNA. Steve has pursued a very active social life here at USNA, consisting primarily of our women in blue. However, his "busy" schedule has not prevented him from going out with the boys. One one such outing, Steve showed exceptional courage under fire by retiring to the gutters when his friends "Black Janiels" and Ralph united in a coalition against him. Besides Steve's unique preferences in chemicals, he has acquired rare culinary cravings, his most favorite being Chicken Curry. In fact these vices have led to Steve's physical decay, as his friend Heinz Lenz, will atest to.

Seriously, Steve is such a quiet and decent person that no one knows him. However, Steve has been a valuable member of our company. Wherever Steve goes upon graduation, we wish him well.

"HARRY"

ROBERT C. JARAMILLO

ADELINO, NM *SPS*

Robert brought two important things with him to the Naval Academy, Skoal and the great American redneck spirit. The Chingerbug was cabron! He was vital to the balance of power within the company. Quick to remind anyone of his or - in most cases - her deficiencies/(especially if others were around to hear), the chingerer stayed on the offensive. If any of us ever found ourselves in need, we would go to the Chingerbug, and he would generously provide us with names by which to call one another. We nearly lost poor Cabron twice. The first time was when, in his younger year, he became so obsessed with the idea of being a fighter pilot that he reasoned it would be best to quit and become a petroleum engineer. We almost lost him again when Phildo shot him with a blowgun, but Medical quickly revived him with a FORM-2. When Robert became a squad leader, he didn't have any girls in his squad; he felt bad, but now he doesn't! Robert really gets into "WUBA" with true Redneck spirit. P-cola Next

MICHAEL KENNEDY

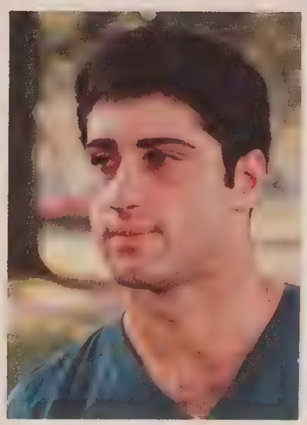
PEMBROKE LAKES, FL *SPS*

Mike dropped in from Pembroke Lakes, Florida and soon found that the only meaning of life was falling. Indeed, Mike has stumbled frequently in his Naval Academy career not to mention his skydiving. Although Mike has spent most of his time in the clouds, raving constantly about "blue skies, black death", and "takin' it to the streets", he has impressed us with his ability to remain a double geek. His fickle attitude toward service selection has varied extensively from nuclear negat to ground pounding grunt. We agree his latter choice will match his bulldog features. However he will have to work diligently on his libatous skills 'cause one cap won't cut it. Honestly though, Mike is an outgoing guy who will always do his best to help his classmates. We wish him the best in the future.

COLLEEN M. McFADDEN

SPRINGFIELD, PA *HEG*

Colleen came to NAVY from a small town in Pennsylvania called Philadelphia . . . well, close enough anyway. While at Navy for four years she was always one of the Fighting Irish from Notre Dame at heart. Colleen never let academics stand in the way of her education. She didn't blow off academics - she just let them all pile up and then read War and Peace or The Grapes of Wrath the night before the test. English majors! It could also be said that Colleen had many fans, but it would be better to say she kept the florist employed. And sent his kids to school. Colleen showed us all that a woman could be a woman and still be a naval officer and we will always remember her for that. We wish her fair winds and following seas in the Fleet.



"MACADOO"

MICHAEL McLAUGHLIN

DEERPARK, NY *SOC*

Mac came down to enter the pearly gates of the Naval Academy from Deer Park, Long Island, with only one goal - to play LAX. Mac enjoyed Plebe Summer especially during one uniform race when he wore his jock over his gym shorts and thought no one would notice. On the lacrosse field, Mac practiced the strategy of clearing the field of players permanently that he preferred not to play with. Mac studied under the greatest stunt drivers and even made a name for himself by driving down Main Street the wrong way without even noticing. His "Silver Streak" survived many tortureous years until First Class summer when his love mobile became the van that couldn't. The only fault with Mac is his excess of chest hairs and so he diligently occupies his spare time removing them one by one. Mac will make a great pilot and a fine addition to any squadron. I hope to see you again and join you at P-cola.

BRUCE D. MIKESELL

DENVER, CO *SPH*

Bruce, the mountain man or an advertisement for L.L. Bean we are not really sure which, came to U.S.N.A. from the mountains of Colorado with his "once" used rope over his shoulder and "millions" of books under his arms. Bruce affectionately known as "Mikey", soon found new ways to inflict pain upon his body, marathons. Mikey, the man of many gadgets, has anything you could ever want from a watch that plays the Star Spangle Banner to homemade bottle insulators. Whenever there is an ethnic meal Mikey can be seen at the table armed with his chop sticks. Mikey stormed the academy with his Professional attitude that was far from lackadaisical. His mountain man tendencies led him to try to scale the wall in Mahan Hall using a decorator streamer during a play. This act led to his physical removal from the play and a visit with his favorite father.

On the serious side Bruce has been a true friend and we wish him the best of luck on becoming a doctor.

"SNAB MASTER"

LAURENCE M. MAYERS

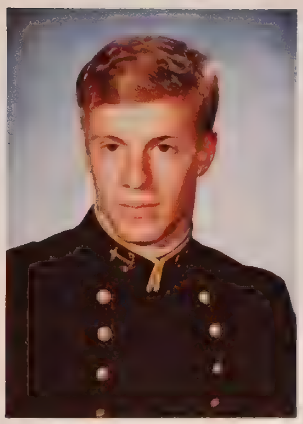
BETHEL, CT *EAS*

Larry "Snabman" Myers came to us from Connecticut as a very well mannered and reserved person (bee-hee). Aside from the boatload of demerits Larry got plebe year, Larry's first year was uneventful. During this time he developed a strong relationship with his roommate. During his second year at Canoe U Larry developed his style of speech, right Behl right. At this time Larry began to excel at grades, increasing his potential for NUC POWER (take her down Ensign Myers). Many nights you could walk by Larry's room and hear him discussing a difficult problem, sweetness double sixes, yikes pups. During his third year Larry met the true love of his life. Every time she called on the phone, Larry made sure she got the message. Also, during this year Larry did his Evil Kenevil impersonation for everybody. Larry was on the battalion cross country team that won the brigades and he holds the midshipman record for the JFK 50-miler. Larry is one person who will do well in whatever he chooses to do.

CHARLIE E. ODOM

PASADENA, TX *EAS*

Chuck (Stud) Odom swaggered into Navy U. from Houston, Texas, after learning to read and write at NAPS. Chuck immediately impressed us with his booming baritone voice and his incredible physique. This studliness has been accrued from his daily Fencing efforts. Since Chuck arrived at USNA his OAO has remained a hometown girl. Depending upon the time of year, month, weather and the stock market, his OAO has gone from "one and only" to "off and on" and back again. Pooh's High School career as a mega-striper was short lived at Navy; however, his prolific perspiration has continued to this day. Seriously, we have valued Chuck's friendship and we know his dedication will make him a winner in whatever he does.



CHRIS F. PIERSON

MOUNT VERNON, WA *EME*

Chris came to USNA direct from his Mt. Vernon farm. We all started to wonder about Chris after he pulled a 4.0 plebe year. I mean this guy was so efficient his letters began "Dear M&D!" And rather than go out on Saturday Chris would always be found studying. And who will ever forget Chris's report to the C.O. stating that our firsties weren't professional enough. That started a real PURGE! But Chris really began to change and seem not so naive. We think the big change came after he found his roommate Brad urinating in the corner of their room after Army. Second class year found Chris chasing the women so much that we began calling him Sid Vicious. Sid proved he had good taste but no sense when he spent $500 to have a beautiful girl here for the Ring Dance. We all thought he had it made until she told him about the BOY back home. Well our 4 years are through and Sid turned out to be a really great guy. Who else could become C.C. and keep everyone of his friends? FAIR WINDS AND FOLLOWING SEAS, Chris! It's been GREAT!!!

"SMITTY"

LEE O. SMITH

HONOLULU, HI *ESE*

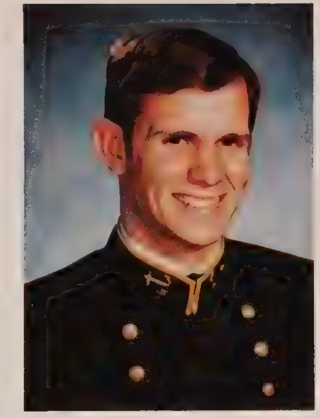
Confident, humble and smooth-talking Smitty strided energetically into the Naval Academy from Brussels, Belgium. This cosmopolitan casanova quickly amazed us all with his worldly knowledge. Lee demonstrated his dynamic prowess by leading his classmates in athletics, marching and passing food. During comearounds, "Grandpa" could stand anything and was never known to sit idly by.

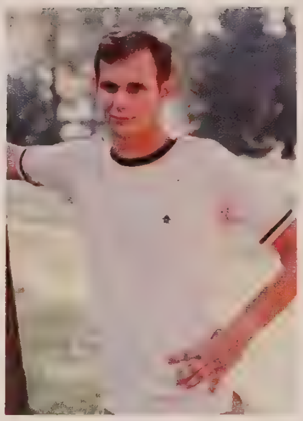
After plebe summer, Smitty donned his black rimmed glasses and began his never ending quest towards academic perfection. So intense was his thirst for knowledge (caused by his endless sweating) that he was always reaching for the stars and frequently losing his head in the clouds. However, his interests encompass more than just academic pursuits. By his own admission, he is a great connesseur of beer. Sometimes when he drinks, Lee becomes too talkative like the time he was running off at the mouth in Joel's girlfriend's car. Honestly, Lee has been a fine friend and we all wish him well in the future.

"JEDI JOE"

JOSEPH A. SUGGS
EL CAJON, CA *SPS*

Joe spent three years after high school in El Cajon, California working and going to school. This was long enough for him to realize that he didn't want to do either, so he came to Navy. Plebe year was no problem at all for him, due to his buddies OB and Joe, and kind, understanding, colorful Al Cantello (Joe had some colorful things to say about Al, too.) Youngster year found him receiving E.I. from his favorite prof, Captain B. However, since Joe is now marrying the good Captain's daughter, they fortunately decided to bury the hatchet. First class year found Joe occasionally studying (at least not three hours a week), and looking forward to the time he can no longer say, "I . . . hate it here!" Best of luck to Joe and Wendy in the Marine Corps.

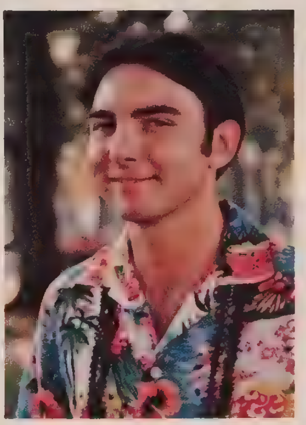




MICHAEL D. THOMAS
WOODSTOCK, VA *SCH*

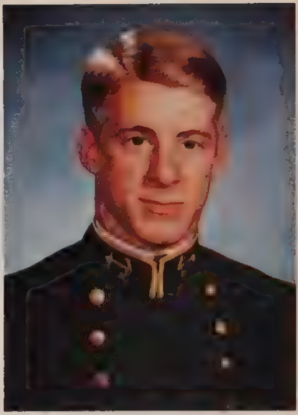
Mike came to Annapolis from the rolling hills of the Shenandoah Valley fleeing from the "woman" (and her father's white shotgun). We quickly saw that beneath his country-boy image with floppy ears and foolish grin, lay an untamed animal just waiting to get loose. It became clear that Uncle Jack held the key to his cage. Moderation was never his watchword when visiting this uncle. Upon one such occasion, Mike was imMOBILEized while recalling the South's great heritage of Virginia's Confederate Basketball Generals. Indeed, he has never conceded his state's defeat. Besides these interesting social pursuits, Mike suffers from a plethora of unusual study habits. When confronted with a difficult task, he postpones his endeavors until he has been fired up with countless hours of darts and gammon.

We all like Mike alot, but we like his sisters more. Honestly, he has been a good friend and his gracious hospitality has made his house a second home for us all. We wish him well in the future.



WILLIAM R. VICTOR
NORTHRIDGE, CA *HHS*

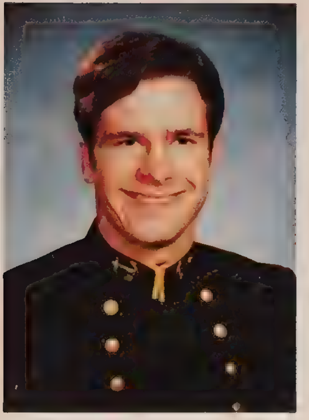
Doc V floated in from L.A. as pure as the driven snow, providing a monumental challenge for his classmates. As "V" forgot his childhood, he discovered many other facts of life, including the opposite sex, liquid libations, and life in the fast lane. His adventures range from the capped peaks of Mt. St. Helens to the deep, dank, and dark Canyons of Tiajauna. From these unforgetable quests, he has earned favors of companymates like sisters (age makes no difference) and fleeting Philadelphia frolics. However, Doc's interests encompass more than just "GOTTA HAVE A WOMAN" pursuits. Health and safety are two of his strong points. Many green botanical specimens and other wayward pets have thrived in Doc's room and his Evil Knevell stickshift style has revolutionized parking. Furthermore, his wardrobe has brought new meaning to the word COLORFUL. Aside from these talents, Bill has enchanted many with his tenor voice. We'll always remember him as a dedicated person who'd do anything for a friend and we wish him well in the future.



KENNETH R. WAIDELICH
NO. BRUNSWICK, NJ *SCH*

Wades came to us from the Garbage State of New Jersey whose state song is appropriately, "Born To Run". And run Ken has: run after women, run after footballs, run for beer, and run out roommates. Now we can't forget who (or more aptly, what) Ken ran after during second class summer, but we'll let bygones be bygones. You would swear Ken was groomed for stripes after being Plebe Year Company Commander but the only thing about him that has been groomed for the last four years is his Ronald Reagan style hair. Although Ken worked hard toward his degree as a chemistry major, where he truly proved his brilliance was in keeping his QPR just below Hymie's cutoff. You can always count on Ken to have a smile on his face and an optimistic outlook on life - nice to be out of Jersey, eh Wades? Seriously, Ken has always been a loyal friend and someone to count on in any situation. With a true concern for all of his many friends, Ken will always be a success wherever he goes. First stop being Navy Air at Pensacola. Alles Gute Wades!

ELEVENTH COMPANY



"NEIL YOUNG"

WILLIAM M. WENDEL

MINNEAPOLIS, MN ENA

Bill came to Annapolis guitar in hand intending to go St. Johns, unfortunately Bill entered the wrong gate and found himself with a haircut, marching around and drinking milk with no CO CO.

Well Bill decided to stay and become a Narch. Bill will probably be the only Narch to graduate USNA without studying. STUDYING ONLY CONFUSED BILL and there were many more important things to do besides studying. Playing guitar, writing poetry, and his psuedo girlfriends occupied most of Bill's time. I think Bill has slept about 5 hours in the past 4 years and studied his Navy and Narch courses an equal number of hours.

Fred Sanford, I mean Bill, informally became the company supply officer "Need a set of dividers Wades?" Well what more can I say, except that, IT'S ENTROPY BILL.

"PAT"

PATRICK E. BAILEY

BROOKLYN, NY FPS

This lean, mean prior marine out of Brooklyn, NY reported on I day with hopes of conquering Bancroft hall to make it a Marine Corps stronghold. He didn't know at the time that many had tried the feat and failed. As a result of his failure he tried out for the Navy track team of which he became an instant star. This was surprising because only a few years back his high school track coach had denied him a place on the team because he was too slow. His speed on the track was only exceeded by his speed with the ladies. Since then he has aged a little but slowed alot. He is now looking forward to his return to his only true love the Marine Corps . . . UHHRAH!!!!!!!!

"BOBBY"

ROBERT A. BELLITO

BRONX, NY FPS

Where else but at USNA would you find a man who so loves the Bronx that he recreates its air pollution in his fifth wing room with his cigarettes. For a man who has already gone through two engagements, women are but a dime a dozen. He is more than exhaustive on "his girls" especially at sub-squad where he earned the title "Little Mussolini". Not only was he tiring with his women but his men; many a plebe sweat aload at Check Point II. But for a guy who likes it on top, he knows what it is like to be on the bottom. Many a time the AC BOARD tried to get him but he had the last laugh since he didn't get a nuke power letter from the Admiral. Instead, with all his missile technology gained from the DEVO SQUAD he will join the manly profession known as surface line.

"SLAC"

STEPHEN A. CALLAHAN

GROVETON, TX SPH

Better known to my friends as SLAC, I came into the navy from the bigtime Texas town of Groveton. NAPS was a trip. Don't ask me why the trip didn't end there because I still don't know. We all came here for different reasons. Deep down inside I feel that God guided me here and He probably guided you. Some were turned away or left behind and some He guided the four years through. We shared the good; love, friendship, faith, respect. And we spread the bad; Prejudice, envy, greed, selfishness. Some of them we'll take with us and some we'll leave to help or hinder some future class. We came as one class and one spirit, Now we go our separate ways, Each has their own star to follow, a mountain to climb, a river to cross, and each a trail to blaze. But we're all a part of the Master's plan; We all have our place. We don't decide which way to go, He does. We only run our race. It's been four years joy and four years pain. Now the day is finally done . . . And if I should die before the gun, I pray to God my race be won.

"BOB"

ROBERT M. CAVETT
PITTSBURGH, PA SMA

Rob hails from the City of Champions, Pa., and, despite opposition from avid Texans and Californians, continued to support his beloved Pirates and Steelers. Rob immediately proved to the co-eds of Canoe U. that his vocal prowess was not to be outdone, so if not seen pumping the iron over at Halsey, could easily be found somehwere (anywhere) in United States touring with the Glee Club. Academically, Rob attacked wires, weapons, and steam with all the style and grace that cold be expected from a math major, managing to eek out a 3.4 CQPR. Graduation wil find Rob shuffling off to Orlando, donning an Academy ring on one hand, and a wedding band on the other. We wish Rob and Debbie all the luck in the world.

"DOC"

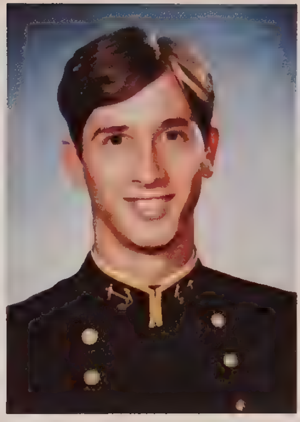
JOHN B. DAUGHERTY
BISMARK, AK EME

John arrived at the Naval Academy wearing an Izod sweater, and sipping whiskey sours. He began to have second thoughts about being a Midshipman when they cut his hair. Doc soon got into the academic groove, and became known to the Mechanical Engineering Department for his ability to get an 'A' from any professor.

Doc is a JOCK. He was a key member of the Brigade Champion fieldball team, as well as the not-quite-Brigade Champion basketball team. Doc took up tennis his First-class year so he would have a carry-over sport when he turns completely grey two years from now.

John emerged in his mid-years to be the master of bridge, benches, wenches, and obesity. During Second-class summer, John peaked at near 200 lb. The highlight of John's career was 2/c year when he bought beer for himself for the first time.

John has unlimited potential in any area he chooses to endeavor, and we look forward to seeing him excel in the fleet. SYIO-DOC!



"RAY"

RAYMOND T. DAVIS
COLORADO SPRGS., CO SRM

Coming from the mountains of Colorado, Ray often had a hard time keeping up with his classmates. His only response to this situation was, "Why can't you guys walk like you're in Colorado." Ray's masochistic tendencies, stemming from his earlier dirt bike years, continued at the Academy. Whether it was running new Trans Ams into oncoming trucks, inflicting pa in to the opposition on the Rugby field or attempting to do grevious brain damage to himself at the rugby parties, Ray enjoyed himself. While on Spring break in Florida, Ray displayed his own version of "Boom Boom, out go the lights" to any armadillo, seagull or streetlight which came within his range. Ray was always one to get fired up, or should I say to "Fire Up" his roommates. Ray's only wish is to fly for TWA someday. He has just one comment about service selection, "Low and slow is the only way to go". Have at it Ray!!

"DOG"

ALAN R. DODGE
LONG BEACH, MS SPH

Alan came to the Naval Academy from Long Beach, Mississippi a naive fun loving long hair. Alan leaves the Academy a psuedo-worldly, fun loving Ensign. By his friends Alan is known as Dog. A nickname derived from his domineering play at hoops, his extracurricular cooking activities, or perhaps from his inability to spell his last name correctly. Dog a once math major turned physical science major was never afraid to say what he believed. From this unrestrained sincerity, and sometimes stupidity, it was easy to see that Dog is an honest and faithful friend. Upon graduating, thanks for all that gouge, Dog will gladly exclaim, "the Naval Academy is a great place to be . . . from!!"

"MIKEY"

MICHAEL E. DOTSON
COCOA BEACH, FL *SOC*

Michael (Mikey) Dotson came to USNA from Cocoa Beach, Florida. He's made it through four years of the Academy because of his sense of humor and his ability to escape into a different world playing songs of Jimmy Buffet and Harry Chapin on his expensive guitar. Mike's major, oceanography, is well suited to him. He even went so far as to have a real man overboard drill youngster year in mid-winter attempting to take a bottom sample. Mike aspires to be a bartender, a trade taught to him well by his ex-roommate Louie George. As a faithful "Tery" member Plebe year, Michael quickly learned to set his priorities: beer, women, and anything else that was fun. Due to his low profile, not due totally to the fact that he could be found in the left rear corner during p-rades, he was able to be a model midshipman on paper, but the fact remains, he was just as derelict as the company he kept.

"POP"

CURTIS GAINER
ALBANY, GA *SRM*

I came to USNA and played Varsity Football for four years. Then I left.

"BULL"

RICHARD A. HARRIS
CHICAGO, IL *SPH*

Brad began his all expense paid trip to Severn Tech from the hills of "Almost Heaven" West Virginia. It didn't take him long to discover that even during Plebe Year good drinking could be had at Donatelli's and the 'Tery. He quickly took more of a liking to Disco Dahlgren than ocean salinity profiles as a youngster but could occasionally be found "rockin' down the highway" in his nearby parked Honda. Wednesday afternoon at Timmy's was his key to academic success for 5 days at a time during 2/c year. Always the financial man, he had his plebe summer squad look up his stock every morning. Between abusing the wenches and paying a visit to a particular girl's room at Goucher, Brad found a way to liven up the normal routine. Brad's serious professionalism and well-worn cross country shoes will be welcomed alongside the "Radiation Hazard" signs in the surface Navy.

"BRAD"

BRADLEY F. HAHN
MORGANTOWN, WV *SOC*

This is the Devil, this is Hell, and you all are the Lost Souls who are going to pay for your transgressions. Of course, Rich didn't start out this way. Plebe summer was cake with P.J., the fun started AC year. The Porn King hadn't even unwrapped the October '77 Playboy when W.D. Cannibal snatched him from the room for the first time. Rich cleaned up his act when he fell in with the Navigators, except Dr. Diabolical still perpetrated his untold nasties and gave me a hand in wiping out Goat court during finals. Youngster year, Rich discovered that plebes were fun to play with, so he held recess every morning at 0715. Second class year was even more fun, especially Army. His scrapes with the AC board proved to be a disguised blessing first class year when they disqualified him from the Nuke draft. Free now to believe in life, liberty, Pursit of Happiness, and Hell for Plebes, this Marine still loves to play soccer and read his Bible. Good luck!

"TER"

TERRELL S. HENRY
SNELLVILLE, GA ***EGE***

From Snellville Georgia Terrell came, unknowing of the plebe year game Those early mornings, I still see Ter up at five to read J.C. A youngster, Terrell had a bash - with Recon, Airborne, Monster Mash He lived on protein, ditched his brat, and dated Debra (More on that!) A second class, this dude was bold! His silver Bennings now were gold His barn and hayloft Kiene knew, and all my sailboats Terrell blew. He smashed plebe rooms when Army came, and studded out in Bangor, Maine His firstie sub cruise wasn't fun, the nukie S.E.A.L. idea was done Before he cruised his heart gave way, He made Miss Price his finacee! At school he got to wear a sword and anyone who cussed got floored He worked out, wrote Deb, flamed on plebes, his books were low prioritee John Wayne sure could've dug this man, God fearing, tough American

His true Invincibility

"I can do all things through Christ, Which strengtheneth me."
(Phil 4:13)

"HOP"

HARVEY S. HOPKINS
RANCHO SANTA FE, CA ***SPS***

Harv came to Canoe U. from sunny Southern California via NROTC at UCLA. Visions of flying, Plebe Year, and B's were soon a thing of the past. Youngster Year saw Harv as a potential Brigade boxer, after he won a unanimous decision over his roommate one night during study hour. New roommates, a telephone with an outside line, and Cables were grounds for many late nights as a Segundo . . . Like the Ring Dance? Four consecutive 4.0's, a Trident Project, and a 3.85 QPR cannot be attributed to studying on weekends. Determination, dedication, and long hours during the week left the weekends for Thomas Point Fog Cutters, the slopes, a green MGB, and trips to Bowie. Many a good time was had at the Aunt and Uncle's house.

Silver Dolphins, less than pilot eyes, and a major of Physics made Hymie's Navy a mere possibility Service Selection Night. June 20th. What a coincidence! Good luck and Smooth Sailing Harv!!!

"DAVY J"

DAVID M. JUDY
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA ***ENE***

"Davey J." hailing from Hollidaysburg, Pa. via prep school arrived at Crabtown with visions of plebe year validation thanks to George Welsh. Instead of an N-star and a fourth class year Dave won a "N-scar" and a plebe year for a hamstring. After adapting to the pestering of W.D. and Buzz, Dave "geeked out" as would be natural for any Naval Arch. from the backwoods of Pennsylvania. Quiet determination and a low profile were his trademarks and his passport to "3-stripers" throughout Youngster Year. Girls were never any problem for this middie, but which one was he engaged to this time? Dave stayed quiet and likeable as a Segundo, only occasionally becoming comatose in front of Pumphry's. He put up with Midget's and Geek's rumbles in the barn and led a championship "squash team". Company Commander was his destiny and the Nukes his selection. He'll be a fine skipper in Hymie's fleet and we don't believe for a minute this "5 and out" stuff.

Good Luck Dave!

"MANDO"

BRIAN M. LEWIS
WICHITA, KS ***SOC***

From Boston College to Pensacola, Fla., this Air Force brat from the midwestern prairies of Wichita, Kansas has left his mark all over the east coast. Whether it be rewiring telephone lines in New London or climbing firsties' shoe racks in the hall, Brian never left a stone unturned. What was he doing on the roof of McGarvey's that night? How did he manage to fall flat on his face running off the back end of a CH-53 at Quantico? Why does he hate mice so much? With the faculties of a distorted imagination and total lack of fear, Brian has been known to pull stunts that you nor I would even consider. Sitting on Lincoln's shoulders and racing through Arlington Cemetery at 4:00 AM on a Saturday night are some of his minor accomplishments. This mild-mannered fireplug has single-handedly rerouted traffic into dead ends, driven huge tractors that didn't even belong to him, and dated gorillas and bull-elephants in Dahlgren simply because "he was drunk". Brian should enjoy a promising NFO career with a promising ex-mid wife.

"PAT"

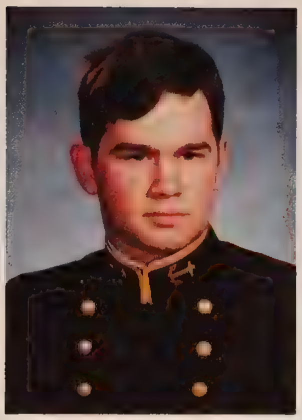
PATRICK F. LOUGHLIN
ESOPUS, NY *SCH*

Pat came to the Naval Academy from a houseFULL of Loughlins. That is to say that Bancroft Hall sleeps only two more people than the Loughlin house. Soon after Pat arrived he amazed everyone by validating Plebe chemistry. Pat finished up his first year unscathed except for the infamous "snowball" incident. Pat's Youngster year was a year filled with many happy hours of indulgence in his favorite pastimes, the three B's; Basketball, Bridge, and BEER. That same year Pat hosted the first annual Special-Olympics Ski-Athon of which he was crowned perennial champ. Fat Pat arrived at USNA for 2nd Class summer and quickly established his prowess at the brief/mixers. That year pat learned how to put his 6'5", 210 lb. frame to good use and reigned as Brigade "squash" champ. He went to great pains to keep his "punk" haircut and spent many sleepless nights thinking about his countless girlfriends. Now he still has his "punk" haircut, his striking good looks, an immaculate BMW, and even more girlfriends. GLITFPSYAOC

"MAC"

ROBERT T. MACMILLAN
FAYETIVELLE, NC *ESE*

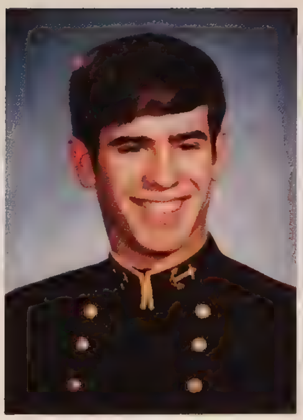
Forsaking his dream of being a carpenter, Bob MacMillan came to the Boat School in the summer of '77. It must have been quite a shock when Mac met his plebe summer roommate. The 17 year old, timid, blond from Fayetteville, N.C. was not expecting a 21 year old Jamaican Recon Marine. After a year of water fights, trips to the Tery and hooks from the obese One, Mac became a Youngster. This year marked Mac's ultimate moral degradation. Bridge, a volcanic Homecoming and other 'Fowell' behavior brought Mac's middie career to a head. Fortunately, Gordie's leadership and Mac's newfound pride and academic dedication got him his just reward; a tonsillectomy during the Spring Formal - no, just kidding. Mac was made a 'stridget' (striper midget) of the fifth order. We'll always remember Mac for his uproarious humor, unfaltering sunny disposition, and impeccable appearance. We're all sure Mac will make a great submarine CO. some day.



"MATT"

MATTHEW S. McCROARY
PORTLAND, ME *EME*

Matt dug himself out of the Maine snows and headed South expecting four years of fun and sun. Plebe year and BUZZ however, proved a rude awakening. Matt found solace, though, in soccer and his "little red book", and became known for his different views on professionalism. Youngster year brought Statics and the struggle for grades. It also saw entrance into the wardroom, where Matt spent many an hour. Second class year returned Matt to the Company fold, where he could devote himself to his two favorite pastimes, eating and sleeping and much he did of both. As a firstie, Matt became one of the "Lords of the Ring" with the power to conjure birthday parties while in the O-Club. Meanwhile, the struggle continued, but Matt triumphed in the end, and left Annapolis just as he arrived, with not a care in the world.



"KILLER"

BENJAMIN A. MONTOYA
WOODBRIDGE, VA *EGE*

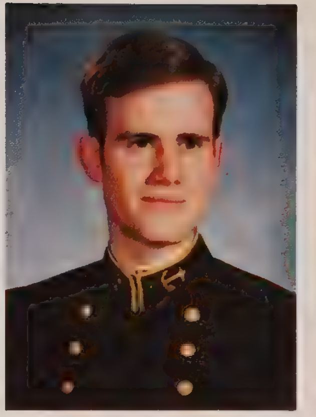
Ben was roused out of a siesta on an obscure dirt road in Mexico and this is where he'll no doubt return. Upon arriving at USNA, Ben immediately displayed his swimming prowess, having acquired a strong stroke from his swim across the Rio. Not all was tequila and tacos though, as Ben quickly succumbed to the temptations of the "tery" and his QPR showed it. Youngster year found Ben in another "engineering" major and introduced to a girl named "Val". What can you say about her that hasn't already been done? Ben played with a rock band for fun. He also tried his hand at boxing. If only he had been allowed to use his guitar as a club in the ring, he might not be the babbling idiot he is today from all those blows to the head. Ben made it to the first class year, but didn't get to enjoy it for long. Lured by the face that launched 75 demos, Ben finally earned his varsity MN(O) "N" along with a BLACK"H". Great things are expected of Ben in the fleet. It's the least we can expect of that mellow California dude.

"BO"

WILLIAM F. MORAN
WALDEN, NY HEG

Billy came out of the woods of Walden, New York with great aspirations of setting a new sports precedence at USNA. He started out charging hard with the Navy cagers. Then he got smart and opted for a leisure life on the links. Bill anchored the USNA golf team for three years, the last two as Captain.

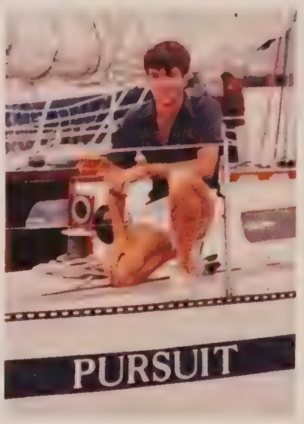
Since Bill chose to study in the demanding English department major, he was forced to spend many hours of E.I. in the rack analyzing Shakespeare and Poe. When weekends became a part of his vocabulary, females replaced the rack. If Bill was not hitting and hunting that elusive white sphere, he was showing his talents to the women. He had uncanny success in this area, his ego made sure of that. Graduation will send Bill to P-cola and Navy Air. Hopefully his friends will be enjoying the sun with him. Best of luck Bill



"DANTE"

DONN L. MYERS
SANTA CLARA, CA FPS

Oscar came aboard USNA after a year of traumatic experiences at a typical "California" college where he learned just how liberal a liberal arts education can be. Just as the Navy saved Dante from a life of left-wing thought, Dante saved his fellow plebes from torture and harassment through his skilled fecal screening techniques. With two stripes Donn attacked his plebes almost as well as they counterattacked during their weekly retaliatory pep rallies. Despite these hostile actions, Donn succeeded in almost bringing nuclear attack upon himself when he took on the Ac Dean and his precious matrix system. Despite his futile campaign Donn found himself academically unqualified (Thank God) for subs and medically unqualified for Supply Corp thus relegating him to the world of surface line for the only chronically seasick YP jock. In Donn'e endless quest for the perfect woman he found only scant imitations with the notable exception of Cleo Nicholson who taught him the true meaning of manhood.



"BAGGER JACK"

JOHN W. NICHOLSON
ARNOLD, MD EME

His home was beyond the seven-mile border, often went there on squad leader's orders. A Plebe in civies, cruising he would come, to treat his mates to a nite of Bowie rum. At Christmas - Buzzy he did play, then found his heart in the sailing skys of May. A regular Joe Cool, Long fuze in the nite, but ask Jimbob, this cat can fight. Chased Santa Claus as a Frostbite rigger, discovered his sunshine in a Babe named Trigger. Always pumping out a disco workout, Jack proved to be tough and stout. Academics, sports, military - He all gives a hoot, keeping a 3.6 and blazing command of the Resolute. Trigger sets his financial hearbeat pace, as John escapes into another Bermuda race. He's a Recon devil, as the Munk can tell, mission accomplished — A screaming midnight bell. Never a flamer, never a mute, his joy and happiness sailed with Pursuit. Firstie year spent in a Honda that can scoot, may soon give way to fast attack nuke. Smile Trigger Honey, one day he'll be your toy, backseat is still sweet, while being Hymie's boy!!

"DAVE"

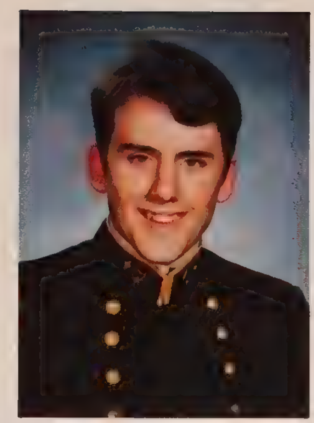
DAVID T. NORRIS
NEWPORT BEACH, CA EME

Prior to arriving in a certain east coast town to learn the art of boat-driving, Dave spent two years partying on the beaches of southern California. He was able to keep this fact a closely guarded secret, however. The Plebe Experience proved to be no real problem for Dave until "Buzz" took him under his wing . . . rather, under his cornstalk. If it weren't for those shots of rum at a local restaurant, Dave would have never made it through Plebe Year. That first year went as fast as it came, thank goodness, and upperclass years brought Dave such new challenges as the Mech E. Department, the Varsity Pistol Team, and evading the Washington Cathedral Security Police. Among other feats, Dave became well known for his ability to handle Dahlgren women after only two beers. Uncle Hyman will gladly accept Dave into the Nuclear Power Program upon graduation, and then it'll be submarines. After that, you'll find Dave as a project engineer at IBM. Fair winds and sharp thermoclines, Dave!

"MIDGET"

DAVID A. PORTNER
LONG BEACH, CA *EME*

Dave "grew up?" in Long Beach Cal. along with his ten brothers and sisters. This obviously put him in good stead for adjusting to life at Canoe U. While here Dave distinguished himself in many unique areas including; transferring from an English to a Mech E. major, going from being unsat to a 3.9 in the same semester (while watching TV three hours a night) and running the mile in 5:20 with never working out. It's obvious that Dave could do anything once he set his mind to it, just ask him. Upon graduation Midget can look forward to a happy marriage with Mary G., 16 kinds and a very long Naval career. We'll all remember him for his high mileage cars, his devious smile and his receding hairline. I'm sure Dave's great sense of humor, boyish charm, good looks and eternal optimism will carry him far in the Navy and in life. Take it easy Dave and remember that being short does not a midget make. We're all going to miss you.



"RICH"

RICHARD J. SEXTON
HADDONFIELD, NJ *FPS*

Rich came to us from the land of Springsteen, the Phillies, and Scmidt's beer and to this day no one really knows why. The popular belief is that he came to his senses and decided to, in the words of the B-52's, "Get out of that state," but this view is inconsistent with Rich's fanatical sense of loyalty to the Jersey area. As a plebe soccer stud Rich literally got all the breaks he could handle, the most dramatic of which was the leg break that ended his incredibly average career. Youngster year saw the origin of "The Moustache"; no facial hair but what can only be described as a pre-punk hairdo. Rich kept most of us in the dark about his Poli-Sci major by taking an extraordinary number of Wires courses, but it was revealed that these were simply the same course taken repeatedly. He has also developed a promising future as, "fair enough?," Tom Snyder's stand-in for the Tomorrow Show. The Hall won't be the same without Rich; but the administration finally decided that they needed a well-deserved rest.

"CHOPPER"

DAVID J. TALLON
BETHLEHEM, PA *EME*

Dave came to USNA from the steel mill town of Bethlehem Pa. His first year here was fairly quiet with most of his time being devoted to studying. With the end of plebe year Dave became more outgoing. At one post-game tailgater Dave was given the nickname CHOPPER which has stuck with him to this day. During his 3/c year CHOP made his first daring trip out gate 0 and also experienced a roadtrip to the Navy - Hopkins LAX game. Dave's 2/c year didn't go so well. He had 3 operations within 6 months. Because of his strong will and perverance CHOPPER recovered quickly from his ills and was soon back in the pool showing off for all the girls. Dave began his 1/c summer on the USS INDEPENDENCE and was one of the few midn. to get a CAT lauch as well as a night trap. In this year CHOPPER had many interesting experiences. Amoung them were a 1st roadtrip to HOOD and the HARBOR QUEEN cruise. Dave is a warm hearted, loving person who always gives of himself to help another. I am happy I know him and proud that I'll serve with him. May God bless him.

"H"

KENNETH H. THOMPSON
TINICUM, PA *SPH*

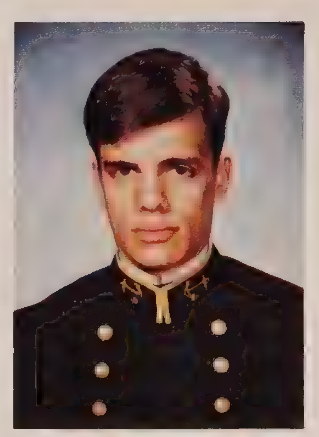
Ken began his four year vacation, coming to Navy by way of NAPS from the small eastern PA town of Festerville. Exemplifying command leadership early his first summer as Company "Commander" (two more stripes than he ever had since), H's Plebe year included running track fraternizing with WUBA, and taking weekend residence at the 'tery. The conduct section of Ken's MHP must have been lost his Youngster year as most every regulation was broken at least once. Being pardoned from The Ten Most Wanted List and electing to continue his stay at USNA, Ken could be reached in Bowie every study hour his Segundo year. Not understanding how his three hour structures project could be statically indeterminant, Ken became a scientist and partying remained an essential part of his life. Even as a firstie, Ken was found "torquing the system." With eyes fixed on wings of gold, Ken leaves Navy. His friends, the Anheiser-Busch Brewing Company, (and in a few years, maybe even the Navy) salute him . . . and he survived Jellystone Park.

TWELFTH COMPANY

"TWEETIE"

ROBERT T. THWEATT
LITTLE ROCK, AR *ESE*

Bob came to us from the big city of Little Rock Ark.. After overcoming this initial obstacle Bob settled down to a life of fun in the sun, and in the rain and snow as well, at USNA. Bob survived a plebe year of Smitty hooks, terries and Fowell's viscious verbal vituperations. Tweety always remembered this year and bore a soft spot in his heart for plebes thereafter. Bob, or Uncle Bob as the gentler sex called was reknowned for his prowess with the ladies. Barely a week went by youngster year when Bob wasn't leaving them sighing up at Hood College. However, Hood wasn't the only area of Bob's domain. He also knocked them, and himself sometimes as well, dead at Dahlgren on many a Saturday night. Everyone here is really going to miss Bob when he leaves. His easygoing attitude and good sense of humor made him one of the most likeable guys in the brigade. Take it easy Bob.



"BIMBO"

JAMES P. UNGER
POUGHKEEPSIE, NY *OAE*

Little Zoid, favored son #2, has always been a perfectionist. Because of his fanatical devotion to this unobtainable cause, his classmates have placed him on the academy's most hallowed, most uncompromising group - THE FLAME CHILDREN. But this MUNGUS has dealt in other areas. As a segundo, he became a lifetime member of the DEVO SQUAD. As launch coordinator, the spectacular became a common occurence every Friday night. First class year, with ES400 forming the basis of the SQUAD'S new technology, promised to be even bigger and better than previous years, but, as yet, the SUPPLIER hasn't come through. Such a deviate could only come from Poughkeepsie, New York where, yes, he does pick his toes. BIMBO is an insane skiier, a total tennis player, hates to swim, wants to race Grand Prix someday, has always dreamed of flying, loves Sue, and believes in God. As an NFO, his career selection from day I, he will surely be quick, precision sharp, and a lethal adversary to anyone who threatens liberty.

"BUFFY"

JOLENE L. YOUNG
PUYALLUP, WA *FPS*

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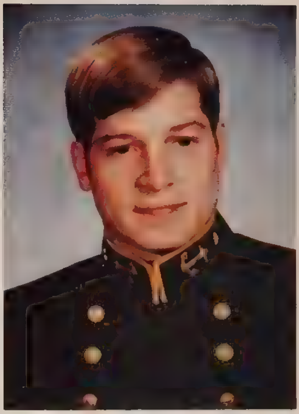
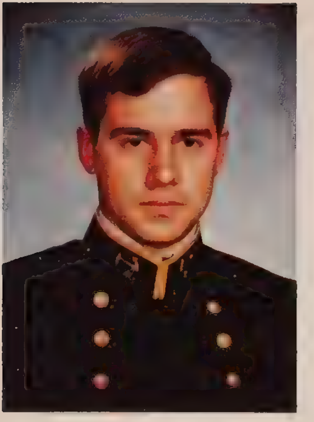
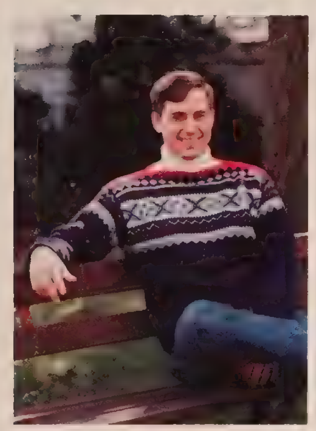


"STAR"

ERIC ARMOUR
FARMINGDALE, NY *SRM*

Eric or Star as we called him came to Tight Twelve from Farmingdale, New York. He was always on top no matter what he tried. He spent four years on the crew team and could be seen running to the crew house every afternoon. He struggled with academics only once. He got a B first semester plebe year which has blemished his otherwise 4.0 performance. Eric expects much from himself and those around him. And we're better off because we knew him. He left for P-Cola in the premier sports car of the early seventies. But we have the feeling he'll be coming back to Navy until at least May of 1983.





"MIKE"

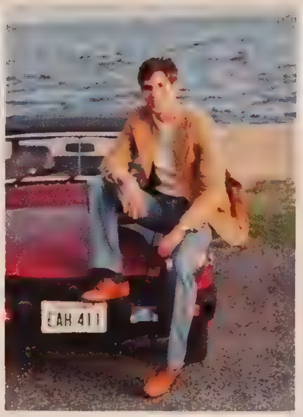
MICHAEL J. BAUMGARTNER
UNIVERSAL CITY, TX HHS

Mike came to the boat school from the thriving metropolis of Universal City, Texas . . . (an obscure podunk somewhere in the back forty of San Antonio). Armed with a soft spoken Texas drawl, Mike was a perfect fit for the woman chaser mold . . . we'll never be able to figure out what went wrong! While the rest of us were loading up the road sodas and heading off to Hood for the weekend, Mike could always be found glued to his books. All this changed during Commissioning Week as a 2/c. After a blind date on Friday and the Ring Dance on Saturday, Mike was ready for the big step. Now, we've all heard about love at first sight, but gee whiz Micheal — your class crest?!? Putting his wild love life aside, Mike dedicated his afternoons to the Navy squash team and his nights to book reviews and term papers. A perfectly content history major, he hopes to join the elite members of Rickover's Navy who bore holes in the ocean (why else would he have taken engine math as a firstie?) Good luck to you Mike, we know you'll do well!

"GREG"

GREGORY M. BILLY
KIRKWOOD, MO EME

Greg "SPUD" Billy, as 12th Co's last surviving Mech-E, would very much like to thank USNA for its time. He only hopes that we will be able to pay back all $80,000 in the same manner in which it was received.



"TIM"

TIMOTHY BURGESS
BALTIMORE, MD SPS

Tim, the Romeo of Baltimore, knew that his life was in for a complete turn-around when he heard the gates clang shut on I-day. Well, almost a complete turn-around. He managed to spend Saturdays at home with his girl and "Chapin music" through plebe year, and even had a better time after he talked the Dant into doing away with Saturday evening formations. Tim drifted through 2nd & 3rd class years, maintaining his typical low profile and cynical outlook while keeping just ahead of the Ac-Board. He then acquired an MG Midget and began to terrorize the streets of Baltimore and Annapolis. Nobody needed to worry about getting hit through — you could hear Jethro Tull blasting from a mile away! (The music of Tull strikes fear in the hearts of his neighbors to this day). First-class year in the Ghetto didn't turn out as Tim expected, so he began to do strange things like getting Form-2's — and getting drunk. But, he plans to escape from it all by going Navy Air. So if you're in the air and hear Jethro Tull approaching . . . WATCH OUT!

"STEVE"

STEPHEN CAMACHO
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA FPS

Hatched in Seattle, Washington, Steve was not "all Navy" from the start. Not aspiring to be a ship-driver, little Stevie dreamed of exerting his benevolence by precipitating a revolution in an obscure South American republic and setting himself up as dictator. However, under the influence of his Navy father (and the cat of nine-tails), he decided that it might be healthier to join (at least temporarily) the service. The result of this decision was a scholarship to William and Mary University as a NROTC midshipman. But this status did not give Steve absolute power over his fellow man. Consequently, he applied to USNA and was accepted. During his stay, Steve became self-actualized. He could exercise his rule with impunity and rehearse for that day when he could dictate terms to his own country. Little Castro practiced his appearance at Quantico; he learned how real revolutions were done in Chile on FOREX; he even chose political science as his major. Upon graduation, Steve plans to apply for exchange duty to Bolivia.

"MIKE"

MICHAEL D. CHRISTOPHER
BEEVILLE, TX *FEC*

Not all of us had aspirations to attend Canoe U. as early as Mike, who convinced his family to move on the Yard a few years before I-Day. Thus Mother 'B' was not our only home during those first two years. Mike will be remembered for his easy going attitude sense of humor and of course his bridlegs which undoubtedly were the key assets to his company soccer career. In the classroom Mike saw the light early and switched to one of the harder majors which helped him economize his time in the library and maximize his efforts on the weekends. As the date of commitment approached one of the toughest decisions confronted Mike - the other being what to wear each morning. This was evidenced by his frequent visits to the eye doctor which didn't help his eyes much but relieved the stress on his pants pocket! The decision being made, this soldier's friendship made for many good times and who could forget his "Yoward, hooh!"! But whatever Mike does we always know in which direction he will be - Forward!

"DICK"

RICHARD CROWELL
WESTPORT, CT *EGE*

Dick Crowell came to the Naval Academy from the opulent town of Westport, Conn. It took two years of hard work after graduating from high school for "OLE" Dick to finally get accepted at USNA. During this time period Dick took the SAT's more times than I've had birthdays. One can only assume that all that hard work wore poor Dick out. His skillful working abilities always enabled him to do just the right amount of work to accomplish the job. Dick's biggest accomplishment here has been his successful courting of a lovely young lady from Baltimore, whom he loves almost as much as his rack and good food. Dick will always be best remembered for his unusual hobby of name dropping. If Dick doesn't know them then they're not worth knowing. His motto "It's not what you know, but who you know." We'll never have to worry about Dick in the future though, because he knows everybody. We wish Dick many exciting "CAT" shots and an equal number of safe carrier landings in the aviation community.

"TIM"

TIMOTHY A. DISHER
FAIRFAX, VA *EAS*

Tim arrived at USNA from Virginia Beach with a strong Navy background. However, any hopes of a similarity between the real Navy and life as a Plebe were shattered as Tim became a member of the Hannifen squad. Tim's only failure during Plebe year was his inability to answer the question, "Why aren't you going Marine Air Mr. Disher?" Tim was able to take out his frustrations on the football field as the tailback for the 150lb Football team, a sport in which Tim became a co-captain his first class year. Second class year was the year that Tim really made a name for himself. He immediately became a member of the "WUBA" gang. That was one way of gaining recognition from the powers that be! But Tim proved his true sincerity by making several special trips to a certain room in 33rd company. Tim became the only second class with 3 striper libs during second semester so they could get ice cream together. Even with his studies and his various activities, Tim still made his presence known in the company and became a friend to us all.

"KO"

KATHERINE O. ENGLEMAN
WASHOUGAL, WA *SOC*

Katherine Olivia, better known as K.O. or missing, when she turned sideways, came to U.S.N.A. from the megatropolis of Washougal, WA. Buns and the gang put military travel to good use to experience St. Thomas, 90' cruisers, a penthouse suite, luaus, flipping for beers and even dirty jokes in a Crows Nest. Youngster year Kathy saved her lungs and buns for Navy Womens Crew and her "liter" for Mrs. 'C" on the way to Army. Second class year she gave her lungs and legs to Damn Yankees. Not one known for boozing, and walking anyway, her love for Irish Coffees did prompt her to order one a N.Y. Japanese restaurant that didn't even serve coffee. First class year saw C&P telephone stocks soar in value as her interest in a certain aviator made her bills fly high. Even though Daddy didn't buy her the promised baby blue Porsche she didn't cry over the bronze 280-Z. She will always be remembered for her ready smile and her always warm personality and by her only roommate. Look out U.S.N.!

"HUCK"

SCOTT R. FINN

GREENVIEW, IL *SCH*

It must have been mind-boggling for Scott to go to a school eleven times the size of Greenview, Ill. Being a typical country bumpkin, he has survived on Waylon, Willie and Queen? During Plebe and Youngster years, he fell in love many times, mostly with roommates' girls. One of Scott's roommates introduced him to a girl friend over summer leave, but when Scott got serious, so did his roomate, who promplty stole her back. So Scott and the rest of his room put the other roommate in exile. So on midterm leave the Spring of Youngster year, Scott went home with yet another roommate, who promised to set him up for a date. But the night before, he, being quite an Irishman, had some rum, and therefore he was not seeing clearly the next day. But the girl he was with was seeing clearly, she took him for a Christopher Reeves look-alike, and at that moment Scott fell in love, again. Scott will be long remembered for losing tag team wrestling, dipping his lip away and driving every weekend to Vineland, New Jersey.

"BRAD"

BRADLEY FOREMAN

LA HABRA, CA *FEC*

This young gent stopped off to visit a 3/c brother and paid the fare by staying for 4 years. From the onset his charismatic presence was felt by all; '81 respected his example and recognized his unerring judgement. We weren't the only ones though, for soon after he was slated for a 3-stripe position. As 12th Co. Cdr., he initated a company performance record to be envied by all.

Though gifted academically and athletically, Brad's major strengths remain the cornerstones of a great leader — a persistent, hard-working nature and an earnest concern for the welfare of those around him.

We hate to part with Brad; however, lest we forget, there's a certain sweet young lady awaiting back in sunny southern California. If we only had half your patience and devotion, Gigi!

We remember you, Brad, as truly one of the Brigade's finest. "When Christ who is our life appears, then you also will appear with Him in glory."

Colissians 3:4

"ROCK N ROLL"

SCOTT P. FRANKLIN

RUSSELLVILLE, TN *SPH*

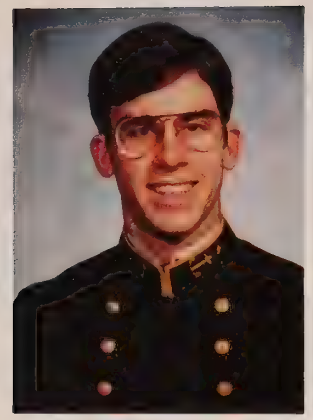
Scott "Six Times" Franklin made history as USNA's first rock-and-roll major. Although he spent much time with his majors courses (Sound Amplification 201, Advanced Guitar 404, etc . . .), he also managed to earn minors in sex education and auto body shop. It is a credit to Luke Carflipper's drive and perseverance that he acquired all of these skills so vital to a naval officer, and it is a credit to an oversight in the academic selection process that Scott managed also to earn a degree in Physics. Whatever Scott faces in the fleet, however, is sure to be countered by a thick pair of "waders" and a balanced outlook on life.

"GROSSY"

KEITH J. GROSS

ANNAPOLIS, MD *FPS*

Hailing from West Annapolis, Grossie was no newcomer to USNA. He spent a year prepping at NAPS & came to USNA as potential for the Navy Basketball Team. After a year of near-stardom, Grossie changed his sport to Track in which he won his N-star, lettering four times. This success can be attributed to his weekday jogging which resulted in a bee-line to his home for a few 12 oz. curls. Keith pursued his studies nightly at the library frequently prompting the question "Where's Keith?" at mandatory meetings that were non-existent on his priority list. Ever attentive, Keith was always the one to ask the question "Why are we doing this?" that everyone else pondered when ridiculously outrageous policies were announced. Being an Annapolitan, Grossie had no problem getting dates even when he didn't rate it and yet he always questioned why he didn't get enough mail. There is no doubt that Keith will be a valuable asset to the fleet. Good luck, fair winds and following seas, Keith!



"HAWK"

RONALD B. HAWKINS
WINTON, CA *EEE*

Ron came to us from the mountains of central California and quickly learned that firsties are not mellow. He found himself in the squad of one TC Hanifen who made life for us all painful. Hawk seemed to glide thru the rest of plebe year in a state of shock that he came out of long enough to decide on EE and the Marines. Our hero returned from 3/c cruise with a distinct coolness toward EF's and ready to dive into his double "E". Hawk pursued his elusive electrons and ICs to the exclusion of all else except one nite when he invested in a particularly thick set of beer-goggles. 2/c summer and the Quantico experience served only to convert Hawk to a staunch Nuke. When 2/c year and wires hit he was always willing to lend a hand although it was often more difficult to understand Hawk than the book. That's not to say that Hawk doesn't relate. Hawk is one of our hardest partiers and no mellow or rowdy activity would be complete without him. Hey, Hawkman, Bob Dylan would be proud of you, bud!!! Good luck in Nuke power and beyond.

"JP"

JOHN HETRICK
WINCHENDON, MA *SMA*

John came to USNA from the small town of Winchendon, Mass. to be a math genius. The results of his time here speak for themselves — a 3.95 CQPR, a letter, and a lot of good memories. Always in a good mood and one of the most respected guys in the company, it is easy to see why John was so well liked by all. John was always the kind of person you could count on for anything without his asking for something in return. Even though John managed to stay single while at USNA, the girl who gets him will have the best guy in the world. The Academy and the Navy could not have asked for a better man than John. We know that no matter where John ends up, we will always be together in prayer.

"MARCUS"

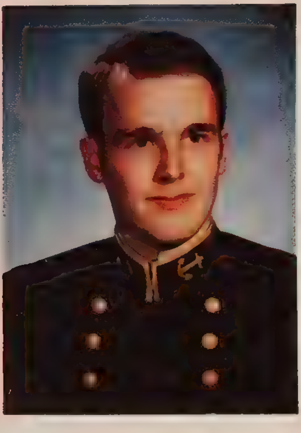
MARK A. HYMAN
WEARE, NH *HHS*

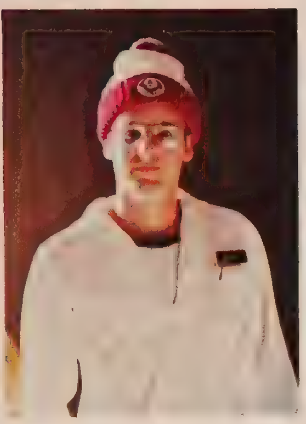
Crabtown wasn't new to Marcus on that fateful July morning back in 1977. Five years as a childhood townie preceeded the family's move to New Hampshire. Where? - That's right, Weare, N.H. A one year stint with Army ROTC in New Mexico was all it took for him to realize that the Navy and USNA was the way to go. Plebe year was a trial (wasn't it for everybody?), but after that, the rest was cake. Mark had more connections than a telephone switchboard. If something needed to be done, he was the guy who would always find a way. It was never necessary to look for his room . . . all you had to do was follow your nose. The drifting smell of burgers, steaks, and cheese would lead you to the deli everytime! Marcus was never one to let studying interfere with his academic progress. To pass the time, he decided to take on the responsibilities of Ring Dance Chairman. This, of course, necessitated a telephone with an outside line. '81 and '80 (not to mention Mr. Boston) will be forever grateful. Good luck Mark!

"JAEGS"

PAUL J. JAEGER
GREENFIELD, WI *FES*

*"ya' gur - native to Milwaukee; member of economis majoris. Once mistaken for a member of gEEkliness studious but observation revealed its relation to maximus bagimus. Possesses affinity for the female of the species dressed in black garb; noted for waryness of the water." Jaegs' athletic prowess was demonstrated on the Navy Golf Team but it took until 1/c year before he heeded the cry to join company sports & drill. Paul was known for his long distance romances thru the mails but he didn't let that stand in the way of his pursuit of the American female from town. He was also a charter member of the M*A*S*Hers, meeting every day. Meals were no chore for Paul as he would spend incredible amounts of time in the Wardroom finishing dessert & coffee — a carryover sport for the Fleet. Plebe summer '80 proved to be the season of the "Hurricane" as Paul hit the USS Bancroft w/ 1984 on board. Humorous, well-studied & well-liked he's one helluva guy — Fair winds and following seas, Paul!*





"DAVE"

DAVID B. LANE
TUSCALOOSA, AL SMA, SPH

Some of us had to be made gentlemen by law, but Dave came to the Naval Academy from Tuscaloosa, Alabama already a gentleman. At USNA, Dave was a member of the Drum and Bugle Corps' flag line and also PEP band. Dave's only other major activity was cheering for Alabama. "Role Tide!" could be heard at odd hours from his room.

During what free time he had, Dave managed to double major in Math and Physics. He still got his eight hours of sleep a night, though. He could be very frustrating to live with at times. Dave sought culture where and when he could find it. If it was classical music or a Saturday night jaunt to a play in Washington, Dave was into it. In short, Dave is a well rounded individual with whom I look forward to serving in the nuclear submarine community.

"FIFI"

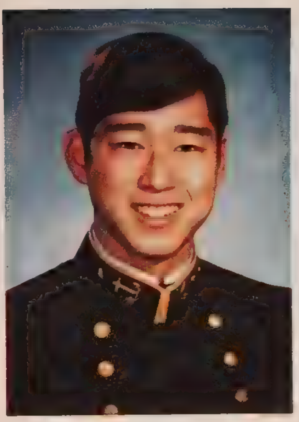
ROBIN R. LEBLANC
MARYSVILLE, WA FPS

Robin flew to Annapolis from beautiful Washington State with tall aspirations of becoming a pilot. Having the gift of bull, she selected Political Science as a major, and hopes to someday be a lawyer. Robin is known as Fifi La Fish, a name coined by her classmates on youngster cruise. (No, she did not swim alot, except in Old Fashioned's at various O-Clubs!) She became an expert with the Military Travel Guide, ending up in areas such as Hawaii, The Virgin Islands, not to mention frequent Pensacola runs - (No, she doesn't go there to see the planes!) Robin has worked hard and played hard while at the Academy. Upon giving Crew a try she decided she didn't like the coxswain yelling at her so she became captain of the softball team, and now she yells at them! Unfortunately, Robin is not as tall as her aspirations, but with a few more months of stretching she will grow that .4"!! We all hope so as despite her love of hooting with the owls, she will proudly soar with Eagles as one of the finest pilots that the Navy has ever seen!!

"CHUCK"

CHARLES J. LESKO
HAMPTON, VA EGE

Chuck is an Army Brat who came to us after spending two years at a normal school (You know - girls, parties, and all that weird stuff) Now, for the past four years he has passed the time away by marching on Varsity Drill, jumping out of perfectly good airplanes, and trying to stay off of the Lis'. Chuck spent first class year alternating between driving an ambulance and his Camaro. He drives them both the same way, except that one has red lights and a siren and the other doesn't - Right Chuck! So intent upon flying after graduation, he once said he'd fly a bathtub for Semper Fi if it got him his wings and into the air. Chuck will be missed by many especially by the Port Batt E.D. Squad - There's no doubts in anyones mind that Chuck had a Plebe Detail!! Whatever he finally decides to do, he will find success and become a LIFER so that the rest of us can get out in five.



"KUJ"

KEVIN K. NONAKA
HONOLULU, HI EGE

Kevin Kakuji Nonaka dropped in from Honolulu, Hawaii expecting to find 6'2", 150lb. blonds, but to his delight found that Maryland was full of people shorter than he. A 'B' in navigation came in handy flying to Hawaii and back but did him no good driving to D.C. and Bowie. Combining his photography and world traveling, Kevin brought back mega-pictures of Korea, Okinawa, Guam, and even pictures of the beautiful Japanese countryside, his 15 year-old "pen-pal", and the captain's daughter while on Forex. Being quite an athlete, Kev enjoyed swimming, tennis, and even won 181st place in the 8.1 Mile Run enjoyed 2/c year thanks to his slow roommate. It was murder for his roomies when he would practice his karate in the room. This Hawaiian found that snow could be as fun as the beach when he learned how to ski (usually backwards). Kev received his share of abuse from the M.E. Dept. but soon found that G.E. was the place for stars. Rickover may have his way but Kuj plans to drive ships out of Pearle.

"SCARF"

KEVIN O'FLAHERTY
LOS ANGELES, CA *EAS*

Kevin came to us from the sunny state of California where they boast of the beaches and the women. Kevin did well on the beaches, but due to shyness, the women didn't figure well into his plans. He underwent a drastic change at USNA toward women, shown by his membership in the company WUBA gang and the statement made by a certain feline, "You're too fast!" Scarf, as Kevin was known for his extraordinary eating habits, spent all four years here making a name for himself as a runner, a task he took very seriously - but were those 0600 wake ups really necessary Kevin? Kevin was on the x-Country and Track teams all four years, where he spent many afternoons trying to bulk out with weights. Besides his running activities, Kevin was also active in the company and always made his voice heard, a trait that was awarded by proclaiming Kevin Rumor Control Central. Kevin was one who could make you laugh when things looked grim and will be remembered by us all. We all wish you the best of luck in everything you do!

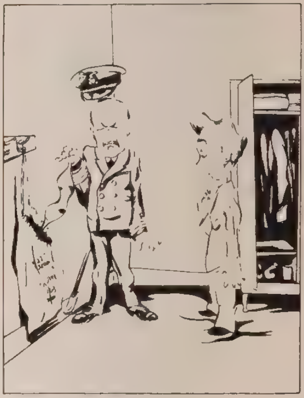
"TONY"

ANTHONY PEROTTE
VINELAND, NJ *SPH*

Tony arrived here ready to take on the hardship of Academy life, but he was met with a dreadful experience during Plebe Year - he lost his OAO, who decided to go to a farm and make maple syrup with her new love. This did not stop Tony, though, for Youngster year he gave away another girlfriend to his roommate - thanks Tony, she's going to make a great wife. While on 2/c training, Tony became a celebrity in his own right - he perfected the art of getting sick in any situation. Tony became the hero of Group II(c). Tony was also noted in the company for his great imitations. Of them two are very famous: his imitation of a dog sneezing and his imitation of a giant nose (sorry Tony, I keep forgetting it's real). He was also the originator of the saying, "I feel inadequate." However, during his years at USNA, Tony became a good friend with everyone in the company and someone who could be relied upon when he was needed. We wish you the best of luck.

REX B. PUTNAM
NEW ORLEANS, LA *SCH*

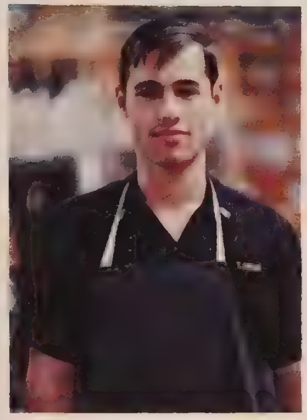
This man may be the only midshipman who underwent two harassing plebe years, one as a "fish" at Texas A&M, and another here at USNA. Though an Aggie, his success as a chemistry major has proven him to be rational and logical enough to be heatedly called a curve breaker. His accomplishments include crowning the flagpole in T-court with a hat, destroying countless numbers of his chemistry labs, and killing millions of his fellow chemistry majors. However, most of his time has been occupied by his fiance, Carol Sharpe. Engaged since 25 Nov of his youngster year, he has been the brunt of many "parties" and much great fun. Taken in his normal good humor, he has never let any of us down. Though well liked, Rex is a strong competitor and is highly respected and proficient. Not afraid to admit his wrongs, he has evolved to be a fair, honest, and caring leader who's reputation is bound to preceed him into the "Silent Service".



"PJ"

PATRICK J. RYAN
DOBBS FERRY, NY *HEG*

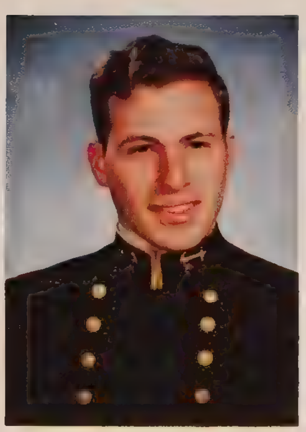
It would be hard-put for anyone to say that P.J., one of the last surviving members of the 'Tery Gang, has been anything but ACTIVE during his hitch at the Severn. Although his eyes never came unglued from the from the outside world, he did find time to put out for Navy on the ice; however most of his scoring was done ON the opposing players rather than in their nets. Two years later, after having scored his token goal for Navy, his attention turned towards a brand new Datsun 280-ZX party car. Locked into place, brew in one hand, the remaining 5 in the other, with the steering controls someplace in the middle, off he would go (when he wasn't restricting, that is). Although Jersey is his present home, P.J. lives and breathes New York and is sure to head up in that northerly direction after grabbing his sheep-skin. Surface line, Rhode Island, should be his home for as long as they can hold on to him. After that, only the great party-maker in the sky can fore-see.



"TJ"

TIMOTHY J. RYAN
BARRE, VT *SCH*

T.J. Ryan came to U.S.N.A. from Rutland, Vermont, where he played tennis on his high school varsity team. His viscious topspin and deceptive speed made him the most feared player in twelvth company. For four years however, he was involved in fencing, not tennis, fencing saber for two years on the J.V. team and four years on the second battalion team. His one season of battalion rugby was enough to teach him to avoid contact sports. T.J.'s main interest was his chemistry major. His application and industry earned him the title of "hall rat." In reality he spent his spare time listening to Linda Ronstadt and reading science fiction, but he managed somehow to keep his grades high enough to apply for nuclear power school. All of the twelvth company nuclear volunteers look forward to seeing T.J. in Orlando.



"SEV"

JOHN A. SEVERINO
PHILADELPHIA, PA *SPS*

John who? Oh, you mean THE SEV! This God and Country, Airborne crazy, Sir Knight from Philadelphia has been a hallmark figure throughout Mahan Tower, the "Ho Chi Minh Trail", and the O.D. Shack during his four years at Navy. His power stocked munitions magazine enabled him to conduct midnight rocket labs on Crabtown merchants from the dorm's third wing. Sunbathing in the snow, creating costumes for any occasion, or spreading terror and blood — usually his own — as a rugby hooker expressed his rebellious attitude and free spirit that made the Sev possible. Following a sentence on a sub cruise and a summer term at "Benning School for Boys", Sev returned as a freshman camp counselor with a gunge-o-matic disposition (lack of hair). "Service selection is Infantry. Right, Mr. Severino?" As a member of D&B Sev was extremely adept and was seen playing bugle, drums, xylophone and carrying the guideon. Eventually they found something he could do. We all wish this L.T.M. the best of luck so that someone in the Fleet will take him.

"AL"

ALBERT A. THOMAS
BALITMORE, MD *SRM*

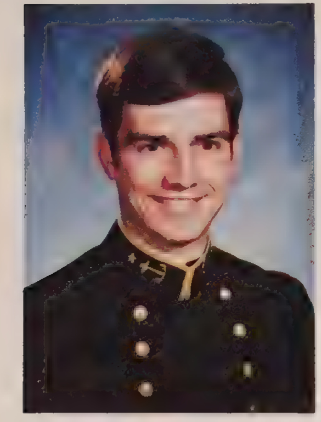
Al after spending four years at a military H.S. decided to try the real thing. So he came to USNA in search of fun and success. Well the dean wont agree with the success part but Al did have his fun. His favorite type of fun involved a beer in both hands and some women somewhere in the area. 2/c year Al found his niche as a LUCKY BAG photographer. He is now never seen without his camera. "Hi you're beautiful! can I take your picture?" what a rap. Al will best be remembered for his ideal consumer abilities. It can best be described as "If it doesn't work force it, if it breaks, you needed a new one anyway." Well most MIDS preferred the liberty uniform Al always preferred his WUBA. We all wish Al the best of luck because his bright cheerfulness and true friendship has carried us all at one time or another. Messnites, Tailgaters, and summer cruise were his domain and we look forward to seeing him on the deck of his Spruance.

"THORNS"

MARK A. THORNLEY
MEMPHIS, TN *EGE*

Mark A. Thornley wandered out of the big city of Memphis, Tennessee to come to the Academy. We remember him from Plebe Summer as the guy who stopped the rugby game when he broke his arm. With cast in hand he still played guitar with the group that won 1st place in the talent contest. From the Bible-belt — he's active in his church, and his Baptist Student Union organizes conspiracies to snag a Pagan here or there. Always busy whether he likes it or not, studious and disciplined as a Mech. E., he was initiated into the mighty ranks of the General Engineers. With this passing he was fortunate to become one of the famous LTM's. But you can't keep a good man down and Mark managed quite a social life and had some close calls, but he was finally caught and engaged. After seeing the world from Norfolk and Gitmo Bay, he has definitely chosen NAVY AIR. He says jets (don't crash like your ceramic pilot) but we wish him a long and prosperous career in P-3's and with good "Home Cookin'".

THIRTEENTH COMPANY

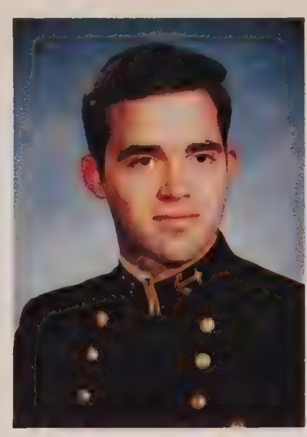


"KEN"

KENNETH VOORHEES

MILLTOWN, NJ SRM

Ken arrived at the Naval Academy determined to do well. The "Borough Boy" from Milltown worked hard at everything (laws of the Navy, watchstanding, rates). Plebe year I thought Ken had a part-time job in the Library. Youngster year brought possibilities of an affair with the librarian. With a 3.8 CQPR it must have been a challenge. After a brief encounter with tequila, this human F-14 decided he wanted to fly again. Unfortunately his eyes didn't hold up and Navy air lost a good one. But all of Ken's hard work reaped their reward first class year. Ken shouldered a lot of gold on Brigade staff but never let it affect his personality. Ken has really loosened-up these days. Weekends usually find him winging his way north on 301 in his black and orange tercel, going to see his FILLY in PHILLY. Whether Ken is flying in his tercel, a ship, or a sub, he always has his afterburners on and we know he'll tear up the fleet.



"PETE"

PETER D. ACHOR

CLIFTON, VA HHS

When Pete made the long voyage from Clifton, Va., he had some surprises in store for him. The first was that the baseball team didn't want him. So, Pete gave up on athletics and joined the pistol team. At least his trigger finger got a good workout, and he parlayed his natural coordination into All-American honors. Youngster cruise was a dream vacation in that east coast hotspot, Norfolk, Va., but his first class cruise to Colombia made up for it. He brought back many mementos of this international experience, and luckily Bancroft Medical was able to cure them all. Pete's personal standards gained him the respect of most of his classmates, and induced stark terror among the underclass. All through his Academy career, however, Pete's driving force has been his love for Jesus Christ, no matter what the academicians and bureaucrats threw in his path. Whether his uniform be green or blue, his pilot's wings will be made of gold, and we wish him well flying the unfriendly skies.

STEPHEN P. ASTOLFI

WILMINGTON, DE SRM

Hey Stevie, we made it, Come up topside. Here is one man who definitely is not on the boat to nowhere - how could he be with an Alfa Romeo? Steve is probably the only Mid who can maintain an all year tan. He does this with two strategically placed high- intensity study lamps, a trait obviously borrowed from his roomie. When wrestling was out-of-season, Steve could geek with the best of the Brigade, or be found hitting some tennis strictly for fun. While not rolling around on the mats as Navy's 118 pounder, Steve had plenty to do - sleep, or sleep, or more sleep. That's my boy! Steve was always ready for a night on the town, but never quite understood why he couldn't match the heavyweights one for one when it came to downing brews. He just may operate his own Bar some day to keep in practice. The near future finds Steve joining the Few and the Proud despite the letter from the desk of King Nuke. The best of luck goes to the little man who stands tall in the eyes of all his buddies.

"BOO"

JOHN R. BEGLEY

DUMFRIES, VA EGE

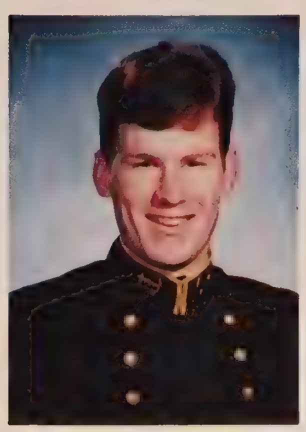
Boo Boo is the company's laid-back, down-home country boy who smiles a lot and has nothing bad to say about anybody. Being able to go home so often (sometimes even nightly) to Dumfries, Va. to see the wife would make anyone smile a lot. Bob's 4 years here at Soccer Univ. was interrupted occasionally by the world of academia. Being an early boarder of the bandwagon, he jumped right on the G.E. major plebe year and beat all te ex-Mechs to all the good courses. It paid off. Right on top of his pile of things to do (right after soccer season) is an interview with the good Admiral of inner-space. Too bad Bobby is really fond of the Pensacola sun. Everything is secondary to soccer. There is no individual more dedicated to any one thing than Beg's is to soccer. And it has shown its merits with 3 varsity letters (and many empty bottles of Motrin). A master jury-rigger, leave it to Bob to somehow blow-off Adm. Nuke and get to P-cola, his life-long dream. Good luck in NAVAIR!

"BENDY"

JAMES E. BENDER

CANTON, OH *SMA*

Itense, tenacious, dedicated - these are the words which best describe midshipman first class James Bender. He has been a scapper since day one of plebe summer. His competitiveness, self motivation and desire to be the best at everything he does has won Jim the respect of peers and subordinates alike. His fiercely competitive spirit enables him to "get the job done", no matter how tough the going. He has always given 110% whether it has been academics, athletics or professional endeavors. Under his capable leadership as company commander, the 13th company is fast gaining a reputation as one of the elite organizations in the brigade. Jim is one of those rare individuals who can do it all. If there was such an organization as the "Walk on Water Club," James Bender would be a charter member.

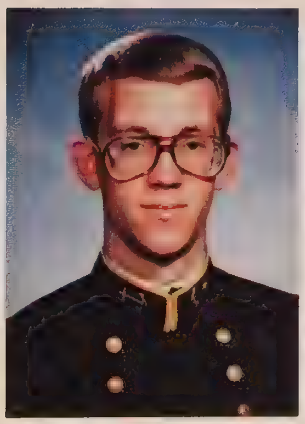


"CHRIS"

CHRISTOPHER S. COOKE

BOWIE, MD *EME*

Chris, a local from Bowie, came to USNA after agonizing over whether he'd be happy here. Not one to get close to without being bit, Chris was an enigma to his classmates through plebe year. Youngster year was Chris' finest hour as high grades and the love of a hometown girl put him in great spirits. After turning down an offer to go to Penn's Wharton School, Chris stayed at Navy to realize his ambition of becoming a carrier pilot. Chris dove into 2/c year only to hit hard ME courses, increased responsibilities, and lack of sleep. Chris's main obsession as a firstie was how to put together a top notch yearbook, pass a semester of five ME courses, maintain an active social life, and still find time to ride his Yamaha 650 Special. Somehow, his incredible organization enabled him to get everything done. A man of many talents, Chris' achievements include Lucky Bag Layout Editor, Varsity Debater, and falling love with a girl only to lose her for Navy. Chris is Navy Air all the way. Good luck friend!



"BUBBA"

ROBERT M. DIXON

OVERLAND PARK, KS *SMA*

When Bob, or "Bubba," as "the boys" call him, showed up on I-Day, 1977 some might have wondered how he got in the place. But time has shown, and now, far from that 90-pound weakling, he has muscled up his bony frame and can invite anyone to an enjoyable afternoon of PLF's or 5- to 10-mile sprints. He's still afraid of losing "all" that weight if he doesn't gorge himself at the table. Some problem . . .

Dix found that youngster cruise and Hawaii agreed with him. So much so, in fact, that he returned first class cruise — but this time in green, Marine green. And the next time, he hopes it'll be for real. Bob joined the "Wife-by-Mail Club" via the Log, and found some griping Hoodette complaining about never getting any mail. Well, he wrote, and things have worked out fine (if you like nooses). She's even learned to grunt. We all wish you well in the FMF, Bob, but just remember the "needs of the Navy." (You'll love nuke power!)

"LON"

LONNIE R. GREEN

SHREVEPORT, LA *SRM*

Lonnie Green has come a long way since he first arrived at U.S.N.A. As a plebe he was timid, withdrawn and a "sweat" as far as regulations were cncerned. However, the old Lon bears little resemblance to this suave, superslick ladykiller he is today. He is not a ladykiller in the normal sense. When it comes to ladies he can be counted on to mess up one way or another. Fortunately, our hero has an uncanny knack for self perservation . This ability has enabled him to squeeze out of several tight spots academically, socially and with the admin conduct system (remember the "Cole Caper"). Lon is also renown for his ability to liven up parties, particularly after partaking of the spirits. A sample of his past party nicknames include: Lowdown Lon, Slummin Lon, Snake, Kid Controversy and Master of Mayhem. Fortunately for him — when he oversteps his bounds — he never forgets his duck and cover move. Once he is gone, the women of Annapolis may never see another like him — but then again who wants another LON?

"MIKEY"

MICHAEL D. HAMELE
PORTAGE, WI *EME*

"Mikey" spent 3 years trying to get into this place and then 4 years trying to get out. He's originally from someplace in the mid-west but nobody can find it on a map. As a member of the "HILTON-8", he had his first shot at varsity restriction as a plebe; he came back out for another two months at the end of youngster year. Mikey never looked for trouble, it always seemed to find him — at the most inopportune times. He was usually OTR, especially on his 21 birthday when the boys ripped his WUBA pants off and took him scuba diving. With Mikey, crew and girls faired about the same; he tried very hard at both. Academically, Mikey was a sleeper; most profs knew the top of his head better than his face. Professionally, he was so middle of the road that no one knew he was second class company commander. Mikey was the best roommate and will always be the best friend a guy could ask for, who knows, if Rickover has his way we can room together in Orlando. If not, best of luck to Mikey in his Tomcat. GO NAVY AIR

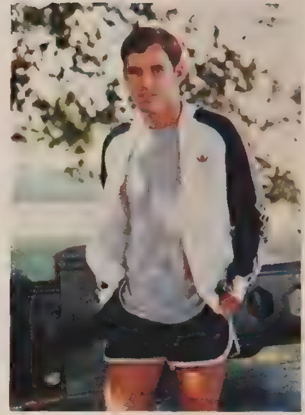
SUSAN L. HEON
NOVATO, CA *FEC*

It came as somewhat of a shock to this Marin County girl when she realized she couldn't build her jacuzi next to 7th wing, but somehow Susanne brought enough of California with her to survive the East. In fact it didn't take Sue long to leave her mark on 95N, surviving the infamous NYC trips not to mention a few Army's. Yes, she became a veteran of the roadtrip, surviving K.O.'s bout with Bacardi (though the wallet didn't), the N.J. Welcome Center, the mad blender, rawfish, snow and Amtrak. When the NAVS decided to head West the Aloha spirit took hold and AWL was born. Between catching rays in the rain and midnight swims in the lagoon, Hale MoMos and varied no nos, Hawaii met its match. Sue's membership in NAVS, woofits, Charlie's gang, the Hilton Ten and Bixler's Babes has found for her many special memories. Sue wasn't one for quiet afternoons in the hall, rather, several tours of the Severn and spring breaks at the boathouse filled those long hours. Remember, SEALS go arf, I love S.F. too, and "which way to P-cola?"

"SCOOTER"

ANTHONY L. HERROD
CROWNSVILLE, MD *FPS*

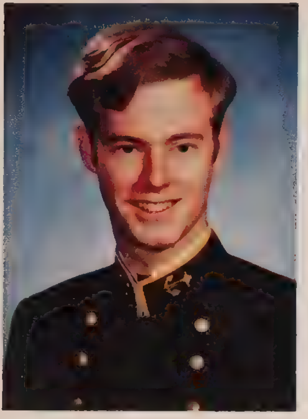
Tony Herrod has always been the type of midshipman whose "solid" reputation proceeded him among his peers and all associates. He has earned respect from practically every encounter for his good judgement, common sense, and realism. Tony is professional to the "nth" degree and his quality leadership will benefit and motivate all those who are fortunate to serve under him in the future. His dedication and persistence will make him a credit to the United States Navy or Marine Corps. "The Kid", as he calls himself, is definitely a well rounded individual. Tony is quite a ladies' man, always having to remain one step ahead of his numerous female acquaintances in order to stay out of trouble. Tony played two years as one of the hardest hitting defensive backs on Navy's 150lb. football squad. He was a member of the Black Studies Club for four years and as president during first class year he led them to one of their best years ever. Watch out world; this "bad Motor Scooter is going places!!!



"HOP"

KEVIN S. HOPKINS
SAN JOSE, CA *SRM*

Variety is the spice of Hop's life. A nomad from San Jose, Cal., Hop has lived in so many places, his roommate of 3 years doesn't know them all. His ability to meet people (especially those of the opposite sex) is utterly amazing. 3 continuously updated address books can attest to Hop's friendliness. Hop's life thrives on challenges whether it be a girl or a sport. if it isn't a challenge you can bet it isn't part of Hop's life. Kevin strives to be the best at what he does, especially squash. He has that inherent trait of reaching back when he is down and coming back to win (Navy over Army 5-4, 80). Resources Managers are supposed to know how to manage everything, even checkbooks. Kevin must have fallen asleep in that class. A black N'er from way back, the 7-0 barbershop will sorely miss him. May memories of the Rose Room, Ho Chi Mihn Trail, and Midnight requisitions follow wherever he wanders. If you do go subs Hop, remember even in Nuke Eng., sooner or later, you'll go general.



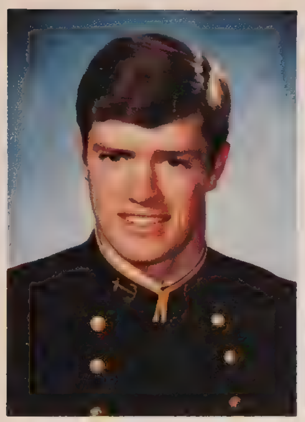
"MAD DOG"

MICHAEL J. JOHNSON
ST. PETERSBURG, FL *SOC*

Michael Joseph David Johnson is the last of 8 chidlren. The baby of the family. Remembering good old Mike and the first night it got cold (about 45 degrees), "I'm freezing" said Mike. Mike is from St. Petersburg, Fla. Little did he know that a month later he would be sitting outside in 0 degree, 30 knot winds with snow falling after dark. That's right, Plebe year Army-Navy game. For the next 4 years whenever it snowed, Mike would fade into a missed childhood running outside for a snowball fight. Mike was a well rounded athlete although not varsity material, until he sprained his ankle second class year, or was that, he broke his ankle as medical finally diagnosed 9 months later. Mike was always the first to jump at an opportunity to party; and even though he hated to dance, he always managed to be one of the first with a girl. Throughout all of his escapades, he still managed to hold out right around 3.0; but then again those oceanography majors??????

DAVID KREV
STICKNEY, IL *SPS*

Never pursuing a position on the varsity swim team, Dave made a name Illinois, was originally recruited to USNA for swimming. Though never swimming abilities, Dave's aspiration ever since plebe year has been to - self on the battalion swim team. Going hand in hand with his swimming abilities, Daves aspiration ever since plebe year has been to be a seal. Now who could be better for the job? A good seal, they say, has to be a little bit crazy, and Dave certainly fits that description. Dave's interests lay with academics, but then who needs an get it approved on the tenth. It couldn't be said Dave's interest lied with academics, but then who needs an electrically-inclined seal in his new major, Dave was able to pursue more enjoyable interests to physical science. Settled in his new major, Dave was able to pursue his interest, which included everything but academics. Whatever Dave does in the Fleet, we all know he'll be a hard charger.



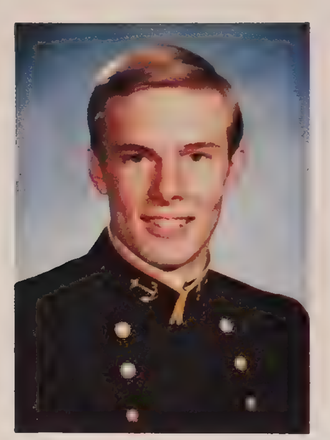
LEX J. LAULETTA
WEST CHESTER, PA *SRM*

Hey Buddyyy! In an attempt to save himself and his eyes for Navy Air, Lex made a commendable effort to do the absolute minimum to survive USNA, and accomplished this feat with much to spare (20/15 Vision?!). This same carried on to the Football field where #81 could always be spotted by the water bucket. His colateral duty to the BIG BLUE (aside from passing out ice) was to punt us out of trouble; thus his contribution was limited to fourth down. After the game, Lex looked forward to those sweet stuff filled weekends. Lex always fond time to do the important things like playing guitar, sleeping, and writing letters; all during study hour. Lex's next stop should be P-Cola, from there who knows? Lex, be happy, be wealthy, take care and good luck. THAT's NICE!

"WB"

WENDY B. LAWRENCE
ANNAPOLIS, MD *EOE*

Wendy didn't have far to come when she left Alexandria, Va., in fact home followed her here! For the last 3 years she has signed the weekend list- 1 Buchanan Rd.! Nothing like running home to do your roommates' wash, bake cookies for the Navigators, or chase (and clean-up after) two crazy, lovable Irish setters. Not one to ever waste time, Plebe Summer was no exception. The only Plebe that could do 3 things at once - all by osmosis - thus A.S. for Admiral Sponge. A.S. soon became W.B., Wild Bill, and with that she moved from 3/c late nights studying in the head to the 2/c Colombo crowd in the wardroom and on up in the 4-1 clouds as a Firstie. Aviator glasses and Dad's helmet - P'cola bound with inches to grow. Her hair went Kinky - just an overdose of cables or Marine Corps Marathon. Lucky with rings, Wendy lost one ring and dipped another. W.B. is a devoted oarsman, friend to one and all and especially to God. Good luck and happiness in the future and remember, '81 is great, better than '78!



"MAC"

TIMOTHY C. McLARNEY
FAIRPORT, NY ENA

Timmy Mac came to Canoe U. as a scrawny 165 lb. kid. 4 years of trying to pump iron has put 200 lbs. on his scrawny little frame. Cupid took several shots at Mac throughout his imprisonment here, each a bit more accurate than the last. He says he is looking for a hamburger fiend. Mac pretends to be a Naval Architect, though he realized early on that building ships is tougher than watching TV. "But Tim, the Marines do not need people who build ships." I don't care! Probably his best accomplishment was making the Pistol team what it is. Trouble. His close buddies are fully confident that Mac will join a "hit" team someday. "Hey Mr. Seagull, how did you like your firecracker sandwich?" Honest guys, I DO love little furry animals! How should I know he was hungry? T. Mac bought a neat little economy car and proceeded to install an un-economical stereo, obviously trying to copy bis MEGA-WATT sound system. He'll hit resonant frequency yet! Although Mac always had something injured to complain about, he's healthy enough for tanks, baby!

"STONEFACE"

TIMOTHY W. MEIER
WICHITA, KS ESE

Timothy Wayne Meier came to the academy from Wichita, Kansas. While at the academy, Tim participated in several intramural sports. Academics were Tim's specialty and he could usually be found at his desk studying. Tim did manage to make it to Disco Dahlgren every Saturday night. Tim's Dahlgren days come to an end when he fortunately met Nancy. Tim wanted to be a Nuc but fortunately he saw the light at Pensacola and decided to fly, that is if Uncle Rick does not get him after all. Tim's professionalism and self discipline will provide him with a good base to begin his naval career.

"MYK"

MARK G. MYKITYSHYN
SCOTCH PLAINS, NJ SRM

MYK . . . How do you prounounce that last name? "MICK-A-TISH-EN, sir" From the beginning, Myk knew how to secondguess his profs; a term known to all his buddies as 'MYK-A-SIZING".

In the afternoon, Myk could be found pumping iron, building up that upper body. "Leg work?" "Idon't even like to run!" Just one more set for Arnold . . . When the weather happened to be nice, Myk was always game to play some tennis; gotta get psyched for Borg and the Masters. When not sure what to do, his free time was taken by that afternoon rack.

Myk will need the tight haircut as he plans to go Green for a minimal period of time. The future also envisions a master degree, then he just may team up with his twin brother (Tom) to take over Wall Street (In a three piece suit,, of course).

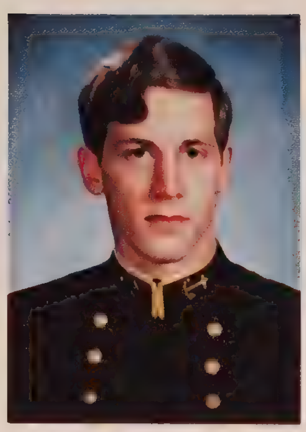
Whatever the future, we all know that Myk will always rally, and be game for anything. Mark is unique because Mark is MYK.

TRINORA E. PINTO
LOUISVILLE, KY FPS

Trinora came from LOU-A-VUL, KY with a backpack and a southern drawl. Plebe summer saw her taking frequent naps, the floor being much cooler than the surrounding air. Cross-country road trip, ticket in Texas, Hawaii and Tide, and love boat cruise #2 were par for 3/c summer. Hook 'em horns and she hooked herself a live one 3/c year - camping trips, jumping wardroom couches, Christmas in Texas, a diamond at the bottom of the Chester River and a tall Texan. When the cat's away, the mouse will play? Not so if you sleep through the ring dance as your date dips your ring! Anyone remember the procedure for removing toilet paper with a pocket knife? Something about a little wrist action? Practicing her domesticity before graduation and the "big day", T. once made 300 cookies for Roger. I hope UPS was on time this time, not like a certain 2 month old birthday cake. All the luck and happiness in your nine to five in Norfolk as Ensign Sassman.

DONALD M. ROSS
INDIANAPOLIS, IN *SPH*

Most people find it hard to believe that Don is from Indianapolis, Indiana because farmers are supposed to be down to earth. Don spent most of his time on earth with the Drum & Bugle Corps second only to his rack. Of the time spent with the D & B, Don claimed to have enjoyed the long road trips especially the bus rides. All his classmates were continually amazed at his ability to unfailingly pick out the youngest girls in any crowd and insist they were old enough. As one of the premier dancers at Dahlgren Don was shocked when one of his partners said his dancing was just "alright". Also as the sentimentalist of the company he was always willing to help dictate and interpret love letters for anyone who had trouble in that area; but woe to the person who inadvertantly covered up the pictures of Marisa under his blotter. Often times at night he was seen staring at the pictures for hours muttering strange incantations which sounded like "there's no place like home, there's no place like home".



"SHAFE"

ROBERT A. SHAFER
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA *EME*

Many years form now historians will attribute the famous naval saying "Born to Rack" to our man the SHAFE. When Rob (not Bob) arrived t gate one 4 years ago it was obvious that the Navy would never be the same. Plebe year, however, was not kind to Rob. Plagued with a nagging cough (particularly during chow calls) Shafe managed somehow to survive and youngster year found him thrown in with 2 other M. E. derelicts. Even as a Mechanical Engineer Rob never seemed to have much of a problem with academics; to him everything was trivial. He was one of the few to survive both the Rocket and Wild Bill. On the soccer field his ability to control the game was only surpassed by his proficiency on the drill field. Undoubtedly Shafe got his inspiration from his favorite l/c Murph. Rob has only 2 loves - a Spruance destroyer and a certain California girl. Whether he's in the Navy or writing movie billboards we will miss our good friend Rob. Sure to be among the best - Surface Line Mighty Fine.

"FOSTER"

RONALD L. TAYLOR
HOUSTON, TX *SOC*

Ron has come a long way from Houston, Texas to graduate from USNA. He was assigned to NAPS and upon completion of the instruction there he became a part of the class of '81 in the thirteenth company. Ron received his dear John letter as a youngster at which time he began to pursue other interests. Those other interests have culminated in his plans for a commissioning week wedding.

Ron was always a wiz with facts and figures. He could be depended upon to come up with some fact from out of nowhere that did not pertain to the conversation at hand. Ron's many facts could have been thrown together and published with the title "FOSTER'S THEORIES OF RELATIVITY". Ron tried his hand at boxing while at USNA. He had the heart and the courage for the sport but he appeared to get Bogged down in his ring efforts. His other favorite pastime, for which he did possess talent, was basketball. This oceanography major will be a good marine.

"ZIGGY"

GLENN D. ZIEGLER
DREXEL HILL, PA *EME*

Ziggy came to us in the summer of '77 from Drexel Hill, Pa. As a plebe Glenn occupied himself mainly with JV soccer and lacrosse T-tables. In between sports Zig found time to rate dragging and driving privileges as well as baptizing our favorite l/c during Army Week. Saying farewell to varsity sports as a youngster Zig concentrated on walk-on-water request chits. "In accordance with the directives set forth by the commandant . . ." allowed Zig to take as many weekends as the firsties. 2/c year brought with it academics, memories of Mama Ziegler's 6 foot hoagies, a foreign exchange cruise to Canada, a new car and the world's most ridiculous tool kit. As a l/c Glenn was always willing to give of himself - just ask any girl on the East Coast. Yet no matter what he was doing; loaning out tools, fixing his or his roommate's car stereo with a jigsaw, or getting fried by a youngsterette Zig always wore his winning smile. One thing is certain. We will not soon forget a super friend and truly fine officer.

FOURTEENTH COMPANY

"BOB"

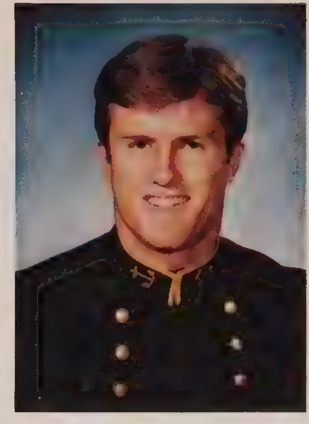
ROBERT F. ADAMS
RUNNEMEDE, NJ *SCH*

Bob came to us from a little town which most of us know from firefighting school, Runnemede, N.J. affectionately known as Runnynose. Thanks for the local yokel hospitality. Chubbing his way through the iron gates, Bob quickly rowed out his ripples through the miles of lightweight crew. Water miles soon turned into running miles in distance running. Lately he can be found rummaging through the weightrooms. Dancing his way through Dalhgren Hall, 2/c summer, and anywhere his feet hit the ground, he became inspired as "Disco Bob", twisting and spinning his way from girl to girl. Oh what problems! Did he learn his Physics! Probably the reason he became a Physics major. His first command, yet not to be his last was the USS Navy Banana - Nobody Does It Better: a Yippy for a fun cruise. Fair Winds and Following Seas to ya, Sailor! Be watching over you out there, that away!

"JB"

JOHN P. BARRON
YORKTOWN HGTS., NY *SOC*

Known as fuzzy-wuzzy during plebe summer, he was one of the founding members of TBC, and co-inventer of the moon manometer. J.B. specialized in cool pop specials. Bud would be happy on a journey through the past with a weiser and a burrito. His steel trap brain and his perfectionism did not carry over into his more reckless endeavors, such as driving. Leaving his hair and headband in New York, Pickle took a wrong turn at crossroads and ended up at Fort Benning. The would-be radical discovered his true mission in life and ended up at the Academy, proving the adage "No sense makes sense". J.B. was only bonused when he could get mobile and be jomming, jomming, jomming. A master tape maker, he practiced his art well over one spring vacation . . . "Hey J.B., let's just have a coke instead."



"CHRIS"

CHRIS J. BOBLIT
SAN DIEGO, CA *HEG*

Although Cowboy Bop never achieved an "A" in class, he earned several class A's. Deciding he'd rather wear WUBA than OP's and leaving the surfing circuit for Disco Dahlgren, Bobber left San Diego to come over the hills and far away to USNA, where be became a terror in the defensive backfield and a misfit in RME. Bobber missed the west coast so much that he and Chaps hopped home two weekends in a row returning with eucalyptus leaves for his captive Koalas. His vehicle of fate, the Killdozer, was never above suspicion. It wouldn't attack you but it wouldn't back you. A bull major, Bomber spent much of his time sitting, drinking, and superficially thinking. Chris picked up a guitar as a youngster and with some help from Fen could soon jam with the best. With his casual personality and his willingness to get TR, his status as a midshipman was sometimes jeopardized, but remember, "Tough is the soul that treads the knife's edge."

"BUCKY"

GREGG BUCZKOWSKI
UNION, NJ *SCH*

Bucky constantly amused those of us who knew him best. Gifted with remarkable vocal and facial expressiveness, he entertained us with his many versions of insanity. He quite enjoyed working with the sub-squad (as an instructor), teaching us how to polka, or playing what he tried to convince us was jazz on his accordion. Gregg survived as a chemistry major by dabbling in philosophy, the Russian language, and German folk dancing. Although he worried about academics and girlfriends, he usually achieved what he wanted (but we all remember the story of the minister's daughter). He seemed quite professional (his cadences inspired our marching), and he completely enjoyed his pleasure cruise with the Dutch Navy. Easily provoked to argue that his dried up plant still had life, he will fight well as a surface warrior. We love him best for yelling at us every night.

"TONY"

ANTHONY CHIFFOLO
EAST SCHODACK, NY   HEG

Tony has got to be one of the most interesting guys around. He came to the academy in order to write and study literature, and that is just what he did STUDY. Few other plebes would tell their roommates to be quiet on a Saturday night because they wanted to study - And had late lights to do it. Tony hated anything technical or any established organization. (This should definitely put him at ease in the nuclear community.) Most of Tony's free time was spent studying or galavanting around the country with that traveling minstrel show he called a glee club. Our three years together as roommates have been most unusual. We got together as a result of red-necked Bob Cratchet and have stayed together ever since. I suppose the combination of insanity (mine) and depressing melancholy (his) provided just the right chemistry. It is a wonder, however, that we didn't kill each other. May you find joy in the fleet, (I don't know how, but try irregardless) and remember: if you can survive me, you can do just about anything.

"TODD"

TODD COKER
PHILADELPHIA, PA   SPS

Todd came to Annapolis from Philadelphia, Pa. via a short road trip to NAPS. He was never one to waste time and quickly established himself as a leader of the class in every way. Coke lettered in 150lb football three times, was class President, Golf Company Commander, First Regimental Admin Officer, and a hard working double major (Physical and Science). When not catching TD passes or Z's (depending on the time of year), T.C. could be found either patiently instructing the "younger generation" or floating like a rock in the natatorium. On weekends, Coke liked to catch bullets at the Annapolis Elks Club.

Todd's most noted quality was his ability to get along with people. The thing he gained most at USNA was friends and his favorite activity was giving of himself to others. Todd will fly a long way in Naval Aviation.

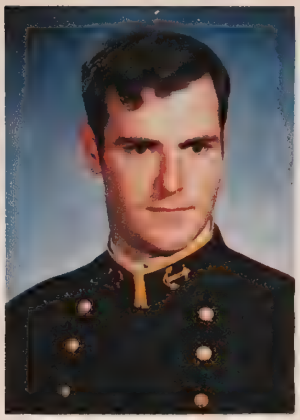
Well BEAR, we made it. Les and I will miss you. Take Care.

*PS. - Let's go catch M*A*S*H.*

"GISH"

JOHN R. GESHAY
RACINE, WI   SPS

Racine, Wisconsin gave us Gish and we wouldn't give him back. Struggling at his double major in Phy Sci, he still always had time to demonatrate his prowess with the Spot Weld, Crane, Flea Flicker, and the Grater. The King of one-liners, Gish also spent much of his free time in support of his favorite charity, the Save the Whales campaign, doing most of his protesting in Dahlgren. Impossible to catch on film, Gish cringed at being called buddy, and killed for being called baby. One of the main reasons for the Mouse's demise, he nevertheless contributed to Navy Basketball throughout his Academy career, holding the Navy record in fouls committed. Touring with YERMA , and constantly listening to funk, Gish made us wonder about his bloodline, which in fact can be traced back to Jamaica. His amiable personality along with his enormous collection of toys and playthings, made him a friend to all, especially his company buds and his B-Ball Bros . . . Good Luck Always Gish!!!!!!!!!!!!!



"GIF"

JOHN L. GIFFIN
SAN LEANDRO, CA   SMA

. . .I shall be good health to
you . . .
And filter and fiber your
blood — — Whitman

Let me tell ya about the Gif. A Californian at heart, the Giffer merely tolerated the unique pleasures of the East Coast Climate. Good thing, though. 'Cause the Gif's been a source of stability around here. You could swear he's made of rock, except in his heart. There he must be made of gold. Gif's the only guy the computer willingly calls 'Sir.' One major wasn't quite enough so John mastered both Physics and Math. No wonder the room was always full of gouge seekers. Rickover's gonna get one good man when he gets the Gif. But ten-to-one says his stateroom will be full of California Dreamin' posters. Well, smooth sailin' to ya, John. You're sure to bring a little sunshine with you everywhere . . . even to the depths of the ocean.

Carl

"INA"

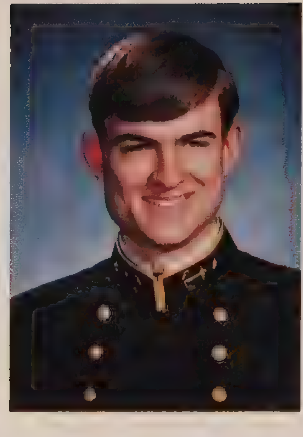
INA M. GOMEZ
GRAND JUNCTION, CO SPS

I "am" Gomez came off a Rocky Mountain High at Colorado U. to a mean lower low water mark at Navy. Ina(or was that Tina) discovered that life at Navy was not what she had expected (not that she knew what to expect). Early on, Ina proved her athletic ability by making the women's varsity fencing team. She also showed that she could remain cool under pressure. One night a second class decided to show her and her roommate what he was really made of. While her roommate cowered in the corner, Ina just stared him in the face(?) and laughed. First class year found Ina's room with a 200% minority enrollment (100% female; 100% Hispanic) and that beats any minority recruitment quota Uncle Sam ever set. Ina never got any stripes for all her hard work; but she could always be counted on to do her best and that's what we're looking for in this business. Whatever speciality Ina chooses will definitely benefit from her service. Too bad they don't have NFO's in Marine helos.

"BONE"

D. F. HARRINGTON
EVERETT, MA SCH

Much to the relief of Everett Mass., Bone immediately took USNA in his fold. Always a guy full of enthusiasm, his nonstop chatter set a record for most deaf ears in one company. Sometimes we wondered what this Chemmajor was concocting in his secret labs, but we knew that whatever potion he mixed for himself, it never turned him into Mr. Hyde. He tried his skill on the mound for Coach Duff, but found the team against him when he threw his favorite and only pitch, the Boston Beaner. Boner was so much a nanny to us, it was almost like home. He carried us up the steps, tucked us in, cooked, cleaned, and defended us when we got into trouble. He would scream for us, laugh at us, and never leave without us. His four years have shown a steady decline in his moral fiber, primarily due to his buds and his brother Larry. With his extensive photographic history of our days here, he has caught us in our most prone moments, and along with his fancy for hostile birds, it's been tough, but nonetheless, THANKS MA BONE.



"HAUGY"

JON T. HAUGEN
ASHLAND, OR FPS

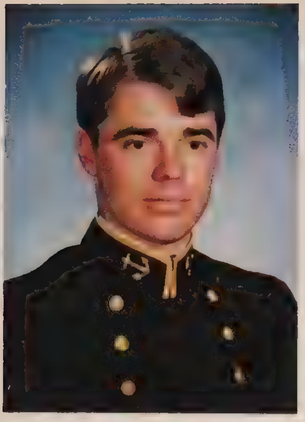
Hurricane rolled in from Ashland, Oregon with a crooked smile and a quick wit. He is not your typical Mid; his obsession with tying black sashes around his head at night and torturing his body twice a day, everyday, will attest to that. (Air Jocks don't need legs anyhow, right?!) But don't think of Haugie as being strange; he's really the most dependable guy in the company: you can always "depend" on him being in the rack by 11:10 p.m. Haugie is mostly quiet and unobtrusive but he easily slides into his role as "Life of the party", just ask anybody at the Christmas party plebe year. In his four years at USNA, Mo has managed to major in Track, the letter sweater proves it, and minor in Poly Sci. However, he flunked marching due to lack of attendance. When it comes down to it though, Jon is always the one you can count on, be it rescuing a stranded roommate or talking out a problem with a friend. Just ignore that nonchalant exterior and you will find a warm heart that means you've found a friend for life.

"DAVE"

DAVID S. HILL
GRAHMSVILLE, NY EGE

Grahamsville, NY will never be the same now that Dave is part of the Navy adventure. Bum and Kel's will always have an empty stool and a surplus of Genny. Their loss however, is our gain. On the pro side Dave's duties included Co. Sub. on detail, "Thought Police" Officer, and Wardroom Pres. He proved his athletic prowess in 150's and Co. B-ball, football and softball. In fact, Dave even played softball on dates. How else did he get that bruise on his neck?? Known for his "tough, but fair" style of leadership, he was always good for a kind word at the proper time, like: "my hands are tied, sign the form I, or volunteers are needed" . . . A nicer guy can't be found. Just ask him, he'll tell you. Dave's character and sense of humor made these four years more enjoyable for everyone and will guarantee his success in the fleet.

To a man you can always count on to be there and a good friend: Fair winds and following seas!
P.S. Say Hi to Hyman for me! Thanks, Dave.

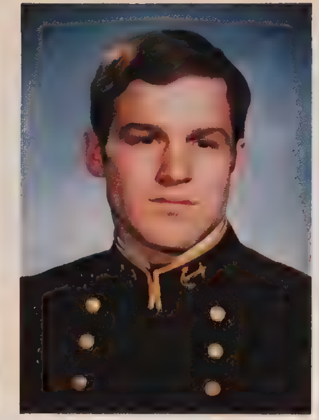


"FEN"

MARK R. KENDALL

PLEASANTOWN, CA *SOC*

Cruising in from Northern California, Fen hit Crab-Town and lost his band. Excelling professionally under the wing of T.F., his Y.P. endeavors and his love for haircuts made us wonder if he was really from California. Winning the hearts of all with his amazing ability for song writing and guitar playing, he spent many hours entertaining us. Neil's greatest fan, Fen was heard to utter and many times repeat, "Everybody knows this is nowhere." Doctor and Gish's favorite victim for shock treatment, Mark also received a few flea-flickers in his day. Leader of the Helpless jam sessions, Dallas' worries were multiplied by his luck with ferns and Hermit Crabs. His frustrations were finally quelled when a certain stewardess flew into his life ; and his head has been in the clouds ever since. Despite all the parasites and countless idle threats, we're sure that with his gitter in one hand and Andrea in the other, Fen will be destined for happiness and success.



"BUD"

BARRY E. KENNY

CHICAGO, IL *EGE*

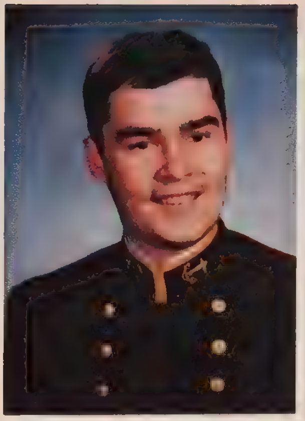
Barry, fondly referred to as 'bud' by his friends, along with a number of other 'well deserved' names, came to the naval academy from Chicago, Ill.' Barry, a 4yr. starter in wrestling at Navy was the only Biafran on the team. He was the only wrestler that could weigh 142 lbs. for the match and wake up the next morning weighing 175 lbs. Barry majored in General Engineering and managed to earn respectable grades, while at the same time getting many tedious hours of work done in his horizontal office. His easy going personality made him one of the most liked and respected member of the company. He is now looking forward to the wild blue Yonder up above. Pensacola, watch out. As a sincere and close friend of mine, I wish Barry the best of LUCK and tremendous success in all of his future endeavors.

"KEN"

KENNETH A. LISS

CINNCINATTI, OH *EGE*

Ken, known as Lih to his friends, came to USNA by way of Puerto Rico (or was it Colorado?). A hard charger, Ken set his goals early and did his utmost to achieve them. During Plebe Summer Ken wanted to learn all about the Naval justice system. He did this so well that he soon became the official lawyer of Golf Company and had the sign outside his door to prove it. Ken loved athletics too. Early on Ken decided to foresake the easy life of sailing and try his hand at varsity sports. Coach Lenz was more than happy to give him a tryout and he made the team with ease. What made Ken's accomplishment even more impressive was the fact that he became the captain of the squad while only a second class. Ken loved his four years here and he'll be the first one to admit that USNA made him a truly unique individual. As Ken prepares for haze grey and underway, surface line can be sure they're getting one mighty fine officer. Take it easy Ken, see you in the fleet. This is Papa Lima, out.

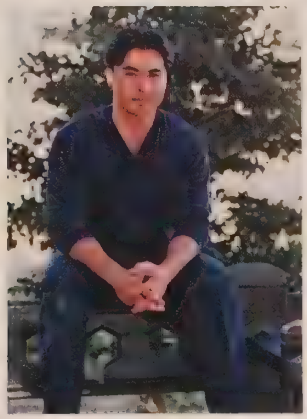


"PETER"

PETER J. LOUGHLIN

SAYREVILLE, NJ *SRM*

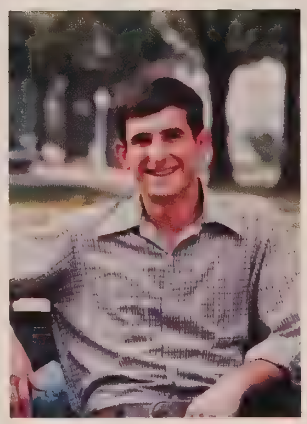
Pete walked in on I-day already humming the Marine Corps Hymn and as he gets ready to march out on graduation day, the hymn is beginning to "glow". It's been an eventful four years at the Academy for ol' Pete, but winters brought out the beast in him - just ask Bobby to show the fingermarks on his neck - some people just can't understand that early mornings and snow in the shirt don't mix. Pete is the only mid in the brigade who read the Wall Street Journal for enjoyment . . . well, we'll ALL be kicking ourselves when he's pulling us out of the gutter. One problem, while most mids consider wine, women, and song fun, our boy spent his weekends with Merrill Lynch. To each his own!! Whenever anyone asks for advice, our financial guru expounds with wisdom — buy low and sell high . . . Thanks Pete!! Lazy to the last, Pete couldn't even take time to walk out the gate to get a financee — he just walked a couple of doors down! Now we'll see a true test of the Navy-Marine team. So, here's to the Corps, the geek case, and . . . SEMPER FI! Later..



"RAY"

RAYNDEL N. MUSICO
SAN DIEGO, CA *SPS*

The MUSE . . . silent but deadly!
Deadly with a smile,
Deadly with a "Z",
Deadly with a foxy lady.
We've come a long way, baby.
Hibernating through Naps,
Living in style,
Struggling through U.S.N.A.,
Getting down once in a while.
As Totoy used to say, "Don't take away our Musico . . .",
And Lulu did in three big digits.
Hansang kailan man . . . kapatid, jr.

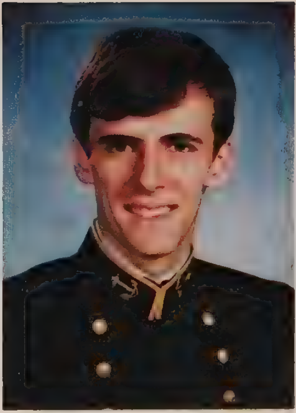


"GREG"

GREGORY M. NOSAL
FORT WORTH, TX *EGE*

The Texan without an accent came into the Academy a fired-up young buck. A gifted high school ball-player or so he says (and says and says . . .) Greg expected to take the Academy by storm but The Duffer and knee surgery took their toll on what surely would have been another Sudenberg. Greg is not one to bypass fun and games, mention of an apple throwing contest or pre-Army night high jinx with koolaid bring a smile to his face. One roommate described Greg as "Nose, ears, breathing and the best maid NAAA ever supplied." A major change resulted in an improvement of grades and placing a big fish in a small pond. A revered possessor of the gouge, Greg pulled five or six G.E.'s through first class year. Greg is liked and respected by all who know him. (There Greg, I put some nice stuff in.)

Greg has set a goal of flying since I-day and before. Unless the nukie-man trapped him he should be flying now. I wish him luck and Godspeed in his career and life.



"CJ"

CHRIS J. OWNES
WILMINGTON, DE *SPS*

Getting in here is one thing and getting out is another. In Chris' case, no one thought he would get in and, for awhile, it did not look like he would get out. After retiring from track and buckling down he got a handle on things and has had smooth sailing since. There have been minor disturbances to his routine of eating, sleeping and sleeping in the form of Admin conduct and cars, and by applying his silver tongue and skillful hands he easily overcame. In fact, Chris talked his way out of more demerits than he had dollars. Speaking of dollars, one of Chris' three philosophies which he lived by was — "You can't be happy unless you're in debt". Once he was in debt he lived by his other two philosophies — "Well rested, well tested" and most importantly, in the words of John Paul Jones, "He who will not risk, can not win". And it looks like Chris won this one — after all he has his commission, his degree, his Jaguar, and his wife (with order of importance going from left to right).

"PETER"

PETER S. PERRI
N. MASSAPEQUA, NY *FPS*

Pete known to his close bud's as the "Perr", "Petie", or "MC2" came to USNA after a brief stop at NAPS. With lax stick in hand, the former lax star from the Island in New Yawk, decided to hang up his STX after a year on Varsity, to enjoy the good life at USNA. Striper since day one, Petie's honest and candid opinions earned him the respect of both his peers and superiors. Although never one to turn down a party, Pete still managed to escape the Admin. Conduct System unscathed. Petie was happiest with Donner in one hand and a Schmidtie in the other, and somehow he managed to afford himself that comfort every other weekend during his senior year. The white sandy beaches of Pensacola are calling Pete, and we will definitely miss our buddy. Take care of him Donner!!

"DAVE"

DAVID C. PERRY

LIBBY, MT *SPS*

As if, in the presence
of the sea,
We dried our nets and
mended sail
And talked of never-ending
things. — — Stevens

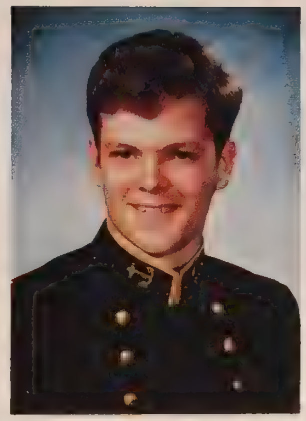
Future wearer of many medals, the Griz has yet to discover what bein' nervous is all about. Although he was allergic to physical exercise, Dave somehow managed to attain that magical minimum that "must be good enough ." Likewise, in Academics Dave mastered the art of not studying too much. Ya see most of Dave's time was spent keeping the rest of us around here sane. Blessed with the ability to make ya feel loved, Dave is sure to be surrounded by many friends. Except for bein' addicted to burgers, steerage runs and chow packages, Dave is probably the only Mid in history with no bad habits. The Griz retired from competitive fencing after Plebe Year to become a distinguished world traveller; 1983 will see him travelin' the wild blue in search of adventure. May God bless your soaring wings, Dave.

"RICH"

RICHARD J. RACINE

BRYN MAWR, PA *SMA*

*and God sail let there be a man of men, and there was Rich Racine. Maintaining a low profile and QPR plebe year, Rich quickly abandoned the Systems Engineering major to enter the field of mathematics. This move was typical of his keen sense of good judgement as he was to go on to collect three consecutive 4.0 semesters. How he was able to do this I will never know, because although he studied a great deal he did not do so excessively. This was evident in his 3-a-day M*A*S*H sessions (which made him an official wardroom rat), his daily after-class naps, and his occasional flings to sunny Cali. Rich's true dedication was found elsewhere, that being to the ever-loving and most beautiful Leslie. Because of this dedication Rich became quite skilled at financial management early into second class year. As a leader Rich was always firm while fair, thus gaining the respect of seniors, juniors and peers alike. Remember the good - Murderer's Row, taking P.C's horses, and Dahlgren. Remember the bad - The Class of '80!*



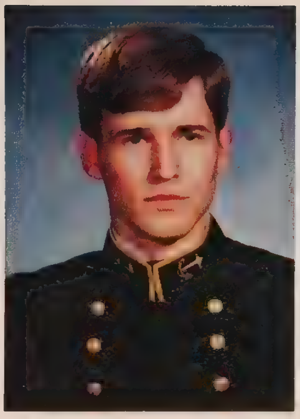
"ROBERT"

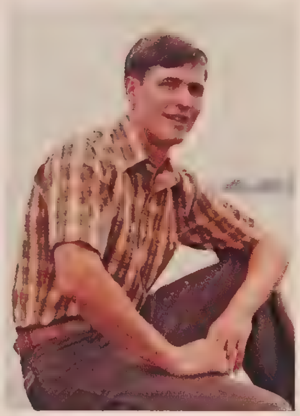
ROBERT C. SAGER

TULSA, OK *ESE*

"O-O-Oklahoma where the wind comes whistling down the plain . . ." Robert came to the Academy a staunch down-home Okie. Through the years though we, his classmates, have been able to temper and mold him into the Bobby-Chris we know today. It seems as though everyone has kept abreast of his love life, to his continual amazement. Kara his first true love eventually faded away being replaced by his current heart throb, a Mary Washington girl. Robert majored in Systems while at the Academy. Did I happen to say Robert was a Systems major and by the way Robert would be upset if I failed to mention that he was a Systems major? (he had his won key to the "hybrid" you know!) Athletically, Batt fencing severely tested and challenged his prowess. Robert believes sleep can be stored, he could be found storing sleep Monday afternoons, Tuesday afternoons, Wednesday afternoons . . .

Surface line or Hyman will receive a fine officer depending on which be selects. I wish him luck and Godspeed in his career and life.





"GENE"

EUGENE B. SEDY

SEATTLE, WA *EAS*

Gene came to us from "The Fleet" (almost). Two years in the Navy and Gene had never been on a boat; but he knew the nuclear prototype at Idaho Falls like the back of his hand, and he was eager to share his knowledge with the rest of us. Gene was never too busy to help a classmate (or anyone else) with physics or calculus (nukes know all about that kind of stuff), or just a little friendly advice about how they should run their life. When it comes to athletics, Gene is a regular George Plimpton. After the first two days of Plebe Summer, he decided that fencing was not for him. He quickly found a home with the sailing team, and their T-tables took him through the first semester of Plebe Year. From there, Gene excelled in Company football, Rugby, he tried 150's, starred in Fieldball, and finished up as a cheerleader. Whether in sports, academics, or just being a friend, Gene put his whole heart into the job. From the first day of Plebe Summer, one could always count on Gene to do the job. Thanks Eugene.

"SPAT"

CARL L. SPATARO
MECHANICSBERG, PA HEG

"I know a garret, cold and dark
and drear,
And one who toils with
tireless pen,
Until his brave, sad eyes
grow weary — then
He seeks the stars, pale,
silent as a seer."

Midshipman Spataro 4/c, Slug, Slugger, Slugger Bear, Major, Uncle Carlo, Fats, and the Mizer of Mellow — all of these titles have been collected by the incredible Munchkin. Carl never could decide exactly what he wanted to do. Systems Engineering or English — Technician or Musician — Gymnast or Runner of Sea sick Sailor — Service Selection?? All Carl really knew was that whatever he did he was going to be the best. The Mizer of Mellow took all of the changes in stride and watched, pipe in hand, as others worried. Well, good luck and smooth sailing (oops) wherever the Navy takes you.

Da Giffer

"OPEY"

KEITH E. TAYLOE
ROANOKE, VA EAS

It is a long road from sneaking out to have an illegal beer on a plebe year Saturday night to staying at your fiancee's house in the evening. Opey has worked hard and played even harder the whole trip. He came to us an all-American boy and leaves us an all-American man, but what a series of events brought that change about! If he was to be nominated for an award, it would have to be the "most likely to get injured" award. Well, at least he always had Charlie's miracle elixre to help mend his wounds. Keith is not without his refinements, though. He is an absolute gourmet. What could be better than a case of Bud for dinner than a six-pack for breakfast? Hopefully the Marine Corps is ready for a color-blind Aerospace Engineer with ambitions to be an Indy driver whenever he is a little late. Who knows what he will ever do without old C.J., but "I reckon" Terry will have to suffice.

"FRANK"

FRANK THORP
ANNAPOLIS, MD SMA

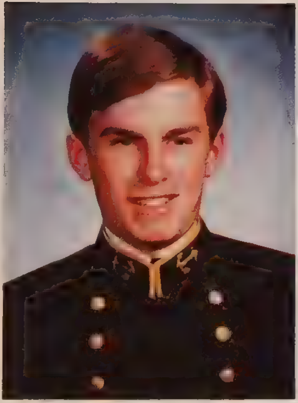
Talk about going to your home state college! Frank is the ultimate proof that townie kids are good for something besides kamikazee bicycling on Annapolis sidewalks. Who else lives close enough to stand all of those leave time watches? Through his sister's parties for plebes and her collection of Youngster-mobiles, Frank has proven time and again that every company ought to have its own "Annapolitan . . ." People use to wonder why his Vega was so beat up, then he bought his Trans-Am and showed them. Frank either has the worst luck with that car or the best luck in pinning the blame for his mishaps on the other driver. Frank's trademark is his willingness to give a hand when needed. . . . thanx CJ and Opey.

"ROD"

RODNEY A. WEEMS
COLORADO SPRGS., CO SPH

After spending Plebe Year together as roommates, we got to know each other pretty well. Rodney came to USNA with the highest goals in mind. They were to become an Air Force pilot, a professional magician, a professional artist, and an Olympic fencer. Rodney also thought it would enhance his career to write a SIIOO computer program that would allow the computer to teach itself to replace human beings. Since USNA normally does not provide a large number of Air Force officers, Rodney thought it might be a good idea to GO NUKE. After Hyman and Rodney both decided that they wanted no part of each other, Rodney finally realized that Surface Line was mighty fine after all. Rodney must be commended, however, on his tenacity. His pursuit of that ellusive 4.0, 3.0, 2.0 was never-ending. Grades shouldn't be that critical though. Who else wants an initial tour to Antarctica? Most of Rodney's free time was spent in the fencing loft or at Timmy's Carry Out doing magic tricks for the girls. To a good friend and a true Christian - Good luck, God bless you.

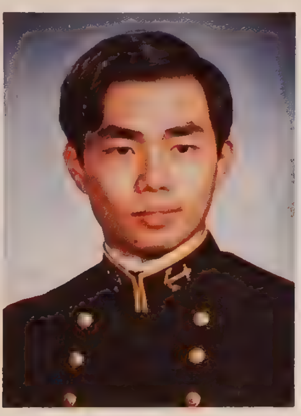
FIFTEENTH COMPANY



"DUB"

ANDREAS M. WILSON
CLEARWATER, FL *SRM*

Heading up AIA, DUB pulled in the gate on a misguided manatee with a Busch in hand. "Sup? . . . All right!" W's early days were spent mastering dueling banjos. Easily satisified and always proud of his accomplishments, the first few notes sufficed. We all had trouble adapting to "DUB time," a carryover from the life he led at home. A known Buffet fan, Phil rallied when Jimmy stopped by to play. Home was foremost in Mike's mind and throughout his time here he prepared his body for the fast paced beach life of the nation's geriatric ward. Now a major stockholder in Amigos, DUB rarely lets a weekend slide by without a taco. Mike is a good friend to all and believes he only needs three things in life . . . the 3 D's. Hey DUB, the chub lamp is lit, hoist the chub flag . . . Aye . . .



"WILLY"

WILLIAM T. AKANA
SAN DIEGO, CA *EAS*

The four years at the Academy seemed too long yet, at the same time, much too short. People here were very unique. Midshipmen are one of a kind and I feel special to have been one for these last four years. I'll never forget . . . the agonizing hours of practice with the rifle team, the countless all-nighters, trying to take a nap in the afternoon while the D & B practiced outside my window, morning, or the impromptu tests which always caught me unaware. Youngster year running the Marine Corps Marathon and winding up winding those races back to school for taps on Saturday nights, watching the plebes in my squad First Class year as they grew and feeling proud when they did a good job, but, most of all I'll never forget trying to steal the Army Mule plebe year and getting caught on our SECOND attempt. The times here were precious. I'll miss them.

NO PICNICKING OR FISHING THIS AREA

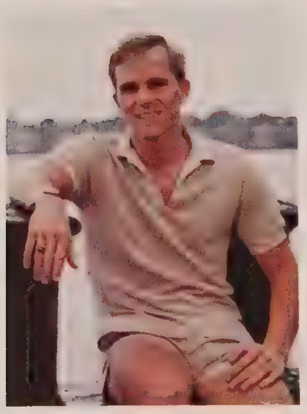
"BOB"

ROBERT J. AMEND
ORLANDO, FL *SMA*

Big Bob came to us from Orlando, Florida, fresh out of high school. A star swimmer, Bob was determined to make the Navy swim team. Not one for doing things fast, the Preying Mantis was always getting us in trouble Plebe Summer for consistently being late. And a partier — remember Younster Army? Second class year Bob amazed everyone with his great grades and EE abilities. Not to be outdone by Henry Ford, Bob decided to build his own car. Not bad, Bob, I've never seen a $6000 piece of junk that ran. On the serious side, Bib is a near and dear friend. Liked by all, we will never forget Bob. Navy Air got a great man.

BRUCE E. ANGELL
CHERRY HILL, NJ *SOC*

Bruce came to the Naval Academy from Beautiful Cherry Hill, New Jersey. An active participant in varsity sports in high school, Bruce chose not to continue. He joined the D&B plebe summer and has been an active member ever since. Academics have never been much of a problem for him. This is due to the wonderful "blow it off" attitude he has had towards studying since he came in. Bruce has developed a good rapport with his classmates over the years and has acquired the reputation of "macho Bruce" due to his timely threats of bodily harm to the unwary. Bruce has been a good sport and rolled with the punches, especially the ones concerning his "affair" with a certain plebette in his company and the flag line in his first class year. How is M — —, Brudie? Besides being a flag twirler, Bruce has played football and softball with the company. His present interests are in his "hot" Camaro and a certain blackjack dealer in NJ. With Bruce's good taste in wine and women, he is sure to do just fine at P-cola. Good luck, Bruce!



CRAIG F. ARNDT
BOCA RATON, FL *SRM*

Craig came to the boat school from the golden beaches of Boca Raton, Fla. A true sun-worshipper, he left some broken hearts behind is was evident by the "longing" fan letters he received from the young ladies back home. After settling down into the routine at USNA, Craig was soon shining brass, sewing pockets shut, and playing 150# football during plebe year. The burdens of being a plebe having been lifted, Craig decided to enter the youngster geek mode, so he began burning the midnight oil-often to the dismay of his roommate. However, he discovered that partying had it's advantages and dropped from a 3.8 to a 1.8 - so much for good grades. A lover of the finer things in life, Craig bought a Z-28 and drove fast and far in search of the perfect woman. Or was it to escape the less-than-10 woman? First class year found him skydiving and taking excursions to Hood College as one of the original Face Suckers. Craig looks forward to more "life in the fast lane" as he begins his NFO career. Good luck Craig.

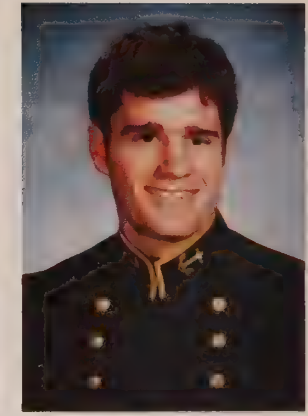
GARY BECKER
ST CHARLES, MO *FPS*

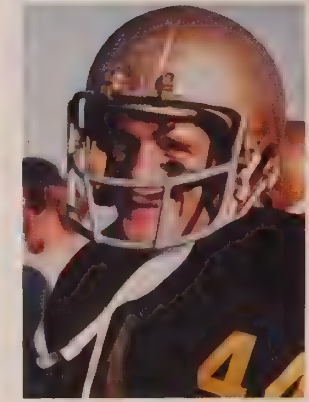
This man is undoubtedly an alien life form which happened to crash land near T- Court on I- day. Blind crippled and crazy from the impact and devastating blast, he staggered into T- Court and later realized that this was a far greater catastrophy. In hopes of concealing his true identity, he decided to play along. Only those of us who knew him well could see through this facade. For instance his bionic knee discovered by Dr. Cox, whose memory works like a black hole allowing nothing to escape, and those periods when he seems to meditate but is really sending SOS signals to the mother ship. His hopes of rescue have diminished now. He has resigned to the fact that he will never see his little star home again. However, always quick to make the best of a bad situation, he has opted to hang up the space suit and don the blue coveralls and sneakers of a submariner. Best wishes to a true professional.

"CURT"

CURTIS J. DASHIELL
NORFOLK, VA *SPS*

Curtis Dashiell, the name is synonymous with Navy Tennis. A true Southerner from Norfolk, Virginia, Curt came to the Naval Academy with four things in mind: tennis, Navy Air, women, and partying not necessarily in that order. He did not skate through Plebe year, he tight-roped it. Academics — well we won't mention them. Curt was easy to live with. If you don't believe it, ask his 12 different roommates that he has had since he has been here. On the serious side, Curtis is a great guy. He has an ever present wit to go along with that "I've got something on you" smile. Never boring or dull, Curtis has a remark about everyone — I mean everyone. He doesn't know the meaning of being depressed. He never is, and if you are lucky enough to be around him long enough you won't be either.





"ART"

ARTHUR FARRELL
MANAHASSETT, NY *SMA*

Artie Farrell vaulted into our lives form Long Island, New York. Equipped with a winning smile, he was quick to make friends within the Brigade. Always the meticulous type, Artie diligently applied his efforts to upkeeping his room and uniform appearance, a quality which quickly caught the attention of company officers. So intense was this man's desire for stripes that he once fried himself for breaking a regulation. Disillusioned by being spurned for 6-stripe consideration, Artie decided to become the average Joe Mid and enrolled in Tai Chi and ballet classes and bought a motorcycle. Such a-bore, this Farrell kid. When he wasn't jamming to some vintage Hendrix he was receiving cheers for smashing folks on the 150's gridiron. There is no doubt that Artie was the shaft's hero and in the hearts of his many friends this Irishman can be summed up in one word: Winner! The Fleet's getting a good one. We're going to miss you, Artie. Best of Luck!!

"STEVE"

STEPHEN D. FITZGERALD
ANNAPOLIS, MD *SPS*

Athletically inclined Fitz escaped to here from Alexandria, Virginia. The lanky Irishman immediately distinguished himself as a pressure performer at a Batt Comearound plebe summer. By Youngster year, he had begun to establish the reputation classmates will laugh at for years. The undisputed "king of perversion" conceived an oral sign language which he liberally displayed in Wires class, formal Parades, or in his beloved Shaft. Announcing his presence with an obnoxious "Oh Yea", he did much to bolster our morale, unfortunately at the expense of our moral development. If I can get serious for a moment, and I can because Fitz just slipped me a twenty, Steve is a fantastic fellow. A perpetual smile, jovial personality, and a willingness to help a needy classmate earned him many a good friend. The Air Community will be gettin a fine officer and a great guy. One more thing, pal . . . Moon's Up! Our best to you, Steve!

"GLEN"

GLENDON C. GULLIVER
LONDON, ENGLAND *SOC*

Glen affectionately (?) known as the Gull, came to Canoe U. via FSU. Son of a professional Navy man, Glen came here with the dreams of following in his father's footsteps as a P-3 driver. Always known for his professional attitude, Glen is readily known for keeping the Plebes in line with much cheer and good humor. Glen liked exercise so much that he joined sub squad every semester and eventually earned enough time to gain a varsity letter. Blowing off his grades, he earned a starting billet on the Company Rack Team. Once away from USNA, Glen showed his party-hearty attributes as well as an attraction for HOT!! Mexican Food. An avid lover of Rickover, Glen will someday grace the skies and the bars of Pensacola. Good luck Glen, as you leave our beloved Bancroft for the cockpit of a P-3.

"ART"

ARTHUR D. KARATZOU
McALESTER, OK *FPS*

We all knew Art was a truly interesting individual when he reported to Annapolis and announced his desire to fly the B-1 Bomber. Huh?! Anyway, Art did announce his future candidacy for President while at USNA. But then RAT was always running for something — usually for a brew, or from a screaming officer! Among his more colorful experiences here were his weekend journey to West Point as a plebe, and his attempts to convince Company Officers that the 'cave' really was clean. Academically, Art was able to secure from 9-11 hours of sleep per night and still receive a draft notice from Hyman. Congratulations; so who wanted to fly, anyway?? Art's easygoing lifestyle and magnetic personality won him many friends. He was always laughing or smiling, and his happy disposition was infectious. He is one of those guys that everybody likes and enjoys being around. Art, we will always treasure the times we had with you. Only the best, Buddy!!

CRAIG A. KLEIN
LIMA, OH *SMA*

Craig rock-n-rolled his way to Summer Camp Annapolis via Lima, Ohio, and kept rockin' during his tenure at USNA. Craig's humor will NEVER be forgotten, nor will his many conspicuous feats. Among his more memorable escapades; an unauthorized weekend visit to see the Army Mule Plebe year, and unauthorized attendance at a Styx concert in a duty status Youngster year, and a host of unauthorized electrical appliances to make his weekend restrictions a little more enjoyable. Of course Craig set other records as well, for instance the sole purchaser of three cars in fifteen months, three consecutive semesters of no afternoon classes, and an accumulation of demerits just short of the magic four-digit mark. Craig's professional development in his first 3 years at Canoe U enabled him to earn his Submariner's Dolphins on 1/c cruise — Watch out HGR. No, USNA will not soon see another Craig Andrew Klein in the near future, nor will we forget him for a long time.

"MIKE"

MICHAEL C. MANAZIR
MISSION VIEJO, CA *EAS*

The Monkey Man swung in from Southern California seeking professional development, both from a female and a military standpoint. One out of two ain't bad, Chimp! From the start, it was obvious that Manaz was destined for stripes, but this didn't keep him from accumulating his share of dirt. There was, for instance, his post-tailgater yoga which will remain a secret until we're hurting for bucks - "Hey, Joe, how much?" Seriously, Mike possesses the personality that wins him many friends and never lets him down in a tight situation with a girl. There is no doubt that the Air Community (or Nuke, if Hymie gets his way) will be gaining a great officer and a fine gentleman. Watch that neck, Chimp!!

"PAT"

PATRICK M. McBRIDE
OCEAN CITY, NJ *SRM*

Soon after Pat came to the Naval Academy from Damien High School in Hawaii, he realized that life was going to be just a little bit different from what he was used to. Rather than spending most of his time on the football field, at the beach, and at parties, he found himself studying and marching. But Pat never was one to let things get him down. He found that his sense of humor and spiritied acts (chugging Tabasco Sauce, hence his name "Animal") helped to relieve the boredom at USNA. Always a lady's man, Pat was the peretrator of many short-lived romances, highlighted by the World's Cheapest Engagement (He gave her a $5 ring, then she asked him!) And of course everyone remembers LAC. The high points of Animal's I/C year were guying his Mercedes, and meeting a little lass by the name of Leigh. Could this be the end of Pat's "any loving is good loving" attitude? Well, Hood girls are good girls. From all of us to you, Good Luck in your career as a Surface Warrior. Aloha!

"DAVE"

DAVID M. McCURDY
SPRINGFIELD, OH *EGE*

Dave came to the shores of the Severn from Springfield, Ohio to spend four long years at the Annapolis Hilton. Dave almost cancelled his reservations at the "institution" when he could not comprehend why all the "bell hops" in the funny white uniforms were yelling at him. Once acclimated, Dave made a brief appearance with the varsity basketball team before becoming the backbone of the company team. His athletic prowess was continually bing proven, especially when he took to the ice and broke his leg. In honor of his fine leadership abilities, Dave was unanimously selected company weight control officer. One of the colateral duties of the position was to keep the "shaft frig" stocked. When not at Catholic U. indulging in some TLC, or buried in the sports page, Dave could be found at daily membership meetings with the "Shaft Rack Dwellers". Once a Mech E and aspiring to be one of Rickover's Boys, he looked up to the sky and saw NAVY AIR! (though he needed his glasses to see). Hey "BRO", good luck keep your nose up!

NOREEN A. McQUADE
E. ROCKAWAY, NY *FPS*

Noreen comes from just outside the Big Apple. Wanting everyone to know exactly where, she became company commander first set to hear the announcer say East Rockaway, Long Island as she came under the football scoreboard. Speaking of N.Y. and trips, and McQuades' Pub, and snow, and trains, and sightseeing brings us to spring break work outs and crew. Never one to jet set it down to FLA for that college spring sun, Nor preferred 7-I and two-a-days. From Bixler's Babes to Jette's Jocks to Gary's Girls, No-No has collected enough splinters over the last 4 years to rightfully claim plank ownership in NWC. Besides being a plank owner, she is also one of the founders and president of NAVS - a very elite group of mids. Some of Nors favorite things here included Chinese banquets, Riverside, Charlies', Maureen & shots & peppermint schnapps, a lucky duck, an amp and a shunt. Oh, can't forget that baby blue "Z" that just happens to match her class ring. It was a close race for woofit champ. A case of pineapples or margueritas?

PAUL F. MUCCIARONE
MARGATE, NJ *SRM*

Also fondly known as MOUCH, CAVEMAN, EDDIE, or MOUTH VESUVIOUS, he staggered to USNA from Morgate N.J. During his brief, yet exciting career as a mid, Mouch maintained a high degree of drunkenness and a belligerent rapport with the WUBA's throughout the year. VESUVIOUS is a good man (CAVEMAN, PAY ME ME LATER), although sometimes he errupts at the most ungodly hours. Eddie was an integral part of the shaft. Without him we could not laugh. During his mid career MOUCH aspired to be an LTM. Having great faith in Prof. Leydorf seemed to be the key that opened up his mind to the wonders of the universe. I'm sure he will be the first to write Leydorf a thank you note. MOUCH'S earnest respect for this institution stems deep from within, for he aspires to become a Chief, not an officer. But seriously, MOUCH will make an excellent officer if he's allowed to go UDT/SEAL. Sooner or later, you'll be in the Teams. (With combat sneakers, of course.) HOOYAH, MOUCH!

JOHN C. NOWAK
BRENHAM, TX *SRM*

John comes from a never heard of place in Texas named Brenham. It's somewhere northwest of Houston, along with most of the United States. The sight of John in a bar might intimidate some lesser souls, but after a couple gallons of brew, John is the most easy going, quick to smile six foot three inch, 200 pound Texan you ever did meet. John played center for the Company basketball team and batted cleanup on tbe Company softball team. Academics were not exactly a strong-point, especially Youngster year, but John did finally learn how to maintain a 2.5 while studying about that many hours. Between gas and road suds, John would not have survived the meager pay of a midshipman had it not been for VISA and his parents. Although John will probably not make Admiral in five years, he will undoubtedly do well — on a Fram somewhere north of Diego Garcia.

"KC"

KEITH C. O'CONNER
LIVINGSTON, NJ *SRM*

Known by none as Keith, K.C. came to Canoe U. with one goal in mind — to be in ADM Rickover's Nuclear Power program. He reported to Annapolis on I-day ready for four wild years of wine, women and song. However K.C. quickly learned the advantages that resulted from hard work. He became involved in many activities and held several leadership positions. On Weekends, his personality came to life. K.C. and two of his close friends had a super time in Cleveland youngster year at the Navy-Notre Dame game. Another feat of K.C.'s was his passionate romances with both his O.A.O.'s first class year (how did you keep them from showing up the same weekend?). Have a super time on your deterrence cruises and if you get a chance look out the periscope and maybe you'll catch a glimpse of a low flyer. Fair winds and sub-critical reactors. Good luck, K.C.

HANK A. PARKER
GRAND PRAIRIE, TX *SPS*

Affectionately known as "the Crank," Hank immediately made known his one aspiration — to become a Marine. At the famous Lake Waterford Party he manifested this desire and after three beers, his long standing record, he spent the remainder of the party on maneuvers. He was an awesome sight, groveling about in the dirt, rising only to scream a Samurai word of victory. His only other outbreaks of emotion came on the softball diamond where he directed many a Texas slang to our marvelous pitching staff. Seriously, Hank's one of the mellowest guys you'll meet. Always ready with a kind word and a helping hand he's sure to make as good as friends as he's made here, and that's saying something. We're going to miss you, Hank. Semper Fi, buddy.

"DAN"

DANIEL T. PEDERSON
RICHARDSON, TX *EAS*

One-hundred and twenty pounds of twisted steel and sex appeal, Fast Feet Pete flew into USNA from the plains of Texas. Along with him came Waylon and Willie and the boys. We all knew he was down-to-earth, but he proved it to us one evening by 'stinking' his pants (and everything around him), only to pass out in the shower. Danno always had his eyes on the women, too. THE GRADUATE finally came around for first class year, though — he started looking at women under thirty! Pete's athletic prowess was illustrated by his serving as coxswain for light-weight crew for three years. He quit crew in order to have fun during his first class year — on second class rates! But Dan's heart has always been in only one place, Navy Air. Everybody in the Brigade knew that, especially the ones who wanted to fly but couldn't. Dan's quick wit and sharp sense of humor will take him far, no matter what squadron he joins. His love for flying will carry him through any mission assigned him. We wish you the best of luck, Pete!

GREGORY RAMSAY

What in Heaven's name is this guy doing with us?! Last seen, he was one of those other guys. Yeah TREE was a leftover from the class of '80, and he's proud as hell of it! As a product of some girl on drugs, he's been processed through on the "five year plan" — thanks to women Maryland drivers. At least he now has the all purpose excuse of "Brain Damage". Besides, if the Navy wants five years of service, Ram wants five years of "education" (for lack of a better word) We all should have known that "Brain Damage" was his middle name. Everyone else remembers how during Plebe summer in "Carrier Landings" Greg hit the deck. He doesn't, (remember that is, he still hits the deck now and then) Rammer doesn't know yet if he'll get the 5-for-5 option, or whether Canoe U. will make a new kind of "5-and-out". But whatever, he wishes you pleasant times on the land, air, and sea !! '80!

KEVIN P. SCHAAFF
GAITHERSBURG, MD *EEE*

Kevin was always a jetsetter at USNA. He led the way in fashion with his 100% polyester knit slacks and corfams. His many roadtrips attested to his prowess with the women. But Kevin was also very professional. He would often roam the halls in search of the lonely plebe who needed some warm encouragement from his torched throat. Kevin loved USNA so much that he majored in EE just so that he could spend his weekends in Bancroft Hall. When Kevin was not unsat or in search of women, he would go home to see his fiancee. Everyone could always count on Kevin to invite them over to party and have a good time. Kevin can be summed up as being the best dressed, scholarly, playboy that has ever resided in the Fifteenth Company.

MARK E. SCHWAN
TOLEDO, OH *SRM*

Marcus Obi Schwan Kenobi came to the Boat School in seek of intellectual challenge. Starting out a member of the sailing team and wrestling manager kept him from having a Plebe year. Marcus just slid into Youngster year with a low QPR and profile. Then he found that there were more things to life than study. He joined the D&B as a staff twirler and began to really develop into a true Youngster. Junior year, the Reptile came into his own. Adopting the old USNA ploy of "blowing it all off" he found his one true love in his platinum T/A. Mark has had good?? luck with the women among which number a Baltimore Colts cheerleader. As our resident Batt Striper, Mark continues the company tradition of bagging it in the mighty Supply billet spending most of his free time in the rack. He has been a key part of D&B and has firmly established a reputation of reliability among his friends. As graduation nears, Mark will cruise out of USNA to Orlando hopefully with a new flame in his eyes, that being Kelly.

SIXTEENTH COMPANY

ANDRE M. SWOOPE

CHICAGO, IL *SPS*

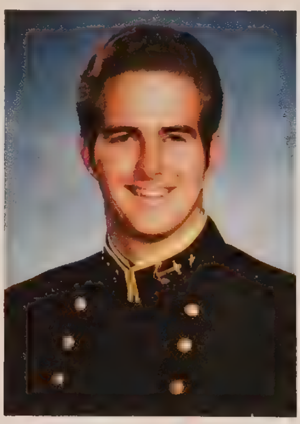
Arriving from Chicago, after a brief stopover at NAPS, Dre initially set his sights on becoming a Boxing/-Crew stud. However, after discovering that these were not coed activities, he dedicated the rest of his stay to rack, studies, and the pursuit of young ladies. Hailed as the King of funk, Dre became the only mid to ever complain of having too many women. In the end though, one was enough, as Dre lost his heart to his hometown sweetheart, Diane. Dre's congenial personality, calm professionalism, and sense of humor will stand him in good stead as he heads for life on the high seas. From all your friends, Dre: "Good luck and smooth sailing."

GUY W. WILLIAMS

LITTLE ROCK, AR *FPS*

"Williams", as known to his close friends, was an enigma when he first arrived at the Academy plebe summer. Guy used his extensive vocabulary in his daily conversations. We needed a translater to understand what he was saying. He would cause us to emit responses like "WHAT THE HELL DID HE SAY?" But Guy came along gradually and after three years was able to communicate with his classmates. I personally can recall indepth conversations with the likes of Fitzgerald and Mucciarone.

Guy's vocabulary, knowledge, humor, and wit has enhanced all of our lives. He did for us what we needed most, he made life at U.S.N.A. more bearable by being a good friend. We will always be grateful for that and wish him the best in life and love.



"ROD"

RODNEY M. ADAMS

PEMBROKE PINES, FL *HEG*

Rod arrived at Annapolis straight from the sunny beaches of Hollywood, (Florida, that is) equipped with tan, sun-bleached curls, and those ever-popular prescription sunglasses. Trading all three in for white works, Rod was heard throughout the Yard "ribeting" cadence for his classmates as we marched hither and yon. Never one to be intimidated by regs, Rod and roomie attempted a 4/c stroll down Crabtown's main drag with his main drag - in civies, no less. However, the vigilance of a roving 4-striper dented his social life for awhile. Off to a relatively slow start academically (relative, that is, to his later years) Rod decided to earn his B.S. in "B.S." Striving hard to make Rickover forget his dislike for English majors, Rod finally blazed his way to the 4.0's that he'd always talked about. Choosing romance over sailing during 3/c year, Rod began spending most of his free time with Janice. As he heads for the institutions of matrimony and Nuke Power, we wish Rod and Jan fair winds and safe subs.

"DAVE"

DAVID T. BAILEY

DEARBORN, MI *SPS*

D.B. comes to USNA from the land of Fords. Somehow, Dave's father - who had never seen USNA before - achieved alumni status with a class from years past. From such an impressive background, Dave decided to try double majoring in PHYsics and SCIence. This demanding load has left him wrestling with the God of 2.0 ever since! This is not to imply that he is all work and no play! During the week, Dave derives pleasure from doing laps for the Batt swim team and then coming back to the room and taking showers in the dark! On the weekend he can be found busily trying to wash the weekly accumulation of crud from his Mustang before taking off on Hoodtramid. These enhancing sessions seem to have a positivie effect on Dave, as he always returns with a smile on his face! Before becoming attached to such activity, he was very adventuresome, conducting raids against stadiums and signs of opposing foes - one in particular on the Hudson! In the future Dave has his sights set on flying, but Hoodtramid can be terminal - ANOTHER ONE BITES THE DUST!!

"MAX"

MAXIMO J. BLANDON
ROCKVILLE, MD *ENA*

Max came to Canoe U from Nicaragua via Rockville Md. Being a Foreign National, Max was often the brunt of many company jokes. However the last laugh was always his. Throughout his 4-yr. career, Max had more leave than any of his classmates and never had to spend the much-loved time translating ATP-IB's or attending those exciting sub briefs. Known to many as Beau Brummel, Max was the fashion consultant for the entire company. He solved problems ranging from color coordinating to what brands to buy. One problem he has not yet solved, however, is the $700 bill from Peerless (chalk that one up to MIF')! Max always had a flair for spending money. Like the time he took a "first and only date" out to dinner - $50, or the many times he spent in Rear-Dawns enjoying his iced teas and burgers. Max had an ear for the dirt, and was always the person to see on Sunday mornings for the weekend update. We're all glad Max decided to come aboard for five more. With his great burning desire to do well, Max is destined for success in the surface community.

"ALEX"

NAPOLEON BRAGADO
EWA BEACH, HI *EOE*

Alex came to us from the island of Oahu, the pearl of the Pacific. He abandoned his surfboard and mellow ways on the beach for a completely different type of physical lifestyle. He actually thrives on parachuting, scuba diving, boxing and, semmingly, any type of intense physical rigor. These rigors are secondary only to his enjoyment of Copenhagen, Southern Comfort, the B-52's and Jimi Hendrix. Al has been known to spend study hours reading up on military history or sleeping instead of concentrating on his Ocean Engineering Major. We hope to see Al fulfill his desire to become a Seal after an initial Surface tour. We'd hate to be on any beach he approached without his surfboard.

"GREG"

GREGORY D. BRANNON
SALEM, OR *ESE*

Greg came to NAVY from Salem, ORE having seen the place before except by catalog. He can still be remembered for his "Go Navy Sir's" that echoed through the hall at least ten times on his way to a formation 3 feet from his room. Greg maintained the same attitude throughout his 4 years here. Although the things we had to do were pretty silly, he made them as fun as possible.

Greg had his pay planned well. To his motorcycle, golf clubs, car, SCUBA outfit, and piano, he added a complete stereo that he enjoyed before we ever got stereo privileges and a ski outfit that is known on both the west and east coasts.

Greg also managed to make a few good friends - most of them from west of the Mississippi and south of the Mason Dixon Line - and he has somehow acquired a convincing Southern accent. As Greg has been sporting contact lenses since he could read, he's opting for NFO. For the sake of those going air, we hope he makes it.

"MAYSON"

DAVID M. BROOKS
OCALA, FL *SRM*

Mayson came from the good ole south, with a heavy southern accent. During his first year, Mayson amazed his classmates with his ability to play tennis and to break the no drinking regs. Never one to bs the girls (alias Russ Smith TE Villa.) he was esp entranced with the one from Virginia. 3rd class year was a breeze with that same girl from Va. and when Second Class year rolled around, he had the Country Club atmosphere in mind, with more civilian clothes than uniforms. After YPs and 2 months of civilian life, Mayson returned to the Penthouse as a 3 year veteran. Ist class year seemed like heaven with parking in the yard, unlimited long weekends, and green alerts, while still seeing the girl from Virginia. After graduation, Mayson plans on moving back south, apartment living, and surface line. (and yes, with the girl from Virginia.) We hope he remembers his good friends and good times from his Academy days.

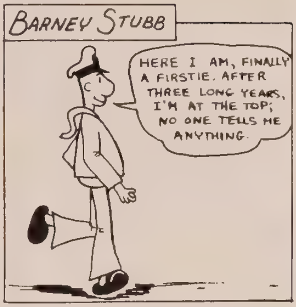
FAIR WINDS AND FOLLOWING SEAS!

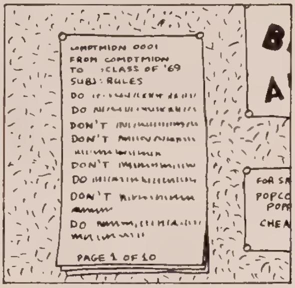
"PETE"

PETER J. CANALICHIO
HARLINGEN, TX ***SPH***

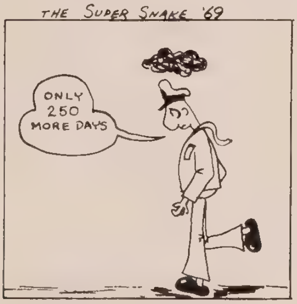
Pete is easily described as easy-going, hard-driving, and the best of friends. This attitude has gotten Pete far at the Naval Academy. Pete's desire to be like "Jimmy Connors" has set him on an arduous battle in tennis. Also, his interests in scuba has led him to many deep ocean bottoms. He may end up discovering new ocean bottoms if Admiral Rickover gets his way! How can Nuke Power resist a superior Physics major. First class Plebe summer found Pete back in Sixteenth Company as Company Commander. Pete was able to show off his "toughness" which included losing his voice for two weeks. His fine qualities as a friend and leader are sure indications of what a super officer he is going to be. Pete's interest now is in flying Varga Kachina's at BWI as he plans for his future in Naval Aviation. Navy Air is getting a dedicated and fine individual!! Good luck Pete in the finest Naval Community.

BARNEY STUBB


HERE I AM, FINALLY A FIRSTIE. AFTER THREE LONG YEARS, I'M AT THE TOP; NO ONE TELLS ME ANYTHING.



THE SUPER SNAKE '69



"CAROL"

CAROL M. CROOKER
ADDISON, NY ***EEE***

After spending her first 18 years on a small farm in Addison, New York, Carol was more than ready for some travel and adventure. She left her small town ways and high school boyfriend behind Plebe Year and set out on her own course. Carol's tomboyishness never left her; two years of volleyball and two of crew with a multitude of physical activities has kept her in excellent shape. Her intellectual drive was satisfied by majoring in Electical Engineering. An extremely well-rounded individual, Carol has become acclimated to the military environment and looks forward to becoming a real sailor, the surface line awaits her. Carol's thirst for adventure has been fed by skydiving, athletics, and other activities at USNA, but won't be quenched for some time. She could easily end up a motorcycle riding Admiral with flocks of grandchildren.

"JOHN"

JOHN H. DAVIS
HIGHLAND MILLS, NY ***SRM***

John came from a small town
They call Highland Mills,
To play the computer,
He did it for thrills.
So often they told him
It could not be done,
So he did it in BASIC,
Or else PL-I.
John took to the water
To sail dinghy boats,
But I often did wonder,
Just how do they float?
So, John, as you travel, near
or afar,
We will always remember you
for . . .

OLD MESSAGE — TRIPLE STAR

"SKIP"

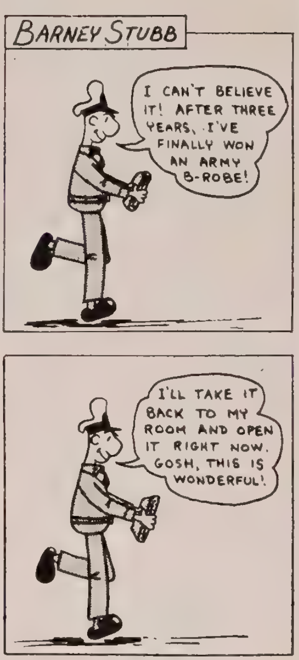
WILLIAM K. GALT
NICEVILLE, FL *ESE*

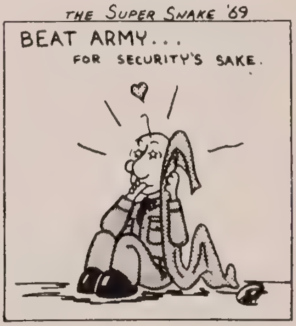
Skip came to our hallowed halls from the distant settlement of Suitland, Maryland where he was well known for blowing alot of horns and eating alot of clams, his favorite delicacy. A glutton for punishment, he quickly followed his love for drill into the Drill Team and his tail into Systems Engineering, where it has since been continuously abused. An unpretentious, affable fellow, Skip is perhaps best known to us for his parents' hospitality, his inability to "Stop the Music" his love for jogging and moving furniture, his taste for Strohs, and his scarred trop shoes which persist today from a Southern Comfort night of plebe year. Though generally an unexcitable man, first class year brought suicidal tendencies to Skip as he took to jumping out of perfectly good airplanes following a "Dear John" from his sweetheart of four years. But he still pulls the cord. Graduation will see this last of the nice guys Florida party-bound in his Bobcat as he heads for Nuc or NFO. We wish him lots of women, friends, and furniture.

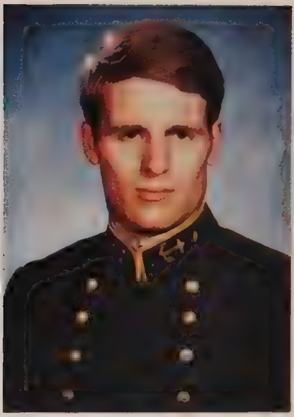
"TIM"

TIMOTHY S. HARRELL
TITUSVILLE, FL ***SRM***

Websters Modern Collegiate Thesaurus has recently changed its definition of luck to, "chance, fortune, godsend, Tim Harrell." If ever there was an individual who used this mysterious force to guide his fickle hand through the perils of plebe year and a multitude of tests, it was this speedster from Titusville "Vacationville" Florida. Beneath the exterior of this mild mannered Southern Baptist emerged the missing link of the dynamic duo. A true weekend warrior, Tim was never stingy with his good cheer and magnetic personality. He always had a fascination with speed, whether it be fast cars, jets, running, skydiving, or women. An aspiring musician, one could often hear the sweet and sour notes of this true virtuoso playing the guitar to his own version of creative rock-n-roll. And now, as visions of Navy Air slowly fade into the sunset, one can only wonder what the future holds for Timbo. Whatever it may be, the easy going attitude which made him a social winner here will make him a sure success in the fleet.


BARNEY STUBB
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! AFTER THREE YEARS, I'VE FINALLY WON AN ARMY B-ROBE!
I'LL TAKE IT BACK TO MY ROOM AND OPEN IT RIGHT NOW. GOSH, THIS IS WONDERFUL!


THE SUPER SNAKE '69
BEAT ARMY...
FOR SECURITY'S SAKE.



"DAVE"

DAVID A. HENDRICK
GRAPEVINE, TX *HEG*

Being an ex-Aggie with your basic Texas accent, Dave came to this fine institution to get away from the harsh lifestyle of keg partys and wild women. Plebe year cruised by quickly for him as he found he had the keen ability to pick up giga honors for pico effort. The precedence set, he made this his guiding rule to graduation.

On the outside, it was easy to see that Dave was the epitome of a midshipman. But beneath this insidious exterior lies a derilicts dream come true. Being a regular midnight cruiser first class year, Dave made sure to keep his sanity by this simple recipe: 95% party, 4% procrastination and 1% work. Even so, he still found time to release his extroverted tendencies on the Masqueraders stage.

And so, as he prepares to substitute the institution of marriage for the Naval Academy, we wish a good friend and his pretty partner all the good luck which followed him through his days here, and lots more.

"MARY"

MARY F. HEWITT
WELLSBORO, PA *SCH*

Joining the military is almost a requirement of being a Hewitt. Mary came to the Academy already prepared to bounce a quarter off her rack, thanks to her father. Not feeling plebe summer was difficult enough (WOOMP!), Mary decided to go for the Marine Corps. The rigors of chemical research were such that one of the senior faculty members felt obliged to supply sustenance to the weary researcher in the form of hot chocolate and donuts. With her able assistant, Spike, Mary has derived the true essence of orange juice. Beyond the confines of her white lab coat, we find Mary throwing her body savagely about on a foam rubber mat in the Oriental art of gym-spastics, for which she earned her jock letter sweater.

"KAY"

KATHRYN P. HIRE
MOBILE, AL *SRM*

After living 2 years with a New Yorker, Kay proved that a Southern belle from Mobile, Al. really could room with a Yankee. As a member of 15 1/2 CO. "Kathy" had a knack for testing the system and winning; what happened to all those demerits? Beginning her sailing career with the NADS, Kay moved on to Blue Pigs to earn her own command as a firstie. And earn it she did, surviving 3 Mac Cup banquets my nav charts didn't, 123 Spa View, 12 Randall, offshore with BR then OB, and those "sails" down to Riverside. Friday night plays and weeknight jogs were among Kay's favorite activities until the night the bottle of scope ran out! Her enjoyment of the "adventure" end of this job leaves Kay with memories of NYC trips, Army, that Opel, BR, Carlton the doorman, Irene, Buffet, UA's, skiing in Utah, Hawaii, Bermuda and all-nighters. Always remember Kay, quarters goes at 0735, your infantry dress needs its first stripe, and Christmas leave ended three days ago. Best of luck as an NFO Kay and may that Tide Keep Rollin'! Bye y'all!

"BARRY"

BARRY D. HUBBARD
PHOENIX, AR *SRM*

On 6 July 1977, after a 37 hour bike ride from NAPS, Barry arrived at the Naval Academy ready to continue his three year old naval career. He rapidly showed everyone that he knew his way around, somehow managing to hold a pizza party in the hall on his 21st birthday in the middle of Plebe Summer. During a rather unusual plebe year, Barry still enjoyed his favorite pastimes, i.e. motor cycle riding, drinking Coors, skiing, and listening to country music while studying. Nobody ever interferred with his pleasures until 2/C year when his red Fiat convertible was spotted near St. Johns. This didn't slow him down too much and he managed to continue his active social life. Academically Barry decided that he liked school so much that he ought to attend classes year round.

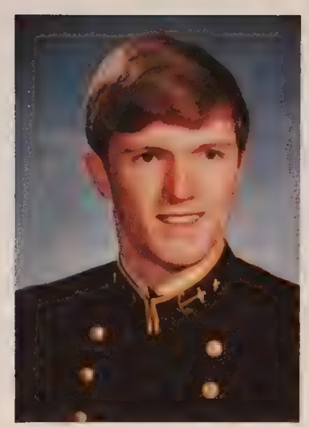
Barry plans to fly for Navy, but before he gets to Pensacola, he plans to get married. We all wish Barry and Karen the best of luck in their life together.

"ERIC"

ERIC C. JOHNSON
CUPERTINO, CA *SRM*

Eric came to Canoe U. via Newport from the sunny stretches of California. As a four year starter for the 150s, he was known for his fall diet of Copenhagen and rack. But after the successful seasons were over, he was always one to celebrate the coming of the weekend. One of the first in the Penthouse to have a car in tundra country, he was always popular for the rides to and from the parties, no matter where they may occur. One of Erics favorite hobbies at Annapolis was to lay horizontal on his rack, which he set a record for only making twice his second class year. Then a fine looking young lady entered his life, only after he was forced up to her school one weekend. As happy endings should be, his future "Mrs." clouded his mind, but not his eyes, as they passed the test for Navy Air. May the future bring wealth and happiness.

FAIR WINDS AND FOLLOWING SEAS!



"JOHN"

JOHN P. KEENAN
WALLKILL, NY *SOC*

Having received a paid scholarship at Canoe U., John left behind him the "Army Grey" hills of Wallkill, New York and the "Beertender" at Benson's for the Wuba, Tylanol, and Navy Blue & Gold of the almighty BOHICA. Being of the Irish persuasion this young Yankee fan set his sights on the stars, but who would have thought he meant the Supt's list stars? Maintaining a constant bearing with decreasing range, Dr. john eventually collided with the awesome power of the 4.00. With it came the riches that Mother B offers to only a select few: a cake Batt. staff position with more stripes than he has real front teeth, a letter sweater without ever breaking a sweat, and a love letter from the one who is so high above so that he could go far below - justice prevails at last! For those of us that were parasitic to his species, living off his gouge, patience, and Aunt Margaret's Care Packages, we wish you the best from the Nuclear Navy, with only a mild dose of radiation - GOOD LUCK JOHN!

"RANDY"

RANDALL J. LOVDAHL
MILWAUKEE, WI *EME*

Lovie came from Milwaukee to start his colorful career at Navy; that's Lovie for the sound of his last name and his uncanny ability to fall in and out of love. Randy was Company CDR in his last semester while matching the rigors of his Mech. E. major. With his fine sense of humor, even better smile, and sharp people - sensitivity, Randy won the admiration of his classmates and the prize of being a vivid memory in our minds. He is both diligent and fun — always knowing when to put the book aside and towel off before the next set of tennis. Randy participated in the AFA exchange and the FOREX with Sweden. There, Lovie first felt the conflict between love and career. On a bench overlooking the mouth of a swedish port — his arm around a gorgeous blond native — Randy watched in awe as his host ship steamed past slowly bur irretrievably into the Baltic. Randy enjoys many things — from skydiving to fine arts. Whether it's above, atop, below, or apart from the ocean, it'll be a lucky command to have Randy aboard.

"DAVE"

DAVID W. MANNING
CONCORD, CA *EGE*

Dave came to the Academy by the long route. After a semester at a local J.C., he enlisted in the nuclear navy. While at nuc school, he was accepted to the prep school at Newport. Following graduation, Dave will join the surface fleet — haze gray and underway!

"MIK"

LAUREEN E. MIKLOS
PENNSBURG, PA *HEG*

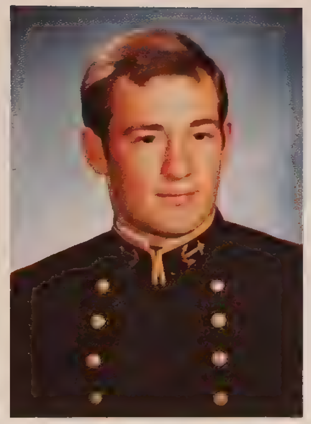
Laurie was first exposed to club 16 in the form of clandestine meetings in an attempt to find real people in Fantasyland. After a vicious campaign Mik was finally granted membership into our realm. Although suspected to be a latent alcoholic, Laurie was still able to play nearly every sport available, successfully managing to avoid Worden Field (almost) and evening meal formations all year around. Eventually she stuck to running. How else could she breakfast at Chic and Ruth's on Wednesday mornings? Weekends were made for Mik. Finding the 64 hour weekend too limited for any real good partying, Mik extended hers to 168. Laurie's ability to talk her way into almost anything and out of even more suggests she's headed for the Pentagon, but the overwhelming restrictions of being ground-based have launched her towards Navy Air . . . in the direction of Moon Commander.

"CHIP"

DEWOLFE H. MILLER

YORK, PA *EGE*

Chip strolled into USNA from the land of apple pie and cute little Italian women, with a baseball bat in one hand and a playmate in the other. Known to most of us as the brigade party rep, Chip was always quick to find a party or start one. Being accident prone, Chip was always recovering form something, like the time he played one-hung-low at PSU. During 3/c cruise, Chip discovered absence, saki, soup slurping and a unique way of consuming ice cream thru cranium osmosis. The AC year brought more fun weekends, including one interesting time in Cleveland. Chip ended the party-filled year with an evening plunge in the reflection pool to save a drowning friend (at least that's what he said). The next year Chip fell for anything Italian with Ellen and Gordon at the top of the list. Gordon (Gordon was cool) has since left us but Ellen is definitely here to stay! Now that he can see straight, Chip will be heading to P-cola to show'em how it's done. Always remember: fly the flag high 'cause I gotcha covered!



"ROSS"

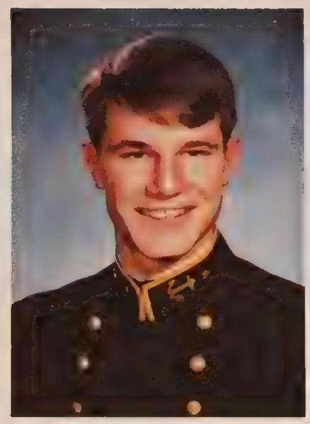
WARREN R. PARKER

GREENVILLE, MS *SMA*

Ross came to Academy from Greenville, Mississippi with few preconceived notions, because like many of us, he'd never seen the place before. Ross didn't know about chopping, sounding off, chow calls or other Plebian pastimes when he took the oath on I-Day, but that didn't matter. He didn't mind the rigors of Plebe year, because no one told him that it was supposed to be rigorous, and he was none the wiser. To see Ross on the bottom of the pile at Herndon, casually grabbing the frailer ankles from his shoulders and helping their owners down into the slime, one would think that he considered the passing of plebedom an important event. We who know him knew better.

Being an upperclass was a breeze for Ross. Besides lettering in 150-pound football, he skied, built and flew model planes, golfed, and added up his MIF to see if he could someday afford that 280-ZX.

Of course Ross is the Navy Air type, and if his friends aren't able to join him in the skies — too bad.



"DICK"

RICHARD A. PETERSON

GREAT FALLS, VA *ESP*

Calling Washington his home, Dick arrived on Severn shores full of dreams and aspirations. A well traveled gentleman, Pete settled down at Navy and concentrated his efforts towards academics. He found his athletic niche on the squash court, although he dabbled in soccer and lacrosse. On the nautical side, he developed his skills at swimming and sailing. Dick still does not know how he passed the auditions for the choir, but he did enjoy singing for his four years. Dick has submarines in his future and he will no doubt find as much success there as he has at Annapolis. May his enthusiasm take him far, but always with fond memories of the Naval Academy.

"SLY"

GARY E. SLYMAN

HASKELL, NJ *EGE*

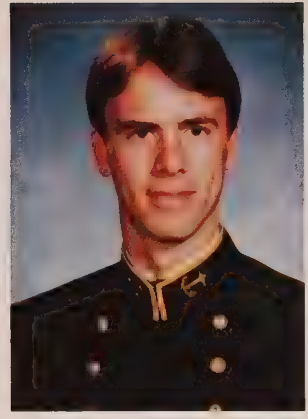
Sly could easily have been a rock singer, but settled for RACK star here at Navy instead. Haskell, New Jersey has never before produced such a famous Zeppelin fan, as Sly's roommates for four years will attest. A former Aero major who rode the Graduate Express, Gary has often been seen on weekends with his fiancee of nine years, Michele. But this is not all that's amazing about Sly; airborne, scuba, and powerlifting number among his pastimes, not to mention being a three time veteran of the 40 mile swim. Gary donned braces as a secundo and has since then developed a totally new way of talking. Those close to Sly know he is articulate in many manners of self-expression other than verbal. irrespressable, hard working, and infamous at story telling, the little big man is sure to be a "yewdge" success in tbe Corps; that is, as long as he keeps telling the one about Duke.

"JIM"

JAMES A. SPEIRS

SARASOTA, FL FPS

Jim hails from historic New England, but he'll tell you that the deep tans and sunshine of Florida are more to his liking. No matter where he is from the home grown qualities he brought to the academy have won him many friends and much respect. After spending plebe year running track for Navy Jim decided he could get a better work-out through intramurals, personal conditioning in specific. Since then Jim has swam during lunch, run during his free periods and lifted weights in the afternoons in hopes of getting rid of his love handles. Ask him nothing seems to work. Jim hasn't satisfied himself with just the physical side of the triangle. The stars have struck the lapel of his SDBs for the second time since he has been here and his class rank is quickly approaching zero. The greatest contribution Jim has given to the academy is his integrity and honor. For this reason, and the support of those who believe in him, Jim was elected Honor Chairman. The sky is the limit and Navy Air couldn't ask for a better person!



"SULLY"

THOMAS S. SULLIVAN

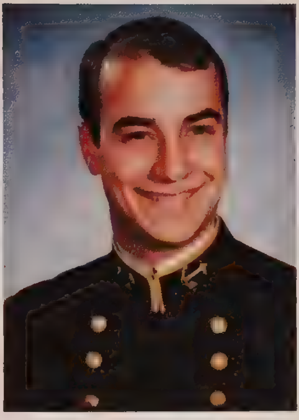
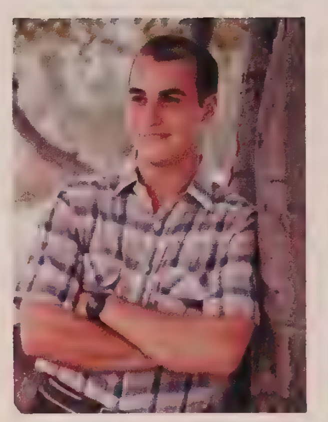
PERRY HALL, MD SRM

The first member of the "dynamic duo" was born to be a rock star, but somehow ended up in the Navy. Party hard and rock and roll was the style of the Baltimore kid. Being a frustrated lacrosse player, Tom usually took his anxieties out on company officers, profs and geeks.

A good natured person with a mild temper, he occasionally found release by kicking in doors, throwing chairs, or smashing calculators against the wall. A confirmed bachelor, he was constantly fighting off women who fell in love with his dimples and witty personality.

Tom never really aspired to have stripes, but when he finally got one he fulfilled his duties and responsibilities as company good time rep.

With four years of "intense" studying behind him, the wild blue yonder awaits the certain success of this future jet jock.

"DOME"

SCOTT R. SUTHERLAND

PALMYRA, PA SRM

I write this poem for the man
we call "Dome,"
Who came here with hair
But did not take it home.
Yes, he lost his hair,
And some wonder why,
I say it was worry,
He says "No — T.M.I."
It was lots of study
That kept the Dome here,
And when it just didn't matter,
An occasional beer.
I hope he won't kill me
For writing this poem,
For he is my roommate —
The man we call "Dome."

"RA"

RAUL VERA

SOUTHGATE, CA SPH

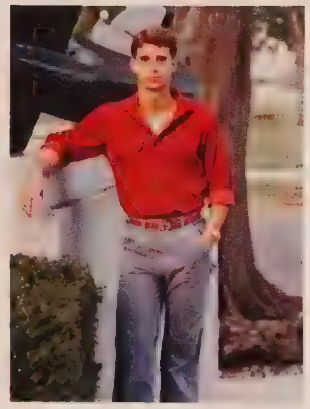
Raul spent his first 8 years in Guanabo, Cuba. His family found refuge from the authoritarian communist regime in Los Angeles, CA. Where the little peaceloving boy learned to develop quite an affection for freedom and democracy. Unlike many others he didn't take this for granted, deciding to go to the Naval Academy and do his bit to preserve it. Little did he know that freedom and democracy do not exist at USNA. His first squad leader was tougher than Fidel himself. Raul learned toughness from the best, and never needed to prove it. Instead, his energy was devoted to JAZZ, Cubano music and the Classics. He also developed a fetish for romance at distances greater than 3000 miles. Raul is now headed for nuclear power, and someday hopes to pursue his talents at Physics in a civilian tenure. Though his caustic craziness will fade with age, he will no doubt remain a pipe philosopher. V.C.L.

SEVENTEENTH COMPANY

"BILL"

WILLIAM H. WAKELEY
BELLEVUE, WA *EME*

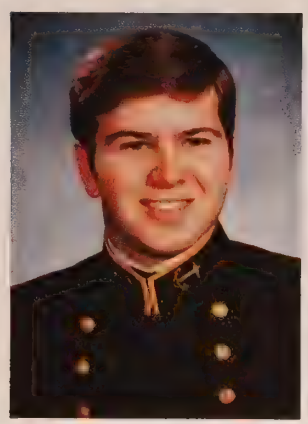
Wading through ice choked waters along the shores of the mighty(?) Severn to row on a cold Saturday morning says a little about Bill. At the boathouse, he is better known as "The Horse" because of his style of running. Hard work, patience, a little luck, and mild insanity has kept Bill rowing for four years and helped him letter in Varsity Light Weight Crew. Although crew is a big part of his life, it takes second place to academics. Coming to U.S.N.A. a few weeks out of Sammamish High in Bellevue, Washington was a jolting experience for Bill. After struggling as a Plebe, Youngster year and a good dose of EM courses put him on track. After 2/c year, his CQPR was up to 3.43 from a 2.78 Plebe year low. Hyman should be glad to have him. Other interests of Bill's are bowhunting and $$$! Without a car and few weekends, bowhunting was only a dream until first class year. Since he would rather study than spend money, Bill has accumulated a sizeable bank account. Does "Wakeley's Midnight Loan" sound familiar?



"JON"

JONATHAN S. WALL
PORTLAND, OR *SRM*

Portland, Oregon and NAPS brought One-up to Navy. But the prep school wasn't enough for Jon; he took regular NAPS througbout his four years. The rack inspired Jon to many great deeds, like Squash All American, squash team captain, and varsity tennis player ("Go on, get outta here"). Jon has the only letter sweater that could be used as a Rude Starfinder. On an away squash match at Princeton, Jon asked of one of his teammates if they had a game that day. "Yes" replied the teammate. "Oh" said Jon, "what sport?" As talented off the courts as he is on, Jon's exploits are wildly numerous. One June Week saw him with four drags in as many nights. Good thing the babes didn't find out what Mexican Meal can do to him. Firstie year saw Jon as company CDR, wearing reg glasses, drinking Mickey B's, and doing Hood-tramid most always. It'll be a long time before Navy sees another athlete as talented as Jon again. In the mean time, J.W. is bound for big time successes any where he goes.



"SUGARBEAR"

WILLIAM G. BURNETT
BAYONE, NJ *SPS*

When Bill arrived on the first day of plebe summer, he was under the impression that New Jersey was one of the choicest spots on earth. After four years of arguments and proof he is still convinced of this fallacy. "Sugar Bear", as Bill was known to some, was probably the best guitar player in the company, and good entertainment during plebe summer when we had no other music. The fact that we all sang with him also tempered his voice a bit. Not much is known of what Bill did on weekends. All we do know is that they were spent with various females. Starting with the first plebe mixer, it seemed like he had a date every weekend, and was often seen at Dahlgren. But second class year Bill found a girl worthy of his full time attention. You wouldn't have any trouble finding her in a crowd after seeing the long row of formal pictures on his desk. The first in 17th to succumb to marriage, Bill had the chapel reserved before most of us knew who we'd take to the Ring Dance. Best of luck to you both, Bill and Maryalice.

"NEW WAVE DAVE"

DAVID S. CARLSON
NORTHBROOK, IL *EME*

Dave left the peaceful hamlet of Northbrook, Illinois to join the chaos that is USNA. A disciple of Hyman Rickover from the start, Dave had no problem keeping his QPR high, despite his odd study habits. Never known to crack a book before 10:00 P.M., he sometimes stayed up to see the sunrise. It didn't take Dave long to find his niche in the sailing team, and from then on he was never seen on the weekends. After youngster cruise, which he spent on the beach in Spain, he teamed up with Sugar Bear for the duration. His taste in music was considered normal until he saw a certain movie which "Time-Warped" his mind. From then on, "New Wave Dave" lived up to his name. Dave's only command at USNA was of the infamous "party yacht", until it was lost at sea (in the Inner Harbor). Dave has always strived for greater heights, even if it meant progressing from the tower jump to the Eastport Bridge. The best wishes from his friends accompany him as he rides off into the sunset with his true love - a little red Fiat.

"DISCO"

BRIAN S. COVAL
TROY, MI *EME*

Disco left the familiar environs of Troy for his part of the "Navy Adventure". He brought his "security blanket" in the form of a trombone, but soon exchanged it for a shiney new baritone and a place in the D&B. No one in Plebe Summer will forget the "heavy breathing" during come-arounds. It did not take long for everyone to learn to stay out of range or wear foul weather gear whenever Disc was talking excitedly. With D&B, Brian tried to keep a low profile Plebe Year. Youngster and second class year found Disc spending more and more time with the Bunglers. Early first class year Disc forsook the D&B for Nuc Power. Nothing like stepping out of the frying pan into the fire. He will always be remembered for his late-night mindlessness, for his ability to fall asleep anywhere in less than five minutes, for his hyperactive saliva glands, and his preoccupation with growing bald. With hopes of Nuc Power his occupation, Brian has Seventeenth Company backing him all the way.

"JEFF"

JEFFREY I. CROWELL
BEATTY, NEVADA *SOC*

Jeff came to the Academy from a very small high school in a small Southwestern town. His mannerisms and sense of humor seemed a little odd at the beginning, but once we got to know him, we found that behind that strangeness lurked a dedicated, hard worker. Between the skeet club, scuba club, and weekend forages into the woods, Jeff always had something to do on the weekends. During the week, though, he was always to be found with his nose in the books; the only problem was they never had anything to do with his classes.

Jeff plans to go on to P-cola and become a Tomcat jockey. We wish him and the Navy good luck, because once he gets his wings, Navy Air will never be the same.

"JOE"

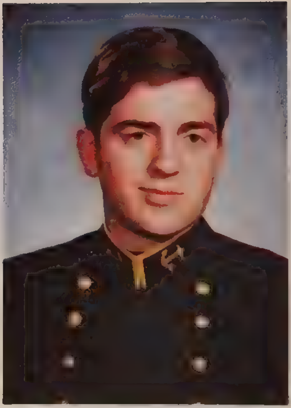
JOSEPH D. DAUPLAISE
SPRINGFIELD, MA *NOA*

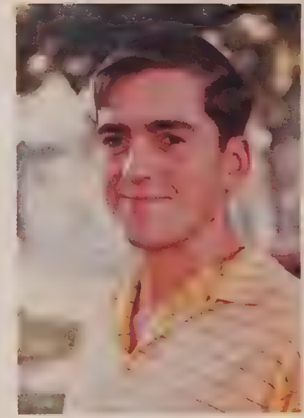
Joe came to us having spent three years in the Marine Corps and a year at NAPS. There never was any doubt in anyone's mind, least of all his, what he would do upon graduating; the Corps keeps its own.

It takes a while to get to know Joe. Two classes of Plebes knew him, to their cost and their gain. Was Joe quiet? Not really. Easy to get along with? Not always. But those of us who came to know him well found him to be as loyal and steadfast a friend as could be wanted.

This doesn't mean Joe didn't enjoy himself; come the weekend, a note appeared on his door: "If it's the weekend, we ain't here." He usually could be found occupying himself with one of his vices: golf, hunting, backpacking or scuba.

After TBS, Joe plans to go to flight school, to fly the Cobra helicopter. Good luck, Joe, and Godspeed.

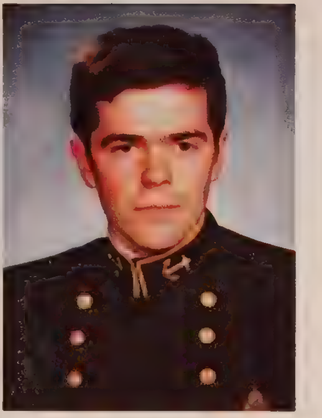


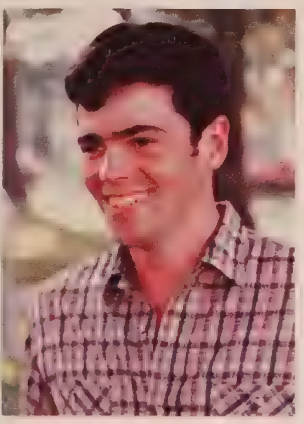


"TURK"

EDWARD W. GEHRKE
COLD SPRG. HBR., NY *SRM*

Hello Waterface. Always unpredictable, yet always there when you need him, Turk has been a good friend who shed his own light on everything. The Turk, Minister of Fear, Gerk goes by many names. In three years he has terrorized the company and the local populace. Turk was a member of the yacht club as a plebe but really came into his own youngster year. Banned in Dahlgren, accessory to the incident, Weems Creek regular, Deadhead, the legend began to grow. No one knew what to expect. No one knew if he would return for second class year. But return he did, behind the wheel of the mental bus. Turk continued to fight the law but the law finally won and he earned a black N. Turk went onto subvert the plebes as a member of the three stooges. Despite his exploits, Gerk has remained an enigmatic spectre to all but a few of the underclass. Where ever the Turk ends up, you can be sure he will be his own man . . . because numbers lie and you don't need any reasons why. Goodbye Waterface





"MATT"

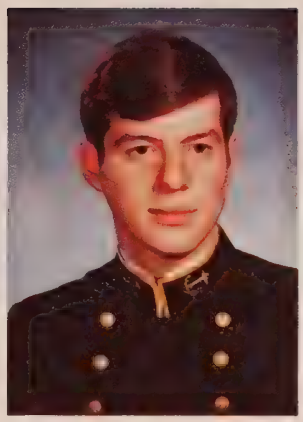
JAMES M. GROSS
BOISE, ID *EME*

In the far off land of Idaho, Matt packed his bags and headed east to continue his family's fine Naval tradition. Always one to make himself at home, Matt quickly became a friend to all - not to mention a financial burden to those who took him home. Plebe year saw him out for lightweight crew, but the regimented diet quickly convinced him to search for more filling fields. Always the ladies man, Matt distinguished himself at the local colleges by consuming copious amounts of food and beverage. He tried to be a gentleman, and never embarrassed more than six or eight people an evening. Fortunately, his only tweed jacket survived his more disappointing moments. Grossmatt was never one to waste time. He spent any free time with his greatest love, the outdoors. His exuberance for the wild converted more than one of his friends into outdoor enthusiasts. It is safe to say that Matt will long be remembered in his classmates' hearts, especially those whose chow was raided. May he always remain in his "private Idaho."

"HUTCH"

MICHAEL A. HARBER
MILTON, FL *EME*

There's a rabbit . . . Hutch. Mike skied in from the budding metropolis of "West" Milton, FL after a brief sojourn in Newport - preparing his mind for academic excellence and his body for various other endeavors. Hutch Pup, how do you spell fed? He has survived three trying roommates: Rav and his love life; Bone and who knows what; and Coke co-inhabitant of the cleanest room in the company. After three years of sweatingit out on the football field, Mike retired to sweat out year four of his Mech. Engineering major. His hard work in all areas have earned him the unending respect and friendship of those who know him best . . . Its also a good thing that his parents know how to treat people. The future will find Hutch far from haze gray and underway . . . unless, of course, he is skiing on a quiet part of the Blackwater. Ah-Yuk, Yuk, Yuk



"HEFF"

JAMES D. HEFFERNAN
VIENNA, VA *NOA*

Jim came to us after a brief stay at Duke U. to carry on the Heffernan USNA tradition; first dad, then bro, now him. From the start, Heff was voted the most 'tactful' mid. Never at a loss for words, Heff showed that it wasn't just his looks that got him in here. If his tactless statements couldn't save him, his Jethro style could. How else could he call one of his many long-distance loves boring and still have her hanging on. Due to his unique ability, Jim was given the chance to visit England, through a mid exchange program, and charm the British Royalty. He, in one sentence, almost destroyed our relations with the Blokes - so you're the Queen's son huh? Perhaps it was Jim's ability to create such a cordial air about himself that put him in such demand as a roomie (7 in as many semesters.) His physique allowed versatility as shown by his excellence in hoop, skiing, and dancing. Never one to complain or hold a grudge, Heff worked to keep the system fair. As long as you keep your Howdy-doody smile, Jim, you will go far.

"JAKE"

THOMAS R. JACOB
DELCHY, OK *SOC*

Arriving from the "Nuclear Navy", Tom came with the highhopes of cashing in his crows for a set of gold bars. His main objective while surviving the everyday hastles of the Academy was to do well academically. Mainly, we suspect, to gain the approval of Adm. Rickover. You know, the guy who runs the "Real Navy".

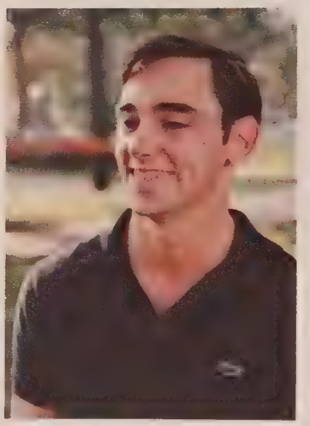
Recently however, Firstiedom and a member of the opposite sex have entered his life. Now he never seems to be around. He's probably out at some romantic spot making up for lost time. Whenever we do see him, he's always got this faraway look in his eyes, Such is true love.

Tom has always stuck to his guns and has consistently shown a determination and humor needed to be a leader. Upon graduation, Tom will be leaving behind many close friends who have grown to know and trust him well. Good luck in the future Jake!

"K-MAN"

EDWARD W. KIRSCH
PITTSBURG, PA *HHS*

Ed is from Pittsburgh and he and his city become synonymous once one has known him for a while. Pittsburgh is a home he is proud of, and he avidly roots for the Steelers and the "Bucks" as a true diehard fan. Ed acquired the nickname "Yuns" because he used to refer to you guys or you all with that peculiar word, but while in college he has learned how to speak properly. He is also called "K-man" and "Edders" by his friends. Ed is a very likeable guy; he is humble, thoughtful, unselfish, and good-natured. One of his most admirable qualities is that he is a fair man. Equity for all in any decision to be made is always foremost on his mind. Running means a great deal to Ed and although some athletes are more gifted, few try as hard. Ed truly enjoys being a History major and has been an outstanding student (as evidenced by his making the Supe's List), but he is also known for his fun-loving nature. Simple things such as enjoying a healthy share of icecream keep Ed content. Take care, Ed.



RICHARD D. KRAMER
BIRMINGHAM, MI *EGE*

Rich hails from the booming metropolis of "Vest Bloomfield", Michigan. He managed to get through Plebe Year without letting any of the upperclass realize he actually lived on 7-2. Youngster year rolled around and Richy decided to introduce himself to the rest of the company. During his first two years Rich/ had a great influence on his roommates. Of the three; Dave graduated from Notre Dame, Taco from U.S.C., and, well . . . one managed to graduate from good ol' USNA. Rich came to Canoe U. a "Track Star" and after two and one half years he found himself ready for retirement. R.D. willrecall snowplowing on Dewey, blistering football games at the Wharf, sword tricks, and the "Central Scrutinizer" as some of the events that marked second class year. First class year found Rich a three striper. Yes, Dick was our illustrious Company Commander. Just goes to show you anybody can make it here at USNA. "Platoon Leaders Take Tapsll . . . ??"

"MADDOG"

GERALD N. MADIGAN
NEWPORT BEACH, CA *EGE*

Coming to USNA from Newport Beach, California, that west coast home of aristocrats, Nick brought his own brand of California mellowness into the hall; (i.e. fun in the sun, Bob Hope, and the Grateful Dead). A sailing recruit, the Maddog demonstrated his dedication to the NADS plebe year by earning his first, (but not last), black N for drinking with teammates. Never one to slight his education in favor of academics, Nick abandoned Nav. Arch as a youngster for General Engineering when he discovered that there was more to it than drawing pictures of sailboats. A veritable phantom to everyone in the company except Wix and their sidekick Schoene-Dog, Nick distinguished himself in many a regatta during his stay. When not in his room planning weekend activities, the "Minister of Cool" could be found at P.V.C.'s, Moose's, Jasper's, or at the Wharf sharpening his darts and quafing a few cold one's with Snake and Len. Never down for long, Nick's undying sense of humor will always keep him "living and dying in 3/4 time . . ."

"COKE"

PATRICK W. O'KANE
MINOA, NY *HHS*

Hello Waterface.

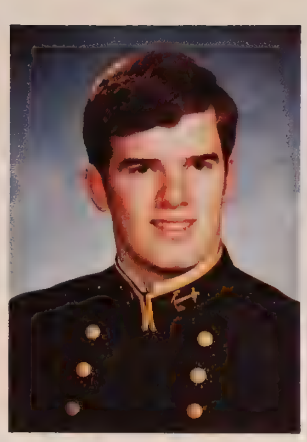
On the way out last night, I sat down and read a few of these biographies — engineers could really use some help with their style. The prose written about me was excellent, but I think I'll keep it for me — thanks Phil. Annapolis wasn't bad, harsh reality to add some "discipline" to my otherwise aimless ways. Made some friends, maybe one less than I needed. Without a doubt, made some memories — I know I'll never forget. Some great people gave me a home to rest in for a while — thanks John. Most contemplate the future, don't think I will — it gets a little depressing when it doesn't all work out. I think I'll just saunter on now; maybe find my true place and time . . . First, I've got a little trip to take.

Goodbye Waterface.

"DEXTER"

GREGORY L. POINT
ABILENE, TX NOA

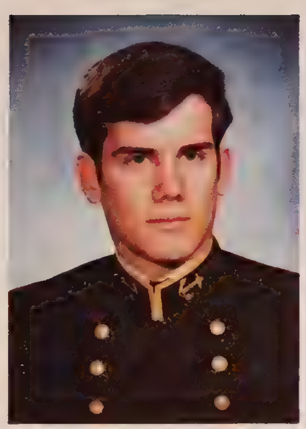
"No Feet," as Greg was known during Plebe Summer, came to us from Abilene, Texas. After he shed his "disco boots," Greg's title became the "almighty, gregarious, magnanimous, dexterious, pontificate Point." From this lengthy nickname, he acquired the abbreviated version of "Dexter," which has stuck to him like glue by all who know him well. Dexter is very outgoing and energetic, and has probaly been active in more E.C.A.'s than anyone else on record. His favorite recreations include chess, bridge, bowling, and more recently choir. Even being so occupied, Dexter has earned excellent grades himself, and has been a super-unselfish part-time instructor for those less able in Math and computers. Dexter has a remarkable ability which he will always be remembered for. This is his memory, his knack for somehow learning other mids' alpha codes, myriads of them, and recalling them at will. Dex is a man with a very kind nature and we express our appreciation for him and wish him our best.

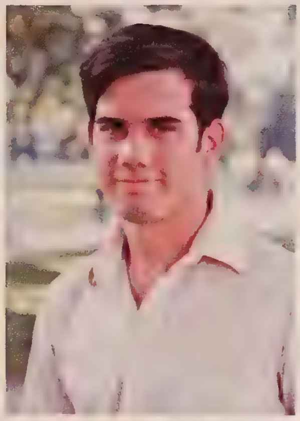


"RAV"

ROBERT D. RAVENER
NEW FAIRFIELD, CT SRM

Hi, I'm Bob Ravener, I play Navy baseball. With this ingenious line Rav, the All American boy, won the hearts of many a lass. There was always something about Young Bob. Was it the million dollar smile (How many times did you visit Dental Rave?) or possibly the suave and debonair style he possessed? (Phil she wants me!) He always had the traits of a leader of men. Plebe Summer he only needed Hutch's help a "few" times. 3/c year he was such a model Mid: baseball star, good student, never one to break Regs. 2/c year he'd surely have stripes. After all he'd only had two run ins with the police, been in relatively few bar brawls, was the moderating force on the Vous and Hoodtramids, and most of all never drank to excess. Who could ever forget those road trips with Rock tunes and beverages to go? If it weren't for Phil he'd never have made it back most of the time. As long as he maintains his hard work and winning smile, Rav's life will always be one long Magic Carpet Ride! Thanks for everything John V.III





JOHN D. RIEDEL
CLIFTON, VA ESE

John "Del" travelled across the wide Potomac from the land of Jefferson to follow in his father's footsteps and continue the Riedel legacy. He was a hard charger from the beginning but he still found time to party with the boys, becoming a regular at Riverside Drive. Third class year brought some new and unexpected experience as John got his first taste of dealing with the administration. Del was hit the hardest by the incident, losing his roommates and good buddy, Pierre, but life went on in the backshaft. Since then John learned how to talk to the Wizard in a language unknown to mere mortals. The Boy from Brazil developed the logic to put into effect his capitalistic goals. A Wahoo at heart, John's ability to organize parties enabled the boys to enjoy many a Cavalier experience. For sure John's life will not be fulfilled until he retires to the quiet life-sipping daiquiries, listening to Buffet, and tending herd on the Ponderosa.

"CHIEF"

STEVEN J. SIKORA
SYRACUSE, NY SPS

Known to his friends as chief and S.F.U. (Short, Fat, Ugly) for obvious reasons, Steve hails from Syracuse, N.Y. Few people desire to be at U.S.N.A. more than Steve and few people have paid a more exacting price at prep school to get here and in "all nighters" to remain here. Steve tackles every challenge with tenacity as those who have competed with him on the football field can testify. What Steve lacks in ability he makes up for in dedication. Steve is a quiet man, conscientious, and considerate. Steve's most admirable qualities are hi sincerity and sense of integrity. Steve is a rock physically, in character, and perhaps in mental ability as well-thus perfectly suited for his career in the U.S.M.C.

EIGHTEENTH COMPANY

MARK V. WEBER
SEATTLE, WA *EME*

Fair winds and following seas!

"WIX"

KEITH E. WIXLER
DELRAN, NJ *HHS, FPS*

The Wix came to the academy the classic highschool graduate from suburban New Jersey, quoting The Boss and ready to become "the best and the brightest". Well steeped in the rich bounty of the past, he soon became the company intellectual as well as curator of the oldies and Big Band tunes. Keith's major ambitions soon focused on his roommates vocation, varsity sailing, and he embraced both the sport and its subculture with a vengeance. The unoffocial social rep, Wix travelled the East coast attending parties, pursuing the fairer sex, and, oh yes, sailing too. This growth into an accomplished sailor and letterman was fueled by an enterprising spirit, "Big Band 86", and deadly quantities of Mount Gay Rum. The future is bright for Keith with his course well marked and sails finely "tweaked." Whether neoclassical or nostalgic, complacent or vivacious, The Wix will always be living life in "a five o'clock world." Going, going, gone. Goodbye.

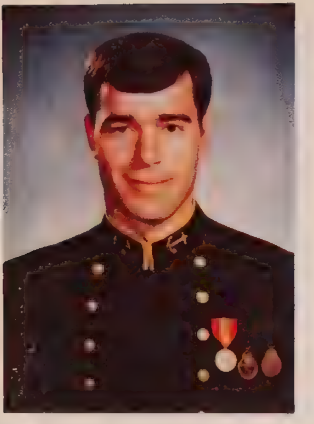
"PHIL"

PHILIP H. WRIGHT
BILLERIA, MA *FPS*

Phil came cruising down the middle of the road but headed for the ditch. It was a rougher ride but he met more interesting people. This sums up Phil's tarry in Md - Annapolis isn't fitting since it was only a port in the storm. His adventures started out in St Annes but quickly jumped across town to the Creek where he became a Weems regular. A true Deadhead and disciple of Neil, Phil widened his horizons and turned to punk. Junior year saw the development of his true goals in life as he and his brothers in crime expanded their activities, all in pursuit of general decadence. In the process, Phil picked up a Black N but this was only a temporary setback. A true political scientist, he was enlightening as resident liberal and joined in the subversion of the plebes as a member of the 3 stooges. Senior year found him continuing his excursions with Tim, Gerk, Coke and the boys. Phil's adventures will never cease as long as he maintains his zest for life. After all, there's always another bridge to cross (or jump off).

SOCRATES
BERMUDEZ-CORNE JO
QUITO, ECUADOR *EEE*

Socrates, known as Charlie to some, came to us from way down south in Ecuador as a foreign national from his country's Naval Academy. He was barely able to speak a word of English when he arrived here but made out fine plebe year despite, or maybe it was because of, the language barrier. At least he knew enough of what to say that time in Dahlgren when he met the girl of his dreams at a plebe mixer. After that, plebe year went by slowly but surely as he learned English a day at a time. But that wasn't all he learned. After all, an education at our Academy means learning from the books and we all know how much of an effort Soc put into his academics. He proved to himself along with many other people that he hadn't made a major mistake by choosing electrical engineering as his course of study for the four years. And now as he prepares to head back to Ecuador where he'll be a part of his nation's surface line force, we wish him all the best and many happy sunsets with rosy-fingered Dawn by his side.



"BING"

ELDON W. BINGHAM
PLEASANTON, CA SPS

Bing came out of high school way back in 1974 and decided he'd join the FEW, the PROUD. After 3 years in the Corps and a year vacation at NAPS (BAM) he decided to become a Midn in HIS Navy-Marine Corps Team. During Plebe year Bing never really gave a hoot, but his two caring roommates always pulled him through the rough times. Bing was always popular during the drill period, his cadence almost made the TOP 40 once. As an upperclass Bing was forever shooting off his gun, he also acquired the know-how of being able to study while asleep. First Class year brought 3 stripes, 3 miles to the gallon and plenty of free time. Bing will be leaving us as a wearer of the Green and also as a married man, but hopefully he'll be flying with us somewhere soon.

Good luck Bro and you'll always be remembered as one who had everything down pat.

RALPH E. BRUNSON
MOORESTOWN, NJ EEE

Ralph flew down to USNA from scenic New Jersey, and baffled bystanders still wonder if he ever landed. The vast majority of his time here was spent searching for his brain, part of which leaked out when he split his head open during Plebe Summer. He recovered sufficiently to join the Slob Squad, 18th Company's most prestigous professional organization, and enjoyed a life blessed by fate. Women seemed to fall out of the sky in front of Ralph, only to pine away in the isolation of nunneries when they realized they could never capture his elusive heart. He also possessed divine protection, evidenced by Friday night treks, not-quite-legit activities on duty, and mid-afternoon dips in the Reflection Pool that escaped the wrath of the Admin Conduct system. Blessed as he is, Ralph cannot help but survive in the real world, and his superb repetoire of humor will keep his colleagues laughing along with him. That is his biography, and it belongs to him.

"JR."

JAMES R. BURKE
MONETT, MO ESE

Randy rumbled into USNA on a hay wagon with a chaw in his cheek. At that time he could spit between his teeth and didn't know anything about the Navy. Since then he's become a real professional(?) and used a "silver streak" to replace both his wagon and his space. Always the partier, JR could be found at Rudy's whenever he wanted to pretend he WA — was home in Monett (pop. 5937). Plebe year was full of fun. There were room 5427, Ammo (JR's idol), mess night with open windows, and midnight jogs in spotty spotty mess dress during June Week. But that was only the beginning. The next 3 years brought an end to the Valiant, many lessons in the intricate facts about the Birds and bees, peaceful company b-ball games, 2/c summer fishing fun with Lurch and Joe, and more time studying than one would care to remember. Always the nuke, Randy finally saw the light and will enter P-cola. Just remember, two-man rooms and a full head of hair aren't everything in life. Little Buddy, we may even miss this place!!

"VINNY"

VINCENT V. CALVENTE
SAN JUAN, P.R. SOC

Vince (or is it Vinny?) cruised in to HIS academy in the biggest car and with the biggest little black book we had ever seen. After a year vacation in Newport, plebe year was not fun. Uncle Jerry and Uncle Ted saw to that. But it was all downhill from there. "Skinny" was a little chubby coming back to be a youngster but he lost that and was unstoppable. His quick hands and feet were the example for the clean-playing (?) b-ball team, and Saturday nights in Dahlgren gave him Kenny Stabler's nickname (but not because he was a good quarterback). Extended taps during June Week put a damper on things but not for long. Second class year brought lots of calls on the company of fice phone and cars in the yard — though Vinny's never was. After that fateful night at Wendy's (Do you remember, the 22nd night . . .) we only saw the blue 'bird on its way to Circle Drive (from the weekend list). Life's tough. Good memories make it all worth it Vin (sort of). Take care, get a haircut, and we'll see you in 20 years at about 30000 feet (lifer).

"TOM"

THOMAS F. CARNEY
SETAUKET, NY *HHS*

Sailing in from the shores of Long Island, Tom arrived to us salty as ever, but lacking his proper dialect. Tom actually was a near miss conduct case, being the king of the form-2 that "never got processed." Who else but Tom could've gotten stopped by the OD when he picked up his birthday cake. He really should've worn hfs socks. Youngster year saw "Mohammed Carnes" going but one round with an innocent Marine security guard over a beautiful (?) Dogpen chick. Despite his escapades. Tom managed to maintain a relatively clean record and became company Commander second class year. Being primarily concerned with the military aspects of the academy, Tom quickly placed academics in the backseat. He decided to study History to gain the broad educational background that he felt necessary for a Marine or Surface Line Officer. Tom, now as your horizons broaden, we of 18 thank you for the times. Your unique outlook on life will always be remembered. Watch the "Jack". Fair Winds. God bless. Dee

"DISCO"

EDUARDO A. CEJA
MONTEBELLO, CA *FPS*

BIG ED - came to us via NAPS from the "City of the Giggy's." After high school, he decided to spend a year chasing women and living it up in the city of fame, glitter and actresses before committing himself to Uncle Sam. Everywhere he has been there is some young lady in distress anxiously awaiting his return (but little do they know that the best bandit never strikes twice in the same place.) Plebe year went by pretty quickly for Disco, eating watermelon in the backshaft and being used for target practice, while youngster year brought him renowned fame in Disco Dahlgren (it's funny how all the girls would only request songs when he was DJ) Second class year made Ed acquire a fanatism for eating out at Arthur Treacher's and cruising around in his SPIDER. First class year - well if you need tix for a Bullets game it's compliments of a cheerleader. Its been a long road for Ed and HIS Naval Academy but its really been worth it. See you in Pensacola bro' - we'll be flying side by side.

"DEE"

GREGORY D. COONS
PARIS, KY *ESE*

Gregg sailed into the squid school from the Bluegrass state of Kentucky, leaving behind a girl named Sal and vowing to return forever when he was through playing "Middie". Sal's only competition after four years his been the Systems Engineering Department and an occasional weekend affair with Jack Daniels. Many A.M. hours were logged laboring over control systems to the tunes of Loretta Lynn, Willie Nelson and his roommates protests. Keeping true to form, Gregg was seldom seen wandering the halls without a U.K. cap on his head and a chew in his mouth. When he wasn't racking or studying, Dee devoted his efforts to company sports and also became a Batt tennis pro. Pondering service selection early, Gregg launched a nuclear strike against the Russians after a hard fought game of 99 at Ocean City after youngster year. A longtime desire to play with atoms will lead this boy to become one of Hymie's finer prodigies and sail the long, gray boats beneath the seven seas.

"CECIL B"

CECIL L. DAVIS
GRIFFIN, GA *HHS*

The Outcasts remember the derelict from Griffin for: If you don't pay attention in class the profs can't confuse you. I may be drunk but I'm right. It's in my grease shoes. All niters w/ Neil. Studying on not to interfere w/ recording basis. Faced and Fallin'. No problem, I'll just cash a check. 1st Annual Sandy Pt. Picnic. Charlie's upstairs. Drinking on the docks. Manson's Raiders. St. Patrick's Day. Party in room 7361 2300 Burner Break. Your barber Ryan n' drinkin gloves. Once more round the Beltway. Youngster Wardroom. It may be your Tapedeck BUT. The Boss n' finals. Easter's, Blaze, and The Hot Nuts. "It's a Thrift weekend" Air guitar Jammin. Finding your way home in Lancaster. The Bulkhead Club. Levendoski's. Bunny, Candy, n' the Playpen, I'm going for a burger guys. Easy Access Room. U. Ga. fraternity parties. Bob's Boys on YP's. Roadtrips to Hood, it's late, we're ready. One more blind date. Kouch n' a cigarette. Mr. G's. 7338 Bar n Grill. Dancin w/ Crabbe. Racin to Charlie's. Toothpaste Soundoff. "I Understand" See ya in five cec! WDR

"JIMBO"

JAMES L. EATON
CHESAPEAKE, VA *FPS*

Jim came to USNA from Chesapeake, Va., with a songbook in hand and his sights set on a Naval career. An active supporter of the 18th Company, he has played sports at both company and battalion levels. He is also very active in extracurricular activities such as the Glee Club and Protestant Chapel Choir, yet manages to maintain above a 3.0 average.

When not studying or crooning for his supper, Jim does a quick-change to become Doof, one of that immor(t)al group, The Skivs. Their jollies consist of roadtrips to Goucher and occasional appearances at Pep rallies. (You all remember those nerds in 50's get-up, right?) On a more serious note, Jim plans to go surface line after graduation. He's hoping to deploy on a Spruance class destroyer where-ever he can find one. Good luck, Jim, haze gray and underway, and all that stuff. You'll go far.

"HERBATRON"

HERBERT R. ELKIN
MACOMB, IL *FEC*

Herb stopped into USNA as part of a tour group from Macomb, Illinois, got in the wrong line, and ended up as one of eighteen's finest. Taking the advice of others and remaining inconspicous until the end of first semester he was rewarded with the first of many 4.0s and place in the Slob Squad initiation ceremonies. As a charter member of the Greatful Dead and an Amma-Zert, Herb was quite a character. As youngster year arrived more folks seeking the gouge began to show up than the room could accomodate but he was always willing to help. Herb also supplied the annual visit of the three-legged man.

Even as an economics major, Herb developed a reputation as the local wires, steam, boats, weapons, and anything else, authority. He even became an expert at the obstacle course. His efforts paid off as he was designated a Rhodes Scholar candidate near the end of second class year. As a firstie, Herb became Mom's academic officer. If he can do all of that as a mid there's no telling what he can do as an officer.

"GURNS"

THOMAS C. GURNEY
GREAT LAKES, IL *EAS*

Gurns hails from a line of Academy graduates, both his grandfathers as well as his father have done time in Mother B. Tom immediately teamed up with two "fun" guys who would spend three years with him before trading him for extra closet space. Tom elected to be a double major - his first being girls, beer, late night movies, and borrowing cars, his second being Aerospace. He spent most of his time researching his first major at far off places like: the wardroom, U. Va., the peaks of Mt. Boofy in the Virgin Islands, Ft. Lauderdale and, of course, Club 86. Gonzo could always be counted on for organizing a road trip to O.C. or Easters, finishing up a half full keg, or chugging beer while standing on his head. Tom showed professionalism and his bare chest at the Don Ho Show during l/c cruise. The outcasts wish Tom the best of luck in all his future endeavors. Remember, it's just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl. P.S. Hey, Tom Pat's lookin' for you!!

"HARD"

DAVID C. HARDESTY
BROOKSHIRE, TX *FPS*

Dave comes to the Naval Academy from LaPorte, Texas. Although Dave is not big in stature, among his friends Dave is a giant. He is an International Relations major with a 3.50+ CQPR and he is also the CO of his own yawl. He has a reputation among his friends for being a hard worker as well as a hearty player. Although he has fooled some people Dave has remained very busy here at the Academy. Besides the athletic and academic load, Dave has taken a combined forces guerilla training course and participated in OP61 in the Pentagon. He has on his leave time visited Russia and sailed to the Bahamas at least twice. As was said before, Dave is a man who works hard and plays hard and in that vein he is hoping to become a Marine Corps Infantry Officer. However whatever field Dave enters you ca n be sure he won't just "slide by". Dave will rise to the top!

"FRANNY"

FRANCIS C. HEIL

NEWBURGH, NY *SRM*

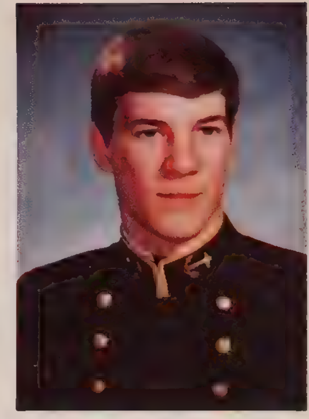
Fran came straight from George's Store rail to find some real "fun". Although destined to be a rock star, his mom knew he could become a pencilhead. He opened Club 86 in record time after a dry plebe summer. Fran was a letterman in swimming but since he couldn't start up his own team — The Bulkhead Squad — or the alarm never seemed to work at those early morning hours, he joined the "P-boat" sailors. Though a competent skipper, he almost lost his license when he met the U.S.S. Thomas Pt. Light. Fran's dream brought "the boys" to the Virgin Isles and his N.Y. instincts almost brught them back after only one day of sun. Fran learned to take control early, especially such things as tailgaters and trips to Hood. Fran knew what weekends were made for — it was only a matter of finding the funds. Fran always had a tight budget since blondes, good clothes, and a few cold beers were top priority. Good luck, Franny. Remember, it's just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl. P.S. Hey Fran, Pat's lookin' for you!!

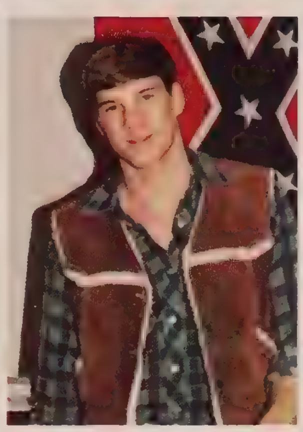
"HOG'S"

KEVIN J. HOGAN

MANCHESTER, MO *FEC*

Hog's came to USNA from Manchester, Mo. with a Cardinal hat on his head, a soccer ball at his feet, and a smile on his face. Unfortunately an untimely knee injury ended his soccer career early but Hog's took it in stride and moved on to bigger and better things. Sporting his social status as an "outcast", Hog's went about wooing the east coast girls with his midwestern charm. Never one who cared much about regulations he always managed to stay one step behind the girls and two steps ahead of the OOW. Although he never won honors for his study of economics at the academy he put his major to practical use. He was the only guy who could walk into Riordan's without a dollar in his pocket and stumble out with a date the next night. Each spring he would grab his suntan lotion and head south for some fun in the sun. Hog's was the last in a line of brothers to attend the academy and now he has his sights set for the sky in quest for his golden wings.



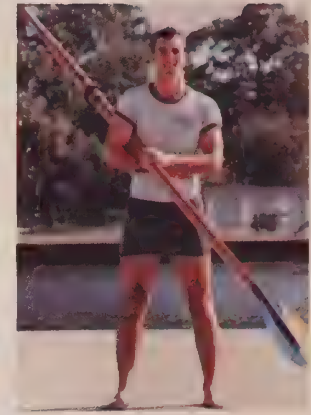


"KIZ"

JEFFERY J. KAISER

LANCASTER, PA *EOE*

Kize arrived at Sing-Sing on the Severn looking for wonderous things. Never one to give up hope on the fabled "things coming down the pike", he kept the rest of us in "the class of no deals" always optimistic. Choosing Glorified Oceanography (Ocean Engineering) as his forte, Jeff had his ups and downs. Many nights Kize hit the books and the books belted him back. (Kize, remember KVL and loop currents?) Youngster year Jeff discovered Rudy's, which was hailed by the rest of 18 as a monumental find. That same year seldom found J.J. missing the 2300 burner break with Cecil. None of us will ever forget the 5th annual Crab Fest, especially Priscilla. First Class year saw the Kizemobile rack up a lot of miles on weekly runs home to see his betrothed, but these were curtailed when the sirens of academia began to wail their sad songs. Chances are Uncle Himey will turn Kize into a bubblehead, but thats OK Kize, everyone needs a glow in the dark night light. We'll miss you Kize, especially old Ski.



"DAVE"

DAVID J. KERN

HARRISBURG, PA *SPH*

Dave came to the academy from the hills of Pennsylvania as a large, innocent and intelligent person. He immediately put his size and strength to use by joining the crew team a masochistic sport which friends tried unsuccessfully to get him to quit every year. Dave's original innocence (meaning he rarely drank or went out breaking regs) was completely cured by second class year. In fact, he continually amazed us by being able to converse with other people at the bar long after the rest of his classmates ceased to care. Probably the most amazing thing about Dave was his intelligence. His grades, around 3.0, did not accurately reflect his brilliance, but many of us felt that this had something to do with the fact that he refused to study. For his effort, or lack thereof, the Naval Academy system rewarded him with three stripes first class year. We are sure that Dave will continue to be successful regardless of the effort that he sees fit to expend.

"KILLER"

STEVEN W. KILLION
FREMONT, CA EAS

Steve came to the academy from Freemont, CA with a slight detour to Northwestern Prep. School. During plebe summer he was assigned to room with a wild and crazy Equadorian (soc). Plebe year was just a series of ups and downs, except for the incident when he tried to mug his firstee during a blackout. His next three years consisted of surviving academics and trying E.C.A.s. The notable activities that he tried were girl chasing and rugby. Steve lettered in girl chasing when he caught a well built farmer's daughter. His major accomplishments were maintaining 20/20 vision and evading the nuclear power draft. NAVY AIR!!!

"EJ"

ERIC J. MASSA
BUENOS AIRES, ARG. HEG

Amazing!

"DUCK"

ROGER H. McDOWELL
ELIZABETHTOWN, KY EGE

Sho'nuff, Kentucky's favorite son packed his bags full of BOURBON-HAGEN and headed off to find fame and fortune along the banks of the Severn. Although Rog traded his overalls and straw hat for a dixie cup and some white works, he kept that great southern enthusiasm and sense of humor which propelled him through the last real plebe summer. After proper coaching from his friends (?), especially Bombo and Teuf, Rog acquired a taste for beer and babes, found out what triple F meant and became an active member of the GAZORTNIK Club. On the serious side of life, Rog spent many hours jumping out of planes yelling things like Airborne, Geronimo and HELP! Alas, Rog survived jumps in many different positions. The Marine Corps has certainly found a good man in "The Duck." Rog has a sense of honor and moral courage which is rarely found even in a place such as this. Good luck in the Green Corps. URRRAAAGH.

"BOB"

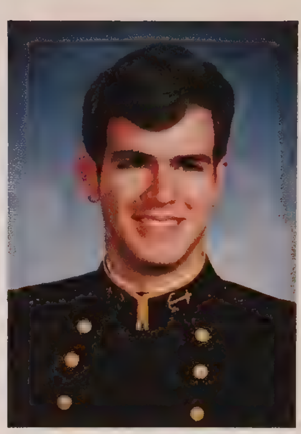
ROBERT N. MILLER
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA ESP

Bob sailed into the Naval Academy from the quaint village of Virginia Beach as the latest addition to his family's proud naval tradition. Despite his military background, he was never one to smack up to officers. In fact, he tended to do just the opposite. After completing its rigorous entrance requirements, he became an active member of the Slob Squad, taking the position of Slob Treasurer as well as integral parts in the Squad's annual musical. Weekends often found him making pilgrimages to western Virginia where he could study in the tranquil mountain atmosphere, accompanied by his hot tub and multitudinous Mountain Women. The studying must have paid off, for he is now off to become one of Hymie's boys.

"TANK"

JOHN K. MILLS
COVINGTON, VA *ESE*

the son of migrant papermill workers, kent has undoubtedly left his mark on the academy. branded as bizarre from the onset, he lived up to his reputation. his efforts peaked when he took his monkey bobo to lunch shortly after dragging a hotdog to class on the end of a piece of dental floss and he was awarded an all-expense paid trip to the shrink by order of his mom. As slob squad prez he performed flawlessly, taking major roles in the squad musicals. his combination of studly body (for breaking heads on the rugby field), a kean mind, and a superb musical talent left broken hearts wherever he went, one of which broke to the tune of 50 demos from the belle's usna-grad father. he recovered, though, and put away his jane oliver records and handed his heart over to kathie, kathy, or cathey, who guards it dearly. by the powers found at millstone may aslan follow you in your travels and bless your life. remember - i like you too man.



"KING CORN"

DAVID J. NAIRN
ORLANDO, FL *EEE*

Dave 'rolled' into Canoe University on a skateboard holding a frisbee in one hand, a guitar strapped on his back, and a CHOOOOOOOOW package under his arm. "FLASH" never missed many rates as a Plebe, but he was never known for his expeditious handling of them either. Youngster Summer settled in only to find DJ jumping out of perfectly good airplanes and then the return to AC Year found him STILLborne in wires and transistors. KING CORN started off Second Class Year with a BANG and ended it with a nightly reunion with some Angels, Hazards, and Boats. Yet with all that studying there was still enough time for this minor to ask another MINOR for her hand in marriage. SPEEDY has come a long way since we met I-Day: from civilian to MARINE in only four SHORT years! but I'd like to leave with the following words: MAY YOUR OP-AMPS HAVE INFINITE INPUT IMPEDANCE AND YOUR BJT's HAVE INFINITE GAIN. GOOD LUCK DAVE AND GODSPEED.

"LARRY"

LAWRENCE E. OLSEN
MASSAPEQUA, NY *SCH*

Hailing from Massapeque, New York, Larry made his way here to the shores of the Severn the long way around. After spending time in the Fleet and at NAPS, Larry spied the "good life" here at USNA and said that's for me.

Larry is best known as the 18th Company's resident YP jock. He saved many a classmate from the YP draft 1/c summer and has since gotten his own "Greyhound of the Severn". He's also the company's only Chem major.

Although Larry has a love for handgliding, handball, and science fiction, his first love is feeding the squirrels with his only love, Lisa.

Larry's YP training should come in handy, since from here he's heading for the seven seas on the deck of a ship. GOOD LUCK Larry, and may your seas always be following!

"TERRIBLE"

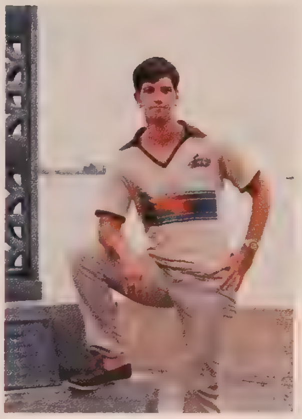
CLARENCE R. PERRY
MT. CLEMENTS, MI *EAS*

Terrible Bob-by Perry came to USNA from the shores of Lake St Clair Michigan. His outstanding physical features (a painted on smile, YP feet, and lips like my friend flicka) allowed him to make friends easily and become the company rig-it out champ. From day one, Bob was always quick with a cap as witnessed by his nightly bilge around sessions with the Italian folks of the company. Plebe year brought Sat nite B-ball with Vinny and Ed, mail from everybody, finals with the roomies, New York and I want some, I-am-jam with the nerf, the professional developement of E-T-T-I, and refreshing jaunts in uncomfortably tight high rise trou. The upper class years saw a few changes, with an emergence of the wedge, new techniques in propelling a fishing boat, and an alphabetized dating system. Being the fine space major he is, Bob will enter P-Cola upon grad in green. Don't ever forget to "say it" or follow your shot because I will, Hoss, we made it and we made it the best.

"MONGO"

MICHAEL P. PHILLIPS
SAN JOSE, CA *SPH*

Mike came to the academy as a self-declared militarist already trained at the Naval Preparatory school. Plebe year provded to be difficult, but Mike found creative ways to vent his frustration. TAt Army he obliterated himself so completely that he was found passed out with his head in the Sharadin's toilet. He also tried to talk one of his roommates, who constantly carried on conversations in his sleep, into jumping from their 7-3 window (some people will do anything for 2 weeks of leave). After plebe year Mike turned much of his attention to ECA's such as jumping out of airplanes and beating people up. Mike always loved to demonstrate his knowledge of karate, however he was unable to find many spectators after he kicked his roommate during one demo. Although Mike had severe troubles with the Academy's bull courses, in his field of physics he always seemed to "pull out" the answer no matter how illogical his method. Upon leaving, Mike will fly either above or below the water.



"KQ"

KEVIN P. QUINN
ROCKAWAY, NY *EGE*

An Irishman and damn proud of it, K.Q. hails from Rockaway, N.Y. With the initial intentions of being one of Navy's finest baseball players and a mechanical engineer, K.Q. decided that wearing his Yankee hat before the "Game of the Week" and a degree in General Engineering were more condusive to his lifestyle of the rack, weekend binges, and chasing women. Abiding to the standards of being a loyal "outcast" K.Q. always seemed to get lost on Friday nights for a few hours and then stagger back in his fashionable stupor. Recalling all the famous Naval sayings K.Q. memorized, he felt they lacked two greats: "She knows the deal" and "It ain't over till it's over." Kevin's understanding that, "If he can't go to the party, the party will go to him" was upheld at the '79 Army-Navy game when he arrived in a Winnebago with 43 half-blicked patriots ready to do battle. As of late, K.Q.'s only command has been of a sporty Gran Prix but he intends to trade that in for something bigger, more seaworthy, and a shade of grey!

"WALLY"

WALTER D. RUEHLIN
CORONADO, CA *SRM*

In an effort to improve its image Navy signed Dave and Crackers to a life contract. Not one to complain, Dave was accepted by the outcasts. Sleeping and studying on a not to interfere with taping basis, and frequent trips to the 4th dimension and Main O made time fly. When out on parole Dave learned: Annapolis on St. Pat's Day, not to hitchhike, how much a liter is, his way around the beltway, how fast he could run to Charlie's, where to spend Easters and why there is a beg red rug. The Company Safe Driving Rep, he kept awake on X-country trips by humming tunes. Even with his active social life Dave always had time for our problems too. Dedicated to upholding the standards of the brigade, Dave never let his hair down until leave. Summers remained special to Dave, especially 4th of july, he almost missed the bus in P-cola, tho. 3/c cruise was just a 9 to 4 job — too bad there wasn't an apartment to live in. Thursday noon was with the roomies but Friday meant THE BOSS, Neil, and jammin'. One thing about Dave . . . He understands everything.

"RACKIN' RYAN"

RYAN R. SCHULTZ
NEW BRIGHTON, MN *EOE*

Good ole' Rackin' Ryan, wargamer extraordinaire, Slob Squad Secretary, roommate fantastic, Ocean Engineer superior, a pious Aslonist, and E.G. to boot!

His favorite P.E. test was the O Course. He claimed it purged his system of impurities. And woe to Navy the day they booted him from Varsity Swimming. Prior to finding Aslon, Rackin' was adrift searching for Millstone and swimming partners. Rackin's worst deed was to get his roommate fried by ordering his own plebes to write rude letters to his roomie's lovely southern belle girlfriend. After a visit to the Dant and Hood he decided the ways of Aslon were for him. Now he drives a fast car, has a beautiful fiancee, plenty of chow packages, and the best roommate in the academy. Hey Aslon, look my way! Alas, he is soon to change roommates. Hello Lois.

"GARONZO"

WALTER J. SILVEIRA
WILBRAHAM, MA *SRM*

Hailing from Wilbraham, MA. Walt decided to validate plebe summer by turning his leg into a jigsaw puzzle that left him in a cast well into Ac year. Seeing Walt return from the hospital Fran and Tom decided to give him the benefit of their experience and so "The Boys" became roomies. In order to play hockey Walt had the dentist remove a tooth so he'd look mean. Being the youngest (also shortest) plebe the Garbonzo bean was flower boy for June Week. Youngster year the boys cut loose. Spring break saw Mario racing Cushman carts thru the Sheraton St. Thomas and snorkeling with Boofy (Big Feet?). That year he dropped Econ to join Fran in Management. 2/c year many a plebe was subjected to such ruthless questioning as "Oh, are you coming around to see me?" Navy's little-big man did very well in soccer that year — if the truth be known he wasn't allowed back in the room unless he scored. Best of luck from the outcasts, Wally. Remember, it's just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl. P.S. Hey Walt, Pat's lookin' for you!!

"SKI"

VINCENT A. STAMMETTI
LAS VEGAS, NV *SPS*

Vince came to wet windy Annapolis from the dusty deserts of Navada. Missing Denise a little too much, the rednecks of 18 took him under their wing and helped him ease the pain. Haircuts, sweat, and letters (and calendars) from home saw Ski through Plebe Summer. Youngster year found him cursing navigation charts and taking care of inebriated room-mates. Vince's most noted accomplishment second class year was his appointment to the position of room subcommander for the second set. By the time Ski wore the star of a firsty, he had developed into one of the Company's most respected individuals.

Ski was one of those peculiar folks who has several birthdays every year; or so the Plebes thought. He finally earned his SCUBA diving qualifications in 1980 while standing "duty birthday firsty" for a classmate.

'81 will never forget ya, Vinski. See ya'll at Rudy's!

"TEUF"

ROBERT S. TEUFEL
JERSEY SHORE, PA *SRM*

Right out of high school, Teuf (Toof) - entered the Boat School in a big way, 235 lbs. to be exact. Bob was 18th Company's token footballer and he still has the scars to prove it. During practive plebe year Bob playfully hit someone in the elbow with his throat and has since done a pretty good imitation of the Godfather. Despite this early setback Bob will graduate with a double major in football and management. Among his many other achievements, Teuf was an instructor of 300&400 level "BAGIT" courses, he was also an active member of the GAZORTNIK club and the YOUNGSTER-5. Girls were always mezmerized by the charming, blond, hunk and Bob will leave behind a trail of broken hearts. Though stepping down from the role of BIG FROG in his little hometown Pond of Jersey Shore Pa., Bob never lost touch with the hometown feeling. His Quick smile and easy going character won the hearts of many and inspired the lives of those that knew him. Bob ends a 7 year seige of USNA by the Teufel clan and hopes to join George in Surface Line.

"WONK"

KEVIN C. WARNKE
LACONIA, NH *ESE*

Kevin Warnke, smartest idiot I've ever known, came from Yankeeland up in frigid New Hampshire. What a typical Irish Catholic, red hair, freckles, and the stingiest mid of all. Early in his naval career he decided to join up with and give his all for the newly formed Slob Squad, quickly earning the title of Brain Slob. He had so much fun Plebe year doing chow calls with feeling, giving hour long newspaper articles, and making up songs for the Slob Squad musical he didn't want his stripe. Youngster year he continued stirring up troubles as 3rd Batt Banter editor, running for Pope, and insulting ethnic groups with jokes about chicken tetrazini and chinless wonders. Second clss year Kevin ascended the summit of Old Rag to see if the world was flat like he believed. Newly convinced, he joined the Flat Earth Society. First class year found Kevin still holding his 4.0 and a Jewish girl as well. I'll miss his Burt N' I jokes, his poor taste in music, his orange fishing hat, and his ability to eaton anytime, anywhere!

"AL"

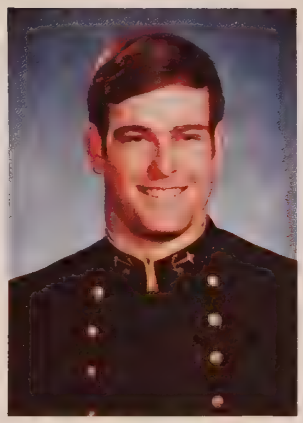
MARSHALL A. WENCL
SMYRNA, GA *SOC*

"Crazy Al" arrived at USNA from his native Smyrna, Georgia one day in '77. Life has never been the same since. His companymates detected some slight unconventionalities in this southerner that first summer, but things didn't begin to jell until Ac-year arrived. At Philly, Al was a member of the elite Greatful Dead, and celebrated in a appropriate manner. Next year, the Czech Brothers made a memorable appearance at Halloween. Second class year rolled around, and Dr. Bad devoted more and more of his time to his main interest — guns and mice extermination. As a letterman and team captain of the Academy's rifle team, he achieved All-American status (primarily by practicing in his room during study hours). However, the pursuit of maximum racktime and Georgia moon finally caught up with him first class year and transformed him into a "new waver". And waves he will make as he sets sail on a promising naval career.

"BOB"

ROBERT K. ANOLL
MIAMI, FL *EGE*

Bob drifted into the Academy from the University of Miami which soon led the first class to coin the term "Anolll". Whether he came to sail or study no one ever quite found out but he did both a lot. The results were to help win three National Championships and to become an All-Amcerican and as far as grades, well, he graduated. Four years of Academy training made it's mark on Bob. He entered the Academy as a long haired pacifist and left as a to be short haired Marine pilot. Democracy will also realize it's effect because it will be safe for another five years.



"BURG"

JACK W. BURGESS
PITTSBURGH, PA *EME*

Jack belonged to the tripartite of Pittsburghers in the First Class and like his two counterparts, he continually advertised his affirmed belief and faith in the City of Champions. While at USNA, Jack made the most of every affordable opportunity in sports and adademics; participating on varsity football for two years with a visit to the Holiday Bowl, playing a mean defense on the Champion Co. Fieldball Team, and pursuing a genuine interest in Oceanography, including a summer cruise on the Love Boat. In addition, and in the style only Jack could exhibit, he also made the most of every unaffordable opportunity taking a crash course in interior design ala pasta, watching the Army march-on from the parking lot, and playing a little moonlight golf in Pensacola. Following graduation, Jack plans to walk down that "holy plank" and thn venture off to Sub School. Jack was a true compliment to 19 and will always be known for his good nature and wit; and as only he could say: "That was the nicest thing you could ever say!"

"BOOSH"

PAUL J. BUSHONG
ALLEN, TX *EME*

P.J. Bushong. Tex. Booshong. Boosh. Geek. Plebe football. No more football. Academic stud. (i.e.,negat) Texas drawl. Suffering through one Superbowl loss and two A.F.C. championship losses to the black and gold. Mechanical engineer extraordinaire. "Me and Rocket are just like this . . ." Dona.Dona.Dona.Dona. Roomed with Tippy. (nuff said) Brigade fieldball championship. Ameoba DEEFENSE. Company soccer stud. Plebe Summer company commander. Academic officer. (what else?) Hymie's golden boy. Nukey cruise youngster year. Nukey cruise first class year. No need for a table lamp. Coffee in the wardroom. "You fly, I'll buy." Pepsi cola. Company softball. Mr. subtle. Merle Haggard. Dolly Parton. Willie Nelson. How boring. "Home, home on the range . . ." Dona Dona, Dona, Dona (here we go again) Graduation. Wedding bells. Desert wedding. Who shot J.R.? Will never be forgotten. One of the boys. Amen. (inside joke)

"CLAW"

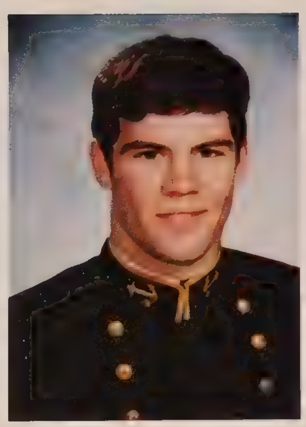
WILLIAM R. CLOUGHLEY
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA SRM

The Claw knew from the start the Academy would be hard; after all, it wasn't easy finding a great looking, rich girl at the A.N.A.F. cotillions — and God knows he tried. Bill matured, though, and by 2/c year he settled down to his one true love . . . model airplanes. Of course, the Claw had to do something with his spare time; so he bought the "Claw-car" — simply for the pleasure of buying it shiny new starters it did not need, and watching its riders asphixiate when they opened its air vents. The Clawcar served Bill so well on the Easter "Road trip", that Bill rewarded it with a coat of alcoholic "paint". '84 will always remember Bill for his quiet, firm leadership style. We, who "love him like a brother," will remember him for that, of course, but also for a great deal more: he was the easiest take at darts we have ever seen.

"SUSIE"

SUZANNE M. DEE
MADERA, CA SPH

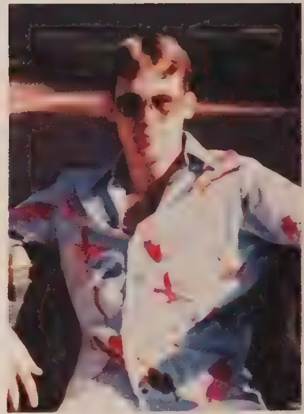
Suzanne came from the wine country and wide-open spaces of California to the closed-in landscape of the East. She brought with her a 4 year supply of gum and the idea that anything was possible in the fairy tale environment of the academy. Youngster year brought Killer, an honorary membership in the twelvth company and their affectionate name for her, "WUBA". Although its origins may be obscured, 'WUBA' still clings to the license plate of her Toyota truck. Suzanne soon discovered that she could run. Cross country has been her first priority since second class year. Running has taken her places like Tallahassee, Fla. for the '79 nationals and Fort Erie, Canada to train near Niagra Falls. Besides gum, wrestlers and running, Suzanne discovered rock-n-roll. During Pistol Detail she could be found every Thursday at the Sandbar going crazy to Face Dancer and Jesse Bolt with the infamous Rider. "It is my right to be uncommon - if I can. I seek opportunity not security." DEAN ALFANGE



"PAT"

PATRICK E. DONOVAN
CAMP SPRINGS, MD SPS

"P" come to the fold from across town, D.C., but we still had to memorize Camp Springs instead of D.C. Pat always was one to make things easy on us. When he left that never never land out there he was known as the "Blade". Why? We soon felt his cutting wit and no longer wonder why. He has had his moments here at Canoe U., demonstrations of his skill with the "Manicotti" cup (yes, another charter member of the Manicotti 5). His dexterity behind the wheel of sports cars in stop and go traffic, the skill with which he picked out parking spots, and of course the way he had of Granby-rolling into a letter sweater. As we look back we can't forget Pat's fight with the fabled "WUBA" disease. Whether he has recovered or not, well, . . . who knows, Pat? "P" is now heading for that big blue wrestling mat in the sky. I guess an F-14 under feet is just as good as Tigers. I know they don't come any better, . . . GO GET EM TIGER . Lucan



"C.C."

CRAIG C. FELKER
PITTSBURGH, PA HHS

Craig C. Felker came to the U.S. Naval Academy as a young, naive lad from the improverished, deprived part of the nation called Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. After playing the part of a typical midshipman for a couple of years (i.e. getting his name in the Guinness Book for most hours of sleep during the daytime and living from meal to meal), "Felks" decided to step outside and see the world. After taking a good long look, he decided that he'd like to see it some more, so he went to graduate school at the University of Maryland part time his first class year since he was so far ahead in his chosen major, history. As a fierce competitor in sports, Felks was a vital member of the infamous "Amoeba Defense" of the company fieldball team, getting so psyched for games that he would have delusions that he was playing for his only true love, the Pittsburgh Steelers. Only time will tell, but it is hoped that someday Felks will be able to rid himself of this great burden and lead a normal life.

"G"

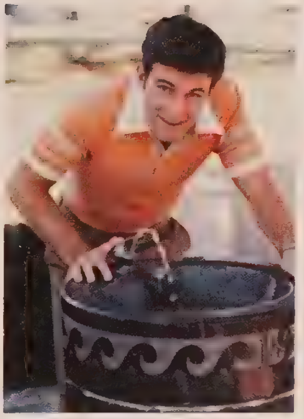
MICHAEL A. GIORGIONE
PITTSBURGH. PA *EOE*

The Pittsburgh native known in established crowds as "G" provided the company with many fond memories. G came to the academy with a year of real college experience from Penn State. He quickly learned the hot spots down by the creek and at St. Johns. Social life was no problem for Mikey as each year provides memories of bojangles, fish market vue, road trips with murph and many other class activities. The 6 in. ruler ocean engineer was also able to survive spring breaks in Lauderdale and the Bahamas to bring back tales of adventures. The Italian was also a fierce competitor in athletics which is best rememberedby his stellar performance in championship fieldball earning him the title Rocky Beaver. Mike will always be remembered by his classmates as a dependable friend capable of helping all and willing to make sacrifices to make the academy a little more pleasant for all he was associated with. Another championship product from the city of champions - Pittsburgh - to make the world a nicer place to live for all humanity!!!!!!!

"MUMBO"

JAY R. HUSTON
ATLANTA, GA *EOE*

Jay (MUMBO) Huston first appeared in the Navy at the Naval Academy Prep School in Newport, Rhode Island where he excelled in athletics and struggled in academics. After a Navy paid vacation at NAPS, Mumbo became acquainted with the rigors of plebe year. Being the easy going person he is, Mumbo adjusted to the Academy life style rapidly and became interested in ocean engineering. Jay had many goals at the academy ranging from academics to athletics. Some of Mumbo's athletic goals ended sooner than expected. Football was due to a bad knee, rugby was due to the fact he did not want to give up his weekends and boxing was due to his smashed nose. Mumbo's main goal has been to graduate this fine institution ever since he entered NAPS. By, God, he did it! CONGRATULATIONS!



"TIP"

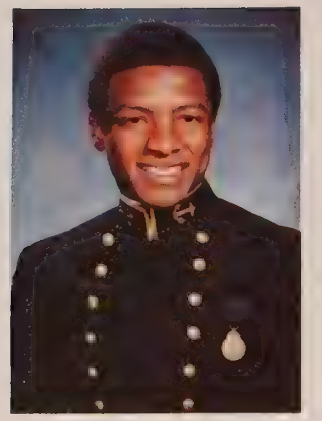
TIMOTHY S. MacGREGOR
BINGHAMTON, NY *FPS*

Hailing from Binghamton, New Yori, Tim arrived at USNA just like the rest of us, a frightened plebe. But his goal was a fulfilling four years and that is exactly what he got. Gifted with an entertaining voice, he immediately joined the Glee Club of which he served as president in his First Class year. Although being far from a genious, Tim managed to turn hard work into academic excellence. With a class rank lower than the age of most of his profs, he soon took advantage of the many benefits that Navy has to offer. During his Second Class year, he took a tour in the Army at West Point as one of six midshipmen exchange students. After returning to the Navy Tim was sent to the Supreme Headquarters for the Allied Powers in Europe to study and to enjoy some of the finer things in life. When Tim finally settled back down in Annapolis, he assumed command as a regimental striper. Tim leaves us with one of his favorite expressions: "See you around the campus!"

"BIKER"

ROBERT N. MATHENY
BOLIVAR, NY *EAS*

Biker earned his nickname by arriving at USNA with a reckless, daring attitude which has greatly effected his four years here. Being from the sticks of Bolivar, New York probably contributed, too. True to his image he earned his Black N as one of the proud Manicotti Kids. Through it all, Bob has handled academics with no problems, even though his Aero Engineering major resulted in typically long nights and a multitude of late lab reports. Biker discovered Rugby at the Academy, and soon earned his N-sweater in the "sport", yet we wonder whether he excelled more on the field or at the infamous Rugby parties. But, no matter the occasion, we could be sure Bob would show, and usually with an eye out for the best looking women, too. With his love for excitement, Bob will be right at home landing his jet on any carrier. We're sure Biker will prove himself again with the Jet Jocks.



"VIC"

VICTOR M. McCREE
JACKSON, MS *SOC*

Vic McCree, he's been around for years; yet nobody really knows him. He's aloof and a loner, and yet he's outgoing and talkative. He's always telling me what an adept flaccinaucinihilipilificator that he is. But that's only one of his many colorful assets. He has also been the "star" quarterback of the Navy's 150's football team for the past several years. Lord only knows how many times he's used that excuse to get out of a Navy football march-over. Never call him a quitter, though. He always used that excuse and it always worked. Indulgence . . . I mean, indolence was his forte. So what have we got here? "Feetus" McCree was always there when we needed him. In fact, I can remember the time when he convinced his roommate to bring a T.V. from home. He logged more hours on that T.V. Funny thing happened. He let his roommate get caught by the OOW with it. He was thoughful about it, though. He promised to bring the next one. We'll meet you in the long run, Vic — or the deep run. Dive!!! Dive??!

"J.D."

JONATHAN D. MESSINGER
HUNTINGTON, NY *SMA*

JD came to 19th company from Huntington, Long Island. He set out from the beginning to accomplish a lot and he did. He sailed on the yawl team and fenced for all four years. His first class year his fencing teammates voted him for their team captain and he was selected as the Fourth Battalion Cdr. JD's favorite bar was the Fishmarket in Alexandria but he always had trouble making it over the "longest" bridge on the way home. This was when Marianne would let him out. JD impressed his friends with his great competitiveness. But in games such as darts and raquetball, competitiveness is no match for talent. JD could play hockey however. He and the Claw spent many a study hour proving that. Even though JD won the championship, the Claw put forth a valiant effort. JD plans to go into nuclear subs, stay in for 30 years while making CNO, and then he will do like everyone else: get out. We wish him the very best for the future.

SANDBLOWERS ARE TOUGH!

"LORI"

LORRAINE T. RAMPP
WHEATON, MD *HHS*

Lori came to the Naval Academy from Wheaton, Maryland following in the footsteps of her older sis, Lynn. Lori brought with her a pair of Brooks running shoes and a pink make-up case. As a plebe, Lori ran under the influence of the infamous Major. As a youngster, Lori joined "Charlie's Angels" and the spirit of the 19th company. Cheerleading took up most of her time in the fall and running in the winter and spring. Mice, waterskiing, encounters with Rocky, Bro and building houses made of cards all night were on the agenda. During second class year, Lori found Wheaton ideal for commuting. Lightweight football, packaged squirrels, and scuba diving with Suzanne made for an interesting year. Lori's taking first class year one day at a time - maybe two at the farm. She leaves behind fantastic memories and beautiful friendships. She also leaves one sister, Leigh, who has been practicing her corners for "86, sir!"

"BOMAR"

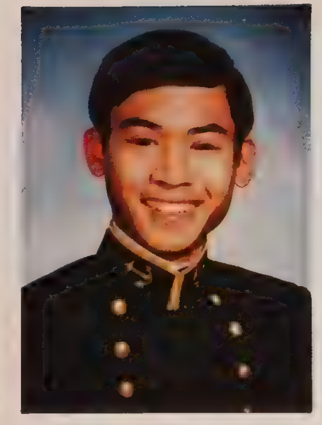
JAMES M. RICE
ELKRIDGE, MD *SMA*

Jimmy hails from Howard County, Maryland which meant he was able to see the "Butts" every weekend. He also roomed with the infamous Dave Sett that year, when their average GPA was 4.0. Jimmy isn't a geek; in fact he is notorious for his love of partying. 2/c year, Jimmy, bored with trying to get his roomate to jump, found "bike fever" and Tidewater. He also decided to see how many stripes he could get and received six. This was overshadowed at the time by his purchase of a motorcycle. There is a good chance Jimmy will be Brigade Commander 1st Class year. This is what he said about it, "Yeah, maybe but there is this new bike I want . . ." Jimmy played Co. soccer, hwt. football and Batt lacrosse (the latter when he couldn't get the bag king sport: Co. knockabouts). Jim Rice, let's face it, aced the Academy. How did he do it? Credit it to the "Rice Magic".

"SULLY"

BRIAN D. SULLIVAN
MASSAREQUA, NY *SPS*

Brian Sullivan left his home in Long Island, N.Y. to begin his naval CAREER at the Naval Academy Prep School in Rhode Island. It was here that he established himself as an easy going individual. At Naps Sully developed his natural talent of lacrosse. At the Boat School however he decided to spend all of his time on his other natural talent (academics). It was hard but every once in a while the obys managed to pry Sully away from his books on a Friday night to play some cards. The poker games weren't a true demonstration of Brien's luck though as he proved to all of us when he won a big yellow bird in a Navy Relief raffle. After winning the small fortune Brien became a man of adventure: always eager to travel to far off and exotic ports like the Bahamas and Europe. This is why he decided to go surface line where he'll always have lots of travel, and overhead above him, a deck below him and icecream machines for and aft. GOOD LUCK BRIEN. MAY YOU ALWAYS HAVE FAIR WINDS AND SMOOTH SEAS.

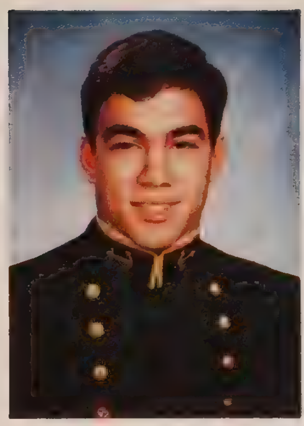


"PERRY"

PERRY T. TUEY
VIENNA, VA *SOC*

Some people join the Navy for love of country, others for love of sea, but Perry in his consistently unique character, joined the Navy to escape work. After being assured that this would not be the case, Perry painstakingly began adjusting to "his" version of a "R.M.E." By some feat of magic Perry repressed his occasionally flippant and hyperactive personality throughout his Plebe and Youngster years. Hence noone was surprised when the "Little Geek" ended youngster year with a 3.8 CQPR. Not to be bettered, Perry came into his own as a Secondclassman. The incidents involving his personal entertainment (MIDCINEMA 2401), and the bicycle which mysteriously appeared under his rack were "penny ante" as compared to his attempt to emulate dAVINCI by drawing a scale size version of a sailboat on his newly wallpapered wall! Nevertheless pervading the laughs, the frowns, the sighs and the ghasps, our knowing Perry has been a true inspiration - a really moving experience.

Really, ask my "MG"! Watch out Navy! Here comes PERRY!



"LUCAN"

BRIAN M. VANBAUSH
MIAMI, FL *SPS*

Brian (Lucan) Van Bausch left sunny Miami one dreary day in July to begin his career at Navy. Brian did his best to keep his middle name (malcolm) a secret because we thought it was simply (Van). Brian quickly established himself as a terror on the wrestling mat and not even a knee injury could stop him from giving 110% in the mat room. Although a quiet person (He spoke his first words early in his youngster year) Brian never had a problem finding a date. He always prepared in advance for all the social functions most notably the Ring Dance. Brians nickname (Lucan) was given to him partly for his style of wrestling and most notably for his wolf cries at rock concerts. Aside from wrestling, Brian gained most of his fame as a member of the (Manicotti Kids). We wish Brian all the luck in the world with whatever service selection he makes and he will be remembered as a terrific person and a true friend.

"F.S."

FRANCIS S. WILLIAMS
CHICAGO, IL *HHE*

Frank came to 19 from the big Chitown. He was blessed with acerbic tongue and remarkable felicity of speech. Youngster year, Frank got his first taste of WUBA but it was short-lived. He found consolation in a bottle of white wine, however. Probably Frank's greatest achievement at USNA was the incredible amount of time he spent in the rack, as he was wont to do. Frank never bothered to buy a car, this saved him lots of money - maybe he will be able to pay off Peerless when he graduates. Some of Frank's other achievements were teaching a plebe English class, going on a German exchange, and driving his girlfriend's car, the indefatigueable "Tank", for two years. Frank was an English major and damn proud of it. Now he hopes Admiral Rickover is proud of it too. Maybe we will see Frank commanding an attack submarine in 15 years - dressed up as a prof.

"ZIRK"

STEPHEN P. ZIRKLE
PUTNAM VALLEY, NY *ESP*

Some where between Libby, Janet, Helen, Gloria, and Lynn, coffee drinking, and MASH, Zirk managed time to get a 3.0 in Marine Engr. As a potential second generation Marine, Zirk came from PURDUE, complete with his coffee mug and a Marine Corps emblazoned B-Robe. However after three years of the boat school, Zirk concluded that getting shot at wouldn't be much fun and decided on Surface Line. We will always remember Zirk for his easy going style and small jobs. Remember the Wardroom refrigerator? Always one to stay out of trouble, he is probably one of the few guys to graduate with a 4.0 in conduct. Good luck to you and Surface Line. Remember, stay out of Nuclear drafts.

"BOB"

ROBERT F. BURR
COLORADO SPRGS., CO *ESE*

Bob flew from the land of the Zoomies to join the mids in the summer of '77. Having flying in his blood due to an unfortuanate exposure at a tender young age to the bus drivers, he had dreams fo being pilot. His plebe summer squad leader encouraged his aspirations hoping he would start from a fourth floor window. "Nols" was "just plain mean." Bob knows that for sure. Unphased Burr - sitis charged into the academic semesters to follow in a way that surprized us all. Who would expect a talker of marathon calaber to become a Systems Major instead of an English or History Major where Bull reigns supreme? Anyhow Bobber made well and life at USNA seemed okay - except one thing. He was unloved by the fairer gender. However with the appearance of some new whiskers and couple of misled girls who thought he was cute, Bob's confidence soared sky high. Girls started chasing him!? Graduation and Pensacola follow a good four year at Canoe U. Good luck and best wishes for an Al wingman. Oh, bets are in on who finally catches you. BEAT AIR FORCE

"BUTZ"

CRITTENDEN G. BUTLER
PALM BEACH, FL *HHS*

Butz came to the banks of the Severn with a bottle of suntan oil in one hand and a Playboy in the other. Little did he know that the Naval Academy wasn't Palm Beach. He made it through Plebe Summer without killing a certain firsty on Black Sunday thanks to his wrestling partner, that little . . . Greek. Butz never did get homesick. Every time he got that twinge he would just fly to Florida for the weekend. Butz always was a "nice" guy. Who else would share his bunk with an upperclass? He was real quiet too! He just liked to break chairs at concerts and heads in Batt football but only if he wasn't downing quarter beers at Rudy's. We all wish the best of luck to Butz if his shiny Jag will make it to the west coast and the beach. See you in Destroyers!

"DOLES"

ROBERT E. DOLAN
FLORHAM PARK, NJ *EOE*

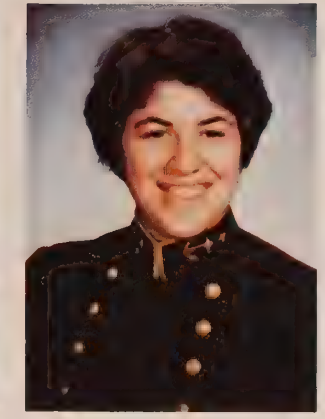
Doles arrived at USNA from the teeming metropolis of Floram Park, N.J. fully prepared for the R.M.E. by the blissful year he spent at the EM Club and The Bavarian in Newport. After surviving plebe year unscathed by both academics and upperclass, Doles immediately assumed his duties as an upperclass, i.e. Company Urban Cowboy, Company Duty Ocean Engineer, Duty Naz Translator, and Mash Front Row Club charter member. Doles excelled academically despite the constant interuptions to his study time. Cables Labs and Dynamics problems were always laid aside while the search for a fresh tin of dirt or 30 cents for a Dew was carried out. Ah yes, the cheesy combustibles.

The overly Bob Dolan: passionate hater of WUB"A", ardent lover of fermented hops and malt, closet geek, avid reader of the first two hundred pages of some of the greatest books ever written, connoisseur of fine music (especially the "No Nukes" album), future Navy Diver, and never a "mid."

"DOOTS"

JAMES M. DOWTY
DOVER, DE *EGE*

Mike's experience at the Naval Academy has been rather "unusual". He couldn't help laughing off Plebe Summer. You'd think an all state football player would play football BUT NOOOOOOO!!!!! He wimped out and chose sailing. Alas, he got an "N" the quick and dirty way. He wasn't dumb. Those yawls are good for something besides sailing, right Doots? Pringles. Bet you can't sail just one. Anyway, Doots, alias the fry king, was well-known at Battalion Office. Remember — Army hats — Linda in the rain — Mandy on Astral — and a host of others. You can't say that they weren't worth it. Just think of the times you weren't caught! At Army and Boston College Doots went wild. Who else could pick up two and a half girls? I bet that guy at the Sheraton never will get his head out of the wall. Baby oil at the Ramada, Doots???!! You always had a way with women. Good luck to you in whatever you do. God knows you'll do it all.

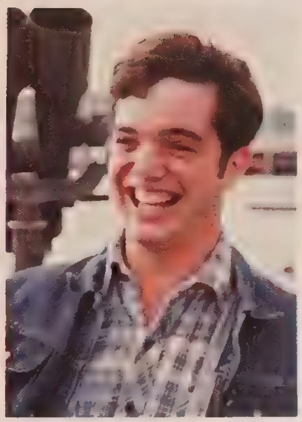


"DURBS"

DIANE C. DURBAN
MONSEY, NY *SOC*

Durbs came to us from Monsey, N.Y. Living not far form the "Hell on the Hudson" and having a brother attending the Zoomie play-ground, it is a curious matter that she showed up, only a week out of high school. Memories from PLEBE SUMMER include the famous shoes incident!!! Youngster cruise she found a home in engineering, what a snipe she made. One year later she became the sole female surviver of the class of '81 in the 20th Co. Things to remember in her years gone by were the newspapered room, term paper stolen, 4.0 2/c year, and finally the 20/24 split.

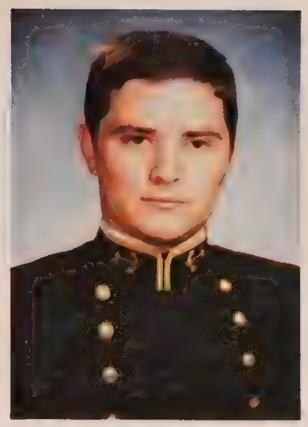
Her achievements to date are: validaded two years of dreaded swim classes, voted vice-president of MTS, and being named for a number of scholarships. Thanks for putting up with us Durbs, the Boys from Twenty!!!



"WOOBS"

WILLIAM P. GRAY
HEMPSTEAD, NY *HHS*

What a long strange trip it's
been
I wish to thank God, my family
and
friends for helping me keep my
sanity. Special thanks go to the
Fabers and Broadways for
providing
places of refuge here in town.
Marty, MARK Cummings and Skils, I
appreciated your ears.
BOBBY, GREG
And JAMIE, YOU GUYS HAVE
KEPT ME
SOCIALLY ALIVE. Lori and Marina
in this age of fiberglass,
you're
both GEMS. Tom Rossi and
contingent
thanks for a real education.
I'm
looking forward to seeing you
all
futher on down the road.



"GUNNER"

MICHAEL L. GUINN
ST. LOUIS, MO *HHS*

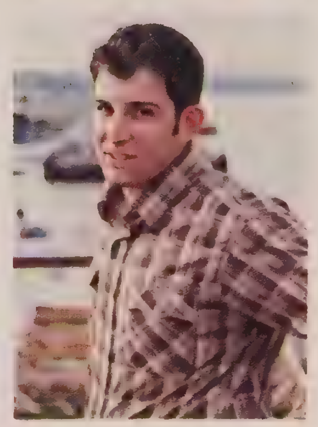
Gunner Guinn this is your life! When you came to U.S.N.A. you were well known rapidly. During PLEBE SUMMER the entire company knew you as, "I'm brushing my teeth for ARMY . . . Sir!" Then your downfall came when you joined MSA. You were never again to be seen on Friday nights. To him having a good time was renting a Motel room for a weekend to play war-games all the time. Then you became my roommate, and I then realized why! Monthly my present to him is a box of ODOR-EATERS for his shoes and to make life more bearable. To top this off, Mike never calls or writes home, he even almost went to the extreme of not going home for Christmas so he could stay to war-game. Gunner wants to go into the Marine Corps and may God help them. If I had to su m the Gunner up in a few words, I'd have to say that Mike is alright if you can get by his feet, breath, and his Sonic snooring. I, and all of your classmates, wish you good luck in the Corps and remember to keep you head down!

"JONESY"

RAYMOND C. JONES
DENVILLE, NJ *EAS*

Jonesy, mother's pride and joy, came 20th Co. and endured the 4 yr. barrage of experiences we all know so well. In worldly knowledge he went from rags to riches. After leaving his highschool love he WINDMILLED from one true love to another 'til finally he was swept away by some FEET. A man of firm mind he bought and sold 3 new cars during 2/c yr. (2nd Seml), changed majors (ME to Aero?) went from Levis to Jordache, Black N to 3 stripes, Marines to subs to air . . . and all this without mention of the BRAJOLE!

Second only to Peter Sellers in CASHMERE moves Ray charmed 'em all, from a sorority belle in Chapel Hill to the Freak in Mrs. B's living room. Oh the memories . . . haircuts, Real Mayonnaise, telephones, Friday nights, Joe Pap, lifting, running, living (whenever possible) and now finally leaving.



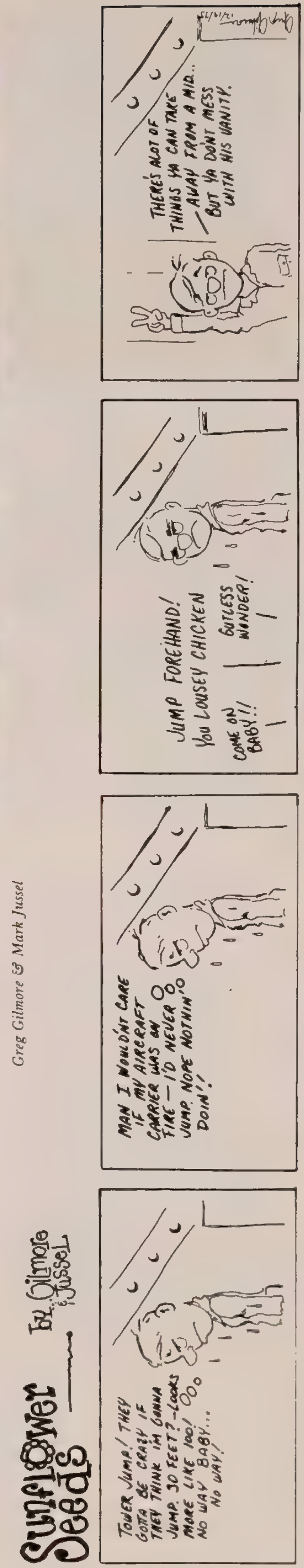
"TONY"

ANTHONY MAROLT
GILBERT, MN *SPS*

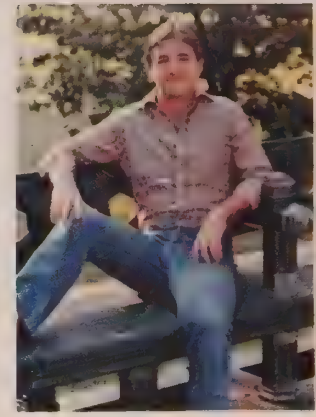
After four years of being at the Academy, Tony is finally getting used to the Maryland weather. It looks like now, though, that he will be going back to a cold environment. This time it will not be his native Minnesota but quite possibly the cold deep ocean waters in the belly of a submarine. However, at this time, the option of shaving his head and playing in the mud is still open to Tony.

Tony's favorite activites are the Catholic Folk Music Group, the Newman Club, collecting soda cans, washing his clothes in Brut shampoo, the PE tests, drill and watching the Muppets.

Tony has a habit for falling big for girls. This last time was really serious and seems to be the true stuff. Right Ann! . . . Ann? Whale, the best of luck to the both of you. We'll always remember your famous words of wisdom when confronted with scuba diving: "If I go, the stereo goes with me!"


Sunflower Seeds
by Gilmore & Jussel
TOWER JUMP! THEY GOTTA BE CRAZY IF THEY THINK I'M GONNA JUMP. 30 FEET?-LOOKS MORE LIKE 100! NO WAY BABY... NO WAY!
MAN I WOULDN'T CARE IF MY AIRCRAFT CARRIER WAS ON FIRE — I'D NEVER JUMP. NOPE NOTHIN' DOIN'!
JUMP FOREHAND! YOU LOUSEY CHICKEN
COME ON BABY!!
GUTLESS WONDER!
THERE'S ALOT OF THINGS YA CAN TAKE AWAY FROM A MID... BUT YA DON'T MESS WITH HIS VANITY.

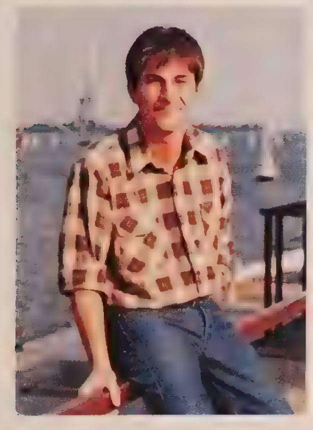
Greg Gilmore & Mark Jussel



"BERT"

ALBERT F. ORAM
PENSACOLA, FL *EAS*

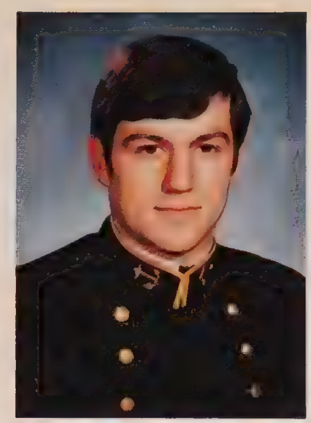
Bert joined the ranks of '81 on I-day, 1977, in a daze, as most of us did. Who can blame him as he had left the sun, white sand, deep blue surf and beautifully tanned bodies on the beaches of Pensacola, Fl. Bert breezed through plebe year with a 3+ QPR and roommates who chose to room with someone else, anyone else, youngster year. Snapping out of the daze of plebe year and into the opened horizons of youngster year, Bert started his 3 year career as a beer drinking, snaking, flirting, hardly studying Aero major. There was a short time when Bert was contemplating marriage, Nuc power, and a Ford mustang. Fortunately his buddies got him out of that mess and 1/c year found him with a 1980 TR-7, a beer in one hand, a short girl under each arm, and dreams of flight school and Pensacola beaches dancing in his head. Here's hoping there'll be plenty of discos, short girls and flight time for you and your classmates following you to Pensacola.



"POPS"

JIM G. PAPAGEORGE
SAN FRANCISCO, CA *EAS*

Via a Minnesota prep school, the San Franciscan son of a Greek merchant marine came to join 20th Co. where for him, life was to begin. Determined, hardworking, and destined for a jet seat Jim did well in his aerospace work without losing the total concern he had for the people around him. As the years progressed, Pops became the equilibrium force. A friend to the last breath, Jim could always be depended upon. His SPOTLESS Midn. career is not over but the memories will be with us forever (IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER!). . . . the educational sessions in 4239, the toothpaste box, the 1st pair of jeans, the trip to Asheville, Aviation Weekly, "he yelled at me . . . I deserved it", a Dew and a Moon Pie, Grassy Mountain, the Fabes, taking care of Jonesy, Joe and Skils . . . the list goes on. Jim there are few people who can claim the tremendous qualities you have . . . just . . . unbutton that top button!



"THE BEAR"

JOSEPH J. PAPARELLA
STATEN ISLAND, NY *SPS*

Joe, Joe Pap, the Big-Man, the Gavone, the Bear, came to us with passions for sleep, food, watching T.V. and "Ice Skating." Four years at the Academy could not change him.

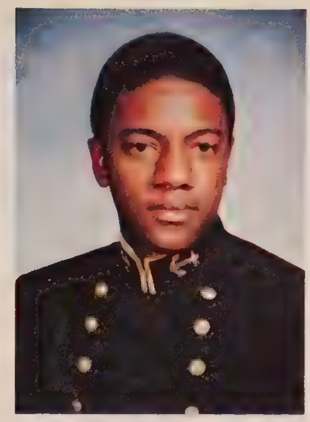
Joe, the humaitarian, always compassionate towards his fellow man?? The first to laugh at another's misfortune even stole his father's shoes.

Joe was never one for studying so he went from EE to Phy Sci, but his CQPR remained the same. He quickly assumed his duties as "King of the Wardroom". To disturb him during his frequent "Beauty" sleeps was certain to bring a roar from "The Bear" and possible loss of limbs. The envy of Carroll O'Conner, Joe left many lasting memories for us all. "Shopping" in Florida, "Hanging out" in Lauderdale, The Spoiler. . . . It wasn't the Scotch, it was the Fig Newtons, "Ice Skating" on the Verrazano Bridge . . . top or bottom . . . Army . . . Right Pal, A.C. The churches are for losers, swimming, The Tower Jump. A character and a true friend.

"RASKY"

MICHAEL D. PASHKEVICH
PARKERSBERG, WV *SPS*

"Spaz" or "Pasky" came to the Blue and Gold Boarding School from the hills of West Virginia. After spending a relaxing plebe year tumbling around on the gymnastics apparatus, Dave decided to enjoy some of the finer things in life such as wine, women, and chewing tobacco. Soon after the purchase of his Blue 210. Dave could be found on the ski slopes whenever he had the chance. After the snow had melted, a fishing pole replaced the ski pole and many a weekend found Spaz and his sidekick Taco at the nearest fishing hole. Finding a distaste for Engine Math, Spaz decided to change to the 20th Company Major. If the Nukes don't get him, Spaz plans to join the Navy Air Team as an NFO. Along with his cowboy hat, his country music, and his pouch of Redman, Spaz will bring to the fleet not only a dedicated and loyal officer, but a great sense of humor and friendship to all.



MARTIN G. PEREZ
HAVANA, CUBA *SPS*

Producers: Felix E. Perez, Eriqueta Perez
Director: Felix E. Perez
Special Effects: R.J. Perez, Felix E. Perez, Jr., W.P. Gray, Major W.J. Wood, USMC, Tessa, Armstrong, and Orsi Milano
Special Thanks To Gato Barbieri and John Klemmer for providing those many oases of creative thought and unrestricted imagination that sustained me through this struggle and prevented my becoming a bubbling social and intellectual vegetable. Consider yourselves among those "forever friends".
Additional accommodations provided by: MAC and CHEVROLET

"CHEZ-BALLS"

CARLOS SANCHEZ-CAPARROS
CARACAS, VENEZUELA *SOC*

Carlos came to the U.S. Naval Academy after spending three years at his country's Naval Academy in Venezuela. His comprehension of the english language during plebe summer was either very good or very bad depending on which the situation called for. He has become famous for such menu items as "chezballs" given in his chow calls. Moving into youngster year, when he no longer needed a language barrier, Carlos took an active interest in the plebe development program. His outstanding professional knowledge earned him the position of training officer during both 2/c and l/c years. Although he had no academic trouble, Carlos was continually cursed by the O-course and the applied strength. He handled this by cursing back at both of them. Not being able to get enough of school he is going to do graduate study in Hydrography after graduation. When and if he ever gets his fill of school he will return to Venezuela to take COMMAND AT SEA!!!

"MOKE"

GEOFFREY M. SCOTT
SPOKANE, WA *SPS*

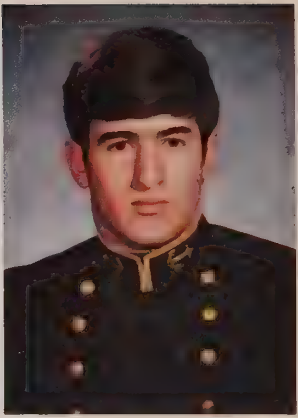
The "moke" came to USNA from the fleet, NAPS, then the fleet again. At first being the "old man" he played the father figure for the rest of the plebes. By second semester, terms like "one way" and "glitch" could be used to describe him. All these names for Geoff were used in fun, right Doles?

Whoever can forget the bread fight, I hear they still find crumbs; the wrestling matches, Wood always was there; and thirdly, the company picnic, how is that knee, Geoff? Other memories include the Doobies, boy the beer was good; and the special Golden Brick Girl Burr arranged. Lastly, Geoff's true colors came through with "roll the dice, no way." Still, this Washington State roamer made things more bearable for all of us. See ya in Australia!

"SAYBS"

DONALD G. SEYBOLD
SAN DIEGO, CA *SPS*

Don came to the academy from San Diego son of a Navy corpsman. It's unfortunate that his father was not able to do nose jobs. Plebe year was a trying time for Don. He may have known about rates and other parts of the Plebe Indoctrination system, but he did not know he'd have to pull the tongue out of his roommate's throat — possibly his greatest achievement here. Don set his trend for academics first semester with a 2.00. From here Don set the cruise control for academics. Second semester he met what in a few years would be his wife. It did not take Don long to realize that the wardroom offered many social rewards. He may be considered to be the Arthur Fonzerelli of the tube, always getting the best reception with his tender hands. Don was an easy-going guy whose was always willing to help out. Every weekend, though, you could see him taking off in the '69 NOVA

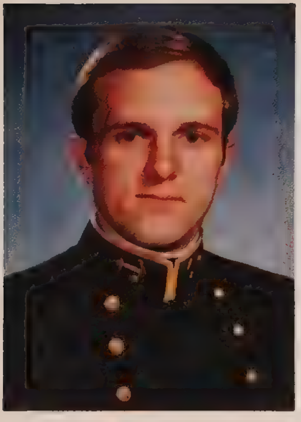


"SKILS"

ROBERT S. SKILLEN
SPRUCE PINE, NC *EAS*

Bob came to the academy as an ambitious and hard working country boy from Spruce Pine, N.C. and did very well academically and militarily during plebe year. Bob continued to perform well academically considering the amount of time he studied. He had things to see and places to go regardless of the rules and regulations. Touring the roads of D.C. with Jonesy contributed to his search for culture. Using invisible chits for weeknight liberty, he returned with the aid of Major B. His letters and love from Zona B always made him happy, especially the letter with the sailboat shoes. Bob became more and more extroverted through time. "Midshipman Mud" was finally settled down by a great family of Major B, Mrs. B and Marty. He could always depend on going out to see them and relax. Bob was one you could always rely on and for this reason he was a central figure in our company. Whenever anyone had problems he consistently was able to help out. Finally, he had this dream about a '52 CHEVY truck . . .

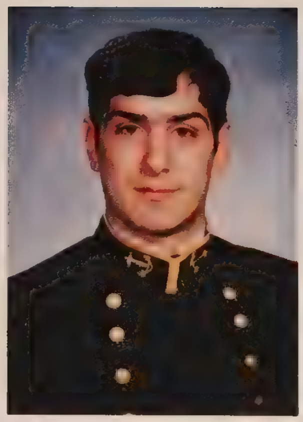
TWENTY-FIRST COMPANY



"BOOF"

DAVID M. THOMAS
POTOMAC, MD *SPS*

Boof never let his school'n interfere with his education. A bright eyes clever young lad, Doe began his education at NAPS. Mastering the basic curriculum of gross intoxication and dip Dave felt he was ready for the academy. A quick young man, Boof soon realized that despite school he could still continue his education. So it was on to the academy curriculum, advanced gross intoxication, the move from skoal to copenhagen and Boof's favorite, schizophrenia. A sailor at heart Boof found his niche on the sailing team but soon found sailing and academics incompatible so it was off to the ranks of varsity sick call and the rack. As for ECA's, wardroom and taxidermy seemed to be Dave's favorites with an occasional time out for some demolition derby (eh, Mutz). All in all the place wouldn't have been the same without him. Dave's ability to find good in even the worst of times made usna a little nicer for all of us. I guess the only place Boof's education failed was in making enemies. -ABLAP-

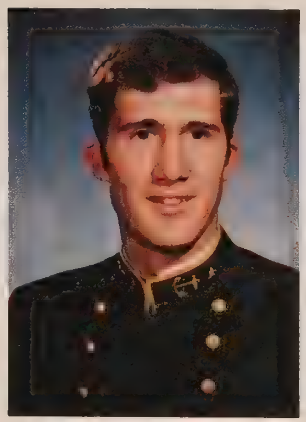


"TOSS"

TIMOTHY J. TOCCI
TRUMBULL, CT *SPS*

Tim or Mister PEP-81, as he was known in the Brigade, was our Company SOCCER SUPERSTAR during the four years we spent at CANOE UNIVERSITY. Tim had also some other impressive abilities, among them playing the trumpet while everybody else, especially his roommates, were trying to take a nap; being the Co. REP with that wild bunch AKA as the "SKIDS" from the Gleeclub and last but not least, the incredible ability of being able to understand the garble that his roommate of three years, Carlos, our resident foreign spy used to talk.

Tim hopes to become one of the members of the Diamond in the Sky that is "the Blue Angels" for you MILITARY TYPES; we are sure he will make it, if not for anything else for his ability to get away with murder while at the Academy. Happy hunting Tim (or shall we say fishing).



"WOODY"

WILLIAM B. WOODHOUSE
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA *SPH*

Woody came to us from the beautiful city of V. Beach Virginia. He graced our class with outstanding athletic ability and the desire to excel in everything he did. Although he was not able to make his mark on the varsity football team his athletic prowess proved to be a keen asset to 20 co.'s intramural teams. After getting destroyed on his first set of grades plebe year, Bill proceeded to work his tail off to achieve a 3.4+ QPR and the stars he proudly maintained thorugh his last three years at USNA. Second class year was an eventful one for Woody. He achieved status as an "IRON MID" at Quantico and upon our return for academic year, he proved to his classmates in 20co that he never welches on a bet. "It was a fun night Bill, too bad you only remember half of it." Woody's hard line moral standards were admired by all, fortunately none of it rubbed off on the rest of us. As for your choice of NUC Power . . . THANX from your roommate and the rest of the future pilots in '81. GOOD LUCK!

"CHAZ"

JOE C. CHANDONNET
GRAND RAPIDS, MI *SPH*

A mixture of shrewd black market business entrepreneur and incorrigible Detroit Lions and Michigan fan, "Chaz" came to Navy determined to make his mark on the Academy. Unfortunately the Academy struck first early in Plebe year as he became the first in the company to receive the coveted Black N. A psychopathic wrestler - UDT - physicist, Chuck was never one to sweat grades. He managed to tear himself away from his lucrative business adventures (Who says you can't make money off mids?) Long enough each semester to cheat the Ac Boards. When the prospects of spending a nice quiet summer at home proved to much for Chuck, he decided to use his free time to romp the beaches of Coronado while investigating the finer side of Special Warfare. The Co. party organizer and special request magnate, Chaz passed his duties to his 2/c lookalike (Ugh) when he met the woman of his dreams and discovered the sedate married life. With his sometimes abusive, but always friendly personality and Julia by his side, Chaz can't miss. BEST OF LUCK!!!

"T.J."

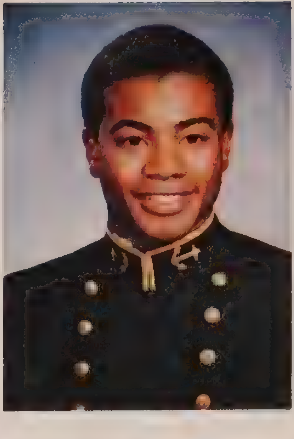
TIMOTHY J. COLLINS
PITMAN, NJ *HEG*

In his first one and a half years at Navy Collinsimo seemed destined for infamy and disgusted us by earning stars and regimental stripes. Youngster year however, Tim suffered brain damage drinking alchohol laced with wine at a Company Dining Out and went into a decline from which he never recovered. The only English major in the Co., Tim sweated blood in the technical courses but was happy to use his bull prowess to help the engineers with papers. An avid fan of intramural sports. T.J. competed fiercely, except when sidelined with multiple facile lacerations caused by striking fists with his mouth or soccer balls with his eyes. Besides studying Timonovitch found time to lift, leap out of airplanes, go 4 wheelin', fall in love (every weekend!), and go out of control where ever beer was cheap and plentiful. A diving buff, Tom won the Wordon Field Turf - diving Contest with a nearly perfect 9.9 in the Co. Sub. Cdr. division. A reformed surface liner, Tim hopes to go NFO if Nuke Power doesn't clip his wings. Godspeed, TJ!

"CRAMBONE"

CARL W. CRAMB
SEMINOLE, FL *SRM*

Carlton J. Studnick came to the Severn Institute of Technology from the sunny Tampa Bay area in Florida, home of the Tampa "BOOP" Buccanneers. Carl soon learned the value of hard work and spent as much time is he could during Plebe year in the rack, mumbling from beneath the sheets "What's the good word?" Carlton was all work and no play during his youngster year imposing his own restriction in order to purchase his dream car — the Blue Streak. By the end of youngster year Carl had his car. Three day jaunts down to Florida were routine and soon Carl had a new hobby: collecting speeding tickets. During second class year Crambone continued touring the Eastern Seaboard, Peppermint Schnapp's in hand, impressing the girls with his unusual "Disco Moves", and helping his roommate parlay his meager funds into a fortune on Jai-Lai. If Carl's physical stature is any indication of his ability, surface line is getting the best. Hey Carl, we hear ya!!!



"BRUCE"

BRUCE H. CURRY
RIALTO, CA *SRM*

Bruce made the long trip to Crabtown via an USAF family and Rialto, CA. From the first day, I felt that he would be very successful here. He had no problems dealing with those first summer months, Gus or good ole Nickie V. Bruce spent many long hours studying, starring in Bancroft sports, studying, playing the big drum and studying. Although his time was taken up, Bruce still managed to keep those grades up and was blessed with the big three senior year. Batt sub- our true leader. His greatest endeavors were swimming, the A-S test (ie situps) and putting Camaros in reverse. Right Bruce? The surface community (nuke?) will truly receive a fine friend, one dedicated to the highest aspects of professionalism and discipline. Saying goodbye is too painful, I choose so long, for we will surely meet again on the road of life. Bruce, take care. God bless and good luck.

"J.D."

JAMES L. DANIEL
AMARILLO, TX *EAS*

"Jamesie Pooh-Pooh" entered the Boat School from "the coldest place in the world," Armadillo Texas. With big brother leading the way, he finished ploober year with flying colors, and decided to plunge deeply into the world or Aero — a move that was great until first class year (Don't let those grades fool ya, though — Hyman can't see under 2.8). Fortunately Aero wasn't the only thing "J.D." plunnged into, after a three year attempt at Rugby and being "Lorrained" twice, an indian nailed down "The Desperate One", so he'll remember one Army-Navy game (the last one). he was history at the first 3! Who'll every forget those unforgetable trips to LouBrock, Texas for wild dorm parties, or the shuffleboard championships at Wudy's, or slidin' into the mud at third, or the Rugby party when she did show us? J.D. was a true clown who could bring a smile to the lips of anyone he met. All luck will go to this Texan, as will the best wishes of all his friends. "Cowboys and Longnecks" — no one but J.D.!

"HAWKEYE"

WILLIAM M. DAVIDSON
BEAUFORT, SC *SOC*

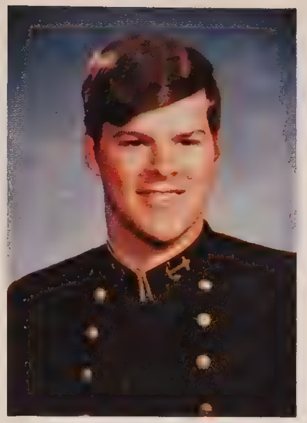
Bill, better known as "HAWKEYE" under sail and "STUD" around his friends, came to the Academy via the NAPS route. Originally from that quietly famous state of South Carolina, Bill was quick to show "FUN 21" his genial southern charm. "Country Club" Bill was the only person in the class of '81 that had a black sweater that not only did not have a hole in it, but one that actually fit him like a designer sweater. Bill's interest were varied indeed, so long as it included sailing somehow. When not under sail, Bill could be found in his rack or in the wardroom eating (never studying). Bill visited the Med. for both cruises and came back smiling both times. It was the sun, right Hawk?!! There were always complaints when "old man" Bill sauntered into the company wardroom and blinded everyone due to his ever increasing bald spot.

. . . BILL; HAWKEYE; STUD; COUNTRY CLUB; OLD MAN. No matter how you say it, it always comes out FRIEND!! Flake it down Bill-Bon!!

"STUDKOPF"

RANDY S. DUHRKOPF
DALLAS, OR *EGE*

Durk vaulted into the boatschool from the heartland of America, better known for its well built women and those ominous cornhuskers. Unfortunately the 'huskers let him down so Randy "upped" and moved to Oregon. Durk, also known as "Studley", shifted scenes to "Disco Dahlgren" his youngster year and could be observed with his beer goggles on and hulking out of the SDB's. Seriously though, Randy had a fine taste in women. Of course he had plenty of time and practice to develop his fine art. His efforts will long be remembered with the "knockouts" from Marymount to Rutgers and not easily forgotten at Hood and right here in our own p.e. department. When not playing the role of the "ladies man" or the "hulk" Randy could be found at Halsey Field House working out. Unfortunately, his potential all-american pole-vaulting career came to an abrupt end, no thanks to some of Navy's finest coaching. In either the seals or in the backseat of mach-2 jet, Randy will leave his mark. Good luck in all you do, Durk.



"EDGARNOODLE"

JEFFRY L. EDGAR
RIVERSIDE, CA *SPS*

"Geoff" Edgar, in search of fame, fortune, and women, came to the Severn River campus of the University of Navy in July of 1977.He acheived fame both as a squash superstar and as the leading receiver on the company heavyweight football team. His competitiveness also showed in the classroom, where he made the transition from mechanical engineering to mathematics to the ever-popular physical science major. His dashing looks and suave and debonair manner made him a ladies man of the first magnitude. In every port, Jeff's magnetic personality attracted the most desireable women available. Those carefree days are over now for Jeff, though, as he has found the girl of his dreams at Char-Burger. Though Jeff seems to be the calm and relaxed type, he has been known to maul car antennas and party decorations at those wild and crazy Crabtown parties. Jeff will always be happy, though, as long as he can listen to Springsteen and "blot" tunes, and wear his Dallas Cowboys hat. Someday, Jeff will be able to "turn the corner."

"PETEY"

ELPIDIO A. ESTRADA
COLTON, CA *EEE*

It seems like yesterday, it seems like forever.
Time has passed so quickly, but then it has taken so long.
Memories of academics, summer cruise, EE, plebe summer, Christmas leave.
Long nights of study, six-N days, drill, YP's, mile run, swimming, tower jump, O-Course, plebe boxing.
Quantico, New London, Norfolk, Pensacola, San Diego.
Formations, Army, finals, thermo, intramurals.
Forrestal lectures, night exams, P-rades.
Gouge, calculators, saturday night at the library, working out.
Professionalism, Integrity, Moral, Mental, Physical.
the list is endless, but through all the memories of USNA, there is one thing that stands above all else.
The men of the class of '81 are an outstanding group and I would do anything for them. Especially for the friends I made in the 21st Company.

"DEKE"

DONALD C. FORBES
MANASSAS, VA *SPS*

Chris, also known as Stopher, came to USNA after a vacation at NAPS. He got here right after his dad, DEKE the DANT, departed, but that didn't stop Chris from using his dad's influence at every turn ("my dad says . . ."). Although a PHY SCI major from the beginning, Chris never let little things like grades bother him. After his sixth semester near 2.0, he decided to start some serious studying. Navy lax was all Chris thought of plebe and youngster year, but then he realized his dad could not get him on the team, so he gave it up. Not world famous as a great drinker, "lightweight" Forbert now avoids buses and z's. After years of chasing skirts (and WUBA trou), Chris was finally caught by a PA girl from Hood, and is now a rabid Eagles and Phillies fan, even though he knows nothing about them. Chris has been looking forward to Navy air since birth, and thanks to a lucky day for eye exams, He'll soon be a fighter jock. Best of luck always, Chris!

"MOSHE"

MICHAEL L. FOYE
SAN FRANCISCO. CA *SPS*

Mike retired from the cosmopolitan life of San Francisco and Bethesda while he was still in his teens. He then went on his way to literally "fire" up the world, first at THE UNIVERSITY (Maryland) and then as a petty officer for 2 years. Mike quickly discovered that officer life would be more becoming than enlisted life (YUK). So he walked on water into the arms of Mother B, already an old and experienced sailor. Mike definitely knew how the academy should be run and if his higher ups (which almost everyone is) didn't like it, that was their problem. Mike started flipping his way into our hearts as a gymnast, but Mike sure showed Jay, because now he's enjoying staying in shape. Sgt Foye has always been a free spirit; maybe that's why he decided to jump out of planes. He not only has a chest, (slightly scarred) but the gold to prove it. Mike, in his wise old age, bas found the key to happiness in Christ, a robust sense of humor, spinkled with sarcasm, physical fitness, and of course, a diet pepsi and some gourmet mints.

"CHUCK"

CHARLES J. FRENCH
SUNNYVALE, CA *EAS*

Charles J. French came to 'Canoe U. from the sunny state of California (nothern, of course), one of the few guys to bring a side-man from high school as a hedge against the anti-survival policies of the Zoo. One can measure the results of his ploy by examining the lapels of his SDB blouse, which were constantly covered with gold five pointed objects, indicating both academic and athletic prowess. "Kinky Friedman" majored in Aero Engineering (he knew where the gravy was!) and played(?) a brutal sport(?) called Rugby, in which he was a three year letter-stud. Chuck did his best to deface his body, consequently spending many a day in white works and physical therapy. In order to further "bilge his classmates," Chuck (along with his side-man) bagged it at USAFA for a semester, padding his already hugh QPR — this becoming one of Hyman's boys, fulfilling a short standing dream. Chuck is a good person to know, a loyal friend who always gives 100% in all he does. Good luck, Frenchy!

"GONZO"

ERNESTO C. GONZALES
WOODBRIDGE, VA *SPS*

Ernie made the big trip here from Woodbridge, Va. via a short cut through Naps. With a winning smile, the Gonzo laugh and a Go Big O's, Gonzo could only be found in one of two places. In the Wardroom watching those Hated Redskins lose another one, or in the rack. Studying. (yea, right Gonzo). It was Phi Sci Qpr — low??? for Gonzo, but there was always enough gravy to have a little more rack time. Too bad WUBA ruined it First Class year. If a friend in need is a friend indeed, then Gonzo will always be one of my best. Saying good-bye to this guy just can't be done, so I can only say Godspeed, and may the Rack Monster follow you forever.

"ROB"

ROBERT S. HORBY
DRESHER, PA *FPS*

Rob came to the boat school via Dresher, PA after deciding the Nav Acad had one of the top gymnastics programs in the country. After four years of arguments with 3 coaches (pinch your forehead) and one officer rep, he deicded it wasn't that great after all, even though he finally made varsity. Horbarkewicz had many outstanding qualities, one of which was an unsurpassed imagination. After a negative experience on 1/c cruise, he thought of 500 different ways to hurt his knee again so he could go supply corps. He could barter with the best of them; in fact, he was so good, we thought he had to be of another persuasion. (Oy vey!) Rob's great sense of humor, ability to take a joke, and an incredibly bizarre laugh made some fun times. His lifelong search for that special girl (some girl . . . any girl!) is still continuing, but with his personality, we're confident he'll find somebody. Good luck in the air community, Rob!

"MIKE"

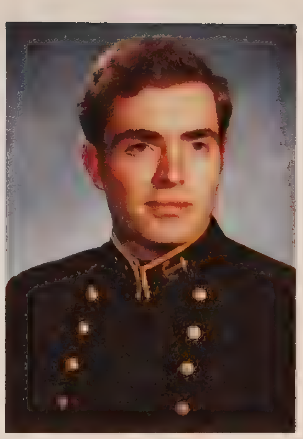
ROBERT M. JOHNSON
CROFTON, MD *SOC*

A Marylander at heart and by birth (he made it known from the beginning that you never said a word to denounce the Colts or the Birds), Mike never had to travel too far for a fine home-cooked meal or the comforts of home. If he couldn't make it by car he always had those old dependable (well, almost dependable) legs to get him home for dinner, a mere 15 mile jog. When you saw him he was either in his Nike Elites heading out for an afternoon trot, or heading for Cheryl's house for the weekend. He stopped by the yard now and then for a visit. There was never a mate in the company that didn't have to deliver the famous "Cheryl loves You" note; and if it wasn't delivered promptly, he heard about it! With a broken ankle, two knee operations, a couple bruised ribs, a compressed vertebrate, and two varsity semesters in therapy, Mike could tell you first names of everyone in medical and at Bethesda! No matter how you look at him, there's only one and there'll never be another like him.

"KURTZLE-MONGER"

DOUGLAS J. KURTZ
LIGONIER, PA *EME*

Doug "legally blind" Kurtz came to U. of Navy from the tiny hamlet of Ligonier, PA, near Pittsburgh, which, according to Doug, is the paradise of the modern world. He got off to a great start in academics, earning stars two semesters; then he met Reed and Lee, compliments of the ME dept. Famed throughout the brigade for his stellar appearance and the length of his hair, Doug took pains to be as unmilitary as possible. Even his father noticed his lack of aptitude for marching, and imitated it rather nicely. After swearing off alcohol forever after a wild night at Hood, things weren't the same around here. Fortunately, the drought didn't last too long. His fondness for cheesy sebaceous hamburgers made him well-known at St. John's. His exploits and adventures of the roof and ledges (and in secret rooms) of Bancroft showed his incredibly inquisitive nature. Someday Doug will find a girl with similar interests (i.e., the Steelers and Pirates), and they'll live in Ligonier forever.



"MEEK"

MICHAEL K. McCLOSKEY
NEW ORLEANS, LA *EME*

Mike, tired of the annoying din of those silly Mardi Gras parades left New Orleans to come to the Nav Acad for some peace and quiet and some food other than pralines and filet gumbo. A true Irishman, Mike became a Mech "E" for no special reason other than pure masochism. One of two surviving Mechs in the company, "Meek" proved the theory that M.E. is not career enhancing. Once an aspiring Nuke, Mike saw the light and now has no idea as to his service "assignment". He was deep selected to squad leader second class year, a responsibility he fulfilled with dedication, expertise, and strained vocal cords. A newly born runner, Mike ran in the Natural Lite sponsored 10-mile run because someone told him he would get a free beer at the end. Many of his classmates do not totally understand Mike (nor does he!), but his southern belle seems to, and that's all that counts. With his happy-go-lucky Irish charm, Mike is a true friend and always fun to around. Surprise Navy!!!

"MAC"

DANIEL M. McELROY
WIDEFIELD, CO *SPS*

Dan came to USNA from the snow filled streets of Widefield, Colorado. After surviving Plebe Summer, he found AC Year more of a challenge, but he did manage to participate in Brigade Boxing (thanks to the "Norgrove") and football. "Pretty Boy" spent most of 3/C year in the reclining position listening to the sweet sounds of Gary Lee. The events he experienced that summer aren't among his most fond memories, but their impact will be everlasting. 2/C year found him on the 150 lb football team still in search of the big gold "N". Even though he was volunteered for Plebe Detail, Dan took on the challenge and met it with flying colors. A new person had developed that summer. One who had matured, grown, and finally achieved that something he had been looking for. Nevertheless, that same charismatic personality was still there. One which we will always love and remember. Upon graduation our dear friend will enter the world of air and F-14's. For him we wish fair winds, calm seas, and eternal happiness.

"PEGGY"

MARGARET METZGER
PENSACOLA, FL *FPS*

This bouncy nut with a tongue sharp as a whip and a smile bright as your belt buckle can be found most any day - heaven knows where! Peggy Metzger is a girl whose friendliness could only be matched by her generosity - why else do you think they made her Batt Supply?

Although her blond hair, blue eyes and baby face have hooked many a guy, you just can't tie down a girl who's having as much fun as Peg. As soon as she took that first weekend she knew that fencing couldn't compete with parties and road trips to Busch Gardens! Wheels 2/c year greatly facilitated parties (Thanx Mom!). Peggy always knew tha best way to do the least work - who else have thought that doing personal conditioning meant you could watch all the baseball games? She met her match in Maj. Dunham though, and I think every plebe in 21 will agree that she learned by example how to instill dread in one's heart.

This junk-food junkie will be a loyal friend forever and I'm glad because I'm sure going to miss her! Best of luck always, love M.

"T.J."

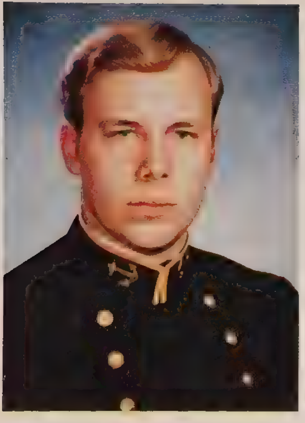
THOMAS J. MOORE
FALLS CHURCH, VA *SMA*

"Who" commuted to the Chesapeake University of Naval 'Technology from near by Falls Church, Virginia. His generosity soon provided a home away from home for many of us. Not allowingAcademics to get in the way of his professional development Tom chose the major with the fewestcredit hours needed for graduation. His professionalism led to "Stars and Stripes" in his second class year before laying back first class year to denote his time to courting in our own backyard.A late bloomer, Tom became a stroker for the crew team in his final year. (Why? Only Tom knows.) Maybe it was an effort to increase that massive chest, or lack thereof. Perhaps the biggest thing we'll miss about Tom isn't him, but all those sudden encounters on the beach, or on the highway. Son of a skimmer, Tom's headed for the same, but with a few less pit stops for fuel. If Tom lacked a glow here, the Admiral should supply it for him later. Hey, is it true that Nukes have louder amplifiers?

"D.B."

DAVID B. RICH
GERMANTOWN, TN *EEE*

David Brewer Rich, more affectionately know as "DB," came to USNA from Memphis, Tenn. determined to graduate with honors as an EE major. Now, four years later, DB has earned the noble distinction of being "perhaps the sleepiest Midshipman" that certain profs have encountered in "14 long years of teaching!" once suspected of having either narcelepsy or brain damage, DB has since proved merely to be a consumate sleeper, able to nod out in any class, during exams, and even at the keys of a typewriter in mid-sentence! Though always busy himself, DB was always delighted to take time to teach his classmates 8 weeks worth of Wires the night before the exam. A devout believer in the philosophy of EE, DB would often exuberantly exclaim, "Electrons are our friends!" In order to find an excuse for not studying, DB remained in the Drum and Bugle Corps, beating drums, throughout his four years. An aspiring bubble-head but probable Rickover reject, it looks like surface line for Dave. Fair winds and following seas, DB!



"STEVEMONO-VITCH"

STEVE L. RICHTER
CLAYTON, CA *SRM*

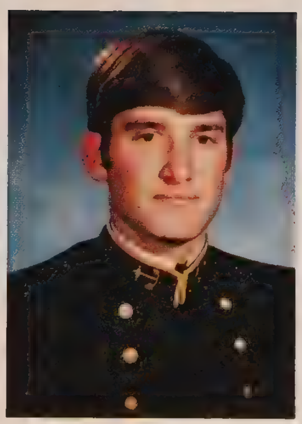
Steven L. "Snake" Richter is by far one of the most motivated individuals to ever hit the halls of Mother Bancroft (but by what, only Leslie knows). After a brillian pre-Nav-Acad career that carried him to 4 states (KY, NE, CO, CA,) and saw him make All-Kentucky at center 2 years running, Steve opted for USNA over USCGA and the University of Kentucky. After brief stints on the football and rugby fields, Steve found his real home on the intramural football field, becoming, in his own estimation, "the all-time leading passer in heavies history." Unfortunately for the girls (especially Ginny) Steve made his catch early in life, and it was quite a good Bean that he chose! On the academic side, Steve decided, that management was his calling, a choice that should serve him well in his career as a boat-driver. Steve should be no problem to keep in touch with - just look for the DD playing Dan or Jackson over the I-MC. "We went the long way, maybe the wrong way, we'll never know." Good luck!

"STAG"

ERIC J. STAGLIANO
PHILADELPHIA, PA *HHS*

Stag came to us from living in Japan and Florida. Brothers Frank '80 and John '83 joined him at USNA with brother David '89 possibly to follow. Is this a Stagliano Mafia plot to get U.S. Navy influence? Family reunions in Philly, Eric? And what about those gorgeous single cousins? After a D&B career plebe year, Stag moved on to a 3/C Log advertising manager and class treasurer. 2/C year brought stripes and every mid's fantasy of getting his cover on and kissing the luscious Stevie Nicks of Fleetwood Mac. 3-striper libs I/C year finally let his Valentino gaze, most extraordinary piano-playing, and exquisite dancing prowess melt the ladies like flies.

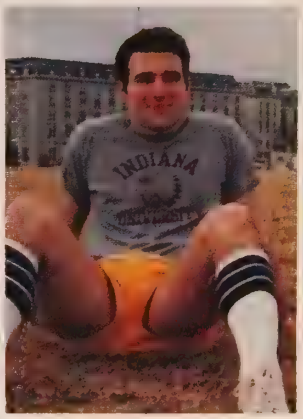
His loving family, Terry Kipp '70, OCF, Capt. and Mrs. Thompson, and praying partnering with Bruce all helped Eric to grow in the special love of his Christian faith. His grades meant nothing compared to the contributions he made to make USNA livable and human for others. We'll miss him.



"METRO"

JAMES C. TANNER
VALENCIA, CA *EAS*

Chris, affectionately referred to as Jim, Jimbo, Ian-Dad, Tannerisimo, Tennerski, J.T., J.C., Metro, and Bing-EE came to Canoe U. via SLO town of California. After spending two years playing in the D&B, Jim retired hishorn only to become the All-time leading rackster in Academy history. Jim throughout his four years helped pass the time with his quick wit and sarcastic humor. His bulletin board expertise has warmed many a heart and will never be forgotten. Though he spent many a night studying late, weekends were always made for Michelob. Jim was a wild and flirtatious mid who would take off at a minutes notice for a 3 day trip to Florida. He will always be remembered for his daring water-skiing feats. He entered the Academy with a dream of Navy Air and has since succumbed to the notion of prolonged periods under water. The Nuc program should treat him well. All who have come to know Ian-Dad respect and admire him and wish him smooth sailing for years to come.

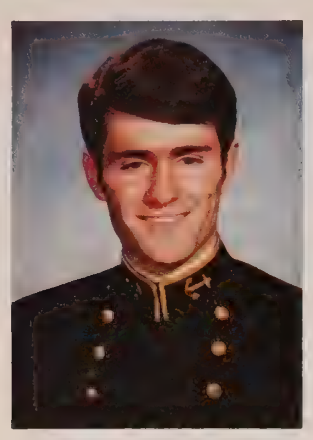


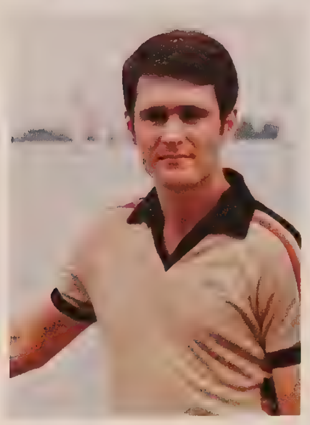
"BALLGAME"

THEODORE C. WIRGINIS
DUQUESNE, PA *EGE*

Ted, Ballgame, Ballgamish, the Immigrant, Touchdown Ted, Ten-second Ted, Tednicky, Bingey, "Read-him-his-rights". Ted was the man with 1001 nicknames, and deserved every one of them. One of the greatest running backs ever to come out of PA, Ted had a great future at tailback, and had a great spring game youngster year. Unfortunately, George didn't realize what he had. Ted always had his own cheering sections at games though. (Hey, when's Ted going to play? What position is he this week?). B-game stayed with Mechanical Engineering as long as possible before succumbing to General Eng. Always the devil-may-care playboy, Ted never missed an opportunity to fall asleep on a date (They were just like pillows, Mom!). He was finally snared by a sweet city girl from the tiny village of of Pittsburgh. He managed to introduce a new word into the English language (UHBYOOZE), as well as a new expression (whee-ha!). What does that mean, anyway? Since he bribed the doctors into letting him pass his eye exam, the future mayor of Duquesne is flying high!

TWENTY-SECOND COMPANY





"WIT"

GARY T. WITTMAN
LAWTON, OK *SRM*

Gary, (the Wit), hails from Lawton, Oklahoma but those that know him do not hold that against him. For two years it looked like Gary would be forever unhitched but along came Jane and now look who is rushing to the altar. Gary held the envy of all the brigade - as he paraded Bill the Goat around at football games during his tour of football manager. Gary's number two love behind Jane must be his sleeping bag and zebra. Thank goodness for youngsters, huh Wit?! Coming from an Army background, Gary got wise and chose to follow a dream and become a Navy fly-boy. His desire to do it by himself led him to seek sanctuary in an F-18. Thanks to rack-ademics, Adm. Rickover just might overlook Gary's management degree. Not all of us were so lucky. Enjoy P-cola Wit. Just don't forget those you leave behind, they won't forget you. Godspeed and peace follow you always Wit.

"ZITT"

GREGORY H. ZITTERKOPF
MORRILL, NB *HHS*

Greg Zitterkopf was often referred to by everybody as Zitt not due to his last name but due to his ugly head. Greg, the ugliest midshipman in the Brigade, is a mid-western boy from Morrill, Nebraska, the smallest town in Nebraska, population 50 (the Zitterkopf family). He came to the Naval Academy the easy way. Greg first enlisted the Marine Corps, knowing that he would be smarter than his fellow enlisted men and displayed his brain power (HA HA) to his officers thus receiving an appointment to USNA. During his years here at Academy Greg learned several things: never trust a fellow midshipman, how are those Jan Anderson's?; don't push your men too far; and that he was not the ugliest mid in the brigade since the women swarmed him when he entered "Disco Dahlgren". Being the Ultra-Professional that he is, Greg became company commander his first class year. He was a true friend because one could always count on him for a favor. Take care and may God be with you even though you are a Marine.

"AG'S"

LAURO S. AGUILA
SALINAS, CA *SRM*

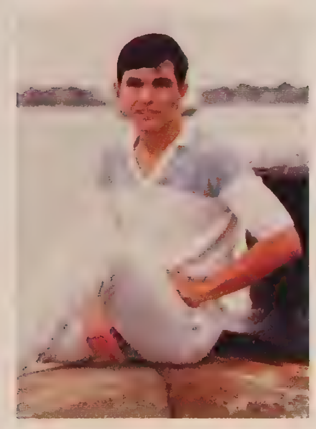
Lauro has come a long way from his birthplace in the Philippine Islands. After moving to California and becoming an American citizen Ags worked on his girl-charming smile, his guitar playing, and at becoming a fine Christian, although not necessarily in that order. After high school, Lauro spent a cold year at Northwestern Prep School before coming to USNA. With the exception of his two wild roommates, Tom Allen and the Mags, and a Marine Corps haircut a week before Christmas leave, Ags survived Plebe year unharmed. Youngster year, Lauro moved in with the Animal and Duke. He began entreating everyone to his guitar playing and helped lots of Friday nights pass by enjoyably. Second class year saw the passing of wires, steam, star nav, and the 2nd wing barber. Now that first class year is here, Ags is enjoying his car, weekends, and bulletin boards. Lauro is looking forward to becoming a P-3 jock pending a few allergies. We all know Ags as a trusted friend and wish his fair winds and following seas.

the terrible towel
PITTS

"KENNY"

KENNETH M. AIMAN
CORAOPOLIS, PA *FPS*

When God said "Let there be the Monongahela, Allegheny, and Ohio rivers", he must have had a cough because Kenny "Flamin Aiman" appeared at the same time. Then came the Pirates, Steelers, and Three Rivers Stadium. To call Kenny a mere fan of Pittsburgh would be a gross understatement. One might think being a fan of winners is easy but anyone who can consume copious quantities of Iron City Beer like Ken has to be a devoted Pittsburgh fan. After digging through Pirates ball caps, terrible towels, Iron City T-shirts, city of champions bumper stickers and OH YES, that crazy Steelers polka, you might be able to find Ken. Speaking of finding Ken, no one ever seems to be able to. Taps takers, mustering petty officers, airlines, and company officers all have trouble locating him. Since this never, RIGHT !, got Ken in conduct trouble I'll skip the N-Star details. It took a year to get Ken to go air instead of nuc-power. Now he'll not only be VT-NA's first ace, but one of the fleets best pilots. See ya on wings of steel!



"MEX"

CARLOS M. CHAVEZ

TUCSON, AR *SPS*

'The Chaves" trucked through the Grey Walls from Tucson with a fetish for Mustangs and a wizardry for fixing cars. This magic survived Plebe year, making him the Company Grease Monkey and some money on the side. 'Los' was so well reknown for this expertise that even the Major would call on his assistance. (By the way, Carlos, besides the Chocolate Chip Cookies bribe, what other bennies did the Maj give you for services rendered?) In addition to loving Soccer and shooting a mean game of pool, the Kid had a squadron of finely detailed model planes built by his final year here. Even though it only takes two beers to knock this man on his tail, he's gonna be one gungy-tough Marine Pilot. We could never understand why you geeked-out so much the last two years, though. Didn't you realize that Marines aren't supposed to be smart? I guess you do now. Keep your marriage and career greased-up and you'll no doubt slide to the top.

"GOAT"

FREDERICK G. DORAN

RAYNAM, MA *FEC*

Rick came to us from God's country, Massachusetts, a long haired drummer Plebe year Rick was nicknamed the "GOATBOY" for being a furry little creature with horns. We celebrated his first birthday away from home and this turned into our favorite fall tradition. He missed SANDY, his OAO, and wrote daily. Youngster year passed by with another Birthday party, more freedom, increased visits by Sandy and a freezer for a room Second class year came and proved to be his best. He quit D+B and concentrated on ROCK+ROLL band, studying, and WEEKENDS. Goatboy had bought a new car which also was nicknamed as the "LAWNBOY" for its family practicality. Another B-day this time in honor of the "Golden Fleece" a new GAN of friends were added and his first overnighter at a GIRL'S College. More visits by Sandy, a patrol up to visit her, many roadtrips to Goucher, and many concerts. Finally the Ring Dance. Firstie year is looking good - Roadtrips, Hood, Hitchhiking, Goucher, B-day, Happy Hours - GRADUATION. Good luck in Navy Air and a future marriage with Sandy GB!

"DUKE"

DANIEL C. DUQUETTE

PERU, NY *SPS*

Leaving the land of apples and Canadian beer in upstate New York, Duke came south to the land of steamed crabs and Red, White, and Blue. About the only adventure he found in his first year in the Navy came in the character of the Animal, who was to become a beloved part of Danny's young life. After a "love boat" Youngster Cruise, all the '81 women got to know him well (including a visiting ROTCEE). Duke became a professional second class year when he donned three stripes for arguing against long weekends for his classmates on his way out the gates on a Friday afternoon. First Class summer was spent with the Goddess, his sweetheart of high school days, whom he left one more time to answer the call of duty (Plebe Detail), this time, engaged. Congratulations, Duke! It's going to break all the girls' hearts, but God Bless You in your married life with Elaine and with the Navy.

"FUJI"

MICHAEL FAGAN

FAYETTEVILLE, NC *SOC*

Once upon a time in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, Fuji was rescued and given a new life at USNA. Fuji quickly picked up talents that would help him survive in the new world. Fuji, being half Japanese was constantly reminded of his heritage by an annual blanket party every December seventh. Being loyal to his homeland Fuji spent most of time doing flying kicks, throwing knives and eating rice. Still unsure of how to act in America, Fuji has learned such habits as chewing tobacco, swearing, parting his hair in the middle and buying boxer shorts. Of course, once he had the opportunity to buy a car, it was a Toyota. Fuji realized, much to his dismay that he was going to become a naval officer. All along he thought he was going to school to be a gardener. Now with the big decision of what to do on his mind, Fuji feels that his goal in life is to become SHOGUN. Wakarimasuka? (In Japanese that means understand).

"SCHTEF"

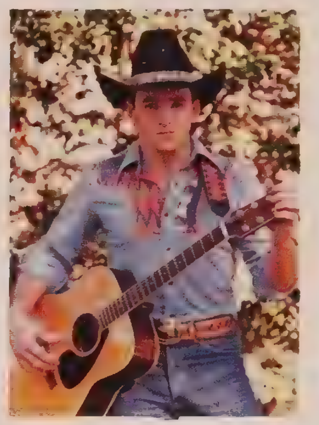
STEPHEN W. FORTUNATO
ROCKVILLE, MD *SOC*

"Schteph" came to Canoe U. on a semi-straight line from Rockville, Md. This line always seemed to bend at his "wife's" home (U of Md). How "Fortchey" managed a wife and a mistress or two is beyond me. Nice of you to visit us during the week, "S.F." "Disco's" favorite sound? The smashing of disco albums to a HEAVY rock beat. His precision tuned ears and constant music balancing could drive anyone nuts. Plebe summer found this "Itallion Stallion" in the regiMENTAL fights, so we figured corps all the way. Even after an all out "Go Subs" campaign, it appears that this scholastic genius is on his way to the top the only way - NAVY AIR! Steve, may you and JULIE find happiness and prosperity where ever you go. Happy flying and I'll see you as your wingman since we're both BORNE ON WINGS OF STEEL!

"GULLY"

JON S. GULLIVER
ALEXANDRIA, VA *SRM*

Entering plebe year as valedictorian of his high school class, Jon was initially eager to excel academically. He soon realized, however, that good grades at USNA demanded hours of studying, something he was unaccustomed to. As a result, Jon became content with maintaining a 3.0 average while rarely picking up a book. As youngster year finally arrived, so did weekends. Like all mids, he was challenged with developing a social life; Jon adapted well. His contemporaries at USC would surely have been proud as Jon did his best to make college life at the "uncollege" bearable. We soon received another diagonal stripe and, more importantly, four more weekends. Saturday nights at Dahlgren were soon replaced by weekend trips to Hood, Mary Washington and Notre Dame. As the roadtrips in his accident prone MG continue, time can only tell what is in store for first class year. In any case, with his experience and intelligence, Jon will undoubtedly be an outstanding naval aviator (or nuclear power officer???).



"ARLO"

DAVID D. GUTHRIE
LIGNITE, ND *SPS*

Arlo came riding down to Canoe U from the booming metropolis of Lignite, North Dakota. Trading in his 10 gallon hat for a dixie cup and his cowboy boots for boondockers, 'Lo quickly adjusted to the rigors of Plebe Year. Dave only had one problem - he was never out of the rack long enough to learn how to make hospital corners. Youngster year brought civilian clothes and car privileges (so what if the MHP was never updated? It was too dusty to update!). During the following years, Arlo continued to studiously attack the rack, and was only interrupted every 5 days by weekends - the time when Dave galloped from college to college, changing girlfriends faster than mids change WUBA. With a "chaw" tucked away and a beer in hand, Dave is pounding the ground Corps bound. YAI, YAI, YAI.

"R.C."

RICHARD C. HARNED
WATERLOO, IW *EOE*

R.C. swam out to Canoe U. from the aquatic paradise of Waterloo, Iowa. He got right into the routine at USNA as one of Fitz's boys - a squad renowned throughtout the regiment - for everything but its professional competency. No matter what Ric went through he remained the proverbial nice guy - complete with permanent smile. But after living with Steve and Rich for two years he decided to kick back and relax in a two man room only to learn that Rich wanted to room with the exchange woop. Ric's worst fears were left unfulfilled as Hiebs fit in with the room well. In fact Hiebs always seemed to bring out the worst in Ric (fish at Sandy Point?). His classmates thought that Ric was loaded. But Ric did earn all of his money working through high school and he protested that it really wasn't much. Sure, we believe him - but only his broker knows for sure. Our only wish is that Ric has a smooth ride in a back seat and that his OAO, Emily, is able to control his hormone level.

"CARRIE"

CAROL L. JACOB
SEVERNA PARK, MD SMA

Carrie didn't have to travel far to get here. She was already part of the organization . . . a Nimitz librarian . . . a townie. Meeting her, one might suspect that she was reserved . . . not after attending one of her infamous strawberry daiquiri parties . . . also a connoiseur of strawberry crepes and Maryland seafood, a great chocolate chip cookie baker, a sometimes actress, a literary editor, and a "dusty" dog lover - a woman of unique talents and interests. . . . like some of her men: from the bike rider to the twirp - but always DYNAMIC!

The end of the tunnel is finally here. Thanks for adding that touch of class along the way.

"LEROY"

DAVID W. LANNETTI
BUCKINGHAM, PA SOC

The youngest member of the company, Dave came to the banks of the bay from Buckingham, Pa. with a mind for academic excellence and a will to succeed at the academy. However, discovering academics a breeze and stripes a brand of contempt, Leroy, as he was commonly referred to, redirected his energies 3/c year toward weekend galavanting and searching for the woman of his dreams. In light of this revelation, no one has ever topped the infamous Lannetti pre-Army-Navy game parties and recently Dave has paved inroads into the romantic realm of his inner desires. As to 2/c year, Dave will always be remembered for his Pinto driving expertise in downtown Philly and D.C., and l/c year the repair tailor shop became intimately acquainted with Dave in lieu of his 2 in. height and 30 lb. weight increase since plebe summer. Always a gentleman and eager to help out a classmate in need, Dave possesses the essential qualities and determination to succeed in any endeavor he undertakes. Romans 8:28

"MAGS"

RICHARD A. MAGNERS
BOYERTOWN, PA SPS

Rick, sent to earth to funkatize USNA with P-FUNK, is one wild and crazy guy. If you've never watched "Monty Python", "Fridays", or "Saturday Night Live" you might wonder what's in the Trident gum he chews or the pipe tobacco he smokes. "Mags" usually is in a spirited mood and will laugh at anything that's remotely funny or unusual. His bizarre imagination and sense of humor will surely spice up anyone's day. Anyone who ever met his mom, "Schtakie", knows where he gets his wildness from. Not too many moms have been apprehended in Pearl Harbor or have taken a dip in Santee Basin! Rick and his samurai roommate made a good pair, as they kept us guessing what they'd do next. Though they were happy together, Mags wanted a new roommate - a brown-eyed, hometown sweetheart named Michele. But we all know the regs on that! Whatever the future hold for Rick and his "Sunshine", we wish them God's blessings and know they'll always be happy.

"OB'S"

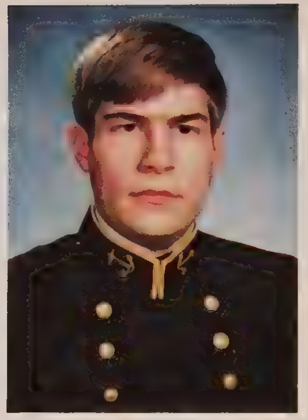
THOMAS P. O'BRIEN
NAPERVILLE, IL FPS

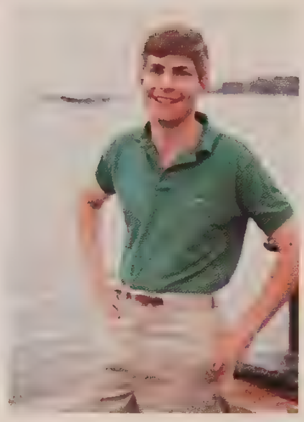
While the rest of us arrived at the Academy still young and foolish, OB's strolled in from NAPS and quickly took command of the Phantom squad. For OB's, Plebe year was a piece of cake - but then he can't remember because he was never awake! As we bloomed into Youngsters, Tom quickly took the lead in the girl chasing and beer drinking departments. "Remember, guys, the hunt is better than the kill!" Nearby Hood College provided Tom hours of entertainment and relaxation after weekend races on the Varsity Sailing Team. At Hood he could just kick back - until the girls started kicking back at his 'Vette! OB's left Hood - no matter, though, because Mary Washington College picked him up as a first round draft choice (and he played the game as only a Pro could!) Tom had girl friends all over the country - but that was OK, because he loved them all. His expertise on the water brought Tom the honor of Yawl Skipper as a 2/c and Class A Team Captain as a Firstie. OB's is NFO bound - he'll always be a high flier to us.

"JR."

ISMAEL ORTIZ
BRONX, NYC, NY *FPS*

Hailing from the Big Apple, Ismael Ortiz or Junior as he is known to his mega friends, arrived to the academy courtesy of the BOOST Program and the USS LASALLE. After a "rough" Plebe year, Jr., decided to carry on his "bull" career by joining the elite group of Political Science Majors. While his counterparts averaged 8 hours of sleep a night, Jr., was busy building models and pouring coffee for his pet "EE" major roommate. On weekends, that is the ones that he could take, Junior would drive around in his "ARIBA" mobile and constantly fall in love (or should I say in lust). As the resident Marine of the company, Junior's presence at any place at the academy was known to all. His best class (aside from Spanish) was swimming, where he specialized in the Tower Jump. Even though his academics were not that hot, the same could not be said about his abilities in the Boxing ring. I'm sure that in Junior, the Marines have found one of the few good men they've been looking for. "Good Luck, Old Man and be good". LATER!





"RICH"

RICHARD L. PERRY
SOMERSWORTH, NH *EOE*

Hailing from traditionally seafaring New England, Rich instinctively entered the naval service in the wake of his distant relative Com. Matthew Calbraith Perry. Initally maintaining a quiet disposition during his plebian ordeal, Lizard, as he was affectionately dubbed, battled forth Victoriously against the engineering hypocrisy and social depervation of 'ole Canoe U. This he accomplished by frequent intense studying at institutions of higher learning such as Nimitz library, Ward hall, Boston College, Goucher College, and Hood College. Aside from his wiley wit and sometimes pessimistic outlook on EE test results, no one can ever deny Rich his calm demeanor and steadfast convictions toward himself and others. He is highly respected by his classmates and friends for his unquestioned integrity and unyielding friendship. Rich will always pursue his endeavors with an intensity that relects his vigor for knowledge and truth - a mixture surely to reap success for Rich in his future.

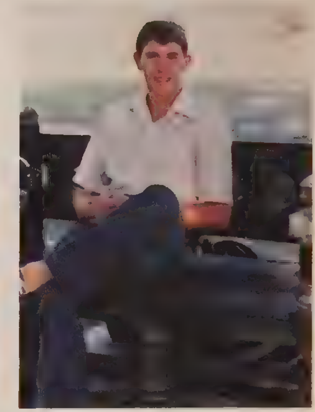
"JOEL"

JOEL CLIFTON REAVES
PLANT CITY, FL *EEE*

Joel Clifford Reaves or J.C. or Sea Daddy. Sea Daddy landed at this great institution via the USS NIMITZ and the BOOST Program, but hails from a little hole in the wall named Plant City, Florida.

J.C. decided he'd be different from everyone else and take a major that was avoided like the plague; the dreaded "Electrical Engineer". At first the courses were cake and he was in bed by 12, but as the semester grew shorter, the nights got longer. As he went along, his roommate, the helpful person that he was, would keep him company by building models and pouring him more coffee. Soon the weekend would appear and J.C. would disappear. Where he went? No one ever knew. But there was only one person that was able to corner him (aside from his roomy) and she is continents away.

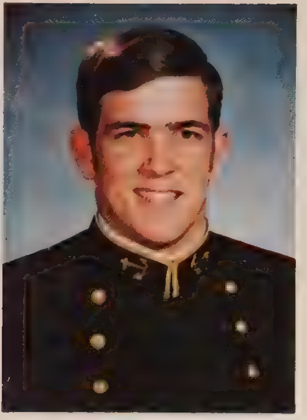
Joel, I wish you all the luck in whatever you pursue and thanks for your continuous friendship and brotherhood. "TAKE CARE, BRO"!



"RHODSEY"

GREGORY J. RHODES
NEWHALL, CA *HEG*

It looks like the Marine Corps will be getting one of their few good men in Greg. His choice for service selection over the past three years has run the gamut from Marine Air to Marine Air, although there were a few other choices in between. His taste for women, however, has remained a little more consistent. Ever since that one Saturday night at Disco Dahlgren in Younster year, his choice has remained with one young lady. Beth has practically become a member of the Class of '81 in 22nd Company. Although his weekends were spent having fun in Baltimore and elsewhere with Beth, Greg's weekdays have been spent in dedication to excelling in all of his endeavors. Greg has been on the Supe's list practically every semester (we'll never lose an intramural shirts again, will we?) and was able to visit the British Naval Academy and to attend Russian language classes in Germany. Although his accomplishments have occassionally been overlooked, success definitely looms in his future.



"CHARLIE"

CHARLES F. ROURKE
ABINGTON, MA FEC

One bright day, Charlie Rourke rolled down from Massachusetts, all decked out in his cute white tennis shorts and ready for a summer of fun and games here at Camp Bancroft. Unfortunately, things weren't quite as jolly as he had wished, but somehow he adjusted, even to the part about not drinking all year! Rourkie laughed through plebe year, and then slept through the next, except for the occasional concert or restriction muster. Then one day he awoke as a second class and quickly discovered weekends, tailgaters, and Goucher College. Whether it was with the boys, or with his own brand of Angels, Charlie always had a good time. His booming voice and charming Irish temper were well known and loved throughout the Brigade. Rumor has it he was also on the favorites list of a few of the local girls colleges. From here, our wardroom president brings his charm and good looks to the Marines. But no matter where he goes, Charlie is sure to be successful, and will always be smiling.

SANORA E. SCHAWANG
FALLS CITY, NB SPS

Sandy emerged from the cornfields of Nebraska to join the Navy and see the world. (Cornfields get awfully boring, she said.) She had lots of fun (?) Plebe Summer and expanded her vocabulary immensely. Then came Ac Year and she soon became an expert on Sub-squads. But Sandy never quit even after being attacked by the O-Course, and her persistence paid off. She found her first true love Plebe Year — lacrosse, and eventually became head manager. Youngster year she was head popcorn popper for the company, a position which took a lot of time, so she decided that Phy Sci was really the way to go. During Actramid she realized that if she was ever going to see the world, she's have to do it on her own, so she found her second love — the car. Infinitely happier, she settled down to two more years of USNA good times. We'll best remember Sandy for her determination and ability to keep going when the going got tough. See you in the Fleet, Schaw-a-a-a-a-a-ng!

"SNYD'S"

EDDY E. SCHNEIDER
RANDALLSTOWN, MD SRM

The unstoppable E.E. Schneider joined our team a year older and years craftier, a product of NAPS. Reluctantly, his roommates were forced to take the back seat behind Wendy, his beloved O.A.O. The Wendy Weekend Runs taxed our Eddy and his local upperclass friends, yet he prevailed in his eternal search for floortime. The Barn built his character and added Baptism to his credit, not to mention a stereo to his car. We won't forget Eddy's tilted hat, fanatic devotion to the Colts and Orioles, Nat and Stan's hospitality, U of M grain disasters, the tailgater music emanating from his "tune-mobile" and his ability to make others laugh. Eddy leaves us a married man, but not to the Navy. Surface line, Navy Air or the Supply Corps may take him, but his heart belongs to Wendy and IBM.

"TROLL"

KEVIN C. TOLBERT
HEMPSTEAD, NY SPS

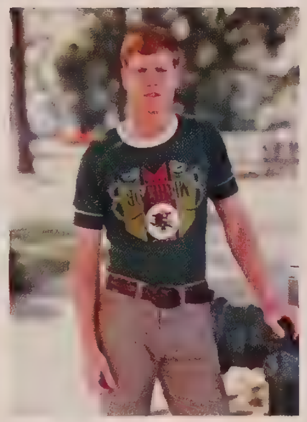
During the grueling days of plebe summer, Kev was often the center of attention. With over 200 lbs. of sheer muscle picked into a mere 5'8" frame, we could only gaze in awe. The first class, on the other hand, were hesitant as Kevin soon became famous for his "death stare". Looks can be very deceiving, however, as is true in this case. Beneath that tough exterior is a warm and gentle person, willing to do almost anything for anybody. While he battled with more problems than most, he was always eager to lend a helping hand. As plebe summer came to an end, Kev was rushed off to 8th wing to start his collegiate football career. Suffering several untimely injuries, he never received the recognition which he rightly deserved. However, his dedication towards athletics as well as academics payed off as he began to realize that personal pride is more important than trying to impress others. With his high moral values and deep religious convictions, Kevin is sure to succeed in everything he attemtps. I Cor. 10:13

TWENTY-THIRD COMPANY

"ROACH"

RICHARD L. VANANTWERP
CARPENTERA, CA *SPS*

Roach — California Flower Child . . . 13th Co. Plebe Deviates - How many Black N's?? . . . Jaime & Juarez - downhill from there! The Beehive - "Had to be tackled and forcibly subdued." "What beer can?" Goodbye 13 Hello 22 . . . "Alcohol School? But I already know how to drink! . . ." June week - Drunk again at the Snake Ranch . . . Ring Dance: Bridge Jump in Mess Dress . . . St. Mary's Hose Monster: a new low in ugliness . . . Going yachting with a Keg - another lost wallet! Swimming after a beer in Central Park: lost wallet number 4! . . . Blue Boat in Bermuda: 12 cases of Heineken! Chasin' wenches on mopeds . . . 8 Ensigns on the White Boat - Outa Control, again . . . 'Why are you called Roach?' . . . THREE BOAT LENGTHS . . . Ready . . . SET!! . . .Go crazy on the halyard . . . Chute's high . . . Genny's comin' down . . . Full chute, fair winds and a following sea — Life's a Downwind Sleighride!



"WEBBO"

MICHAEL K. WEBB
SATELLITE BCH, FL *EME*

Mike spent plebe summer in relative anonimity except for his dramatic newspaper report about "Mobutu," nobody remembers anything special about him. He entered academic year and spent the next three years as the quiet and unassuming Mike we've grown to know. But he's only quiet until you live with him, then he talks your ear off. Youngster year he received the brick award for a blind date. The girl had the same name as the ship he was on during youngster cruise, and he never got under way with either. He came out of his shell first class year taking command of a platoon and making himself famous by being the first CDO to launch a Search-and-Rescue mission to Hood to retrieve a couple firsties with a broken car (Mike's). Mike was a good mid, and he'll make a fine officer in Nuclear subs or surface line or . . .

"BOL-MAN"

MICHAEL J. BOLEN
WEST ORANGE, NJ *SPS*

Mike (alias Bolman, Bols, and the Jersey Giant) ventured to Mother B from West Orange, NJ; God's Country. A highly touted football prospect, he now wishes he made Rutgers his home. Nevertheless, he soon found himself thrust into the military way of life, thriving on cutting corners and knocking heads in football. Plebe year weekends consisted of ridin' the tombstones, kicking back, and perfecting the 2.0. By second class year the Bolman became a true Hood College groupy. Can't forget those "BOWLTRAMIDS" and FT. Lauderdale, either. San Diegeo and the Holiday Bowl was everything, plus some.

Mike could be seen cruisin' in his Dodge "Warlock" everywhere but towards USNA. Party became his middlename, and he and Gids (no money, Guru?) ventured to find the true college life. Great dancer. Loved the Vous and cruisin' Worden Field. Bump? What bump?

We'll sure miss you Bolman. Stay free and "Take it Easy".
P.S. Sure missed a 'blowout' Seger concert.

"CONS"

MICHAEL J. CONNOLLY
BALDWINSVILLE, NY EME, HHS

Mike found his way down to Annapolis from the "metropolis" of Baldwinsville, N.Y. Being a varsity cross-country runner in high school, he naturally made the plebe team. Soon learning this was too easy, he ventured into the struggle to become a Brigade Boxing Champ. After hard dedicated work, he was given an opportunity to beat on his roommate in the finals. This earned him the renowned title of "Killer Cons". As expected, he changed roommates the following year, as he took charge as 23rd company commander. This position was well-earned after three years of stellar performance in a double major of history and mechanical engineering. While remaining on the Supt.'s List, he held various company and battalion billets throughout his days at Canoe U.

"WOOTISS"

GEORGE D. CURTISS
SKOKIE, IL *HHS*

Young George appeared at USNA directly from one of Chicago's most reknowned suburbs: Skokie. The Wootis soon became famous for the vast quantitites of food he could stuff into his not too massive frame and also for his fertile imagination concerning members of the opposite sex. At the close of plebe year George discovered beer; this began a relationship which would help George through his four years at the Academy. George majored in history, a subject as near and dear to his heart as trivia night. Ask George a question about history and he will gladly answer you and answer and answer. George was known for his ability to talk to the point of exhaustion. His audience's exhaustion, that is. Through prior planning George was able to have enough free afternoons that he managed to keep up with his favorite soap opera. Once granted car privileges, George came up with his party van. The "Van Trip" became the originator of many a memorable event and the Co. tailgaters. The Wootis will make an excellent nuke, van and all.

"BABY BEAR"

MICHAEL A. GARZA
SAN ANTONIO, TX *SMA*

baby bear came to us from san antonio after a year at naps. with his bear voice and sensitive body he won everlasting torment from his friends. despite his ever-ailing knee, smoke cut his way to fame on co lights. one of the hardest workers in the company, bear didn't hit the limelight until his junior year. dares from the bear boosted the membership in the 23rd co. black n club as several wetting down parties were held. after redecorating the head and getting lost on dewey field looking for his roommate bear truly earned the nickname of the little drunken bear. the long-lasting effects of BOWLTRAMID will never be forgotten as bear is still recovering. perhaps this is why he started wearing his goggles to such places as hood and goucher where he became renowned for meeting young beautiful girls, who dissolved by the next morning. along with all of us, the 4/c in "mike" company will never forget their beloved company commander, who led them as the "true" color company. mike, fair winds . . .

"GIDS"

THOMAS D. GIEDLIN
ALFRED, NY *HHS*

After four years at the boat school, Gids (alias Arnie, Coach and T) managed just 1 come-around, 1 haircut and 1 p-rade. How'd you do it? Coming from an athletic family from Alfred, NY, and fresh out of NAPS. Gids arrived with golf clubs in hand and a fine partying attitude. Hey Bols, how 'bout that Doc? Always on the wrong side of the law and performance boards. Thanks Duke, you worm! Auite a laid-back guy. Hooked up with Bolman and Guru 2nd class year and from then on it was OUT OF CONTROL! Personally knew the linebacking corps at Hood College. Horns up and beer glasses on again . . . too bad he junked Golden Wheels ('67 Chrysler). What a cruiser! Always seen raging across Worden Field in Bols' truck. Never forget the Vous, Hood and Boltramid. Gids, Good luck and take it Easy! NOTES: Only golfer to knock off the Ringo-Kid/What about that babe in Colorado?/Bols, it's not a hobby!/Great Seger concert (out of control)/ Did the alarm go off?/Hey Billy, did somebody mention laundry?/No money Guru?/I'll catch you on the flip-flop, Bols!

"GUIDOO"

JOHN B. GUIDA
PITTSFIELD, NH *SRM*

GUIDO raced to the naval academy from his farm in pittsfield, n. h. ready to tackle its many challenges. he quickly showed his athletic talents by winning the plebe summer boxing smoker. after that, it was all downhill. CHEESE soon learned that his 110% aspirations were too much for his 99% body. his ailing back, blood infections, and bad wrist kept him from brigades. he said it all with a simple phrase "i'm just an accident waiting for a place to happen." "TWO BEERS" soon found alternate outlets for his energies, among these were: arguments pregame tailgaters in his room, driving fast, BOWLTRAMID, laughing, dipping, and romancing carol, beth, debbie, vicky, and JVZ. brandon was often the center of jest, phrases such as, "the man who would be tall", and "guido mess around - hey!" were frequently heard from his classmates around the company area. John, you served us well as co. and honor rep. during our stay, the marine corps will be assured of getting at least one good man. hey, any of you guys ever had saslaw?

"HAYSON"

JAMES M. HUDSON
LINCOLN UNIV, PA HHS

James M Hudson (The M stand for Mercenary) came to the UnCollege from the pages of Soldier of Fortune" and the hills of Pa. We knew he was coming because his chin preceeded him by 5 min. Jay proved himself to be a man of many talents, none of which were remotely related to mathematics. He is a history buff par excellance. It is a little known fact that Bruce Catton used Jay as a primary reference in many of his Civil War books. Since his secret dream was to paddle silently toward enemy shores armed with only a bayonet (100 and 1 uses) he decided to go out for the Lwt. crew team, however he had to row unarmed. To make up for this he read books. He read them by the J.M. Hudson Method. (1st page, last page, middle word on every third page) Jay was secretly a muskrat. He never got fried because people who wrote him up were never seen again. He once went to Mombassa. Partly to join the fight partly to sell his car. He came to us pure as the driven snow and leaves slightly tarnished. He is a good friend and babysitter.

"RIO"

PAUL H. JAMES
EAU CLAIRE, WI ESP

Leaving the cold of WI. Paul set out to see the world through the eyes of a hardly-working(?) MM3 .- aboard the USS Halsey, commanded by none other than CAPT McCauley. After saying farewell to his beloved C.O. he traveled to Newport, RI to join the ranks of the beer-drinking, hell-raising NAPSters. Once at USNA Paul set out to become a Marine Eng and join Hyman Brothers, INC. After a lengthy 3/c cruise on a SSN, Paul did a quick 180 and headed for the skies as he dubbed himself RIO. RIO was always a woman's man but why he chased after Linda Ronstadt, I'll never know. His final year was spent as BATT OPS and coach of the three time undefeated 4th BATT Boxing Champs. As the year ended, he once again organized the Annual 23rd Co. Class of '81 Picnic (with the aid of ours truly STEIN). Thanks for the softball game with the motorcycle gang! As RIO sets his sails to the Seven Seas and his tunes to Linda's stolen songs, I'll always wonder how much he made off that yellow OUTLAW T-shirt at the bottom of my junk pile.

"BOB THE K"

ROBERT G. KENNINGTON
HONOLULU, HI SMA

Known as R.G. by him' Mom, Lieutenant by his Grandfather, and Bob the "K" by his classmates, this daring young Naval Officer harls from Groton or Naples or Hawaii or wherever else the travelling Hymie show takes his family. In the best family tradition, this Navy (and USNA) junior will join the fission people after graduation. A typical Nuke, Bob showed extraordinary talent to handle technical courses early as he blew away the Math Department. Never to be mistaken as a novelist, though, Bob struggled through his Foreign language, English that is, Plebe year. Along with his prowess in English, he amazed everyone with his "pencil" leadership paper and his "punctual" history thesis. Somehow he dodged enough "Bull courses" to pull a 4.0 second class year. In addition to his academic studliness he fit into any social gathering as long as someone brought along his list. Bob surely will be remembered for his willingness to help others. Fair ventilation and following currents, Bob.

"GRIPPER"

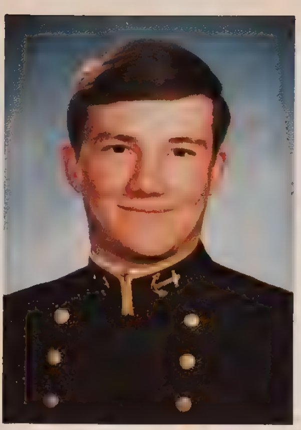
MELISSA J. MATTHEWS
TULSA, OK HHS

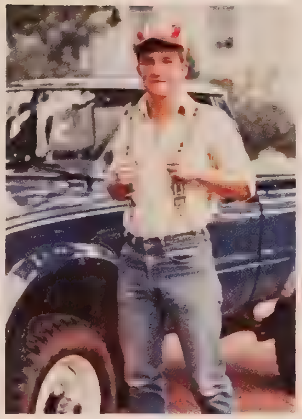
Melissa came to the Academy just a little bit scared of everthing, from her roommate to the mile-run. However it didn't take her long to overcome these fears and master all phases of life at USNA, right down to braving the tower jump. Her shyness lessened, and she earned the nickname "Gripper" for her terrific feelies. Then she developed her command voice; who can forget her ordering everyone out of her room. Never one to worry about academics, Melissa maintained a healthy grade point average, and excelled at Chinese, a course complimentary to her History Major. This wasn't her favorite subject though, her specialty was a skinny guy named Bob, right "Sweetie". Well Melissa, you fulfilled your parents dream, got an excellent education, became a much more outgoing gal, and got a great guy for a husband; looks like you have USNA and life licked.

"SUSIE-Q"

SUSAN R. MILLER
KETTERING, OH *SOC*

Sue has to be one of the busiest Midshipman in the Brigade - she works hard and she plays hard. Much of her time is taken up by her duties as President of Big Brothers/Big Sisters. In her spare time, Sue takes ballet lessons. Sue ran Cross Country and Track for two years and even an operation on her foot didn't keep her from going out for the Swim Team. Never one to keep her feet on the ground, Second Class summer saw Sue jumping out of airplanes "just for fun." First Class Summer Sue got engaged to a great guy named Frank, and she must run up astronomical phone bills by calling him all the time. Sue, don't ever forget going to catatonia on Youngster Cruise, "The Pink Ladies", how much we all loved YPs, "Dorothy, Dorothy, give me the shoes!", playing Marine with Mary at Quantico Second Class Summer, "Rizzo and Sandy", "It's a holiday!", and Friday nights at the O-Club. Sue has been a great friend to many people and we all wish her luck with Frank and in the Navy.





"MUTZ"

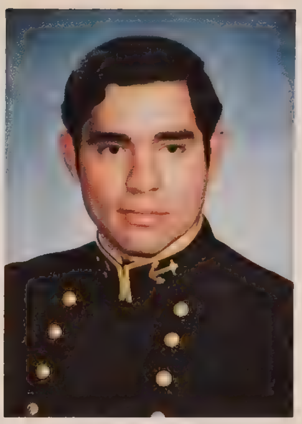
DAVID H. MUTZABAUGH
ROANOKE, VA *SOC*

"The Mutz" showed up at the Uncollege with very little idea of what he was getting in to. Roanoke, Va. and Hosin' 80/81 are his homes and he'll always like it better there. Mutz took out his initial frustrations at Navy by boxing and won the plebe smoker. After a dry and sheltered plebe year, beer was legal and he proceeded to set new records in both consumption and demerits. Second class year saw him avoiding the books (what library??) and making the Dean's list. His car, the one that beat the Baja, was known far and wide for it's party capacity and auto-pilot. (e.g. The Georgetown Massacre) First class year Mutz (Bengali Mohamed) traded in The Baja for a Blue Toyota 4WD Pick-up. It soon became known as the academy's biggest mobile cooler. His luck with the Honey's also improved. (Must be the truck) Maybe we'll miss him when he dons the green and heads for TBS and then for Flight School. But I kinda XXXXXX doubt it! (I am the Santini . . .) (Happy be the man . . .) (G.U.E.) Hi, Mom!

"OLS"

STEVE R. OLSON
BLAINE, MN *EGE*

Steve, alias "P.M." came from Blaine, MN with his dixie cup crammed on his head. Steve was never hesitant to share his "finer" moods with his firsties. While at USNA Steve developed a system of organization so complex that even an IBM computer couldn't handle his files. To this day Steve could tell you his total expenditures since his birth. Steve was such a wizard at financing that he could shift his debts from Visa one month to Master Charge the next. As a result of his high financing Steve was able to go into the hardware business. He was able to supply his acquaintances, not friends, with the latest in hardware equipment which included a 100 ft garden hose, which he lent out only under special curcumstances. As we look past Steve's minor quirks, we could see what a great guy he really is. Steve was always ready, able and willing to drop whatever he was doing to help a friend in need. Steve always had a solution for any problem. We will always remember and love him. The Clan



"P-REZ"

RICARDO PEREZ
ROYAL PALM BCH, FL *FPS*

Ricky-P joined 23 after a year at NAPS. It was there that he must have picked up the study habits that impressed us all so much. Rick was squared away plebe year. Still, he came close to quitting after innumerable tangles with his many spiffies, and he did manage to spit coffee all over a four-man room. Rick had a Latin passion for guns, Strohs, coffee, Jaguars, and anything else that money could buy. A champion beer-chugger, he complained that no-one would ever get a group together to drink. He had revenge on his classmates, doing the classic leap on them while they were defenseless in the clutches of their racks. That "chief style" body could crush a lesser mid'n. Rick was a member of the champion trivia team - a fact which was kept secret from Duke and possible Ac-boards. Rick owned a Vega, a bizarre vehicle which ran on more oil than gas. He knew how to live through, and blew off I/C cruise for a South American adventure. But, it might help his career goals in Naval Intelligence or Strategic Weapons.

"RIDS"

CRAIG L. RIDDLE
LANHAM, MD *SRM*

The Infamous "STEIN" did not have far to travel when he came to USNA. The plebe summer b.s. had not even started when he unveiled a plan to make megabucks shellacking ceilings. A natural-born resources management major, Rids knew the value of a dollar - and a quarter, and a dime, and a nickel, and a penny. But stories about that are a dime a dozen. Craig gained fame in other ways too, Ask Him! He was voted most likely to win a wet T-shirt contest, sensitive guy! The Rids was popular with the ladies, and we know that the chow packages they sent were popular with him. When we think of Craig, some pictures will always come to mind: fighting with roommates, abusing Stu, wrestling Luke, selling "worthless washclothes", calculating SCAMPS points, and not getting six stripes. An avid member of the championship trivia team, Craig always knew where his "interests" laid. 23 won't forget Rids, an involved, good humored, and patient guy.

"PETE"

PETER J. RIESTER
ROCHESTER, NY *EME*

Peter hails from Rottenchester, NY. He followed his father's and Grandfather's footsteps by attending USNA. During his years here, Pete schemed and connived his way into the Honor Committee so that as a 1/c he could have 3 striper libs and a phone. Academically Pete was very smart, with help from his two roommates. On the sports field he played varsity bench LAX for 3 years and will start this year. Socially Pete was a butterfly, landing from one woman to another. Pete really moved up in social stature when he bought his first and last Mercedes - only to find that a Benze costs more than Mids make. He moved down to a Datsun 2000, a car that can go very fast but one he drives slower than the tourists in the yard. Domestically, Pork is hurting in the neatness area. His room has always been an O-course with shoes, shirts, jocks and books placed in the first convenient uncluttered spot. Pete will definitly have problems finding a suitable companion unless two groads make a right, but we still love him. SRO CAR

"SCOTTY"

SCOTT A. RING
NEWARK, OH *SPS*

Scott Alexander Ring
Midshipman
270-68-3413

"DESERT PINES"

RICKY L. ROBERTS
GRAND CANYON, AZ *SOC*

Rick came to USNA as a devoted Dallas fan from beautiful Grand Canyon. One of his few problems as a plebe came in swimming. He didn't do too well, but always passed the tests the second time around. After West-Pac cruise surface line wasn't for him. Rick never had any grade problems despite studying everyday during Condition Luke. Rick showed good discipline by writing to Julie at least twice a week. Luke appreciated this as every time Julie answered she said Hi, the most mail he ever received. He was active in radical leftist groups such as the Baptist Student Union, the champion Bush-leagers, and the Oceanography Club (he got to feed the fish). Rick was very happy 2/c year when Julie agreed to be his bride. The plebes were happy to hear it too. The other big moment 2/c year was when he bought a '67 Mustang which soon had an argument with Jay's Fury. Luke showed up 1/c year with something even better, a '66! After graduation and marriage to Miss Julie Noreau, Rick wants to be an NFO . . . even though Adm. Rickover has an eye on him.

"J-DOUBLE-WOO"

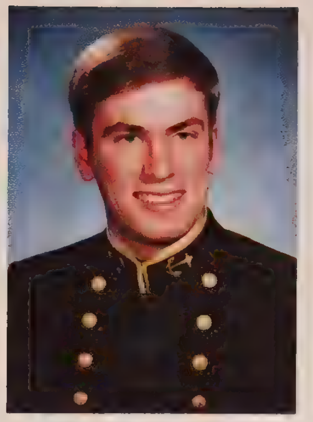
JOHN W. ROGERS
KINGMAN, KS *FPS*

J.W. came to the Academy from a state almost as exciting as his Poli-Sci major — Kansas. Yet he got over it and started ringing up the ECA's (and SCAMPS pts.) faster than most. For example, how many plebes take weekend? (Glee Club, again?) J-Dubbs knew enough to keep that tradition up all the way through first class year — missing intramurals marching, and formations, to the amusement of most and the irritation of the Wootiss! Involved in Glee Club, Protestant Choir, Musicals, Public Relations, and Chapel Council, we only saw him when he was studying — and loving it! And this hard charger may have charged himself right into a service assignment that will allow him to catch more rays than he wants (save a pilot!). Maybe he'll prove he earned them pins. JW is an infamous car racer, too — only when his windshield ain't blackened by the 15yr-old Stang in front of him. And needless-to-say, the girls of MaryWoo will indeed miss John when the needs of the Navy (or Hymee) draft him away from their tempting clutches. Hey, wannagotoGoucher . . .

"R.D."

RANDALL D. ROGERS
SANTA ROSA, CA *SPS*

Randy swam to the NAVAL ACADEMY via Santa Rosa, California, not far from the streets of San Francisco. He was not as close as we thought though, finding out 1/c Summer why everyone sings about California girls. The hardest of hard-rockers, Randy kept the company amused with the current additions to his record and poster collection. DEBORAH HARRYlegs is so sexy. New wave lulled this sailor to sleep at night. An adept swimmer, Randy still found it hard to "pull-up" some items of minor importance; his grades and himself (biannually). We are still waiting for him to run that first marathon, too. Randy's major selection was not by choice but by profession. He had always wanted to fly, and as soon as he found out you had to graduate first, his choice was easy. Randys hard work will guarantee him fair winds and following seas in his Naval Career.



"ROLLIE"

CRAIG A. ROLL
SAN DIEGO, CA *EGE*

Craig "Rollie" came to USNA from the Navy town of San Diego. He wasted no time with petty Plebe business and began his conquest of "WUBA" women immediately following "I" day. His current total is seven and we feel that it is still growing. Let's face it, Craig, women and crab towne go perfectly together. Craig's academics were not exactly his best quality. He never could figure out why racktime and good grades did not go hand in hand. Craig and the conduct officer became good friends as they discussed what their favorite beverage was at the Army game. Craig was very generous with his car as his friends logged more miles than he did. Craig also had a small problem with his mouth, thus supplying him with numerous appointments to dental with a certain dental technician from PA. First. class year "GAIG" attended classes and commuted to and from USNA. Craig hopes to be a NFO because Hyman sure doesn't want him, but we'll take you anytime, Baby. PJR SRO.

"SPIKE"

MICHAEL J. ROUNDS
LONG BEACH, CA *EAS*

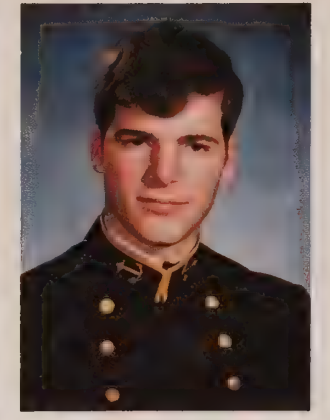
Spiker gave up the beach, the mountains, and the golden California sun seeking a seat in a cockpit of anything that flies high and fast (If Rickover lets him). After a fumbling plebe year, the Spike impressed us all with his quick wit and easy-going nature. He even got SUB CDR first class year in spite of a little light-headedness, aero, girls, the third great tragedy, 23rd co. B-Ball, going down with Mutz for 50, two carrier cruises, VTNA, steerage-run term papers, whirlpool baths on 1/c cruise, catchin' intense rays with Branden while on spring break in Florida and catchin even more when he got back, but most of all, in spite of BULL COURSES! When spike became a Rickover letterman, his "Nuke Qual. Letter" found itself in the circular file before anyone could read him the first sentence. The Spike is a truly likeable guy that the men from 23 will never forget.

TWENTY-FOURTH COMPANY

"LECTRIC-SHAVE"

DENNIS A. SAWYER
DECATUR, GA *SRM*

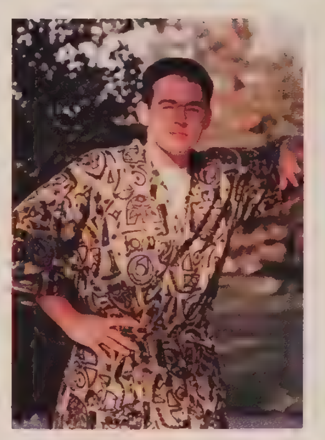
Dennis made his way northward to USNA from the heart of the south and was an immediate success. His southern drawl and suave manners caused him to never lack female comforting during his various injuries. Youngster year saw Dennis joining Masqueraders and partaking of max bennies including W.K. and the light booth. Once the world of ECA's unfolded for Dennis he knew he had it made. While standing 'watch' in Disco Dalgren, Dennis met his future fiancee, ex-fiancee, whatever, they were all the same girl. The end of youngster year saw Dennis driving a sporty TR7. During a fit of family planning second class year, Dennis sold the TR7 and bought a station wagon. Before long Dennis shed his wife to be. The wagon stayed. Dennis's ECA activities matured as first class year came upon us and he became class president and an illustrious 'Lucky-bagger'. He was a civilian at good ole USNA. Gotta love those 'Three-striper' libs. With that track record, we are confident that Dennis will succeed whenever he goes.



"DUKE"

LUKE D. SIDDALL
SALEM, OR *FPS*

Duke came to USNA with a conservative middle class, all American back-ground, tainted only by his membership in a radical splinter group religion. He quickly became known for his total devotion to his subjects, he could whip up 100 psi steam problems with the best of them. Luke was also famous for his industriousness and pursuit of achievement. Condition Luke quickly became established throughout the company area, broken only for emergencies or the 10-minute chow call. The sight of his limp form in the rack was matched only by the vitality and cheerfulness of the Duke, as he woke up. His physical abilities were demonstrated by his complete control while passing PE tests by huge margins. He rounded off his accomplishments as a member of the champ trivia team the Bushleagers, despite tests, papers, and other pressing matters. 1/c year he bought his first and only love while at USNA, a Very sharp 66 Mustang, almost as nice as a 67. We all look forward to Luke protecting our skies.



"SWETS"

STUART W. SWETLAND
TUNKHANNOCK, PA *SPH*

Young Stu rolled in from the teaming metropolis of Tunkhannock full of questions such as "What was your SAT scores?" At first Stu had some problems with motor functions (i.e. marching and working venetian blinds). But once academics started Stu's strengths became noted "Have a quiz today Stu?" The center of Stu's life at USNA became his 4.0, but Stu never found his academic workload too heavy to deny somebody E.I. Subsequently he could be seen roaming the co. area using the famous "Swetland Shuffle". Stu's geekish fame led to such things as the "Pocket Swetland", and the "Calculator Boogie". With study habits that would ruin normal midshipmen Stu was able to shoot the bull, watch T.V., play trivia and do anything but study during study hour. Who could forget Stu and his unique method of turning the entire wardroom against him and the Steelers. Nice bandwagon eh Stu? Few midshipmen had as good "relations" with their Profs as Stu had. Regardless of where Stu may go we are sure that he will succeed, sans green robe.

"HANK"

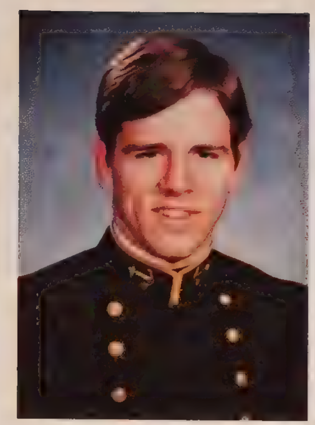
HENRY P. ASZKLAR
TACOMA, WA *EAS*

Henry came to USNA from the Great Northwest: Tacoma, Washington. Three weeks into plebe summer Henry decided there had to be something better to do in life and announced to his squad leader what we all thought, let me out of here! Since then Henry has lead in many other areas. He has taught swimming in the Chesapeake Bay late on a Saturday night, his prowess with a Toyota is legendary and his ability to cook up exotic wonders in a Denny's kitchen is unsurpassed. First class year, Henry has continued his solid performance in Aerospace Engineering despite weekly trips to Woodstock, MD.

"COWBOY"

ROBERT P. BURNS
SHIRLEY, NY FPS

A native New Yorker, Midn Robert P. Burns is the son of a proud Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burns. During his stay at Canoe U., he developed quite a name for himself and quickly became the envy of his classmates. He has an uncanny ability to be invited to some of Annapolis' most exclusive parties. At one of these infamous social gatherings, Midn Burns earned his most famous nickname, elbows. That a boy, Bob. Aside from his colorful social life, he devotes a serious effort to his professional development and as a result moved quietly from a loving pacifist in high school to a fiendish hawk like the rest of us. Bob's career as a midshipman is long and distinguished. His list of accomplishments include the Catholic Choir presidency and head fencing manager. And despite the best efforts of his classmates, he never learned that arrogance is the sign of a good firstie. Bob is known among his subordinates as a benevolent dictator. Upon graduation, Bob plans to pursue his true calling and become a ship driver.



"TARZAN"

THOMAS S. CARLSON
SAN DIEGO, CA EME

TARZAN the WILD MAN came from the crazy state of California, and crazy he was. The campus, as well as numerous drinking establishments, was haunted by his infamous call of the wild. Tom always loved a good brawl, so his favorite sports were boxing, karate and sarcasm. But, he needed more variety in his life so he added hobbies like skinning mice, dipping Copenhagen and tapping kegs of Bud to name a few. Tom brought some California culture to Bancroft because he could often be seen flying by on his skateboard during study hour. Tarzan thought that life ended after marriage, so he proceeded to spread himself thin among the women of the area. When he came up for air, it was only to grab another beer. Tarzan was wild, but he always stuck to his motto of working hard first, then playing hard and staying hard. Lotsa luck in the Fleet Tom, the Navy needs more well rounded folks like you. Salute Donado! . . . D.M.D.!!! Nobody does it better!

"WALLY"

STEVEN P. CHAMBERS
LaMIRADA, CA SOC

A terror on the football field, "he could have played ball at any college in the country", Big Wally Chambers would have been a star in any sport at Navy. Never one to sweat over the books, Steve was still the smartest "dumb football player" to grace the halls of the Navy Academy.

Whether it was terrorizing quarterbacks, hopping home to California to see Terry (Powzer), or getting mixed up in the infamous CHS corporation with his roommates buying and selling little Japanese cars, the Wall left a lasting impression on those around him.

Being the dynamic individual that he is, Steve was a leader in most any company activity (6'4" 255, who wouldn't follow him?). Some will remember him as mean 73 on the field, but some of us will remember the Teddy Bear that he really is (Ok, no details Wally). Best wishes in the future Steve and Terry! Good Luck!!!!!

"DUSTY"

DWIGHT H. DeGROFF
FINKSBURG, MD EAS

As one of the few, the proud, the Bad Boys, Spunky's suave and debonair emerged. Likening himself to a Greek god, one always found Dwight taking 20 minute showers while 3 roommates anxiously awaited. When Dwight was not in the shower you could always find him either on the soccer field or behind the books. Wherever he was, one could be sure that Dwight was excelling. Dusty's passions did not end after study hour. On the contrary, Dustys' romances stretched from his home town of Westminster to the slopes of Austria. If there is an easy way out, Dwight will find it. He continued to prove that fact, as he carried out his duties and responsibilities as company adjutant from the rack. Hopefully Dwight's desire to fly will not be surpassed by Rickover's desire for submarine officers. Dwight's quiet demeanor made him a very likable person. "Buzz" DeGroff is a name that will not be forgotten after graduation.

"SKI"

MICHAEL P. DZIECIOLOWSKI
AUGUSTA, GA *SMA*

Mike had the dubious distinction of having the Dirt Band's favorite city, Augusta Georgia, as a hometown. For obvious reasons he soon became "SKI" to all of us. During the P-rade seasons Mike used his high school background in drill to assist 24 to marching prowess. Academics were never a big worry for him so he spent most of his free time playing Gammon, Guts, or 727. Mike struggled with Boats, Atlanta sports teams, and several Class "A" offences. Still, his flashing smile and hearty voice pulled him through the lean years here. Four words describe Mike at his best: Methodical, Enjoyable, Amiable, and Tenacious. A ladies man, driver of fast cars, and a financial wonder, Mike will become a fine addition to a fighter squadron sometime in the future. See you in the Fleet!

JOAN M. FARNETT
CINNAMINSON, NJ *HHS*

Joan's cloud drifted to the banks of the Severn from Cinnaminson, N.J. and she only came down to earth long enough to fall for DANIEL. Daniel was Joan's tea - totaling mate for two years. Joan prepared for her future service selection, homemaking, while here at USNA! She made more alterations to midshipmen's uniforms than the Repair Tailor Shop. Joan furthered her domestic tendencies by bringing her family to Mother B. She spent most of first class year nursing sister Kat through plebe year. But, then Joan was always helping out. Whenever there was work to be done, Joan was usually the first to volunteer.

Joan gave up most of her free time to extra curricular activities. She had a talent for music; if she wasn't singing in the Musical Catholic Choir, or Women's Glee Club, she was playing aorund in Pep Band. With class ring on one hand and engagement ring on the other, Joan sets sail for marriage and life as a skimmer. Take care, Joanie.

"SHEILS"

SHEILA A. FOX
FOREST DALE, VT *EGE*

Sheila knew it was going to be a rough plebe year just after she told her plebe summer squad leader that a mameluke was a dog in the comics. After a short stint with the awkward squad, basketball season began, and so did the injuries. Sheila spent most of plebe year with her thumb in a splint and her head in the clouds. 3/C year went pretty much the same way. Her thumb was still in a splint and her head was still in the clouds, but this time the clouds were at her new home in Vermont. Sheila liked Vermont better than Maryland; there she found the mountains she never had. By 2/c year, things were a little better. Her grades went way up, but her thumb was again down. Sheila then bought a car to match her size - a Midget. During 1/c year, Sheila became co-captain of the Basketball Team, owner of a "color" squad, and the resident geek in Room 4368. The mameluke mishap was still on Sheila's mind though; at service selection, Sheila was one of the few who joined the Proud, the Muh-reens! Best of luck in all you do!

"DANNO"

JEFFERY G. FREEMAN
AIEA, HI *SMA*

From the sunshine of Aiea, Hawaii, Jeff humbly arrived at U.S.N.A. During his plebe year, Jeff strived for excellent all-around performance, and was awarded with three stripes. The academics got tough Youngster year but Jeff met the challenge. The Rugby Club drafted Jeff that year to become a moving target for the opposition. For three years he endured the pain and agony of rugby parties. However, Jeff was stolen away from the boys by a certain Miss Annmarie, a desirable member of the opposite sex. During First Class year, Jeff's motto was "weekends were made for Annemarie." The Navy will be getting one fine officer upon graduation, and we will all miss our friend. Shakah bradah and aloha!

"C.P."

JAY T. GRAFTON

OAK HARBOR, WA *SMA*

Jay Troy Grafton is the pride and joy of Capt. and Mrs. Jay Grafton Sr, a former graduate of USNA. A resident of the state of Washington, Jay has lived on both sides of the world including Japan. Jay came to USNA a naive young boy and in his own way of growing up, will leave us a naive young man. A member of the 4th Batt wrestling team, Jay strove for physical perfection and it is one of his more noticable physical attributes that gave him the nickname of "CP". Seriously, Jay has always been a hard worker, striving for excellence in everything. A star man his entire four years here, Jay will graduate among the top 25 mids in the class. A Battalion striper and a member of PHI KAPPA PHI, Jay has always been a fun loving guy who enjoys playing the guitar (occasionally he tries to sing along), model building, photography. Jay, a possible draftee of the nukes, has one true love and hopes to be in Pensacola soon and flying high. Good luck and BZ "C.P.".

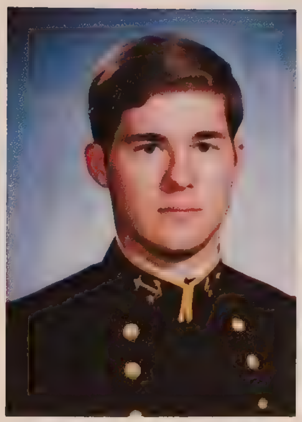
"HAWK"

MICHAEL D. HAWLEY

FERNDALE, WA *EOE*

Mike Hawley, alias "The Hawk" and "The Old Man" came to the Twenty Fourth company after three years enlisted duty in San Diego. Mike brought with him experience, maturity, and the ability to easily make and keep friends, three assets which not only propelled Mike to major leadership positions here but also had a profound effect on those around him. His interest in others, willingness to try new and innovative ideas, and his honest evaluation of himself, combined with an inherent belief that leadership means serving others, made Mike one of the best company commanders the Twenty Fourth company has ever seen.

Thanks, Mike. And, though you won't need it, best of luck in the Fleet.



"DR. ILLOGICAL"

THOMAS G. HILTZ

WOODSTOCK, MD *SPH*

Dr. Illogical was sent to USNA, to serve his four year sentence form the metropolis of Randallstown, MD. (That's near Woodstock for those unfamiliar with MD geography) Tom waited four long years just to be a senior so that he could be called a pansy. Don't get me wrong, Tom didn't try to relive his high school experiences — no not too much. Tom was everybody's favorite; he took the brunt of many jokes (Hiltz start a song). Even his dad the 'Colonel' gave him grief. Tom was very involved in company activities; he "volunteered" for everything. Tom did get the 3 stripes be always wanted during Plebe Detail when he was 'Stud Company Commander'. Tom was the greatest then, except for changing step in front of the Admiral during P-rades. Pussgut entered the annals of Naval Academy nostalgia during youngster year when he was one of the 'Bad Boys' with Rocko, Masculine Mother Murphy, Spunky, and Jack S. Tom was a true friend and the fond thoughts of him will make our memories more enjoyable.

"BA-G-G"

BRUCE G. KNAPP

CHADDS FORD, PA *FPS*

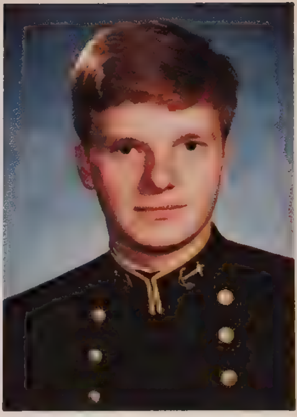
Bruce was born with ski poles for arms and skis for feet. These facts were temporarily obscured when he became a Navy plebe, planning to study International Law, play bagpipes, row crew, build an airplane, and become a pilot. Despite four stripes 3/C year, the real Bruce resurfaced and people began to catch glimpses of him roller-skiing across USNA's asphalt snow. 2/C year found Bruce on USAFA exchange, where he sampled secretaries, the Squaw Valley Olympic Training Center, and various Academy women. Back to Crabtown. "When I think of those crazy nights in Montreal;" how 'bout Placid and the Dukes, Davell I/C year found the man of many tongues (English, Finnish, Norwegian, French, German, and Bull) on FOREX in Norway, demo tallying, getting a nose-job, and chasing them foxes. Those of us who knew him well know that his kind-hearted disposition and persistence will take him far, even if it is to Yugoslavia for the '84 Olympics. Best wishes always, Bruce.

DONALD F. LOGAR
FAIRLESS HILLS, PA SRM

Don came to Navy from Fairless Hills PA. Prior to coming to the Academy, he spent a year at NAPS. Don spent two years on the Navy wrestling team, enough for him to earn his varsity letter and ruin his knees. After wrestling was over, he moved on to "Robin" and he spent all of his weekends with her. Don will not be remembered for his grades, but maybe for the nice words he had for everyone. Cribbage and backgammon became his best learned skills at USNA, he never turned down a game no matter how much work he had due the next day. Don hopes to become a naval avaitor after graduation. Also, there is a possibility he will not be single long.

BARRY K. LOVELESS
CHATTANOOGA, TN ESE

After leaving Chattanooga behind, Barry jumped right into the Academy life on induction day. Barry was sure that he was stepping into a life of glamour, fast college living, and uniforms that would have women flocking to him. Well, at least he got the uniforms. The fact that he was 6' 5" led everyone to think that maybe he played basketball, and sure enough he kept playing until he became the star of the company basketball team l/c year. Barry was not only a fine basketball player, but also stellar baseball player on the tables. When he chose to major in systems engineering, everyone was sure that he'd never be seen again on the weekends. No! Because he broke with tradition and graduated to the ranks of being a Dahlgren regular as a youngster. Of course Dahlgren wasn't Barry's only haven of social development, he gained a lot of sophistication with trips to see the features of Washington's best sights. We'll be looking forward to seeing you at the 50 year reunion because 'only the good die young'!



"GRAY"

GARY R. MACK
BUFFALO, NY FPS

"Gray" came to us from the snow capital, Buffalo, New York. During our plebe summer, he was a very popular guy. Stripers from all over Bancroft would stop in his room just to hear him sound off. Not a "ratey" person, Gary is still waiting to be promoted to a Youngster. During his time here, academics were always on top of his priority list which is funny considering he is a Political Science major. Any night of the week he could be found with his books open in front of him, usually "wires." During his Second and First Class years, Gary worked with the Brigade Honor committee in various positions.

This earned him a telephone in his room first class year. Needless to say, he had many visitors in his room that year as well. Pre-Commissioning physicals still leave Gary undecided as to his service selection. We wish you the very best, Gary, and know you will succeed in everything you do.

"BMOC"

JOSEPH A. MANCHOR
PITTSBURGH, PA EAS

Determined to gain an appointment to Navy, Joe enlisted and then made a quick stop at NAPS for some high school post graduate work. Hailing from Pittsburgh, Pa., Joe soon found academics to be one of his greatest strengths, unfortunately something that cannot be said about his P.E. tests. This earned him his reputation in the company as conditioning squad captian. Majoring in aerospace, Joe spent many long hours between "cancer sticks" doing problems in dynamics, thermo, and cables. Many times, he had only wished he had gone the "easy route" with political science like his roommate. Nevertheless, the BMOC was always quick to help others with their homework. Afternoons, Joe could usually be found in the rack for his daily workout, or listening to some of his favorite Frank Zappa albums on that "modern" stereo system of his. Without doubt, Joe will highly succeed in his Naval career as he heads for the waves and Surface Line.

"WILD BILL"

WILLIAM J. MARR

WAYNE, NB *EME*

Bill came from the desolate plains of Nebraska where men were men, women were few, and sheep were scared. Not belonging to a Navy family, Bill did not expect to owe a military obligation but just came to get a free M.E. degree and open his own consulting firm. The good friends found at Canoe U ranged from obnoxious New Yorkers to crazy Californians and many points in between. Constantly chewing Skoal and harassing Dahlgren "cuties" after a little Bud and Black Jack, Bill earned many nicknames among which "Wild Bill" is the only one fit to print. Bill loved his leave . . . and proved it by wasting his summers in Ft. Benning and Coronado. His best times were spent with the boys (including "Woody", USN, retired) at Chickies and other Redneck dives. Originally wanting to be a Navy diver, it appears that he will be diving only in subs. Luckily he has a brother at Navy waiting to take over where he left off. Always remember Bill, "The people to watch out for are those who object."

"MOJAK"

NELSON P. MOE

BILLINGS, MN *SMA*

Nelson Peder Moe (Mojack) came from Billings, Montana (did they make that a state yet?) to USNA and asked the obvious question, "Hey, can I please be the walk-on Team Captain for Navy Swimming?" and they said "O.K." We may never understand what made Nelson tick but he was always there when you needed a hand. Never in a bad mood, he would bend over backwards to give the shirt off his back (or his brand new RX-7 for a weekend) if you needed it. His endless supply of energy on Plebe Detail was directly responsible for 24 taking first the summer of '80. Nelson will be remembered (whether we like it or not) for rigging heads, leading Army-week assaults, shaving down (even his head) twice! Nelson's Nasty Nine, "WUBA" calls, diving exhibitions (no back-flips, huh Nels?), diagnosing transmission problems, BUD/S (Brace Up, Don't Smile) training,and "Hey Nels, will you pay me and take my duty?" Words will never describe the type of friend he was to all. He always gave 1000% and the Fleet will be glad that he's on OUR side!

"MOOCH"

JOSEPH MUCCI

GREENSBURG, PA *SRM*

Mooch came to USNA via NAPS and the great metropolis of Greensburg, Pa. to study a little and chew a whole lot of tobacco. Plebe year found Joe to be a real hard charger and full of navy enthusiusm until he started rooming with one certain "BIG MONEY" Kuntz, (who has since been sebrigated from the brigade). The rest of his plebe, youngster, and second class years were devoted to looking after this colorful Greek, who had a tendency to stray from the straight and narrow. Mooch was a common sight around the yard, appearing to be busy, while in actuality he did nothing but line Stribling Walk with his own blend of saliva and Copenhagen. First class year found Joe to be the captain of the lightweight football team. Mooch also found that besides being able to play football, he had an uncanny culinary ability and this was deemed business manager of the Greasy Chopstick. Graduation brings no fear for Joe since his avenue is dictated by our Savior Jesus Christ.

"MURPH"

JOSEPH W. MURPHY

BALTIMORE, MD *FEC*

Pretty Boy Murph, better known to the men of Twenty Four as one of the resident jocks, will undoubtedly be inducted into the Bad Boys Hall of Fame, because of his association with such derelicts as Dr. Illogical, Tarzan, Rocko, Dusty, Big Wally, and a few select others. That kid Murph came to the boat school with more than his share of Townson cool. To say the least. Joe was never at a loss for words, and always good for a laugh. When not sweating' (???), over his QPR, you could find Murph sweatin' it out on the soccer field, or sharing himself with the girls in the local establishments.

We hope Joe never forgets the good times and the many close friends he made at this illustrious institution, because we'll never forget him. Take care, and good luck Joey! . . . The laughter never ceases, the smile never fades.

"BIG AL"

ALBERT R. NAGAO

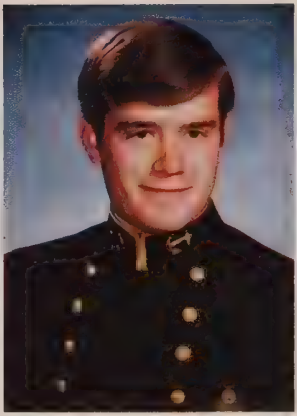
SILVER SPRINGS, MD *SCH*

Boss Nagao came to USNA for the free education and not to be a naval officer — and after one day at this hallowed institution, he knew he had made the right decision. Plebe year found Al to be a hard worker and by his first class year he was founder, owner, proprietor, and head cook of the "Greasy Chopstick" — a red-neck eating joint located on 4-3. Al's biggest obstacles here at USNA proved to be Navy swimming (and Coach Joe Duff), but he managed to get by — just goes to show that all things are possible for those who believe. The bossman's biggest accomplishments during his stay here at the Academy (besides stuffing Theo's overcoat in a desk drawer) include teaching CCD and catching an 8½ pound largemouth bass — what do you expect for a guy who liked to drink tea from an empty cup and watch rocks grow? Al had his priorities straight — his first three were God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. He will make a welcome addition to the Chaplain Corps.

DEAN R. PERRY

BRIDGEPORT, CT *SMA*

Dean came to us from the northern city of Bridgeport, Conn. From the beginning of his plebe year he got off to a sizzling start by getting placed in the squad of the biggest "flamer" in the company. Somehow hesurvived it all and hit youngster year with a bang. At this time he learned that grades and amount of study time were inversely proportional. This started a trend that would last for the next three years. "The King" , as he was known, on many a night left his opponents in the dust on the backgammon and cribbage boards. But he still came through with flying colors in the classroom. Dean and the guys will never forget the post-parade get-togethers every Wed. afternoon at the "Little Campus". He will certainly add much life to the fleet make many friends, and be a fine naval officer. We'll sure miss him.



DAVID J. PIONTEK

AGUIRRE, PR *EAS*

Coming to us from the lush, exotic island of Puerto Rico, Dave began his USNA career by receiving Pres. Carter in his (the President's old) room, and then spooning him. Trying to make the most of academy life, Dave spent marathon hours on tennis courts, at Paula and Jody's, in his model building, photography, stereo, and sleeping hobbies; meeting through concert committee work Jimmy Buffet, Pure Prairie League, and England Dan. The trend continued with a trip to the Lake Placid '80 Olympics, skiing at Wooptown and hiking the AT with Bruce, going to Puertorrican receptions and tailgaters and keeping Junior out of trouble, skydiving, and AIAA trips to Pax River and Alabama. Above all though, there was Madeline, Mari, and Mary Ellen . . . the rest merely filling in. He earned his B.S. in Aero through much Rickover Hall, computers, and in-room travail. From those of us lucky enough to visit his Caribbean home, meet his fine family, or just spend time with him, we gained something which requires that we sincerely say "thanks".

PAULA M. PLOTT

TALLASSEE, AL *SOC*

Paula came to Canoe U. from — well, just about every state in the Confederacy — and then some. This, however has not altered her country style tastes, be it blue jeans or black-eyed peas. YUCK!! (Love those caterpillars! Right, Paula?) I suppose that her Southern cooking is not as bad as the fishfood Paula has often been found handling over at the Rickover aquariums, her second home. that stuff could make anyone ill. Paula did not require that added factor in her condition — but it sure did a job on Willy — may he rest in peace. When not at the tanks Paula could often be found. Where graduation will take Paula, no one knows, but for her sake — let it be somewhere warm!!

"BRAD"

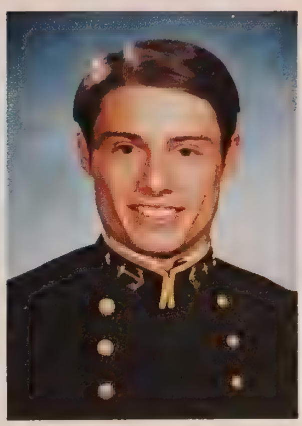
EUGENE B. REX
GLADWYNE, PA *FEC*

Brad Rex "can have anything he wants", was a popular theme throughout 24th Company. Not a matter of malice but a sense of pride was felt throughout Hardcore 24 for "Tyrannosaurus-Rex". Very few have achieved so much in the four year period here at the Academy. Responsibility in the chain of command, academic efficiency and luck with the women were a given. But also getting along well with others was developed, and refined continually, reflecting on Brad's amiable personality. How can we ever let the vision of Brad and his TR-7 go astray?! He could have picked a larger mode of transportation to accomodate all his "Trident Scholarship" work. How can anyone work so hard. . . . Brad, remember us later, like you've done in the past!

"CHUCK"

CHARLES R. SMITH
WINTER PARK, FL *EAS*

Chuck came to USNA looking to continue his stellar rowing career, but little did he know that rowing for Navy equated to year-round masochism. He rowed heavies for a year, before he decided that 185 pounds was too much for his 5' 9" frame to carry or for his summer whites to cover. He managed to lose a girlfriend and gain a fiance by setting a friend up and then snaking him, during his first spring break. Youngster year Chuck was a faithful member of the Dahlgren Boys where he exhibited his thoroughbred taste in girls. By choosing the Aerospace major he never had to worry about boring study, much less wasting his time with a bunch of free periods. His hard work in crew paid off with the captaincy his senior year, and all those letters home paid off too, because Chuck and his Z could be found every weekend in Silver Springs. When Chuck leaves here he will head for the skies and Navy Air, that is if those suddenly friendly Nukes and their money don't talk him out of it.



DOUGLAS J. SPANBAUER
OSHKOSH, WI *HHS*

Doug came to Navy from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. He worked hard plebe year. Towards the end of plebe year, while everyone else was looking forward to Herndon, Doug decided to try and help a classmate get in a little early training for airborne — never a dull moment you might say. Youngster year saw Doug design the Kim Class supercarrier in Dahlgren and visit every college in the area, a really dedicated travelling professional. On a wild fling to Ocean City at the end of youngster year Doug met his future wife. He soon went into debt and bought a classic MGB to commute to Florida on weekends only to meet the local South Carolina sheriff. During first class year Doug continued his southern commuting habits and spent a lot of hours at a gas station. Doug says he isn't planning on running the Quantico O-course in the future but Pensacola is definitely on the agenda.

Good luck and may the skies always be friendly and the landings soft.

"ROCKO"

LOUIS S. STECKLER
FALLS CHURCH, VA *SOC*

Steve Steckler, alias "Rocko," was one of the original BAD BOYS of 24. Steve evolved into the well known "Annapolis Gigolo" during his illustrious Firstie year! He probably appeased more females than Dahlgren could hold on a sensual summer night. Not an ounce of fat anywhere on his body, Rocko's athletic prowess enabled him to win many a muscle-beach competition within the company (but then look at what we had to work with!) Steve's greatest attribute was his own personal leadership style and was vastly responsible for 24 taking a new look at professionalism during his XO stint.

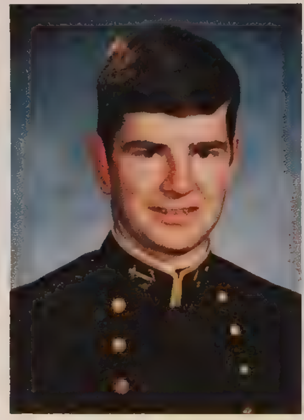
Steve was instrumental in the development of the infamous SHC Corporation with his roommates. His favorite possessions - a gorgeous Red '69 Mustang and a Red '80 10th Anniversary 280ZX. His favorite girl? - Who knows? His dream? - That's easy. To be the best F-14 pilot in the world! He's a natural and will be a great leader no doubt. Good luck at P'Cola and don't forget your friends! Take care Steve.

TWENTY-FIFTH COMPANY

"RANGER"

RICHARD W. WINSLOW
OMAHA, NB *ESP*

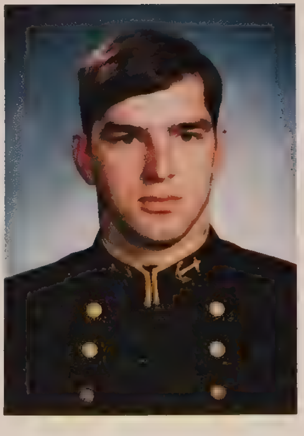
Rick "Ranger" Winslow came to the Naval Academy by horse back from Omaha, Nebraska. He started his college career as a Mechanical Engineering major but soon switched to Marine Engineering in preparation for his service selection of Nuke Power. Then his eyes became good and his mind fickled so now he is going into aviation to chase the clouds and land on postage stamps in the middle of the ocean. His quick change of heart had him sailing plebe year and bagging out of youngster cruise to sail on the Mistral; the shooting skeet youngster year and finally organizing the photography for the '81 Lucky Bag. His battles with Rocket Reed were legendary but Ranger survived. Some of the more important lessons he learned at good old USNA were not to jump off the Chauvenet Hall ledge into snow banks and to stay away from husband-hunting women.



"RON"

RONALD G. ALMETER
SPENCERPORT, NY *EOE*

Ronnie "Death from Above" Almeter came to USNA from the bustling metropolis of Spencerport, New York. Ron already knew about love when he arrived because he missed his John Deere tractor. This primitive love was cultivated by his friends (Woody, Doc, Luke, Donna, etc), nurtured by his plebe year X-mas present, and eventually led to his title as the Casanova of the Phillipines. "Geekmeter" spent many hours at the library keeping his grades up so that at service selection he could pick and choose. Ron's love is the wild blue yonder, which includes parachuting, hang-gliding, and Navy Air (if Hymie doesn't get him). While his classmates were buying Jags & Alfas, Ron bought himself a used cow. After that ran dry he picked up a Duster to carry his hang glider, and dreams of the day he can trade it in for another John Deere, for his own farm. We wish you luck in these and all other pursuits, ronnie, hope to see you in the Fleet, and save some of that cider!



"BILL"

WILLIAM P. ARMSTRONG
CAMP HILL, PA *EEE*

Bill always seemed to take his time doing things here. If he was given a choice of "blowing off" something or doing it the former usually won out. He frequently discussed the merits of USNA in terms used to describe a good vacuum cleaner. His most pressing need in life here was finding the correct tape measure. Bill loved games, backgammon, gin, anything as long as it was during study hour. But if you really needed a hand Bill was always there. Bill's toughest decision when he hits the fleet as a fly boy will be whether to fly it or fix it. Smooth sailing to ya Bill.

"GEORGE"

GEORGE J. BASIL
NORTHFIELD, OH *SMA*

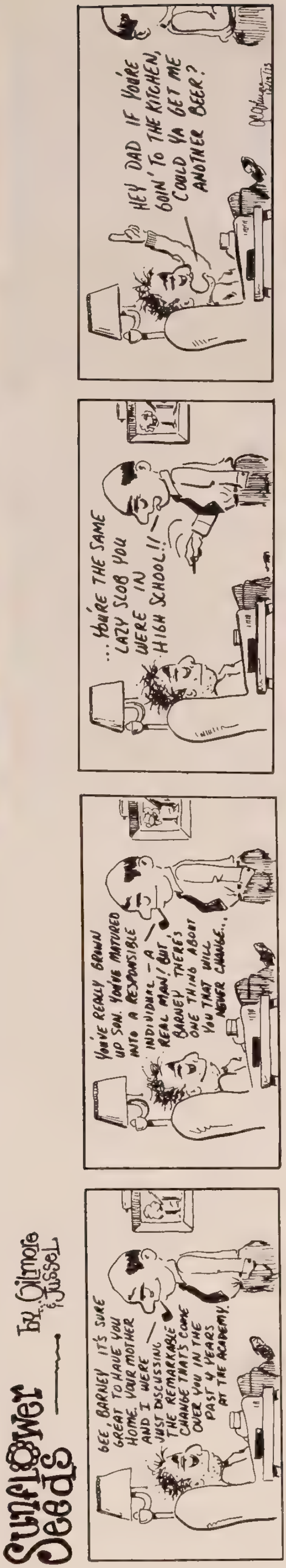
G.J., "The Nose from Northfield,"came to USNA via the Marine Corps and NAPS. After Parris Island, George thought that Plebe Summer was cake and sat back and watched everyone sweat. Academics gave him some trouble Plebe year until George found a solution - become a Math major (OOPS. Ops Analysis). With all of this petty stuff out of the way, George settled down to the serious business of enjoying life. He dated so many different women (up to three in one night) that everyone was amazed he could keep the names straight. George can never be accused of passing up a chance for a party. But all good things must end. Once again George is going to wear the green. The Corps needs a few good men, and George you're there. Good luck to a good friend.

"DENK"

GREGORY DENKLER
ALEXANDRIA, VA SOC

Greg came to Annapolis from that bastion of the salty, NAPS. Denk started off plebe year on the right track by making two varsity teams. As a goalkeeper for the varsity soccer team he was magic but his three black N's may very well earn him a gold watch. Many of us wish we had Greg's company officer because we never got three striper libs until second semester first class year. Maybe it was just for redheads. I guess redheads got car priveleges as youngsters too.

On the soccer field Greg was a genius. He started a few games both plebe and youngster year and took over the starting role for good second class year. Elected co-captain by his teammates first class year, Greg was an All-American hopeful and Senior Bowl candidate. His quick wit and positive leadership brought Greg many friends, even if he would not share his women with them. Navy Soccer and the brigade really lost one but Navy Air gets the best.



Sunflower Seeds —— by Gilmore & Jussel

GEE, BARNEY IT'S SURE GREAT TO HAVE YOU HOME. YOUR MOTHER AND I WERE JUST DISCUSSING THE REMARKABLE CHANGE THAT'S COME OVER YOU IN THE PAST 4 YEARS AT THE ACADEMY.
YOU'VE REALLY GROWN UP SON. YOU'VE MATURED INTO A RESPONSIBLE INDIVIDUAL — A REAL MAN! BUT, BARNEY THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT YOU THAT WILL NEVER CHANGE...
...YOU'RE THE SAME LAZY SLOB YOU WERE IN HIGH SCHOOL!!
HEY DAD IF YOU'RE GOIN' TO THE KITCHEN, COULD YA GET ME ANOTHER BEER?

"TOMMY"

THOMAS R. DOYLE
WOODLAND HILL, CA EME

Tommy 'OTR' Doyle, the Preacher - President, the conscience of the Brigade, the speaker of the Liberal Manifesto from Woodland Hills, California. Every night, between running and calling various blonde and brunette states of the Union, Tom would ponder his fate as a Mech-E (closet bull major) and invariably spew the words, "They're gonna blow my sh-t away!" Tommy was torn between USNA and Notre Dame when choosing a college, so he took the cheap alternative and still claims to be a Fighting Irish at heart (as long as their football team is winning.) Tommy continued his love for football at USNA by trying to overcome his shortness as QB on the company and batt. gridiron. To become a pilot, Tommy had to stay in shape, so he took up running marathons and semi-annual dirty laundry wrestling. Anyone who meets him likes him, anyone who talks to him argues with him, and anyone who knows him respects him and proudly calls Tom a friend. Good night, Irene.

"OTTO"

RONALD J. ELLIOTT
HAVRE, MN SPH

From the Big Sky state of Montana came this unquivocable character. "Otto", as he was called by his classmates, was the foundation of professionalism in EZ-25. His intangible qualities were exemplified during his unparalleled tenure as 25th's Concert Rep. Having lost more records than most mids have ever owned, Ron maintained the finest musical collection west of the Pecos. He continued this exemplary performance as 25th Company's Conduct Officer. If "Toe" wasn't in the rack, you could find him rustling after the Form-2's we all so numerously acquired. Between slagging in Charlie's on Friday nights, and convincing others to slag with him, this ladies' man also spent much of his time attempting to convince 25's Green Diety that he wasn't a liberal, drug-abusing faggot.

However, never one to despair, Otto will definitely go down in the anals of our company as the symbol of EASY in EZ-25.

"GARC"

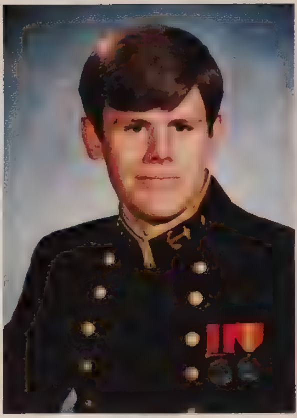
ROBERTO M. GARCIA
VENTURA, CA *SOC*

Robi left the warm sun, big waves, and morning fog of Ventura for the peaceful waters of Annapolis in the summer of '77 and neither shore has been the same since. Dave's surf shop gave way to study of oceanography; morning sessions at the Pipe fell to afternoons on the rugby field; he couldn't even ride his skateboard to school anymore, he had to settle for riding it in Bancroft. His favorite pastime back home came right back with him in the form of a letter each day of the week. And it earned her status as a permanent pastime come graduation. Grace and the Academy got used to each other slowly. He mystified three company officers with lines like "the knowledge that is is the knowledge" and "let it happen, Cap'n". And much to his credit, he left for the air community with the same great spirit he has upon arrival as a young surf punk. Garce has been a great roommate, a good firend; Puerto Rico let a good one get away.

"GREENER"

JON A. GREENE
SCOTTSDALE, AZ *FPS*

Jon (particular about the H that isn't there) Greene, came to the academy from Arizona, an All-American boy from way back. He did, however, smash his Datsun pick-up to pieces while still in high school; a foreshadowing of exciting things to come. At USNA, some of his more notable accomplishments include drinking mass quantities of the cheapest beer or liquor he could find ("Anything that'll give me a buzz," as he so aptly puts it), sending girls flowers one day after breaking up with them, sleeping in his locker, not to mention ripping the ceilings out of Bancroft Hall. (I'm sorry you had to find out about it this way, Mrs. Greene). Although unsure as to whether Bill Nelson or Barry Goldwater is God, Jon is sure of being a surface sailor, even if Lord Rickover isn't. A bonafide "heavy" in everything from music (Rush, Genesis, Fripp and Eno) to grades (4.0 two semesters running). Jon's determination and willingness to work hard are sure to make him a hot runnin' torpedo (sorry, Jon) in the fleet.



"HAF"

JOHN R. HAFEY
MORNINGDALE, MA *FPS*

There is only one word to describe John Hafey . . . American!. Coming from Worcester Mass (nowheresville) via the Marine Corps, the Sarge has shown uncommon spunk for his old age during the past 4 years. A liberal realist, Haf is just the kind of guy you wouldn't expect to meet here (and sometimes the administration wished they hadn't). In true 2-5 spirit Haf has developed into one of the premier slaggers out in town, under the watchful eye of Fuzzy. Not to be beaten in the yard, Sarge has chugged with a few yard-engines in his time. Always ready for a good time Haf has been known to invite his buddies out for one night 3-stripers — at their expense! Downing enough Ice Tea at Charlie's to kill a normal man, Haf became a permanent fixture there during the summer (a honorary JAMFP!). Apparently nuke bound, the poor rascal has threatened to go Corp to avoid the draft, and that is drastic! Mark my word, this guy will be an admiral (or at least LT). Hey baby, good luck in the fleet you American Fighting Man!

"FUZZY BEAR"

DAVID J. HARRISON
SAN DIEGO, CA *SPS*

Dave "FUZZY BEAR" Harrison is a man who believes that variety is the spice of life. How else could you explain someone who comes from Orlando, Tehran, and San Diego? The BEAR had always wanted to be a cowboy, but the poor fellow is too short so he chose the Naval profession instead. FUZZ got his money's worth out of USNA; a well-rounded education - he's been an engineer, an economist and a physical scientist. But most of his time was spent either at Pete's Pool Hall or with his adopted father - Charlie. The JAMFP was undoubtedly one of the most talked about mids in town (especially at Annapolis H.S.). Pensacola - bound after graduation, this guy could even have a good time on a sub!! His only love - an engineless Healey; His only pastime - having a good time; His favorite uniform - WUBA (on certain people); His only defeat - to HAF at the Dealium; His legacy to us - a trusted friend. This hound is bound to be the first Cope-chewing admiral, and we wish him well — Good luck in the fleet FUZZ!!!

"IMAI-SON"

GERRY T. IMAI

EL PASO, TX *SPS*

Gerry Imai came to U.S.N.A. from Rice University. He came to the Academy because he felt the N.R.O.T.C. program at Rice wasn't military enough. After he arrived here he soon wished he was back at Rice. Gerry started out as an electrical engineer but he did not like the way it was cramping his social life. So Gerry changed to Physical Science after momentarily stopping at Physics. After plebe year Gerry spent many Saturday nights shuffling his feet on the dance floor at Dahlgren Hall or at the nearest disco. Gerry bought a new car at the beginning of second class year to help him in his search for that special lady. Gerry was known as "Jumping Imai", because of the number of times his car didn't start on those second class weekends. When Gerry leaves the Navy don't be surprised if you see him opening up a disco.

"BRENT"

BRENT W. JETT

FT. LAUDERDALE, FL *EAS*

Brent is another in the long line of Ft. Lauderdale products that the Academy has come to appreciate, the others being sunshine and suntanned women. Having known Brent before he entered the Academy, it can honestly be said that being Brigade Commander didn't change him in the slightest - he has always been that way. Seriously though, it might be hard to imagine someone with his outstanding performance being just as crazy as the rest of us - maybe worse - but it's the truth! Once he put on his youngster stripe, he was gone more often, to more different places, to see more assorted women, then can be recounted here. Between trips Brent managed to excel at every opportunity available; and therefore, no one can argue with the statement that no goal is beyond his reach. Our prayers will be with him wherever his F-14 takes him.

"JU-JU"

ELLEN M. JEWETT

LACONIA, NH *FPS*

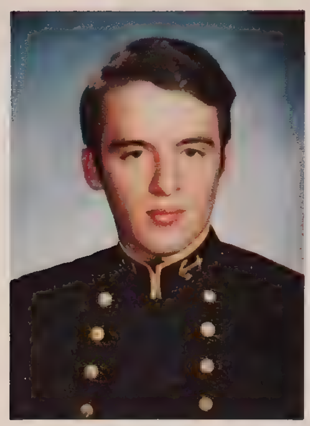
Mama ju ju san, as Ellen is affectionately known to EZ-25, came to us from the small town of Laconia, NH. Hardly a small town girl however, she came to us very experienced after spending time at the U. of NH, U. of Miami, and Orlando. Ellen really enjoyed the academics, so much so that she spent six years getting her undergraduate degree. During study hour Ellen was always expanding her mind; coming up with creative things to say in Chinese, figuring out the force velocity on a kernal of corn in the popper, or contemplating strategy on a backgammon board. With all the time she spent on academics Ellen still managed to find time to develop other interests. She was a member of D&B, Masqueraders, sailing and fencing teams and could use a bull whip better than anyone. Ellen also got very involved in company affairs, she could always be relied on to attend staff meetings at Charlie's. She also got involved with a beautiful golden "Lady". Ellen whatever you do you'll do well, best wishes to a good sport and true friend.

"JONSEY"

JAMES B. JONES

VAN NUYS, CA *HHS*

"Jonesy" immigrated from California to get an education unique at Canoe U. and the east. He epitomizes the true Californian with his physical prowness, heavy drinking, and womanizing. He has a lot of free time to uphold this misleading image, being a History major. He has yet to make it through the O-Course without inflicting damage to the obstacles or to himself. All kidding aside, Brad brings humor to the company and if he dedicates as much time to his service selection as he does to the O-Course, WATCH OUT SURFACE LINE.



"KELCH"

JOHN L. KELLY
HUNTINGTON, NY ESE

John Kelly . . . no not the Academic Dean but one of America's finest without a doubt. That is unless you ask Tim Mulcare. Kelch was launched from Huntington New York and somehow re-entered above Annapolis. Calculator in hand, John had ideas to really make an impression on this place (which he did one way or another). A little crazy Kelch has been known to jump out of perfectly good airplanes, play precision hearts all night and pick systems for a major! The Killer is one of those special people — with an atom splitting option in their contract. But if Hyman doesn't get him (or NASA) deep down Big John has aspirations to follow Dave (Woody) Woods to Pensacola and be a flyboy. Good luck out in the fleet John. And maybe, just maybe if you wish real hard you'll get the chance to serve under the evil Cdro again!

"TRISH"

PATRICIA L. LASELL
MORAGA, CA FPS

TRISH LASELL - from the start she has aspired for high places at the USNA, usually taking the hard route (3 AM HoChi Mihn Trail to climb to the top of Mahan Tower), but the efforts paid off (5 AM hot dippers from the Wardroom bakery.) In her race for the top, she left many friends behind (even her good ol' red Impalla, which died after a year and a half — parked in the yard 3/c and 2/c year). But with the price of gold nowadays, she's an eight striper millionaire. Her competitiveness has won her a place in the world, even NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC has featured her in an article - about a new Super-Species: the B Shark.

Forever the FAVORITE WUB 'A' of EASY 25, DOC and TD especially, will never forget her. Aside from wanting to be a Jet-Jock, a Super-Crew Jock, and an Admiral, The only thing else she needs in life to make her happy, is her favorite ERGO machine.

"LEWK"

KENNETH R. LEWKO
W. COLLINSWD. HGTS., NJ FEC

After a year at NAPS and four years in the Academy, the Navy has still not weened Luke from his father's cheese steaks and french toast. In 1977 when Luke retired his title as South Jersey's second finest Polish fisherman, he took up hammer throwing for Navy to relieve his frustrations and give himself an excuse for eating in great quantities. When he wasn't working out for track with Lopes he could usually be found trying to harness the unusual energies of his rambunctious roommate. While never missing a good movie or a Philadelphia sports event on TV, Ken easily made it through his economics major. Behind all of that muscle of his is an enormous radiating heart which warms all of us who were lucky enough to know ken.

When Luke joined USNA so did his family. Everyone who knows Ken also knows his family and we thank them for bringing him to us.

"NELS"

NELSON O. LITTAUA
CAGAYAN, P.I. ENA

*Nelson hails from the tiny island of Luzon, PHILIPPINES. He came to the United States Naval Academy in July 22, 1977 to join the supreme class of 1981. After spending the first three months of plebe-year at the PHILIPPINE MILITARY ACADEMY, Nelson found himself again in another plebeyear here at the academy. Mentally, it was too taxing for Nelson. But physically, it was not that bad for him. Skating through youngster cruise, Nelson found himself among the Gods during youngster year. Second semester showed signs of bad trouble for Nelson. He was confronted by the biggest *@$% of all by the name of Hilburn. This guy never gave Nelson a chance. Wherever he is now, I hope he will not go chasing birds with his F14 or anything in the Philippines skies because I know for sure Nelson will be the first one to shoot him down. Luckily Nelson made it to first class year although still suffering from the wounds inflicted by the evil GAFF. I regret that I will say goodbye to him come graduation day.*

"DERRY"

JAMES R. NAULT
NEWTON, NH *EME*

James R. Nault (aka Derry, Newton, The Pillar, Nautilus) came riding out of New Hampshire on his white horse leaving behind his fair damsel Jeannie (aka The Wicked Witch of the North), bringing with him a cheap stereo and "wicked heavy" albums. He leaves with a better stereo, even more albums, and an armful of Ayn Rand books. The name Pillar is most apt for Jimmy. 190 pounds of French-Canadian dynamite, he was a mainstay in 25th CO. fieldball and 5th Batt. Rugby. However, more importantly, he is the kind of person that will never change. He knows what he wants, why he wants it and how he's going to get it. He's left his mark on all of us (as well as the bar in tbe Fleet Reserve Club). So as the sun slowly sets in the west (and The Lamb Lies Down on Broadway) we bid our temporary farewell, though we know we'll meet again On The Road to Utopia.

"FREDDY"

FRED P. REITZEL
VERONA, NJ *SPS*

Leaving Verona, N.J. for a year of prep school, Freddy made the big step and broke on through to the other side, ending up in the Navy and at the Academy. He cruised down in his party mobile, the Dart. Freddy now sports a new "love van" and neither car has ever been parked at the Academy legally. Despite being the 5th Batt Cdr. (supposedly believed by most of his close friends) his youngster year, he had trouble getting out on weekends, and probably would have gone insane had it not been for profitable trips to Calif. and home. Usually seen hunting with Lock, Freddy was well known in his years here. Starting in football for 3 years, 2 at safety, and 1 at QB, speaks for itself in regards to his athletic ability. Always known for being able to keep up with the heaviest of partiers, whether he is scheming on girls or sailing with Eastern Airlines big wheels, he is always a pleasure to have around. Famous for his corny jokes, and out of control hair, he carries everyone's luck with him.

"RICKSO"

DAVID L. RICKS
BARBERTON, OH *ESE*

A product of Barberton, Ohio and massive amounts of work on the Natilus machine, David "Big Daddy" Ricks came to the Naval Academy to find out who was stronger. Always looking for a challenge Dave chose Systems Engineering and resorted to talking to the computer to occupy his time. Even after a disastrous year with the room studs and surviving lethal doses of B squared he pulled through by studying Saturday nights in front of the television. Swimming was nothing new to Dave. Knowing that Ricks and water didn't mix he sought refuge with the 150 lbs football team as their starting tackle. Needing energy and being the hearty eater that he was, Dave was famous for his culinary expertise at the tables, and not to mention his Pop Tart and Soda diets when he was in season. Being the hard worker that he was Rickso always found time for the rack, but whenever somebody needed something done or needed help "Big Daddy" was there to give a lending hand. Thanks, Dave.

"OTIS"

MARK O. RODGERS
ATLANTA, GA *SPS*

Trading the land of Southern belles, Southern hospitality and southern Comfort for the realities of a Naval career, Mark has made a lasting impression on all of us here in 25. Some trade wasn't Mark? Arriving for Plebe summer with dreams of system engineering and Drum and Bulge Corps for four years Otis was all set. Otis received relatively little attention Plebe year until a bottle of schnapps brought him into the limelight. One black-N later Otis was ready to start Youngster year. Living in the Rebel room, Otis discovered how different engineering really was. This didn't fit with Oits' view on collegiate life and the fact that Admirals don't like people with QPR'S that get smaller when you square them, Otis turn to Phy Sci and a new Trans-am. Otis met most of his challenges second class year from his rack. This last year has found Otis involved with Pep Band, Army projects and preparing to join his brother in Navy Air. Mark has been the best of friends and we wish him success.

"ROLF"

KENNETH ROHLFING

WOODBRIDGE, VA *HHS*

Rolf has been one of our more unusual characters in EZ25 ever since he arrived for Plebe Summer with his "Yellow Bird". He really enjoyed Plebe Summer, both of them in fact. The second one was just a little better. If the plebes didn't appreciate his efforts, he could always find a hometown honey who would. Always a cheerful sort, a homecooked meal in nearby Woodbridge, Va was always available. A History major, Rolf adapted to the academic routine by staying up late (sometimes until 10:00 PM!) and spending many hours contemplating gnomes, trolls, and gelatinous cubes. Of course, he learned right away not to let trivial things like grades take priority over important things like TV or Pep Band. Rolf has seen his share of the world, having quaffed many a beer in such far-away places as Europe, Greece, and Dahlgren Hall. Join the Navy and see the world, right? Destined to join the Surface Jocks, he'll at least see the greater ¾ of it. Have at it Rolf and just remember when things are tough, you're pretty strong for a wirey guy.

"WILLIE"

WILLIAM E. TAYLOR

SAVANNAH, GA *SCH*

Willie came to Canoe U. from God's Country - Savannah (Georgia). So he tells us. Organically inclined he enrolled in the Pre-Med program. Out of the classroom, Weekend supplemented his studies with three windshields to his credit and subjected his Mr. Atlas physique to the black and blue of Rugby. Never an underachiever, he could fit labs, recumbant workouts, and catch the last set of windsprints, all in a single afternoon. Spending the first two years traveling domestically, including such hotspots as Ft. Benning, The Warrior decided to eXpand his horizons on the international scene. In Puerto Rico he found out what a Pina Colada is and that the girls were dying to meet him. In SWEDEN he learned that instead of chastity belts, one wears a perfume bottle around the neck! Who can forget the good times and riches with JOHN and The Boys at Riverside Drive. Even though Willie yearns for a medical degree, we know that whatever he does he'll be a smooth operator.

P.S. A special thanx to Mom, Dad, Dish & the gang, and the Boys of 25.

"JACK"

JACK E. VESS

SUMTER, SC *HHS*

Jack Vess (alias Sally's hubby or Jack Armstrong the All-American boy) arose from the swamps of South Carolina to come to USNA. He gave up his good-ole-boy ways to become a model midshipman. Then when plebe Summer was over he got that craziness out of his system and bought a van. Jack's favorite pastimes spilling beer on the carpet of his van, swimming in overalls with a bottle of bourbon, not studying and harrassing people who were trying to study and bouncing bottles of rum off cement. But despite his constant partying he managed to get hooked by a sweet, young Marylandite. He just said "Hey Baby" and she was on him like a duck after a junebug. Jack is now looking forward to a 30+ year career and having 15 or 16 little Jacks and Sallies. We say goodbye to all 18 of them with sadness, because above all they were good friends.

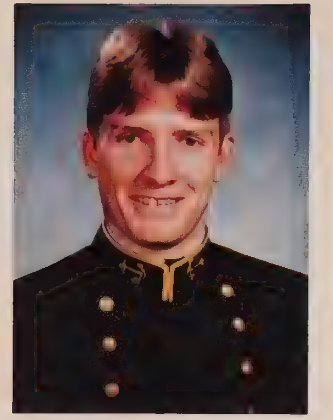
"PAUL"

PAUL S. WEHR

HOUSTON, TX *EOE*

Paul Wehr dribbled his way out of Kentucky after a promising career in high school basketball, but after a couple of years playing Plebe/JV, he decided that it wasn't enough of a challenge for him so he stuck to company and battalion level from there on in. Paul's love of basketball extends beyond just participation. In fact his love of U.K. B-ball is only surpassed by his hatred of clean laundry, studying, and by an appetite comparable to that of a hippopotamus . . . a very large hippopotamus. He is well known for his sarcastic wit, foot odor, and a propensity to grow mushrooms and other types of fungus in his laundry bag. Paul somehow latched on to a beautiful sorority type from home, named Gibson (I'm not sure whether it was Bob or Henry), and promptly had her move into Bancroft, well almost (She lives about 30 yards outside gate 3). She must like mushrooms. No matter what we say about Paul though no one can deny that he is The Big Man both in height and the opinion we hold of him. Let me tell ya' . . . He's a big guy.

TWENTY-SIXTH COMPANY



"WOODY"

DAVID B. WOODS
EDEN, UTAH *SPS*

David Boyce Woods came to the Academy, sight unseen, from that prolific village of Eden, Utah, leaving behind an understanding fiancee and an August 1977 wedding date. And, although it took him some time to adjust to the flatlands and the big bodies of water, Woody always did seem at home in a crew shell on the Severn and hence will take home more jewelry and adornments than he had when he arrived. Never one to be caught dead with books during study hour, Woody became an expert at wooing the midnight gouge after an evening of backgammon, arm wrestling, story topping and disturbing the engineering types. Yet, Woody has always been that "people" type of gut, and as such, never had any problems in the staff room or wherever else he was working out of during his time here. So now, well fed and steered true by Jake and Shorty back home, with an XJ6 in tow, and that same woman still willing to marry him, Woody, Waylon, Willie, and Wright sail into the sunset. We can only hope he never sails too far away.

"SKI"

THOMAS P. YAVORSKI
WHIPPANY, NJ *SCH*

Tom "SKI" Yavorski hails from Whippany (where?) New Jersey. He came to the Academy to become a doctor (good recruiting pitch, hey SKI?), but will probably be operating on reactors in a few years. From the beginning it became apparent to us that nothing could phase SKI's happy-go-lucky attitude on life. Whenever things got tough, you could always count on SKI to find the lighter side of the matter. He is famous on two accounts: the only 25'er who never got mad during our 4 year odessey; and the only one who never got anyone mad at him. Pretty respectable traits if you ask us. SKI is one of those gifted individuals that was able to maintain a near 4.0 in a Chemistry major and not be labelled a geek. The Pollack was the founder of the Dealium and as such directly responsible for FUZZY's academic prowess. He has his eye on the ?Nuke bonuses to help at the horse track. SKI will do well in the fleet. He has the rare capacity to laugh at adversity and to make others laugh with him. GOOD LUCK AND GOD BLESS SKI

"SLANT"

JEFFREY D. BRANDT
PAPILLION, NB *SMA*

How can four years of Jeff be compressed into one brief synopsis? Well to sum it up, this Midwestern Big Red fan came East to learn, and learn he did. He learned about the chicken and the egg and vice versa, of "photogeneticness," and how not to listen to everything he heard. He learned to like Z-96, eat but NOT like crabs, deal with Bowie women (?), and drink 151 after Husker victories. To the tune of 3 point 5, Jeff successfully learned to seek every "Nate the Skate" type prof the OA Department had to offer. On the field of contest he learned to use his athletic prowess to dominate intramurals — when his body worked, that is. Yet the one thing Jeff failed to learn was how to be a dedicated Mid; for as the brigade was getting behind the Blue Wave, he was getting into New Wave and Elvis Costello. Can't knock Jeff, though, as he is one in total control. He knows that everything, including total happiness, is relative. And he knows there's angels up there just longing to wear his "Red SHoes." May they never get them . . .

"CHIPS"

MARY A. BRIGDEN
PEWAUKEE, WI *FEC*

Mary Chips Brigden sailed our way from Pewaukee, Wisc., was the last person to apply for admission to the Class of '81, became an All-American at Dinghy Sailing, and won the I-don't-care-they-can-just-stuff-it award for four straight years. Being VERY professional, Mary used to counsel the underclass on: the evils of drink . . . after all, when WE were plebes !, on fraternization (they can really LYNCH you for that one), on celebrating Service Selection Night in flower P.J.'s, on the importance of marching in the FALL and SPRING, on learning the plebes names, on cocktail party etiquette, on birthday parties, on spinaker flying plebe summer, on spring breaks on Long Island, on being on every catalog mailing list in the country, on Air Force blue laundry, on NO laundry, on twelve million copies of the WALL STREET JOURNAL, on baby brothers, on sleep talking, on DJB, on dreams of white lace caught on fighter aircraft, and on best friends. Fair winds, following seas, and cheers. Love, C.

"SCOTT"

SCOTT A. BROWN

SAN DIEGO, CA EOE

Scott left sun, surf, and Swan Enterprises, and traversed three thousand miles from San Diego to become a plebe and suffer through four years on the east coast. It was this kind of dedication and selflessness that is characteristic of a guy who has always been a "friend in need" to all of us. If not working to make his own truck (the only TONKA TOYOTA in the world with HOOKER HEADERS!) look "fast" he was usually helping someone else put in a car stereo, fix a transmission, or resurface a clutch. Choosing Ocean Engineering as his major, Scott found immediate "practial" application in the Scuba club and has even admitted that the Florida Keys is a great place to dive. His Spring leave jaunts down south have won him popularity in a small town 33 miles east of Yeehaw Junction and a second mom who calls him "brains"(?). Having successfully avoided radiation hazards, Scott hopes to earn his surf ace line wings and pilot a Spruance in harm's way.

"BURKIE"

JOHN H. BURKE

HORNELL, NY SRM

Now here's one guy who's good to have on your side! Stubbornly moral, unconditionally candid, competitive, and fun-loving, this brawny "upstater" has muscle and guts enough to do anything, anytime, anywhere. Seemingly undaunted by four years spent at the mercy of academic trial and military tribulation we all-I know, John went about his merry way half starved, half-sloshed, half-cocked, and somehow halfway serious, the latter most visible in sport. Built for power (and he'll add speed), John chose Navy baseball when they told him he couldn't letter in three sports. Midway through his stint here, though, John left Lawrence Field for the Rugby battlegrounds, a place he'd never been. Ironically, it was here John finally made his mark; and fortunately (for me anyway), it was here he found a haven for his aggressive spirit and hypercharged body. Yep, John's got it all, and a baby grand proboscis maximus to boot! What he's going to do with that thing in this Navy is HIS problem. We think the world of you, Burkie!

"C.C.RIDER"

CHARLES H. CHURCH

ALEXANDRIA, VA SOC

C.C. Rider squirmed to USNA from the wild town of Alexandria, VA. Always looking for a good time, Charlie's craziness found its way into the hearts of many women, who in turn found their way into the Den of Sin. You could say C.C. had USNA wired. With his Uncle Seth living about a mile away, and his Hobie 18, Charlie managed to turn many gloomy weekends into great times. Charlie sometimes could be found chasin' wuba, although not in the same style as his friend Fitz. The Navy will have its hands when Charlie hits the fleet. He will do well there. There's good times to be had in the Navy. Take care Buddy.

"EARL"

JOHN E. CLAY

KNOWVILLE, TN SRM

John Earl Clay came to the Naval Academy from Guam via the backwoods of Tennessee. Plebe year didn't agree with Earl, but a change of roommates, majors, and that first stripe did wonders for him. Never one to be shy, John quickly became the Terror of Dahlgren Hall. Old love-em-and-leave-em Earl had a new girl every week until he found one he couldn't leave. Second Class year left everyone wondering whether he lived in sixth wing or Silver Spring. First Class year leaves John wondering: Is there a reactor in my future? Is therelife after the Naval Academy? What will ever become of John and Kathy? For the answers to these and other baffling questions, tune in again next time.

"SEMI"

STEVEN W. COLON
HUNTINGTON, NY *SRM*

Steve got his first taste of Navy life at Newport, R.I. at NAPS. It was there that he became famous for nodding out in loud nightclubs. His Mustang provided needed relief from the rigors of NAPS life. Steve's natural love of sports, nice women, and eating ice cream convinced him to come to the USNA. Sometime during plebe summer it was noticed that he always had an unusual amount of extra enerty . . . done.

"EIDER"

GERALD N. EIDE
PRAIRIE VILLAGE, KS *EME*

Feast your eyes, Ladies and gentlemen, on tHbe brightest kid in town. Gerald Norman came to the boat school from Praire Village, Kansas. Where the hell is Praire Village? When he arrived, he brought more than his share of brains. Plebe year Gerry established himself as the company gouge. Youngster and Secondclass year, his brain kept on ticking as he was selected for the National Honor Society for Mechanical Engineers! This boy is not all brains though. Instead of a soul, Gerry brought spirits to the Academy. Youngster year Gerry discovered alchol! He was never a person to turn down a few pitchers of beer and a good Royals game. His endeavors were highlighted by winning the Naval Academy Rodeo Championship and waking up on the floor after the company mess night. If all goes well, expect to see "The Scurvy Dog" on one of Rickover's toys. P.S. My friend likes you and she wants to meet you!!

"BOWZER"

DEAN E. FISH
WISCONSIN DELLS, WI *SOC*

Dean came to USNA, (Uncle Sam's Nutty Asylum) from the Marine Corps with an obstructed view of reality. Not to say that he was a rookie, but he was green! Although we never broke him of his Marine habit, he has learned to give commands in broken English. In reflection, his background in green gave him an advantage in blue. During Plebe year he was an aide to all who cared to take his advice. It was amazing to hear all of the "Fishisms" on everything, but mostly on cars and especially Vettes. It wasn't until his second class year that his true love came to live around here. Yes, his "62" Vette took up most of his free time. Stripes (4 of them) never went to his head, just to his collar and to the rest of the Batt's Heads! What, him worry? Never! You could always pick Dean out in a crowd. If it was warm; T-shirt and jeans, and if it was cold; T-shirt, jeans and a leather jacket stars and all. Dean was a kick back from the 50's and 60's; A vintage soul waiting for his commission; "A MID without a cause."

"LEO"

LEONARD G. GOFF
RANCHO CORDOVA, CA *EOE*

Just let me say you've got to be the sanest person I know. 'Tis true that none of us know exactly where we're headed, but you unlike the rest of us certainly act like you do. I guess that's why you can afford to be so crazy. For driving, drinking, and drawing, it always had to be a Porsche, Tequila, and naked women. And it always was. A trace of egocentricity perhaps? Perhaps. How about Samurai broomsman, company arsonist, and ace fur trapper? Yes YOU were all of these. And then there was your relentless pursuit of culture, a drive somehow manifested in pipes, hats, trivia, a beaver, a chicken, an egg, and a Grapevine. A trace on the flaky side? No doubt . . . Yet amidst all this nonsense exists sobriety — a rational being possessing great reasoning powers, a noble sense of reality (and of course, sleep), and alas, the love of a blonde California high school sweetheart. Yep Leo, you've got it all! So here's to you and the Navy, whether it be one for you of high-flyers or low-glowers. Thanks for the laughs and the peace of mind.

"GONZO"

JEFFERY R. GONZALES
COLORADO SPRGS., CO EGE

Armed with a I3A4A Schilke mouthpiece, Jeff joined the ranks of USNA from the beautiful mountain state of Colorado. During his stay here he earned many unique nick names. He answered to "Gonzo", "Tabasco Eater", "Gooney Bird", and "Zog" to name but a few. Being somewhat quiet, Jeff found a loud way to express himself - music. Jeff joined the Drum and Bugle Corps as a Plebe and kept with it all the way to Firstie hood. Jeff was even Drum and Bugle Corps Commander during Plebe Summer 80.

Jeff developed a stronger faith here at USNA which made him even more loveable. Yet, when opportunity for a good time arose, Gonzo arose also (remember the Madi Gras).

Jeff plans to be a member of the best and reach for the stars by becoming a Navy pilot after graduation.

"KIRK"

KIRK N. HARNESS
JACKSONVILLE, FL SMA

Kirk came drifting into USNA with camera in hand and smile at the ready to discover he had to go through something called Plebe Summer. Although he lived in a pigpen created by his roommate, he seldom got into any trouble, preferring to remain quietly out of sight. With promotion to Youngster status, Kirk accidentally found himself working (?) for the yearbook staff, and someday the staff may find him working (by accident). He also obtained the dubious status of Varsity sub-Squad manager, but Kirk wouldn't let that stand in the way of his search, for new parties and friends. Second Class year found the Silver Bullet treking across the Maryland countryside as an official exchange student to Hood, where he majored in libation and minored in exploitation, much to the delight of Smith Hall. As a Firstie, Kirk was back on his endless search for new parties, never being seen twice in the same place and making new friends everywhere he went. Kirk soon hopes to trade the Silver Bullet for an FFG and a partyhouse in Jax. Beach.

"HUBES"

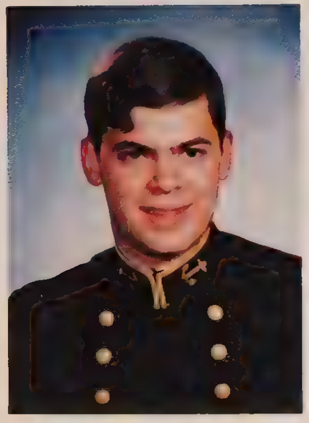
AUGUST S. HUBAL
ARLINGTON, VA SPS

Scott claims to be from Virginia, but he is from many lands. Plebe year held many interesting experiences, including episodes at hospital point, in a sailing yawl, and even Chaplain Bedingsfield's house. Well, someone had to have a fun Plebe year. The 6-I Phantom can never be forgotten for his words of wisdom and spite. Girls and Scott seemed to go together naturally, he has girls at San Diego, Rutger's, Virginia, Mary Mount and even Mother-B. During plebe detail he ran Mr. Hubal's neighborhood and organized Hubal's Heroes. There is so much to say and not enough space to say it so just ask Scott when you see him at the 4-I Bar and Grill. The Hub-8 incident, Air Force weekend, JAMFP's and the memorial Overlook affair there is is not enough room just ask Hubs.

"WAYNE"

DAVID W. JACKSON
TUCSON, AZ SRM

Dave hails from the golden land of Arizona, where he worked hard but partied harder. After a strenuous year in the P.E. Dept. at the U. of Arizona, Dave decided to come to USNA. Although the transition from college life to plebe was difficult, Dave never forgot his partying skills, and made the most of a dry plebe year. During his second class year one could always find him at Weems, or wherever else the Doctor was. Being a true sportsmen, Dave fit right into his ZX - always with Burke's cooler. First class year saw Dave don his Batt f-ball pads for the 150's. If the Nukes don't grab this academic wizard, we will soon see him as a Navy NFO.



"JAWS"

STEVEN A. JAWORSKI

BELLEROSE, NY *SRM*

Steve came to us from "The Island" dreaming of glory at mach 2. Finding himself going blind and color blind at the same time, Steve began to consider the Marine Corps.

A management major from youngster year, Steve is more likely to become president of GM than Commandant of the Corps. His carefree, jovial attitude should carry him to success, whichever way he goes.

Ladies, Beware! This man is extremely disarming and very likely to win your heart. A firm believer in equal opportunity, Jaws will chase any female. Based out of USNA , Jaws led attacks on the female dorms of Princeton, Maryland, Georgetown, and Marymount.

A partier? Yes. A slacker? Never! Steve worked as hard as he played achieving a cum of 3.4. Jaws is a person we should all look forward to seeing in the fleet, especially if we have liberty that night!

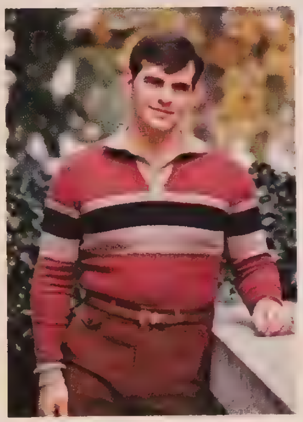
"BUNS"

CARY P. JONES

MANASSAS, VA *SRM*

This All-American girl — blond, blue eyes, freckles — with the enthusiasm to be a cheerleader for three years, the athletic prowess to by a gymnast, swimmer and track star (anyone who survived Major Dunham that 1st year is a star in my book!), the talent and co-ordination (not to mention finesse) to carry off the lead in the musical, and mostly, the patience to live with me for four years, can only be Cary.

Plebe year went by pretty quick, what with falling in love with a certain javelin thrower (who'll always be pretty high on her list), making national television at Army hanging from trees . . . remember Jane Paul Jones? Youngster year Cary showed extraordinary leadership as section leader when a prof fried her whole class for disrespect to the section leader-even her! Actually Cary's a natural leader, with a supply of initiative and responsibility that never runs short. The next year found her busy with stripes, cakes, and men! Lola gets what she wants and she wants to fly. Best of luck in P-cola. Love, M.



"VINCE"

VINCENT D. MAGUIRE

BOSTON, MA *EGE*

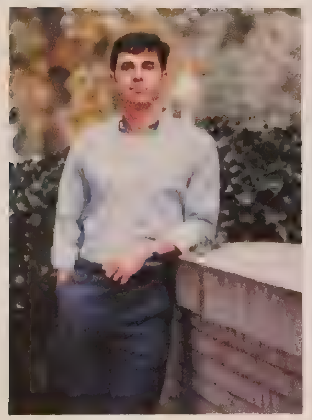
Vince came to USNA directly from Boston and neveah allowed anyone to fahget that fact. Evah since he squared his first cohna, urging those around to "BEAT AAHMY" Vince has stood out from the rest. He was always willing to take time out from his busy rack schedule to help tutah othahs or explain some of the rathah unique qualities of the fourth dimension. As youngster year rolled around, Vince returned to his first love; drinking beeah. One could find our local Bostonian in Dahlgren downing his brews and meeting various college cuties. The Millah beeah affair and Rod Stewert impersonations rounded out the yeah. Second class yeah found Vinny breaking records at Timmy's with his Hawaiinan contahpaht afteah every P-rade. Vince was part of a team that broke land speed records over Eastah weekend beginning with a round trip to Boston for three cases of Heffenraefer on Friday, losing his caah and girl on Saturday and waking up the next morning remembering nothing. Good luck in the skies above us!

"DICK"

RICHARD M. MANSKI

LOMBARD, IL *EAS*

Dick came to Annapolis full of ambition. His abmition gave him motivation to test his abilities fully. He availed himself of the many unique training experiences offered to midshipmen at USNA. Jump school was fun to him. Dick could find enjoyment in what most would consider torture. Second class summer Dick teamed up with Ken Spiro for a first hand look at the Navy's special warfare forces. When someone mentions buds to Dick, he does not think of a refreshing cold one. Dick's affiliation with the Drum and Bugle Corps has been instrumental in making the D&B the respected organization it is. Dick tackled his academics with the same swift stride. It was many a night that he would spend burning the midnight oil. He has glided through aerospace engineering with a QPR which hovered around a 3.00. He has been an excellent roommate these four years. I can't say goodbye or goodluck to him without tears, so goodbye old friend. I'll see you around.



"ERIC"

ERICSON W. MENGER
VERO BEACH, FL *SPS*

Eric came to us a small town boy from Vero Beach, Florida (33 miles east of Yeehaw Junction) and his time here has been occupied to the fullest. He consistently sets high goals for himself and always performs each task to the best of his abilities with unfailing dedication. This is most evident whenever Eric sits down at his desk to study, or dives into his pillow to rack. Eric, a graduate of "Mike & Max's Crash Corruption Course", has neverthless done his best to maintain his small town standards while still having a good time. From his enthusiasm in the yearly SCUBA trips to the Keys, Eric became known as "sea hunt" or "Jacques (Cousteau)". Then there was the one Christmas leave when Eric met the "light of his life" — a little blue recycled aluminum beer can (it even says ALCOA under the paint) which he prefers to call a Dodge Colt. Unless he cannot escape the clutches of the nuclear power program, Eric should soon be sunning on the beautiful Pensacola beaches and flying F-14's in his spare time.

"MUGSY"

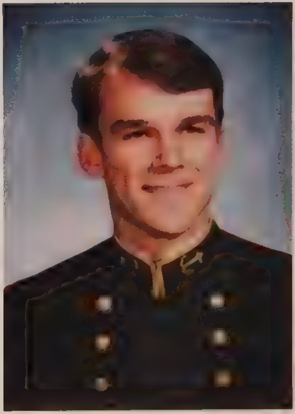
MARK T. MULLIGAN
RIDGEFIELD, NJ *ENA*

MUdouble LIGAN spells ZEPHYR. The orange headed terror from Ridgefield N.J. From the outset Mark was determined to excell in academics as well Plebe June Week date, whom he hadn't seen since Christmas, to go improve his body. Youngster year brought him Naval Architecture as his major and his unique all nighters in the HEAD?! Mark almost lost his life one night when he left the head frustrated and awoke his roommate for help?! Zephyr was also the founder of the now famous "ALI" style of boxing - That is protecting his hands with his face. Second class year found Mark abandoning his refuge in the head and retreating to his truck for his weekend all nighters. Through his years at the Academy Mark changed in many different ways. Mugs discovered a few new "curves of form" that he had missed in all of his Naval Architecture books. He also discovered that there were safer ways to relieve his frustrations than waking his roommy, even jail was safer! Well good luck Mark and have a glowing career!

"O'HANK"

ORLIN H. NIEMAN
RIVERVIEW, MI *SOC*

From the U.S.S. Enterprise and the Viet-Nam conflict, to the Naval Academy Prep school, and finally to a place he loved before he ever arrived - the UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY. Hank not only met the challenge of USNA, tackling each obstacle with the ease of a well-seasoned athlete, but also he was successful in reuniting his family by moving them all to Annapolis. Hank attributes these accomplishments to the grace of God in his life. Hank's career in the navy also marked the beginning of his relationship with Jesus Christ. He accepted the Lord while onboard the Enterprise, and continued to nurture his faith by participating in the 26th. Company bible study and the Officer's Christian Fellowship. Hank is characterized by his perserverence and stubborness; when he sets his mind on something, he always succeeds. He knows how to deal with people well. It has been a pleasure being your roommate during our stay at USNA. We will always be close friends. Good luck and fair sailing Hank . . .



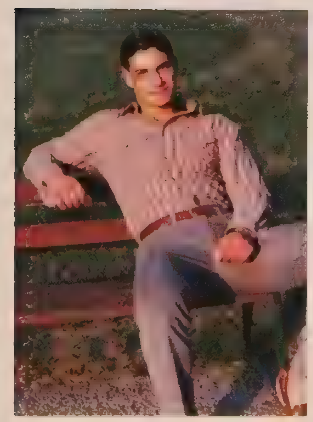
"TROUT"

BRADLEY P. SALMON
SAN DIEGO, CA *HHS*

Brad, more commonly known to his company as "TROUT", is a Navy junior and never had one permanent home while he was at USNA. When he came to 26 out of a small town named Clinton Hills, he had illusions of grandeur about sailing the Seven Seas in a fast frigate. This soon changed to flying the friendly skies and along with it, came another move, this time to San Diego.

Playing soccer, printing posters during study hour, producing a play, and a general dislike for any kind of academics, did not make for a tremendously high CQPR - but he didn't get a letter from you-know-who either.

By staying as far away as possible from both Hood and the Dogpen, Brad is going to walk out of here a free man; but who knows for how long? Anyway, he swears Roger is going to end up owing him $10.00. July will see Brad trudging through the wilds of the Virginia countryside for 6 months. His last line to all was, "THANKS '81!".

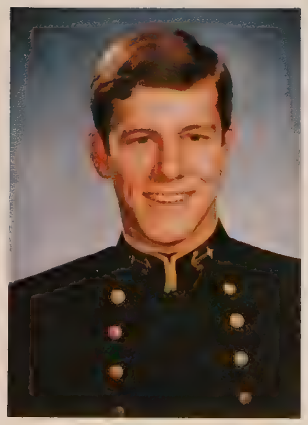


"MAX"

MAX SCHULTZ

SCHENECTADY, NY *EME*

Max joined us here at USNA from Schenectady, New York (Who could pronounce it, yet alone spell it.) knowing little or none of what was in store for him. Plebe year brought out his love for physical and mental punishment as he chose crew for his sport, and Mechanical Engineering as his major. (or was it Mechanical engineering as his sport and crew as his major?) Third and second class year saw more of the same, and as a first class he traded his oar in for his diploma. On weekends, when not rowing, max could be found on the road in search of good times and adventure, finding it at the east coast beaches, looking at Porsches in Va., or in up state New York. Upon graduation Max will be found cruising "like a big dog!!" on the seven seas. The surface community is getting a good man, and I wish him a prosperous career.



"SLACK"

PATRICK F. SEIDEL

BEL AIR, MD *SOC*

Pat, a classical case of a home grown kid, hails from the thriving metropolis of Bel Air, MD . . . 21014. He originally came to this fine institution with visions of becoming an upstanding career naval officer with nuclear power in mind. Well, things quickly deteriorated after spending a season on Black Lasie with the boys and its been downhill ever since.

Pat's always been a little off the wall. The boys don't think he's playing with a full deck. In fact they think he is suffering from brain damage. Pat was in competition to see how long he could get away with wearing white works but fell short of the record by one week and two form-2's, better luck next time.

On any given day there's a 50/50 chance that Pat can be found: a) On the white boat, b) Partying with the boys, c) Bolting up the road with Lance to see a little bird named Robin, d) All of the above. SAIL FAST, DIVE THE REEFS AND DRINK NATIE PREMOS.

"VINNY"

VINCENT J. SMARJESSE

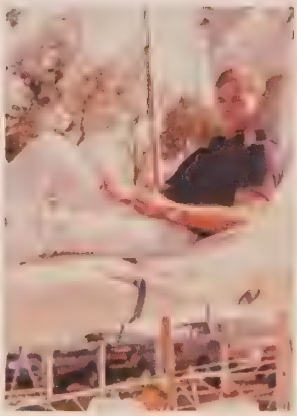
PEORIA, IL *SMA*

Out of the heartland of America, Vince came to USNA ready and eager to get started at the school he had been waiting to attend since sixth grade! Once Plebe summer was out of the way, Vince was able to join the swim team and do what he liked best; diving. And dive he did! He rose to become one of the best divers ever at the Academy.

Vince spread himself in other areas as well: scuba, choir, ring dance committee, D&B (PAO), IHDB club, and yes, folks . . . AIRBORNE!!!

First class year, Vince was usually found either riding his beloved motorcycle (Bike in the yard? Who, me?) or (what else) diving. Vince was liked and respected by all.

It will be a long time before Vince forgets "zoomies" on ice, ring dance activities, powdered youngsters, marathon running, and meetings of the two a.m. club. Vince is sure to be an asset to whichever service he finally decides to enter.



"KEN"

KENNETH V. SPIRO

HOPEWILL JCT, NY *SPS*

A native from New York, Ken wasn't found sitting around much during his stay at the Academy. He was a participant in such clubs as scuba, karate, photography and distance running. He rowed crew for 2 years until he got the urge to let the wind do the work for him while on the sailing team. He then stayed in shape by dabbling in a couple of marathons and attending BUD'S during 2/c year.

Ken's loves included his 280Z, Gonzo's facial expressions during wrist curlers, putting "zoomies" on ice, abusive Brant nights, and powdering youngster rooms at 0300 with the aid of a scuba tank.

A persistent and determined individual who never quit, Ken was a winner in the eyes of many. He worked hard, played hard, and is changing his favorite color to Haze Gray!

TWENTY-SEVENTH COMPANY

"STANK"

MICHAEL A. STANKUS
SALEM, MA *SPS*

Flying into USNA from Salem, Mass., (with a 1 year stop in Zoomieland), Mike came with big ideas on how the boat school should be run. After all, how many other people have gone through 2 Plebe years? Barely avoiding major trouble throughout his second one, Mike's outgoing personality and creative(?) ideas quickly won him the respect and admiration of classmates and seniors alike. His bravery was unquestioned as the Polish Ferrari could be seen running any day of the week to the closest professional sporting event, only to return minutes before taps. Second class year our intrepid sailor founded and presided over the newest of the ECA's, FTNA, where weekly meetings were enjoyed by all at little Campus. Not to tarnish his professional image (or take up any of his leave) Mike quickly volunteered for his second YP cruise where he indoctrinated the class of '83 in the art of partying. (sometimes using his own homemade "Stank Beer.") This diehard Boston fan hopes to trade his WUBA for Wings of Gold and a seat in an A-6E.

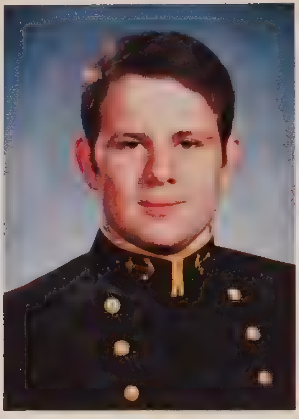
"WESSMAN"

DAVID G. WESSING
WHITHSBORN, NY *EGE*

Dave, affectionately known as "Wessman" came to USNA from the fun filled state of New York. He earned the reputation of being a stud when he lettered in light weight crew and being a dud when it came to marching. But as company commander during Plebe Summer 80, he proved us all wrong and showed us all how to march the Marine Corps way.

Although somewhat unorthodox in his class attentiveness (remember Strengths), he could muster the needed academic prowess when the crucial moment came. He was also a good friend and helped all he could in the company. His first class year it finally happened - a young lass fell for Wessman, and Wessman fell for her and when they finish tripping over each other, who knows what might happen.

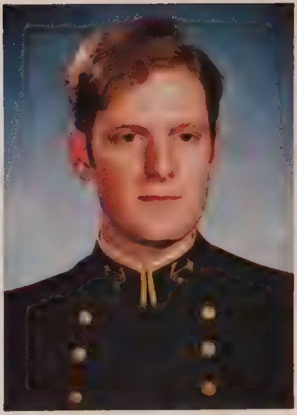
Dave plans on becoming a Marine after graduation.



"ROGER"

ROGER C. WHITE
PEORIA, IL *SCH*

Roger, the ultimate in grace, dexterity, and a clean room, came to USNA with the dream of the wild blue yonder in his heart, but he soon found that it takes 4 years of sweat, toil, and Uncle Jack before one can become a pilot. With the advent of academics, Rog chose chemistry as a major, which meant little or know weekends and even more hard work, or so he lead people to believe. However, with tremendous study and dedication (?), Roger even passed one or two tests. Well, no matter how gloomy his academic life, he was always ready for a good time at the end of the week, whether it was a good party or stocking the armory in his room. Let's not forget the time Rog went ghost hunting and the ghost shot back. With firstie year came a Dodge Charger and several hundred hours of flight time - just ask anybody that rode with him! Rog soon hopes to apply all that pro knowledge in Pensacola flight school, so let's hope helearns to clean his room by then. Good luck, Pal!



"JAY-DUBS"

JOHN W. BARNHILL
BIG RAPIDS, MI *SOC*

Jay-Dubb's spent most of his time at USNA trying unsuccessfully to conceal his massive intellect and be, "just one of the guys." After spending plebe year reading "Dear Barnhill" letters and learning to swing his arms, John shifted into academic high gear ("stars and "E's" carefully hidden away so no one would know, of course.). the model midshipman; grades, glasses and a ready smile, John seemed destined for stripes. Alas, Jay-Dubbs hopes(?) for stripes were dashed on the rocks of the admin conduct system as indiscretions in the woods and on the doors ("3") combined to make him PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1 and destroyed all chances for mega-stripes. Disillusioned, he became the bastion of cynical humor in 27 Co. Seldom would a day pass when someone wouldn't be stung by John's 4.0 brain tuned to abusive witicism. The rest of us would never have made it without his sense of humor and unshakable calm so we wish him the best luck in his career in (what else?) the Nuc Navy.

"KIZMO"

BRAD A. BELLIS
WIND GAP, PA *ESP*

Brad came from a small windy gap someplace in the Poconos. Unfortunately, he arrived as a Napster with the shiny shoes, pressed uniforms, and gunge to go with it. He always appeared squared away to the upper class, but his real inner self was slowly revealed. It started Plebe year when Chesbo, Jebber, and Bert got a hold of him. (Too bad none of these 'ole boys decided to stay.) First he decided to change his name to Kizmo, then came crazy hour, next was the new hairstyle. He even tried dipping until Ralph got the best of him. Then it was downhill to Penn State, Mustangs, and girls. Brad's problem with girls was that he couldn't decide which one or how many. He even tried dating three at once. His excuse? " . . . I didn't want to hurt their feelings . . ." Among those that starred in this soap were Angela, Denise, Maud (my-ex), Sue, Tammy (alias Hermie), the twins, Faith, Kimmy, and Karen. His wings must certainly be more than just gold. Wish you the best of luck and hope you find your Mustang.

"LARRY"

LAWRENCE D. BURT
SPRINGFIELD, VA *EOE*

Larry Burt came to us from Guam with words of wisdom from his dad, a kiss from Maureen, and a $50 a month allowance from his mom. Larry's first accomplishment was discovering the "wall". Maureen moved to Va. and from then on the "wall" was only part of a midnight O-course. Over the years Larry developed his driving techniques into an art. From Larry speed limits were made to be tripled and quardrails were made for Cadillacs. For his precision formation driving, whale calls, ability to sleep thru any class, ability to make 12 oz. friends, and his under the goggles navigation, Larry was awarded to swim the Woman II. At the end of his youngster year Larry decided to swim the Severn to see what was on the other side. During his last year here, Larry found a car he couldn't afford but Maureen loved it and it was fast, so he bought it. For the rest of the year Larry kept trying to figure out whether he had the "Right Stuff", and practiced formation flying in his ZX. Good luck Larry. See ya in the sky!

"BRILLO"

ROBERT H. BYNG
CORONADO, CA *SPH*

Bob came from sunny California with all the fixings of surfing, beach parties, filled-out bikinis, and the continuous summer sun. Brillo, as he was most commonly known, began setting his sights on a fabulous career early in the game. After solidifying as a Physics major, he took up (UHRA!) airborne training which was followed up with UDT SEAL training, and with his heart set on command someday, one could sum it all into one service selection — Supply Corps! He was one to put that Physics major to practical use by launching both balloons through windows and himself to restriction. He still got an A for his efforts. Brillo bought his Revell Volkswagen kit second class year, and is still searching for the right kind of glue! But don't worry, you'll get that engine together someday. Anyway, the Supply Corps is definitely getting outstanding talent, thanks to the loudness of BOSE speakers, right Bob?

"What Brad?"

"DEWEY"

DAN D. DEWISPELAERE
ALEXANDRIA, VA *EOE*

Dan, known to many as DeWis, was honorably dubbed the rank of Woman I for his ability to obtain injuries not on the Rugby field, but off. Over 99.9% of his broken bones were inflicted by his two sidekicks and admirers, Woman II and Woman III. When the word crazy was defined, old man Webster was looking DeWis right in the eye. DeWis was a distinguished copilot of 'ole Bess, especially when the pilot's beer goggles fogged up. He also earned the silver cooler cross for making sure that everyone aboard had a cold one in hand, while being double-fisted himself. We'll never forget when he led Woman's II and III on a swim across the Severn during a line squall. DeWis always managed to sneak past Thursday noons without a haircut, but Big Earl (Dad, Captain, USN) always caught him on the weekend. Dan was a love'em and leave'em type who would gladly break a date to break the sound barrier in his RX-7. We will always remember him as a super friend with the "Right Stuff" and wish the best in his pursuit of Navy Air.

"SID DUGAN"

BRENT A. DOUGLAS
ATHENS, OH SCH

When "Sid Dugan" Douglas arrived in Annapolis on July 6, 1977, it was evident that he was not your average midshipman-to-be (his Marine haircut and already shined leather shoes gave him away). Sid maintained a low profile through the first three years here, dividing his time equally between the chem labs, weight room, and his rack (while surfacing occasionally to sharpen his collection of knives). As a firstie, Dugan reached his prime. While learning the art of self-control and respect for stripers during his time on plebe detail, Sid matured rapidly into the dynamic and flamboyant leader we all knew he would be (just ask anyone in 5th Batt. — they've all heard him at formations.). For service assignment, Sid hopes to become a ground pounding grunt (what else?), but with his 3.0+ QPR, Uncle H.R. and his henchmen have different ideas (go neutrons, FIGHT!!!). Actually anyone who knows Dugan, knows that he was made for the Corps (if he can just learn to tie his shoes), so we wish him the best of luck.

"FISH"

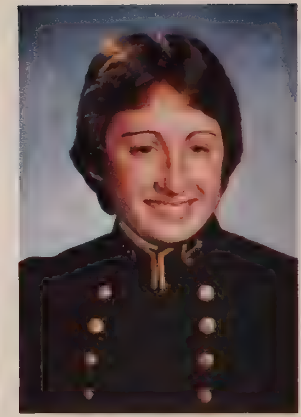
JOHN L. FISHER
CHARLESTON, SC SPS

Fish arrived from Hooterville, USA fulfilling a lifelong dream to go to USNA. He spent the next four years trying to figure out ways to leave. The words that can best be used to describe Fish are "What a guy!" (who else could have lived with the big "O" during Plebe summer). Whether it was mixing a drink from his private stock Youngster year or lending his car, John was always there to help out. Despite being one of the surviving members of the original Skid-Row gang, Fish received his well deserved "three" both First and Second Class year! Most of his weekends were spent at the Farm but only Captain Holland knows for sure what want on. After all that happened to Fish while he was "In the Cage" his most outstanding accomplishment is graduating. Congratulations Brah!! Second to that was the successful completion of his four year search to find a WUBA that fit him just right. Valerie will never forgive you!! We all love you Fish ! UP TOP!

"BREAKER"

THOMAS S. HOFFMAN
TAMPA, FL SPS

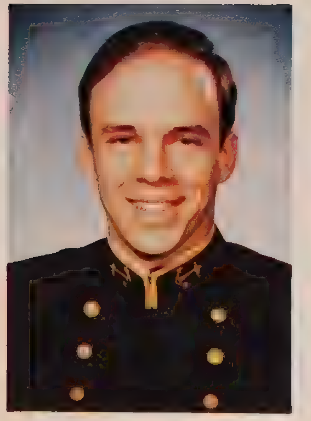
Tom came to his second home on the banks of the Severn from Tampa, Florida with aspirations of becoming a track star at Navy. He soon found out after Plebe year that the long hours of training for track conflicted with his new lifestyle that he had adopted as a youngster and he gave up track for other pursuits with women and good times ranking high on his list. Second class year, the tiger was snagged by a pretty local girl who has managed to turn him into a pussycat. As a first class preparing himself to meet the challenges of the fleet, Tom remained easy-going and friendly as he has been from the start. This was one thing that hasn't changed in him throughout his stay at USNA. A true pal.



"ROOT"

KATHLEEN G. HOLT
FLAGSTAFF, AZ SCH

Kathy drifted into USNA from Flagstaff (where the accent came from no one knows). Her first two years she floated up to 6-4 to join 28th Company. Most of the time she could be found sailing a 420, or answering NIS ques tions about her room-mate. Youngster cruise found Kathy saying "I have a very low tolerance" when she received a direct order to party in Dam Neck. Somehow the BOQ at Dam Neck will never be the same after the officers and crew of "Fun One" were done with their all-nighter parties there. Second Class year Kathy decided to make the other half of Oscar Company her home. First Class summer found Kathy on Astral sailing across the Atlantic, and asking "When can I sail around the world?" In her "free time" 1/C year, she can be found filling out applications for Medical School. Whether Kathy decides on Med School or Surface Line, she will do a great job and brighten everyone's life around her with her smile.



TIMOTHY R. JARMAN
JACKSONVILLE, NC SOC

Tim brought his sarcasm and wit from the coastal plains of North Carolina to fill the long study hours before hitting the rack no later than 2300 in order to be a "well rested, well tested" individual the next day. Youngster year his afternoons were also invaded by this philosophy, as Tim could often be found in his rack resting up for his biannual mile run and applied strength tests. Tim did have certain drawbacks such as his hairline. However, the girls seemed to be attracted to this distinguished appearance and Hugh never came back from Dahlgren empty handed. Second class year and the use of his car extended his operating areas to include nearby girl's colleges as well. As a firstie, Tim seemed to have finally settled on a girl who has found out that the best way to his heart is through his stomach. Could it be that Hugh has finally been trapped??? Probably not! No matter where he goes, I'm sure that Tim will remain the type of person who it is a true privilege to have as a friend.

"KROUP"

DAVID L. KROUPA
MARGATE, FL SRM

Dave came to USNA from sunny Fort Lauderdale already married — only joking about the latter, however, some people still believe otherwise. Plebe year was a breeze for Dave, he ran for Navy and away from the upperclass all year long — continous T-Tables helped too. 3/c year Dave's wife — we mean fiancee' moved to the Annapolis area to be by her middy. How Dave managed taking 8 weekends 2nd semester that year nobody knows. 2/c year Dave had an apartment and a car inside the 2 mile limit legally. We guess he really meant it when he said he liked it at USNA, probably because during l/c year he commuted. However, everyone gets theirs in the end. For 3 years Dave's birthday fell while he was on leave. During detail the Plebes took care of that with a little "Scuba Diving" action. The final blow which brought this future Marine to realize that USNA was really a BOHICA was when he received his Nuke Power acceptance letter.

"DR. FRED"

FRED A. LEE
BALTIMORE, MD HHS

From the start, it was evident that Fred was not your normal Mid. After tasting USNA academics, Fred became the only Plebe to never make his rack. You see, he never used it! As Fred exercised his sweat glands more and more, he quickly became known as the local striper. This is not to say that Fred did not have other interests. Fred could often be seen plotting various means to overrun Eruope or some other unsuspecting part of the world. It was pure co-incidence that Fred was a history major and a fencer, just as Gen. Patton was! However, like the normal Mid, Fred did enjoy an occasional party or two (just ask him if he remembers his first Army party!) He also had a peculiar way with women, especially ones that he met at Baltimore discos. Yes, it is true that Fred did not study every Saturday night. It looks as if the good doctor will be putting his highly trained intellect to use in Pensacola as he plans to go Navy Air. Here comes one fine gentleman and "s . . . -hot" pilot.

"MICK"

JAMES C. MAGUIRE
DENVER, CO EME

Being from Colorado didn't stop Mick from choosing the right Service Academy. Plebe year, however, almost ended in disaster after a certain incident which earned him the nickname "Lefty." While maintaining a low profile, Mick decided to become a Mech, and was soon burning the midnight oil long after those less dedicated hit the rack. All that studying must have affected his judgement, because he opted to spend a semester at Army. Naturally, he seemed a logical choice for Drill Officer first-class year, but we should have known better. Mick liked to travel - "Try a Virgin . . . Island" He'd say. Once he went to Denmark just to visit a girl (Was it worth it, Mick?) One Friday night he just got up and said "Well, I think I'll go up to Boston." walked out to his car and left! Mick was always willing to help out in any situation, and cheerfully offered himself and his wonderful sponsors. We all hope to see his Irish eyes in the future, and wish him many successful surfacings.

"Q"

LOUIS D. MARQUET

CONCORD, MA *SPH*

Dave showed us all early in his career at USNA what education was all about. With the minimal amount of time he used plebe summer for such trivialities as studying rates or writing letters home, he often found time to squeeze in some reactor physics and engine math on the side. It has been said that the last person from Massachusetts comparable to Q was JFK (too bad we don't have PT boats anymore). As a firstie, Dave amazed everyone, not only with his astronomical QPR and newly found gutter mind, but with his fast-fast driving abilities as well (How is the other guy's car, Dave?). Louis D. (who is in favor of a 120 mph national speed limit) also broke the world speed record when he raced between USNA, Hood, and Penn State in a single weekend (I guess his driving isn't his only fast-fast asset). 15 lines can't possibly do justice to all of the truly idiotic things that Dave did during the four long-long years that we had to live with him, so we'll end by wishing Q a minimum of reactor scrams.

"STRETCH"

STEVEN M. MORAN

DEERFIELD, IL *SOC*

Stretch stumbeled in from the windy city with red eyes, shoulder length hair and a led Zeppelin T-shirt. You should have seen your face when they cut all that hair. Stretch kept a pretty low profile Plebe Summer but that ended when he roomed with two derelicts. That room was marked, but they made it. Stretch returned for Youngster Year in the Stretchmobile, a deceptively beat up looking VW. What an out of control car. All the facts of life were taught in that car: Sex, booze and Rock & Roll. What a party machine. The Blue Baby was born in it. Too bad it died. Stretch had an assortment of women at hand, but none ever stole his heart away - it belongs to all fine women. We have no doubt you'll find the cream of the crop. All the parties, the wasted times, the road trips to Hood & beach are memories we'll all remember forever. Stretch, your living proof that you don't have to be big in size to be a big person. Among all, you're a giant. There couldn't have been a better friend to all - good luck from everyone.

"O"

OLLIE NANYES

AUSTIN, TX *SMA*

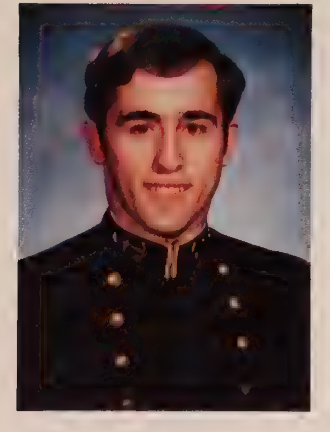
When "O" came to us from the heart of Longhorn country (please, no cow jokes) in July of '77, it was immediately evident that this was no average midshipman (just ask the tailors who had to fit him). Hence, "neanderthal" also became a popular nickname that summer. Ollie's propensity to perspire profusely gave Chesbo more than ample ammunition with which to coin the phrase "Oh Nanyes, body full of sweat!" Ollie had a busy plebe year, managing to go through equally large numbers of roommates and spiffys, while becoming lifelong friends with MFB. As a youngster, Ollie bench-pressed his way to a truly amazing physique, while simultaneously destroying his knees and earning a lifetime membership in the excused squad. After learning to walk without crutches, Ollie developed into a suave and sophisticated firstie. O's escapades (see "The Story of O") were experienced firsthand by many a young damsel at Hood. We all wish you luck, O, whether you go Nuc, NFO, or civilian line mighty fine.

"OTTER"

DAVID T. OTT

SPRINGFIELD, VA *EGE*

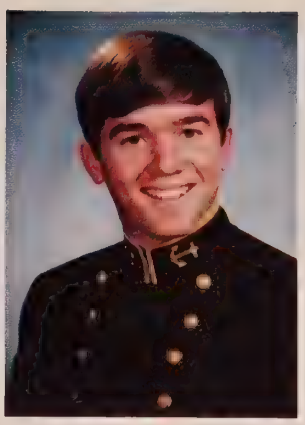
Dave (Otter) joined us here at the Academy from NAPS via a nice judge. The judge was so impressed at Otter's ability to strip a car, he was given the option to enlist or to go to jail. To this day, Otter still wonders if he made the right decision. Otter quickly acquired the reputation as a crazy guy. Who else would go down 495 at 95 with an archery target on top of his van, a gallon of vodka in one hand, a cold one in the other, five passed out buddies on the floor, and a state trooper on his tail. Otter is the type of guy who eats Skoal for breakfast, listens to Waylon and Willie, and is forever trying to lose the 'ole beer belly. Otter was knighted Woman III for his driving ability on 'ole Bessie. 180's in front of gate 8, and his mach 8 capability. This ability to navigate with a beer in each hand and with double vision (corrected by closing one eye), earned him the beer goggles ace of the highways award. Remember our Severn swim Otter. From Larry and Dew, good luck and stay crazy.



"POLECAT"

PETER A. POLCARI
SO. CHARLESTON, WV EEE

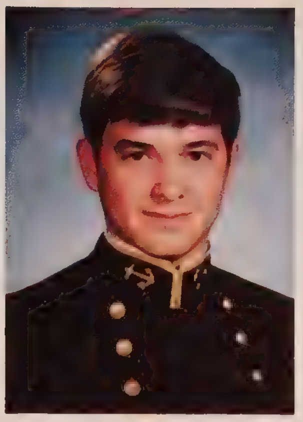
"Polecat" wandered into the Academy from the hills of West Virginia, where a strong hillbilly up-bringing dominated his laid-back and quiet attitude. During his stay here, Pete always followed that age old motto "Moderation in all affairs-except EE." In four years he amassed a 3.8 CUM in that major of majors, while being the only EE in the company made him a frequent target of EI from many a segundo struggling through wires or cabls. A year of JV baseball kept Pete out of sight and out of trouble Plebe year, a trend he followed his next three years. He was also one of the few in the company able to remain single while at the Academy. May success, a faithful female, and a large supply of transistors be in his future!



"FACE"

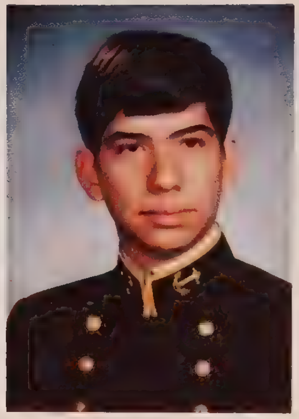
TIMOTHY J. PRINCE
HONOLULU, HI SOC

Timmy - a man for all seasons, as long as they are all in Hawaii. A true diehard from the original Skid Row Crowd, Tim raplaced his Fri. night drinking with hoochin' it up with Otter and Waylon. We nearly lost TJ when he and Fish decided to attend the U. of Hawaii, that faded into the idea of taking off with his stepbrother to enlist under the buddy-system. Once Tim received his glowing invitation into the JW Navy: graduation was his dream. It couldn't have come tuscon, excuse me, too soon. Tim Prince, son of a Zoomie & a wonderful Mom, stepson to Ma & Pa Fish, wanted by every mom to marry her daughter, and brother to us all. Yea, Tim has done it all, except get married, but that is not too far off either. I'da thought we would have gotten an invitation by now Julia! Timmy liked his class ring so much, that he one of those shrunken versions for a beautiful person from "Someone in Tuscon loves me", Ariz. Timmy, we love you both and our prayers are with you. I think Phil says it best, We're better for the smile you give." Oh yea, Timmy "UP TOP!".



DOUGLAS S. REESE
BALTIMORE, MD SRM

Still a babe in the woods, Shawn arrived at USNA from Baltimore. A quiet one, he quickly went underground and seemingly did not reappear until Feb of '78. It was then that his Co. Officer stopped him in the hall and had to ask him what his name was. Now a marked man, Shawn was soon after caught driving in the yard and became a regular at Mn(O) restriction. A lover at heart, Management was a natural for this guy and that meant max freedom and a high QPR. Lacrosse and friendship are two other things Shawn treasures dearly. With his cheery nature and quick smile, friends came easy for ole Pumpkin but Lax was another story. Three years of effort to win a gold N ended as he was "Szlased" 2/c year. That however left more time to devote to his favorite love of all, Lisa. A classic disco Dahlgren love story, these two have been inseparable since Youngster year. Sunny South Pacific days lie ahead for them as Shawn considers Surface Line mighty fine.



"RONDOVAL"

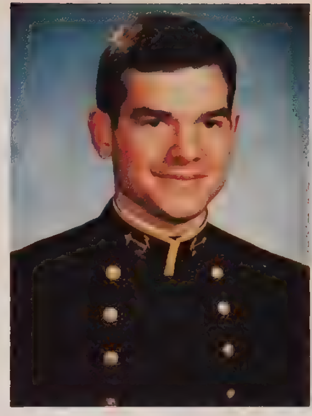
RONALD A. SANDOVAL
SAN ANTONIO, TX EOE

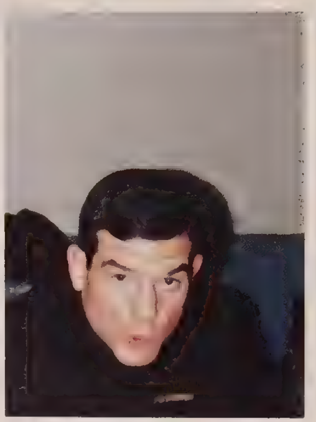
Perhaps the nickname "Sandman" implies that Ron sleeps a lot or even that he lives in a euphoric state. He was late to plebe summer; judge for yourself. Perhaps Ron can be considered "professional" wearing a DD-963 cap, black socks with gym gear, and dog tags to bed. Maybe his professionalism manifested itself during study hours. Walking through the company area in complete uniform (with DD cap), Ron kept himself available for "professional abuse"; judge for yourself. Perhaps he can be considered a "good guy" for volunteering to do all those jobs that no one else would like duty positions with a sword, selling t-shirts and mugs and wardroom supply officer. Maybe he's a good guy for having the lowest batting average in company softball (.000) so others wouldn't look bad; judge for yourself. Yes, found at his desk recovering from a low SQPR or a bayonnet wound. ANSQS Sandman is there, sometimes sending signals to underwater objects. He's ready, fleet, are you?

"JOANIE"

JOAN M. SKELLENGER
LAKE MILLS, IW *SRM*

"The next song will be directed by the Drum and Bugle Corps Sub-Commander, Joan Skellenger, from Lake Mills, Iowa . . ." A few years ago, this skinny, scrawny, scared Skellenger kid from Lake Mills, Iowa showed up at USNA. Plebe year, D&B and one of the D&B firsties took up all her time. Al kept showing up and, lo and behold, they were engaged. But, before those two could live happily ever after, Joan would have to survive her room-mates, a couple aborted resignations, and Bancroft knee cutting techniques. But Joanie always had high hopes and wild dreams - like passing her pre-com physical, being a strong woman in a man's world, and being a pilot. Well, the funny thing is her dreams always seem to come true. She is no longer that skinny, scrawny little girl but is that woman, the D&B Sub-Commander from Lake Mills, Iowa, directing and marching on and all the while humming her song, "I am woman, I am strong . . ."





"PAUL"

PAUL D. STANTON
KING OF PRUSSIA, PA *SPS*

Paul, or Public Display as he was affectionately(?) called (no Paul, P.D.S. does not stand for "pretty darn smart"), was meant for the Marine Corps. This was evidenced by his physical fitness (he was a Navy oarsman), his hair (or lack thereof) and his QPR (or again, lack thereof). However, Paul had to later decide to give up crew as it was taxing his already overstrained intellect. He then began to show the personality that he is know known for. In true Mariene fashion, Paul never failed to have a sarcastic witty comeback to defend himself with (and my, did he ever have to defend himself!). Paul also had a knack for coming up with timely, helpful suggestions (ie., his "slide and glide" marching suggestion just happened to come before 27th fell from top ten to bottom ten in marching). In all, things worked out pretty well for Paul as he mastered his only problem, academics, without endangering himself to H.R.'s Navy. In all The Marine Corps is truly getting "another good man." URRAGH!!!

"TEX"

KEVIN B. TAYLOR
HOUSTON, TX *EGE*

Tex pulled in from that little state of Texas with a Lone Star in one hand and his bags in the other. Being really gungy during Plebe Summer and Ist set Plebe year, he took it on the chin when a southern belle from Richmond said a love affair would never work through the mail. This and other things led to Tex's wondering if he should be a Longhorn or a Middle. With his bags packed and ready to bolt his parents intervened with a new car. But all that being minor, don't forget the Friday night escapades Youngster year and the road trips to Hood and back. Second class year was cake with a car, grades, weekends and a young bunny named Heather from Dame. And don't forget those Texas longjohns that were too small and the interesting letters from her. Tex, we'll never forget all the partying, the Blue Baby, and all the good times we had. You'll always be one of the boys. Good luck and party hearty from us and all your many friends from Canoe U.

"GUTMAN"

RAYMOND H. VANGUNTEN
FINDLAY, OH *SRM*

Ray drifted into the Academy form Findlay, Ohio. He was so lost Plebe Summer we wondered how he found the way here. Anyways, he made it through the tirade and picked up two stellar roommates. These guys were so squared away that Ray's room was well noted by the upperclass. Ray made it through Plebe Year a wise man. Ray was very wise in the ways of women. He had so many he didn't know what to do with them. There was the nineth grader, H.B., the Sivler Lady, the Colt's cheerleader, the girls from Ohio, and of course Jeanne, the girls who finally wrestled away his heart. Ever heard of a guy who had two dates at Army and the Ring Dance? Ray did. Remember the van all the road trips drinking green grenades. There's so much to say about Ray, but we'll leave it with this: Good luck to one hell of a guy and one hell of a good friend. We'll never forget all the times - good and bad.

TWENTY-EIGHTH COMPANY

"T.J."

TRUMAN J. BEST
HUNTINGTON BCH., CA SMA

TJ came to the Naval Academy from California. His black belt and funny accent will give him away everytime. He hates the cold but struggled through snow and ice for one year on Noth Western Prep in Minn. to attend this fine instruction. His major was math, since he had such a fine grasp on the english language. He studied diligently alway shooting for a 4.0 but running out of bullets by midterms. He was known by all the Mids as a friend and by all the girls as Sir Ob of Noxious. Always wanting to pick up the nicest girl in a crowd, TJ always put on his goggles (beer). When he wasn't studying, trying to pick up girls or sleeping, he was watching TV. TJ saw life here at the Academy as a stepping stone - graduate and become the first Korean admiral in the nuclear navy. It is simple for TJ is the BEST, and he will always tell you so. TJ has made many friends here. He will have added success in the fleet. His winning ways are an asset to him and should him will. To bad it didn't help the Dodgeerrrs!!!!!

"BRUISER"

JEFFREY M. BRUSOSKI
IRWIN, PA SRM

From the early mornings of Plebe Summer pledging his closet doors, to the late nights of First Class Company Commander playing his music, Jeff (the Bruiser) has made surprising progress. Always Mr. Professional, at one point in time he risked missing his summer cruise bus so he could run back to his room to shine his belt buckle. The Bruiser was also known for his faultless wisdom concerning women, although he never knew any women. Being Airborne qualified, his hobbies included teaching mice to do parachute landing falls from the fourth floor windows. Unfortunately, this did not last too long because the mice never returned for their second lesson. Looking for a new hobby, Jeff became the resident shoe-shining expert. Whenever he was found in the wardroom, his shoes and polish were sure to be there with him. From the wrestling contests to the water battles, there has never been a dull moment rooming with Jeff for three years. Whether he is flying, pounding the ground, or absorbing neutrons, we wish him the best of luck.

"CHUCK"

CHARLES E. COUGHLIN
DEER PARK, NY FPS

When this blonde haired, blue eyed, sparkling toothed, boy wonder wandered into good ol' USNA from Longa Island, N.Y., Lax stick in hand he was determined to take it by storm. By the end of Plebe Summer he had a lot of finding out to do (sir). Although Plebe Year was pressure city, Chuck had no problem enjoying himself in the yard, as in the grave. This marked the beginning of his half of the "Dynamic Duo". Eluding the Admin Conduct System Plebe Year, Chuck lost his virginity as a Youngster. He also lettered in Varsity lacrosse that year. June Week was no better. He tried his best but somehow eluded three more class A's, but history repeats itself. With a left and then a right, Chuck starred his other "N" 2/c year as some poor firstie saw stars. As it always is, it takes a woman to tame the wild animal in young men's hearts (AH! The fair Sabrina). No matter what, Chuck will be welcomed in any wardroom. We wish him the best of luck and may the "Dynamic Duo" ride again!

"J.T."

JOSEPH T. CRONAUER
SUMMERHILL, PA ENA

Joe, otherwise known as J. T. or Cronebone, led a very eventful life here at USNA. His roots stem back to the suburb coal mines of uptown Summerhill where everything was big ranging from the family to the notorious Portage Dispatch. During his off section shift he decided to follow the steps of his two older brothers and attend the Y.P. Institution of the Chesapeake Bay. As for most victims of Dear John letters, J. T.'s academics and social life started out on a very low key. However, as a salty upperclass and experienced road trip wingman, J.T. quickly adapted to the weekend escapades of the Dahlgren Hall parking lot, ber goggles, and oriental babes (Hey J.T., you gotta catch the bus! — Pitt '79), warp speed quals, and of course the essential midnight room battles. Well Cronebone, keep the spirits high in the future and good luck with the infamous banana draft.

"FLAKO"

WILLIAM M. DRAKE
RIVERSIDE, CA *SOC*

And it came to pass that in the year 1977 the stars did decree that Bill Drake was to depart his native California and migrate physically (not mentally) to the East to enter the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology. So on I-day Flakes reported in with hair down to his shoulders only to have some sadistic ex-marine scalp his curly locks. This soon passed and using his ingenuity and a deep cosmic awareness, Flakes instituted the 2 a.m. penny toss, the Friday tune out, and established "Flakes Cantina." Denouncing sleep and advocating penance through marathon study, this Californian found karma in the devine teachings of Pink Floyd. The Flakes ability to stereophonically induce altered states of consciousness enabled him to make frequent visits to So-Cal and his goddess of the moon without ever physically leaving his room. Flakes many departures from reality propose important question: Is it possible to attend a service academy without really ever being there? . . . Case and point.

"CADAV"

JAMES P. DRISCOLL
ELMHURST, IL *HHS*

*Jim Driscoll came to Canoe U. from the flatland of Elmhurst, Ill. While at NAPS, Jim acquired his beloved byname "CADAV." Cadav's study habits are something to admire. Nightly a 3*5 card is used to organize the evening's events. From 2000 to 2100, Jim spends time with his calculator busily figuring his grades. At 2100 he reads a little and does a problem or two. Then at 2300 lights out . . . You see, Drisc says his health is more important than his grades. Most of Jim's weekends are spent catching up on his past week's work. When nothing gets done and Sunday night rolls around, he stammers "I'll catch up next weekend." Ahh, but we all love a good tailgater and fine roadtrips and Jim is no exception. The beer, the food, all those extra inches around the midsection. We now have a dilemma . . . who ever heard of a fat cadav? Maybe now he will cut down on the mystic mint cookies. In any case Drisc should do just fine in the fleet as long as he remembers to study hard.*

"SPU"

STUART T. FORSYTH
SAN DIEGO, CA *SOC*

Stu came to the Academy dragging a blanket and sucking his thumb. Though not that bad, at 17 years old he was the youngest plebe in our company. He had a normal plebe year, although he spent more time with novels than his texts. Choosing Oceanography as a major he came charging back for 3/c year after spending his summer seducing Hawaiian women with Greenie. It was during this period also that he contracted narcolepsy, and through the next three years the rack became Stu's constant companion as his incessant sleeping took priority over study hour, classes, Dant calls, Forrestal lectures, class pictures, and even road trips. Alarms, demerits and 80 watts of Pink Floyd could not budge him from his state of slumber. His first class summer in the depths of the Atlantic with "living proof" put a damper on his original service selection, but not on his partying spirit, as he proved 1/c year when he was hiding out in Mustangs shouting out rude names. Whatever his service selection . . . Good Luck!

"GREENIE"

MICHAEL A. GREEN
JACKSONVILLE, FL *FEC*

Mike came to us from Jacksonville, Fla. after a brief pit stop at NAPS. While determined to carry on a fine family tradition, Mike found that the better things in life were worth the sweat and long hours - not to say that he was totally dedicated . . . Mike soon found himself a member of the Varsity Restriction Squad. There was definitely a hint of Rebel in this Southerner. Every Friday morning you would find Mike in the rack going through weekend withdrawal symptoms. - He was an ardent road tripper, and did it with style with his J.D. hat in place, a beer in one hand, and his only love in the other. Mike would accept a cat-shot in fair or foul weather in search of a party. Being the fun lover that he is (H+D), he will be a fond memory to us all. From Broomstick to Beer Ball, the good times will not be forgotten. Mike is sure to be a welcome addition to any ready-room. Remember to keep your wings level and your nose up, and climb to your highest dreams. Good luck and best wishes!

"SPANKY"

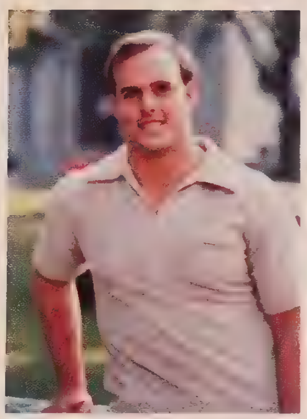
MARK R. HANNEMAN
GREENDALE, WI SCH

Mark came to Annapolis with a very immpressive record underneath his belt. As an all-state wrestler with high academic potential, the little man started out on the right foot to a striper billet. Well, at least it looked pretty good on paper. As the transition from night to day, the infamous pesty grode saw a different light totally opposite from the average mid. He acquired the unique ability of not taking showers for five days. He constantly was found in the winking and sleeping mode during study hour. Along with objecting to wearing under wear, the little Hood rug rat became notorious as the twelve inch pest. Spanky, as he was addressed in his last two years, demonstrated his flawless ability of impressing the women with his R and C comments. Still one of his most famous and abusive lines was "3.2-small melons" (Army-79). Fortunately, he was in a position to talk due to his excessively large chest muscles. Spank, good luck in the future! What more can you say about a guy who parts his hair in the middle?

"HEINO"

MATTHEW A. HEIN
MIDWEST CITY, OK FEC

Matt Hein (Heino) came to the "yacht club" from Wisconsin (say "cheesel) after a successful high school sports career and a brief stay at NAPS (where he met Jack Daniels). Normally rather reserved, Matt came into his own during plebe year finals when he became known as the human "torch" following some unexpected after-burner ignition. Youngster summer (and constant exposure to high levels of Willie and Waylon) transformed matt into our own "urban cowboy". Sporting "pointy-lizard" shoes, a blue tip, and his ever present Stetson, Heino could always be counted on to utter such sage comments as "yup" and "there ya go". His easy manner, toothy grin, and willingness to lend a hand quickly enamored Matt with his classmates and the ladies (and I will always love you, Matt). This here's one country boy who will go far . . . how bout' cha' Heino



"LOPE"

WILLIAM J. HLOPAK
LINDENWOLD, NJ ESP

After spending a lazy year at NAPS, Lope came to U SNA with only two things on his mind; one, a beautiful Rutgers lady, and two, graduation, with the subsequent 'privilege' of absorbing neutrons at ungodly depths. Along the way however, he stopped to pick up 50 demos for drinking plebe year, another 50 for oversleeping in a parked car (thats the story we get; only Pat knows for sure), an N in track, and the reputation as the best barber on 6-4. Academy life did take alot. out of the 'Old Man' however, as can be evidenced by heavy investments in hair transplants, Grecian Formula, and every vitamin or bee pollen ever made. But Bill never allowed this to slow him down, and come Friday, after an O'Club pit stop, he was gone in that bittersweet Capri, road sodas at his side, in search of more adventure. We'll all miss Lope when he goes under for the count, but at least we can be assured that he'll always be "whistling tunes . . . and loving it!"*

"BEOWULF"

ROBERT G. KOERBER
BELAIR, MD SPS

Bob came to USNA via Bullis Prep. Bob established himslef as a highly professional individual. His usual leadership by example consisted of breeding cockroaches for sale to the Iranian students, and nightly firework displays in the hallways of the Dorm. With this all behind him, Bob came to USNA with one thing in mind — to someday become a nucpuke, (I mean a sub-mariner). All that ended when his subscription to Nuc Magazine ran out and when he found out that Mathematical Induction wasn't the answer to his calling. Youngster year led to the adventures of the "BRUISER & BEOWULF" and later on the 3-B brothers of 6-3. Along the way, the alias Beowulf picked up some more appropriate names such as Wimpmo and Bobby-Boo-Boo. He finally went in search of other aspirations which found him in Steam class one day. She was a very small one, but he quickly became "attached". He finally decided to join the ranks of the "Super-Dooper-Paratroopers". Anyway, here's wishing Bobby and Melissa the best of luck in the years ahead.

"ROCKO"

STEPHEN B. KOMLO

DUMONT, NJ *FEC*

After gaining 'reputation', both good and bad, from a little town in NEW JERSY called DUMONT, Steve got his chance to earn that same reputation at ANNAPOLIS, but not before he had proved himself WORTHY at NAPS first.

During his plebe year, he got into a little trouble because he was a little too friendly with BEER, WINE, ETC . . . (Maybe not with wine). Consequently, he was marked as one of the bad boys in the company, so to speak. But in our third year, he was recognized as a good leader by almost everyone in the company. Rocco is a good athlete, a varsity letter-man in baseball, but unlike other good athletes, he is semi-intelligent also. He is charming and lovable, according to his wife-to-be . . . Everyone can honestly say that he is the funniest Scandinavian white boy they ever met. I'd bet he could make a monkey laugh.

"TOO-TALL"

DAVID C. KRUSE

SPARTA, NJ *SRM*

Dave came to USNA and 28th Company following a partying year at a "regular college." Plebe year made him question his decision of leaving the normal life especially after meeting his favorite firstie, the Cosmic Cowboy. Dave really had the sand kicked in his face, so, determined, he set out to lift every weight in the Field House. Moose or TooTall, as he is called by all his buddies, transformed into the company Hercules. Youngster year brought his knee operation and endless chow packages. The whole class in 28 must have gained at least ten lbs. from all those 11:00 pm milk and cookie parties. There is only one word to describe his last two years at USNA: ROADTRIP!!! Moose was a charter member of the weekend warriors and was always ready to fire up his beloved Grand Prix to go in search of wild women. It took him four years to learn about the 5-Ms. Maybe when he gets out of the Navy, he'll be able to use them.

"CRAIGER"

CRAIG A. LARREW

DALLAS, TX *EME*

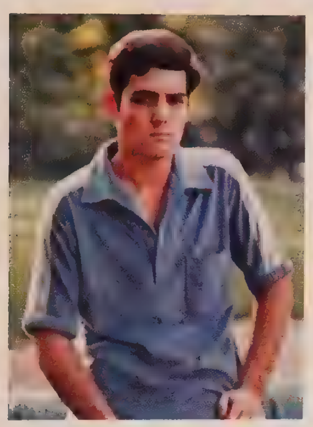
Craiger left no doubts as to where he was from, when upon reporting to USNA, he wanted to know what part of Texas Maryland County was in! With his relaxed, easy-going personality, Craig has an unusual knack for making even a total stranger feel right at home. He did seem to be right at home here at USNA, as he wasted no time in getting involved in ECA's to break up his heavy Mech. Eng. schedule (OCF, handball club, ASME, and, oh yes — 28th Company Gar-Bar Secretary, just to name a few!) During the 1/c summer, Craig enjoyed working with the plebes as the Color Company commander. If I had to sum up Craig's personality in one word, it would have to be concern. Regardless of the number of pans he has in the fire or tests scheduled for the next day, he is always ready and willing to go out of his way to help someone with a problem. As helpful as Craig is, he makes no attempt to hide where he obtains his help — Jesus Christ. With his natural interest in people, Craiger will shine (radiate?) in Hymie's fleet!

"McG"

WILLIAM D. McGUINNESS

NEW YORK CITY, NY *SRM*

About the time New York forfeited Bill to us, the Big Apple went bankrupt. Perhaps a sign for the future, we quickly watched this Management major run up one debt after another. It was not uncommon to hear McG preach to us about credit accounting as he went into hock for $1000. Plastic money and bank loans were his best friends next to beer and Tequila. A partier at heart, McG was always ready to pull up a tombstone and indulge Plebe year. Youngster year was no different as the infamous tailgaters were merely a primer for the antics that were to follow that night. Always looking over his shoulder to avoid trouble McG was blindsided one night as he came up on the short end of a race against time. But 75 big ones couldn't deter this man from having a good time. The second half of the DYNAMIC DUO continued to enjoy life while flirting with disaster and the administration. Luckily Barbi came along to quell this wild man's energy though those of us who knew better saw behind this Jekyll&Hyde personality. Good luck to a W.W. and a Navy pilot.



"NEUTRON"

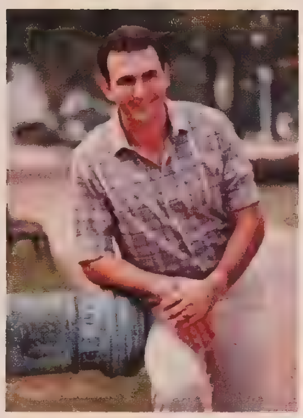
RICK A. MILLER
CASTRO VALLEY, CA *HHS*

In the summer of '77 Rick Miller exited Frisco to partake of the East coast area; also to come to the Naval Academy. His perceptions of the Academy as a Berkeley like institution were soon changed by his second class element leader, and to maintain sanity, Rick advocated nonconformity, abusive Saturday nights in the Dahlgren tower, and Bowie. Although Rick's Saturday night escapades brought him in touch with many an East coast female, he was able to escape unwhipped amd with all his faculties still intact. Second class year brought Rick great amounts of trouble with little carcinogenic creatures crawling around in his body (Dahlgren?), but by becoming a living reactor Rick overcame the dilemma and found true Karma through Demerol. Upon release from the Marble Monestary (graduation) Rick will return to California where he will be able to maintain sanity through insanity.

"BLOB"

ROBERT H. PERRY
REDLANDS, CA *ESE*

Bob made an excellent decision in giving up NROTC at the University of Texas and coming to USNA. His prior college experience helped him validate plebe year to such an extent that he was all set to work toward a Masters degree in his chosen major: SPIROGRAPH. Blob blew off that idea, but he was still available for EI more than any prof ever was. Youngster crusie was his downfall since Subic Bay turned him upside down ("Did you see what she did to that quarter!?!"). Hence, 6-4 lost its Suzy Homemaker and inherited another semi-grode. Bob's excellence extended to company sports as well but he always seemed to play the position that required the least running. He even blew off marching by being the guide-on bearer during p-rades and Cannoneer for football marchovers. Every weekend though, the Blob would put on one of his flannel shirts and brown cords and was ready for another roadtrip in his blue T/A. It's too bad that after graduation the only roadtrips Blob will make is in Hymie's black SSNs.



"4.0"

LLOYD E. PHILPOT
WEEPING WATER, NB *EME*

Weeping Water, Nebraska changed its name to Weeping Women when Lloyd turned his back on all those Midwestern farmers' daughters in favor of the East Coast Sweethearts, all of whom love middies (don't they?). Having been an all-around stud in high school well prepared Lloyd for life @ USNA where his athletic & academic prowess would put him in the top 50 of his class and a striper position. But those of us in the company care more about his quiet sense of humor and the way he's always willing to help out a classmate or an underclassman with his studies. (Being a 3.8 Mech E. tends to draw people's attention and questions.) Furthermore, Lloyd's calm and capable manner of working and dealing with both plebes and people guarantees him real success as an officer when he joins Uncle Hymie's submarine program. Meanwhile, it has earned him the full respect of everyone who knows him. Finally, Lloyd has help in all these areas in that he enjoys a close relationship with God, his source of strength.

"FONS"

ILDEFONSO PILLOT-OLIVE
SAN ANTONIO, TX *FPS*

Fons infiltrated USNA from Texas (or was it Panama, or the Azores, or Spain?) The smooth latin quickly established himself as the Academy's foremost international man-at-large. As a bag-it major from day one, he had ample time to pursue the finer things in life. It has been computed that Fons lifted enough weights in four years to have moved the entire Eastern Seaboard to San Antonio. His greatest fear was that there would be two John Wayne movies on opposing stations at the same time. Hey, anybody got an extra TV set? Fons is a survivor. He has survived the mile, the 'Dorf, Le' Cess Poole, and blind dates at the hands of his roommate. The Noble Warrior found utopia in Hawaii, with a branch office in Quantico. Its a good thing he looks good in green. Often accused of being too quiet, those who know him find that Ilde has a special way of teaching which transcends words. His heart is bigger than his beloved Lone Star State. Yes, Ildefonso, I am a rich man now. Your friendship is far greater than gold.

"CRASHER"

STEPHEN E. PLAISANCE
PASADENA, TX *ENA*

In 1977 Steve Plaisance departed his home town in Texas to come to the Cheasapeake University of Naval Technology. After arriving at USNA his driving prowess and ability to physically remodel the MacD Hall raquetball courts earned him the nickname Crasher. After surviving plebe year with a future Nobel laureate, Steve found a fellow NARC (Walk) with whom he could play battleship. Unfortunately Walk and the Administration didn't get along very well and he took to the north. Steve then found himself rooming with a Nobel laureate clone which left a little to be desired, but did improve his Spanish. Second class year found Steve educating himself on the selfishness and frigidity of East coast females. He was a quick learner though and passed off his mistake to an unfortunate member of the class of 1980. Steve found that gouge was scarce among NARCs but when you're in the Club, who needs it? As Steve departs the Academy, hopefully he won't wreck - insurance rates are a B . . .!

"ROLO"

ROLANDO J. PORTOCARRERO
LIMA, PERU *SPS*

After five months of english lessons this guy was ready to dive into American life head-first. His plebe summer battle-cry soon became, "Oh! I do not understand!" Not one to be easily daunted, Rolo soon mastered American lingo, and wasted no time in mastering the American fairer sex. Want to find the suave Peruvian? Just follow the trail of broken hearts. As a systems major, he spent every waking moment at some mythical place called the Computer. The multitude of flashing lights became addictive, and the poor lad began to frequent the many drinking and dancing establishments in the area, earning the dubious title, Disco Rolo. His accomplishments to date include, breaking the speed of sound on Rt. 50 eastbound, 29 straight in Ft. Lauderdale, and constructing the largest turbo-fan in history to blow-off the world. To ice the cake, he moved in with two bag-it majors, as if he didn't live there already. We will miss him when he returns to his homeland. Rolando, our friend.

"BOGUS"

GEORGE F. ROGERS
NORTH AUGUSTA, SC *EAS*

George is the kind of guy you dream that your sister will someday meet. He's the epitome of a Southern Gentleman and the most unselfish, considerate person you'll ever meet. As such, he has won the full respect of every individual in the company and plenty of others besides. George's way of minimizing differences between himself and others will make him a top officer in Navy Air Community, assuming Hymie doesn't snatch him for himself.

George brought with him from his home in So. Carolina his private pilot's license. So, appropriately enough, he chose Aero as his major. Also very appropriate is George's position as co. honor rep for the last 3 years.

Somehow, George manages to stay up until 3:00 & 4:00 each morning for days on end. That's so that he can "stinkin' slap the FIRE out of" his roommates in those friendly wrestling matches & slap wars. Or so he thinks. I'm his roommate, so I know better.

"AQUAROCK"

BILLY E. STANDLEY
DANVILLE, VA *EGE*

Billy came to Canoe U. from the back woods of the South where they are still trying to figure out who won the Civil War. He survived quirks waiting to be discovered and the Cosmic Cowboy during Plebe Summer and found a flake plebe year. Billy decided to go submarines early in his career here when he found the bottom of the pool to be a lot better than the surface. After lettering on the rock squad for three years he quit the team l/c year. Swimmin' for Navy - ain't no mo. Billy was always willing to lend a hand but now its being held by a girl from the North. It's hard to tell who caught who there. Billy always did like to talk and he could probably tell you wh at people did on their weekend better than they could. He enjoyed his two years in D&B but hated his Ac Board. But he and the flake always had the tunes and the gouge. Now as he drives off in his Rebel Red Firebird we wish him smooth sailing and may the South rise again!

TWENTY-NINTH COMPANY

"JOE"

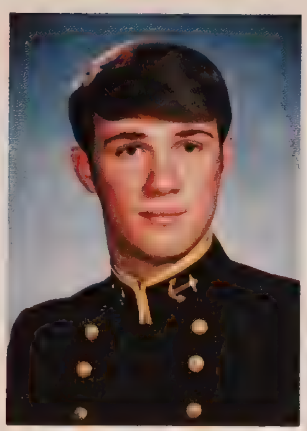
JOSEPH L. TERLIZZESE
W. PALM BEACH, FL EGE

Joesph Terlizzese came to us from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, bouncing with good cheer and an everpresent smile! During Plebe Year he could be found patroling the decks on weekends or rowing crew during the week. However he did keep himself amused by constantly harassing the upperclass and keeping them on the defensive.

Youngster year, he bid farewell to the crew team and concentrated on the female forces in the Annapolis area. A suppressed killer instinct surfaced and he joined the Batt. football team and the rubgy club. He delighted in busting faces and bodies, . . . but always with a smile.

Second class year he decided to dump Marine Engineering and take up a more leisurely major. His killer instinct intensified and he devoted his full time to rugby and girls.

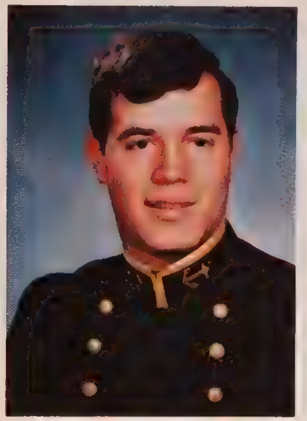
First class year saw Joe return with a firebird and a girl in his arms, None will ever forget his good humor and everpresent smile. May good cheer, good friends and good luck follow you forever.



"KEN D."

KENNETH D. WALKER
PORT LAVACA, TX SOC

Ken D. calls a small farm in South Texas his home and although he is surely no Urban Cowboy he does feel at home in blue jeans, Justin roach killers and a straw Stetson and wants people to know it. Ole blue eyes knew about as much about USNA on 5 July 1977 as he did on the day he was born but entered with a lot of determination and a tinge of wonderment. As it turned out he determined himself right to the top of his class and still had plenty of time and energy for other activities not the least of which was his 5'7" better-half from home (not many mids can claim to have commuted to class). Always a Company Sports man Kenny made a name for himself on the football field when he proved that not only can you pass with your eyes closed but juggling is not restricted to the Circus ring. But now it's time to say goodbye to "Devil Went Down To Georgia" Chow Calls and Second Class finals Afterburner Quals and hello to "Angles and Dangles" and dirty diapers. Yup, looks like "The Walt" has been tamed from Yee-Haw to Aw-oo-ga. Take a dive.



"BOOGIE"

JOSEPH ARANGO
KENT, OH SMA

One day back in the spring of '76, Joe and his family decided to visit Washington and later to stop in Annapolis. Well, USNA impressed the whole family and before Joe realized it he was being sworn in as one of those lowly Plebes. Joe made it through plebe year with flying colors, with the support of letters from Mom, and soon was ready to become an upperclassman. An upperclass now, Joe decided to leave Nimitz behind on Saturday nights and instead set out to develop his social graces. He bought himself a "bad rod" and promptly drove to Florida to see how real college students spent their break. It was while there that his true marathon dancing ability surfaced and the nickname of "Boogie" was awarded to him. Joe was always able to set his priorities in proper perspective however, as even though he usually spent most of his time in the racR, or out drinking and smoking, he was able to maintain his 4.00 in Math and become 2/c brigade commander. Joe will always be remembered as a friend to all.

"JEFF"

JEFFREY W. ASHER
MORTON GROVE, IL SPH

Jeff plunged into his plebe year with great enthusiasm after a year in the fleet as an enlisted nuc and a year at NAPS. Plebe year went smoothly but youngster cruise found Jeff aboard Mistral where he found out what real sailing (and real seasickness) were like. Early youngster year, Jeff became concerned at the oddities of the naval dating system and struck out on his own to become UNSA's Fred Astaire. He lost his sunglasses but won the woman and was seen much of the rest of the year running at full clip from a convent, with barely enough time to catch a taxi and a bus and scramble over the wall back to Bancroft.

As a second class, the 29th company "professional" attempted to spread the wealth with a try at matchmaking, with one particular success in 30, eh Nick. A diligent physics major, he now has no illusions about submarines or nuc power after I/C cruise and hopes(?) to put his talents to use as member of the few - the proud — The MARINES . . .

"SPANKY"

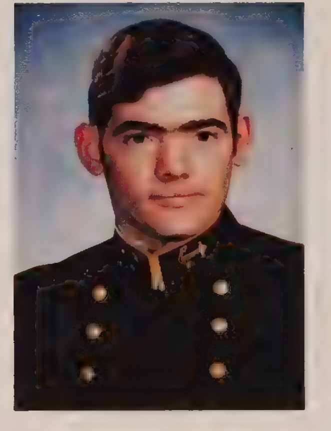
JOHN H. BEATTIE
MANLIUS, NY *FPS*

Spanky came to USNA from the partying city of Manlius, NY after taking a one year vacation at NAPS. His mother had visions of him walking with his head up and of correcting his fingernail biting habit, but John came here with the idea of an exciting four years of athletics, education and training - the rack and women prevailed. Spanky, from his older looking features and unique schemes, has been able to find more older and interesting women than the avg Mid. One trick he uses is an Irish accent, which has the women fascinated and beats thinking of what really goes on in Ireland. When he isn't sleeping or out on the town, and since he doesn't know where the wardroom is, he can be found studying rigorously for his tough and ever demanding major. J.B. once thought of spending his five years of opportunity after graduation being a glorious airedale, but after an excellent l/c cruise in the Caribbean we may find him driving ships on the West Coast. We wish him the best of luck in whatever he decides. We rank him one of six.

"COOL"

KEVIN M. COTHERMAN
GOSHEN, IN *EGE*

Kevin dribbled his way to WUBA U. from the plains of Goshen, Indiana. Sensing a rigorous four years, he burned the midnight oil through youngster year in pursuit of an Aerospace major. The major changed and Cool was found spending his late night hours watching the Benny Hill Show. Dedicated to whatever his goal was, he worked for four hard years on the Varsity B-ball court, and he gained the respect to become captain his senior year. Seemingly quiet and shy at first — WATCHOUT! A cold beer, fast car, loud music, and an Indiana girl all rank high on Cool's backboard. A trip to Mexico with the Arians; a trip to Europe with a Mexican; and a few trips back to the plains of Indiana have left Kevin with some fond memories. As a devoted Notre Dame fan with two wild sponsors, and as a friend to all, we rank him one of six.



"ARDO"

RICARDO W. CRAFT
LOVELAND, CO *SPS*

*Ardo (the magic flaunting suprahero) joined ramblin' 29 from Colorado the land of thin air, snow clad peaks and Rocky Mountain Oysters. Ardo was one of the few who could eat Ralph's raw octupus and dried fish. Did you ever wonder what that tap-tap was at 0300 in the head plebe year? It was Rick doing an all night paper in the janitor's closet. The Ardonian survived one of the Dean's long green tables - NUC insurance as a youngster - who would have guessed? Rick really enjoyed his in-room phone 2/C year - oh, Joe our 2/C Mega-striper was welcome to use it too! And then there was that fieldball accident that put Rick in Bethesda from Thanksgiving to Army our 2/C year - We still don't believe his claim "You oughta' see it, it's as big as a grapefruit!!" After our loans, it was interesting to notice how much Brad and Rick admired each other's taste in trucks, rings, depth gauges, and BC's. From one of the "Band of Brothers" to company subcdr with Panda Bear, Rick is off to poke holes in the sky and see more of SWEET STUFF****

"CUMM"

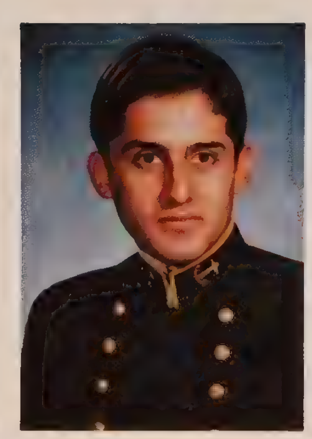
ROBERT C. CUMMINGS
LA JOLLA, CA *SRM*

With the Navy already in his blood, Bobby came to Squid U. from the surf of La Jolla, Ca. to follow in his Pop's footsteps. His aspirations quickly changed after about three haircuts and he set his sights on five and out. Cummshot hung up his Speedo frosh year and after hitting the intramural scene discovreed Windsurfing. Academics never got in the way of his studies and Alfalfa's massive course load from Management left him plenty of time to sailsurf the Severn and cruise his Mercedes Benz with Spanky, Buckwheat & Beach Bum. Getting puked on at Hood, College Creek bridge jump in Trops, the NIS movie, rubber stamps, Lusitania life ring, Chip model ship, icy winds, Mexican roommate & the Arians - USNA was a regular college for Bob. Four years of Maryland weather convinced this kid that it was Windsurfer Line & San Diego all the way for service selection. Do they have White Works chits in the Fleet? We rank him one of six.

"JACK"

JOHN F. GALLAGHER
GRAHAMSVILLE, NY *SOC*

The Wild Woods . . . simpering swamp sissis . . . glass knees . . . white works . . . all night pinochle . . . H.H.B. . . . BLACK JACK . . . rocks for docs . . . Rome . . . "This place, she — the big one" . . . NO NAMES . . . wild wood wusses . . . gigantic purple swollen ankle (Dam Neck) . . . DEATH ON THREE WHEELS . . . THE GREAT TREK NORTH . . . "Stolz, we're there, we're there!!!!" . . . "I'm freeeeeezing" . . . Michele (oh well can't win them all) . . . "You ever run into a parked car?" . . . Terri B. (Stolz's bud) . . . bucket brigade . . . FEBRUARY 9, 1980 . . . Hooligans . . . "I'm the instructor and you are the students" . . . "Whats your name again?" . . . "I know the number!!!" . . .?" . . . "Jack, why does my back hurt?" . . . 102 TEMP at RING DANCE . . . Dr. Gutts . . . CORONADO BEACH . . . diving into sand dunes . . . "I LOST MY RIINNNGGGG!!!" . . . Brush saves the day . . . LUV CIN . . . Dr. LUV . . . Plebe Summer 1980 . . . S-I-M-M-O-N-S . . . "Kriete, who am I?" . . . DRUG INDUCED TRIO . . . Our Boy, BOBO . . . It isn't over yet . . . Cindy.



"MATT"

MATTHEW A. GALLEGOS
SAN FRANCISCO, CA *EME*

Matt came to the Academy with fist clenched, ready to fight the system . . . and anyone who disagreed with him. The academic life started off real well for the Masked Marvel but soon fell into disfavor when he started into his major - thanks to ROCKET, WILDBILL, et. al. Matt learned to take out his frustrations as a gentle participant in company sports . . . especially on the football field amongst all the other lightweights. Being from the West Coast, Matt entertained himself and others with many unforgettable incidents - Army at Stolz', Easter at Roscoe's, roadtrips etc. The rest of the time he spent wondering how to get more sleep and when he could get home next (he had a special "reason" for that). His favorite pastimes were Nudie Disco and studying fluids. We don't know where we'll see Matt in the future, but you can rest assured that we won't forget the Colonel.

"BRAD"

BRADLEY D. GAWBOY
NEW HOPE, MN *EOE*

The WERE-PIG descended on USNA with his pajamas and an intense desire to be a good little swimmer. 0530 practices cured him of swimming and nudie disco cured him of pajamas. Brad did not let his inate intelligence interfere with the Rocket's teaching besides he WANTED to spend an extra 2 weeks in Annapolis I/c summer. Brad first gained fame in the company by actively seeking the title of Whammo King. He won. To be a were-pig he had to consume large quantities of beer. He does this quite well, especially when others buy the beer. Brad's Mom was so proud that Brad was at USNA that she sold all his clothes and bedroom furniture. Without telling Brad. Recently, Brad has sunk to the depths of moral depravity and bought a Japanese pick-up truck. Brad's temper is of historic proportions. He has been known to stay angry for 3 or 4 seconds. Being a MUDDER only proves his insanity. His friendship is valued by all who know him. Be one with and GOOD LUCK, Brad!!

"BOB"

ROBERT L. GRABAREK
BALTIMORE, MD *EOE*

Bob, an ocean engineering major from Baltimore, managed to maintain a low profile during his first two years at the Academy by playing varsity baseball and keeping busy with his studies. However, early in his second class year he gave up pitching and finally became sociable and known to the rest of the Company. Of all the first class in the Company, Bob was the first person to accept a compliment on his looks, tended to swell. Therefore, the rest of the first classmen enjoyed cutting Bob down because of his clothes, the Orioles, his accent, or anything else that came to mind but he could take the jokes in stride. Bob was not one to be found in the Hall on weekends during first class year, but he usually could be found drinking beer at Hooligans on a Friday or Saturday night. Bob became very well known at Hooligans, but that was not the only place that he was popular because his easy-going personality made him one of the most popular firsties in 29.

"CHUCK"

CHARLES A. HARDY
CLAYTON, MO *HHS*

Charles A. Hardy, better known as Chuck, came to the Naval School on the Chesapeake from the banks of the Mississippi. Chuck, an avid sailor since before he could even walk, aspired to pursue his love of ships and the sea as a naval officer. While at Canoe U., there were few challenges he could not successfully rise above, with the exception of studying and the obstacle course wall. Although his love of fine music and classical literature befitted the tastes of an octagenarian, his tastes in women were those of a man considerably younger than even himself. His taste in cars was no less demanding. Owning a Porsche had always been a lifelong dream. With the arrival of first class year, he grew impatient and settled instead for a Rabbit, a budget Porsche. Never at a loss for words, Chuck always had something to add to any conversation. Following graduation Chuck will pack his seabag for the surface fleet. We bid him smooth seas and following winds in all his future endeavors.

"RALPH"

RALPH K. HASEGAWA
AIEA, HI *SPS*

Ralph comes to the academy from Hawaii, land of grass skirts and sunny beaches. Plebe year found Ralph becoming "uncivilized" and getting a haircut to prove it. Discovering that academics were boring as well as difficult, Ralph could be found asleep in the company office in the early hours of the morning. Youngster year found Ralph discovering Dahlgren Hall, cheap beer, and girls - in that order. Famous for inventing "Ralph-Born" training, he could be found stumbling around the hall until someone took him in. As a culmination of his training, Ralph decided to run the Marine Corps Marathon 2/c year - drunk! Not wanting to miss a Saturday night at Dalgren, he didn't and he didn't get any sleep over the matter either. But then a certain Princess "nuke" drafted him and who knows what will happen June Week? A pre-commissioning physical found the Flight Surgeon urging Ralph to go surface line. Consequently, there will be smooth sailing around Hawaii for this beach lover.

"NITWIT"

NEIL W. HOGG
FLUSHING, NY *HHS*

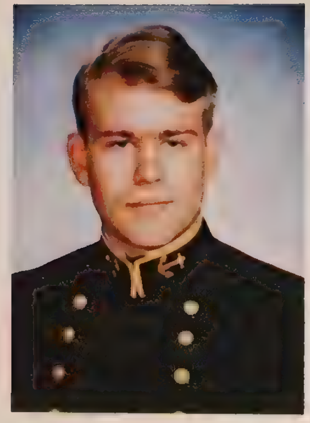
Neil came to us from a town across the river from Northern New Jersey. He ran the whole way here to get in shape for his major - track. Plebe year was an eventful one for Neil. There was a firstie track star in the company who we called Mr. Anderson. Neil called him Ricky - at the top of his lungs - in the middle of the hall - constantly. Neil never could understand why our second class would always be so mad at him. Neil also enjoyed study hour. This was a time to visit all his friends and he could easily find them all in their own rooms.

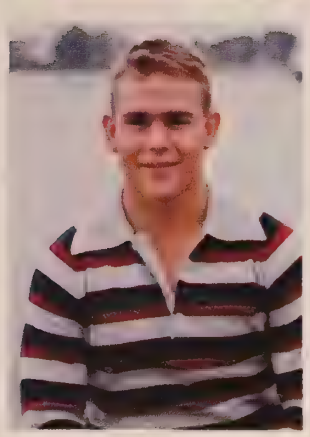
Well, Neil has finally made it. We thought for sure he'd kill himself first. Hitting people in the fist with his nose and putting his legs between colliding Knockabouts does wonders for prolonging life. But he made it and during his stay, he put a mark on the field house record board that should last almost as long as the mark on his nose. Neil was always one to join in on the fun and should be a lot of fun in the Fleet. Good Luck, Neil, and keep working on that physique.

"HUBBS"

JAMES A. HUBBARD
PANAMA CITY BCH., FL *SPS*

MAJOR: Graduation (with luck), SPORT: Sailing, Windsurfing, and party, and party and . . . ACHIEVEMENTS: Beat the system: in spite of all those Boards (Performance, Conduct, etc.) he will still graduate, maybe. QUOTES and INCIDENTS by Nipper, God's own drunk: The Hilton deviates (first 75 and 2) - The Graveyard - The Yacht Club (Pass that Frizbee!) - Black Boat, Black Crew outa control: Block Isl., Newport, Marblehead, Matty's - Oxford: What Trophy? Find another sport! - Yellow Boat - White Boat, Black Crew (7 ensigns on one boat? Trouble!) - The Bahamas, Swamp, Bilge - "Doktor, Doktor!" - Speed Doctor going yachtin with a keg (Mental Truck) huntin hose monsters under 200 lb. - "Bridge Jump!" - Beehive: 125 and 2 (too drunk to run) - Cock roaches on the Wardroom floor, mmm! good! - A.A. School, Kegs, RW and B, Schmidts, Weems Creek Country Club, The Wharf and a Moose, Puppy Chow Daquiries - "Silly Wench!" - Tidy Whities Parties - 3 AM visits from Midn. Shookie - "Gotta have my morning Doktor." — "TRANSCEND THE B.S.!" —





"CHIEF"

KURT T. IRGENS
WAUWATOSA, WI *EME*

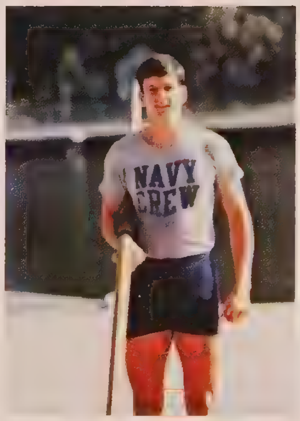
What can you say about a man who has everything? "Irgi" came out of the frozen Northern reaches of Wauwautosa (sp?) with a penchant for soccer, water polo, and net disavings. Soccer fell by the wayside, but he threw himself into the latter two with a passion. Water polo gained acceptance as other sports failed to beat the Woops; Kurt found an outlet for his money in assembling a setero that could knock out the main shaft lights, heat a typical Bancroft room, and, in the hands of a skilled operator, make all sorts of noises. A '74 Jensen-Healey also caught his fancy, and one day it may prove capable of supporting his pilgrimages to Frederick.

Once there was a time when this would have ended with Kurt walking on his hands into the wild blue yonder, but service selection had gone the way of fresh air, tuna, and Taiwan. And so we say, "Good luck, Kurt, whatever His Eminence decides for you!"

"BABY KIM"

KIM A. JOHNSON
DALTON, GA *SPS*

Baby Kim comes to us from Georgia and as a true southerner, he speaks with a drawl, enjoys Leonard Skynard, black eyed peas, and humid weather. Always wanting to excel, he will be remembered for his studying Saturday nights ("The girls at Dahlgren are too young for me!"), his performance at Parades as Platoon Leader ("Left Mark, right, back KO!"), and his encouragements to his Hawaiian roommate ("Throw that fish out!"). Kimo enjoyed ECA's such as the Scuba Club ("That quarry froze my — off!") and the Karate Club. He could be seen practicing in his room by kicking about and commenting about cheerleaders ("Watch, I can do better kicks and splits!"). He was going to leave us after youngster year, but a "friend?" talked him into staying by arguing about the remote possibility of a nuke draft and the possibilities of flying. But old Uncle Hymie has taken an interest in him (look at this sheet for TAD dates), and now this English go EE go Phy Sci major wishes he had tried aero so that he could design a nuke powered plane.



"SKE"

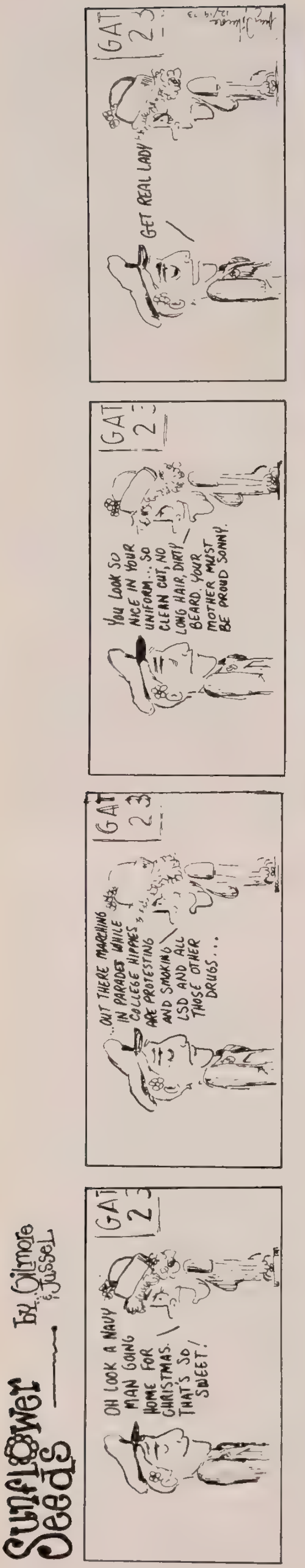
PATRICK J. KANEWSKE
DALLAS, TX *SPS*

Pat was never one for sophomoric foolishness - he waited until first class year for that. Coming to Mother "B" after 3 years in the Big Blue as a P-3 lightbulb replacement technician, Pat brought apathy out of the streets and into the Hall where it belonged. Pat majored in (by order of perference); 1) crew 2) sitting around 3) hair combing and 4) '55 Chevies. Somehow he also found time to ease his way thorugh a major and sleep alot. Good luck in the Green Machine or layal denizen of the Warrior cause; we'll always have a soft spot in our hearts and minds for you.

"BEANER"

JOSEPH R. LAWRENCE
BRAWLEY, CA *ENA*

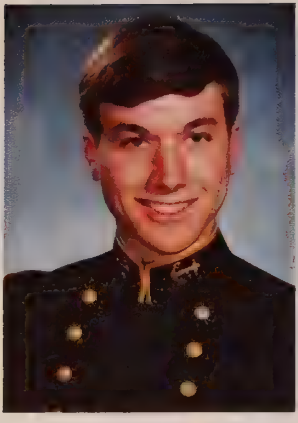
Joe Marr came to the "Swab" Academy from Brawley, California, the land of sun & lowriders with hopes of getting a free education and a job. After searching through just about every varsity sport at USNA, Joe finally found Gymnastics and set his goals at getting a letter sweater so he wouldn't have to wear a cover. His long hours of study supported his Naval Architecture major which taught him no more than how to build surf-boards and whether or not fish can really survive in the tow tank. Buckwheat somehow detached his mind from military affairs, an enviable trait, but this always left him in the hole with countless W.E. restrictions. How was he "supposed" to know evening meal formation goes at 1830 and we gots to make taps ever night? Joe is a hard worker at everything he does and will make a fine civilian. We rank him one of six


Sunflower Seeds — by Gilmore & Tussel
GAT 23
OH LOOK A NAVY MAN GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS. THAT'S SO SWEET!
...OUT THERE MARCHING IN PARADES WHILE COLLEGE HIPPIES ARE PROTESTING AND SMOKING LSD AND ALL THOSE OTHER DRUGS...
YOU LOOK SO NICE IN YOUR UNIFORM... SO CLEAN CUT, NO LONG HAIR, DIRTY BEARD. YOUR MOTHER MUST BE PROUD SONNY.
GET REAL LADY

"MURR"

JAMES P. MURRAY
BAY SHORE, NY *SRM*

MURR came to the shores of the Severn from God's Country, better known as LONG ISLAND. Once he mastered his second language, English, Jim was on his way to becoming an academic wiz and the unfortunate recipient of a letter from Rickover. While most plebes were sweating through their first year at the Academy DA-HUMP was out drinking with MOW and busy asking firsties their rates. Youngster year found a long haired MURR standing academic watch on Thursday noons. But no one would call Jim a bagger . . . not to his face anyway. By junior year MURR had become an honorary member of the football team, enjoying many of the privileges as well. By senior year Jim had become a resident four striper, earning one youngster year, two second class year and his fourth stripe first class year. MURR chose to commute to Squid U., during first class year, preferring to spend his free time with Cheryl, the only girl who could ever tame the fun-loving Islander Jim and MRS. MURR's next stop will be P-COLA. WE RANK HIM ONE OF SIX.



"JP"

JOHN H. PIERSE
COMMACK, NY . *EME*

"J.P.," as he is affectionately known, came to Canoe U. from New York. In his four short years at Annapolis, he has led a vast and colorful life encompassing the full gamut of the human experience from 'A' to 'B.' One could tell, as he rose at 0530 on Sundays, that John was more nervous than the typical Ramblin' 29 plebe. But he loosened up, his clock radio dying of old age before his roommates could get it. The rest, recounted solely for those of you who spent those happy years on a lofty Tibetan crag, a desert island, or in a den of monastic militarism is history.

By late segundo year, John had managed to become part of the precipitate rather than the solution vis a vis the safe driving program. Early in '80 he was poundin' the brews at the O-Club and even saying nasty things about classmates' girlfriends. As he heads off towards the depths, he leaves us still wondering whether that note (It's a boy!) plebe year really did refer to a nephew.

"PRUDES"

CRAIG W. PRUDEN
RIVERDALE, NJ *FPS*

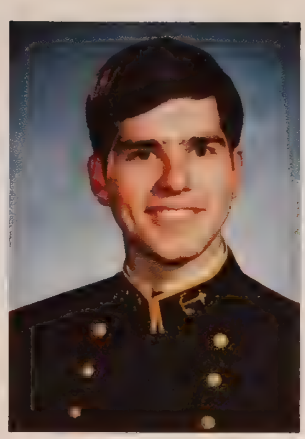
Craig came to us from N.J. and Northwestern — University? — No Prep! Since becoming a midshipman, Craig has had three goals: 1. marriage 2. flying (commercial aviation), and stripes. In this regard Craig has been engaged more times then the rest of his company, and for all his looking has finally decided on his OAO . . . Hi Jan! A devout Poli Sci major, Craig has no fear of the nuclear draft, and after having soloed this summer will undoubtedly end up as an Ace of Aces. With best wishes for the future and friendly skies insight Craig takes off for marriage?, a career? as a Naval Aviator.

"ROSCOE"

MICHAEL A. RASCONA

SAYVILLE, NY *HHS*

*1st day AC year 1977, alarm clock rings, Scone falls from top bunk, Stolz ages 10 years. It never got better! 150 letters. V.I. (Mess, Scurve, Clutz), Bermuda (J.D., Limbo contest). All night Pinnochle. The Brothers Rascona. "Jack, why does my back hurt??" Roscoe's 6-3 gym, Dynamic Weight Exploder. Howwible Squiwwels. Army party in N.J., Murr's van. Easters - Matt, Brad, food, food, and more food. Susquehanna - camping by the roadside, Potapsico - one with nature. Ring Dance - Stouffers, Pictures, Bestest weekend yet, Thanks Barbie. Coronado Beach - Black "look at that gut" Jack. B.H. Party T&L. *The last one to get the axe. "If you can't be with the one you love, love the one you're with." Casanova - U.D., U.M., Towson, M.W., A.A.C. 4 A.M., under exit 26 on Highway 695 - "Good Evening officer, I can explain everything". Let's roll some Pigs. Drug induced trio. Singing roadtrips. He spoke 2 languages neither of them English. He was a friend to all who knew him. Who are dem Mudduhs anyway???*

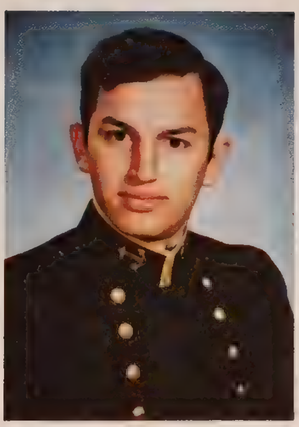


"PANDA BEAR"

MARK A. SCHANUEL

HAYWARD, CA *SPS*

Mark wandered into the fighting 29 from the Great State of California, just as a bear would wander into his cave. Not to say that he is slow and without purpose, he just has his own stride. This, along with his physical features made Mark stand out as a bear among men. Mark's known by all as 'The Bear' but only as 'Panda' by those that know him best. Mark started lifeas a 'Mech. E.' but could not differentiate around Dynamics and got integrated into a group of scientists that study physics. With his new major, came high grades and three stripes. Yes, Mark was commended by a Co. and it was graced by his presence. In sports, Mark rowed crew and quickly moved toward excellence by joining the rifle team. He has since won various medals for his skill vice strength. For Mark, Rickover's service selection will tell him whether he gets to go AIR as an N.F.O. (as presently planned) or whether he gets sucked into the water to be a NUC forever. Whichever field is lucky enough, will be receiving a real PROFESSIONAL.



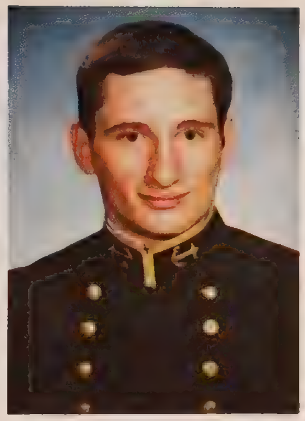
"AL"

ALFRED C. SOTO

MODESTO, CA *SRM*

Al stormed his way across the whole USA leaving a trail of broken hearts and lost covers to get to Annapolis. It is lucky for our class that he had to stop and spend a year at Newparty, Rhode Island. He started out Plebe Year running for the cross-country team and taking a stab at Ocean Engineering, but ended up sprinting to get over fences, running his roommate back to Idaho (where he belonged) and taking out his first payment for Nuc Insurance. Never one for academics, Al spent his Saturday nights as a youngster studying the girls at Dahlgren Hall. This did not RAISE his QPR much but . . . well, at least he finally made all the payments for THE INSURANCE.

There isn't a member of the company who hasn't basked in the SUNSHINE of Al's warm and gentle personality. Even basking at 4 a.m. on the Beltway. This personality has always burned through to the young maiden's hearts and he was never without a damsel by his side. Semper fly, HARDLUCK you little b----ed up dude!



"STOLZ"

MARK P. STOLZENBERG

WESTWOOD, NJ *EAS*

After an intense year of partying at the U. of Rochester, Stolz felt he was ready for the Naval Academy. Unfortunately, when he was a plebe . . . Since he had this added year to become experienced and wizened with the ways of the world he was known affectionately as OLD GUY or just OLD STOLZ. The first two academic years were pretty easy for Stolz. During finals this allowed him to read other people's trilogies, play pinochle and backgammon, drink plenty of beer and beat up on his roommates. Aero majors barely survive 2/c year with that lifestyle and Stolz was no exception. (Who needs Aero majors on a sub anyway.) 1/c year sees Stolz studying hard, but still never losing any sleep over it. The OLD STOLZ that we knew so well changed at the end of 2/c year when he was "PEG-ED", 'nuff said. He was too old to be a bachelor anyway. If Hymie doesn't get him, he'll fly the BIG GREEN MACHINE. Good luck OLD GUY, don't die before the reunion. By the way, when's the next party Stolz?

THIRTIETH COMPANY

"CAVE MAN"

CHRISTOPHER B. VAGTS
FORT PIERCE, FL *EEE*

Chris hails from Factoryville, PA. He is the third son of a proud German family. Following the tradition set by his two brothers he committed himself to the academy and joined the ranks of Fighting 29. From the start it was obvious that Chris was a highly motivated "striper dog". However, all the time he spent here was not naval oriented. Chris found plenty of time for the better things in life like massive quantitites of fine food and beer, and extravagant stereo system and a new baby Datsun. While filling his spare time with little electronic "Projects" Chris found his way to the EE department and is one of the few survivors. Chris excelled in crew with the Plebe team and than on the Batt. level. Having won the favor of Cdr. "O" he spent a term as Batt. Sub Cdr.

Chris is as intense as the summer sun with an unequaled flair for sarcasm. He is a good friend to those who know him well. His future is with submarines where his true professionalism insures him success.

"MARKO"

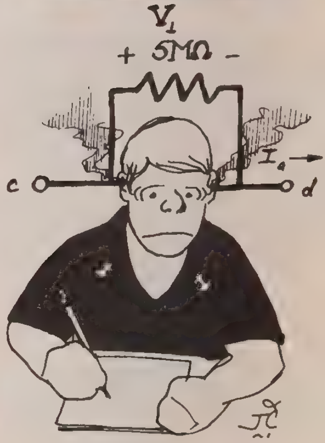
MARK H. ADAMSHICK
COLONIA, NJ *FPS*

Nourished by a never ending source of inquisitiveness, Marko has flourished "in these trying times." With just the right amount of contempt and compassion, his personality creates an aura of self-assuredness that undoubtedly will take him far. His charismatic and dynamic approach towards people earn him a respect that few can challenge. Whether company commander or midnight marauder, he thrives in working with people. With a determination hard to match, Marko tackles his priorities one by one until his ever changing goals are reached. Appreciating what most of us are blind to, Mark can sense that fleeting moment of subtle humor, enjoying it to its fullest extent. Though his heart will always lie within a Yankee's Garden, whenever his sleek machine drives over that Jersey state line, out to conquer yet another task, he will inevitably return with success firmly in his grasp. Ciao and good luck to an amazing person.

"BUTCH"

MARSHALL J. ANDERSON
PENSACOLA, FL *ENA*

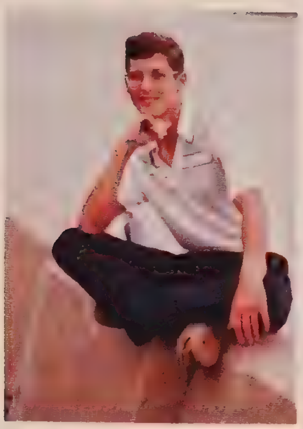
Butch came to us from Pensacola, proud of the fact that he was a bum. He had many hobbies which included rack and television and more rack and more television so first class year he put his talents to use and was elected wardroom president. Butch was also a very athletic person; in fact he won the coveted triple crown almost every semester he was here. But his real skill was the drill team where he worked hard for three years to become Drill Team Commander. He also worked hard in his studies, always staying up late to study the reruns on television. Weekends made a changed man out of Butch, he was always ready for a new adventure out to such exotic places as Petes and The Happy Buzzard. We all wish Butch the best of luck when he returns to Pensacola to fly those Navy jets.



"THIN MAN"

JOHN L. BRAUN
VIRGINIA BCH, VA *SPH*

John, the "thin man" of 30th Company, comes to us from Virginia Beach, Virginia. Never one to take his studies lightly, JB spent a great deal of his time in search of academic excellence, and more often than not came away with that elusive 4.0 despite majoring in Physics. Many late night "gouge" sessions were held in his room, with classmates from all over the Brigade flocking to his room for help with a particularly difficult problem. This zealous activity did not preclude John from enjoying himself once the work was done however, just ask anyone who attended the '79 Army-Navy Game parties. "Da Bruce" made a spectacular but short entrance which was talked about for weeks. Despite his thin frame, JB was not intimidated by "Fritz", a plebe somewhat larger than himself. With his sharp wit and willingness to perservere against great odds, John will soon make a welcome addition to the wardroom of one of Admiral Rickover's newest ships. All of us in "dirty thirty" wish you the best of luck in all that you do.



"DAVE"

DAVID B. BURTON
SAVANNAH, TN *SMA*

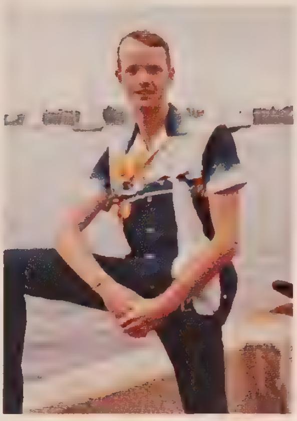
Most will remember Dave as the country-boy from Tennessee who, upon sighting the seeming myriad of shoes which we were issued with plebe summer, blurted out "Ah we gonna weah these durn thangs all th' time? Ah ain't worn 'em but to church befower". Some will remember Dave youngster year as the terror of Georgetown in a three-piece suit, but still no shoes. But none will remember him second class year, as no one ever saw him. Rumors that the Germans had captured him seemed true when he returned for first-class year with shoes, a broad smile, a fraulein, and speaking German with a southern accent. During the time he was actually at the Naval Academy, Dave mastered the art of mathematics, made a joyful noise in the chapel choir, checkmated the chess team, and was Thirtieth Company's Shell answer man for calculus. Dave is a man you can always count on, and whatever his service assignment, he's bound for glory.

"MATT"

MATTHEW A. CARR
RIO GRANDE, NJ *EOE*

Matthew A. Carr came to this illustious institution from South Jersey (which he always emphasized SOUTH) with high hopes and asperations. This Ocean Engineer was brigade honor coordinator his first class year but did some things that were, in themselves, deceiving. You could sometimes mistake Matt for a basketball player - for after a test he would always find the garbage can from over 30 feet away with all his books. Although going NUKE, be had tendencies toward Navy Air. He would run across the desk tops torching moths and keep score.

Matt, being very industrious, always had about 10 projects going at once. If he wasn't building a Grandfathers clock or making a hammock, he would be tying monkey's fists or making knot boards. Like everyone else who values their sanity, Matt had his escapes. While at the academy it was the D&B. On weekends he would make the trek North to see his girlfriend Charlene, where they had a knot tying project of their own. Matt will be greatly missed by all!



"VIC"

THOMAS V. COLE
MIAMI, FL *FPS*

Vic came to us from the seldom harmonious city of Miami and found the peaceful atmosphere of USNA somewhat disconcerting. After several tries to make the system more to his liking, he decided to let it go its way while he went his. Vic liked Aero so much that Youngster year he became a Poli Sci major, and there developed his aspirations for a legal career. While taking one or two hits as a naval defense counselor in Bancroft Superior Court, Vic nevertheless managed to convince everyone of his superior logic, or at least of his superior vocal Power. First class year he suddenly developed a strange yearning to pay continual visits to the town of West Lafayette, Indiana; Interstate 70 has since been renamed the Thomas Victor Cole Parkway. Of course, all this traveling was for a good cause, as his financee was "only 665 miles away." Becky has earned the devotion of a great guy, and we wish them the best of luck always.

"J.Q."

JOHN Q. DICKMANN
POLAND, OH *SPH*

Whether John came to the Academy from Poland, Ohio or from the far reaches of some intergalactic space colony is not certain, however be is a reality and his presence within this great monolith called Bancroft has been far from unnoticed. The metamorphosis of J.Q. in four years has been quite remarkable. He began his illustrious career as "Tuxedo John", a proud and determined plebe. Youngster year he decided to shun society and spent many pleasure filled hours "trolling out" in his homemade cave. J.Q. could be found floating around the Hall Second Class year in an attempt to equate himself with the nebulous courses he took as a Physics major. First Class year brought fame and glory to J.Q. After a flaming set on Plebe Detail, John led the 30th Co. into another academic year as our Company Commander. He has shown undaunted leadership skills and has been a great friend to all. He possesses an unlimited reserve of sensitivity and trust. J.Q. will undoubtedly be a success in his endeavors. Good luck to one of the Academy's finest.

CHRISTOPHER P. FEDYSCHYN
FED MARLBORO, NJ EEE

Christopher P. Fedyschyn, alias "The Fed," was perhaps best known for making sure everyone he met knew he was a Ukranian, he played hockey, and he was from Jersey; which was his tragic flaw. although an EE major, the Fed could always be found in the company wardroom from eight until eleven and then in his room burning the midnight oil, staying awake by ingesting massive quantities of caffiene via his fifty gallon coffee cup. Maybe it was the fact that he was a goalie on the hockey team, but at times the Fed was the most obnoxious person in the company and proud of it. However, for all his obstinance, he was quick to take a friend home for the weekend or give them a toasted bagil and cream cheese. The Fed really earned his letter he got for playing hockey. There are not many people that can stop a hockey puck going sixty miles an hour with their face. Everyone that knows the Fed will miss him as we go our separate ways; especially playing his aerial games of backgammon.

"SAUL"

MICHAEL J. GALLET
STOCKTON, CA EOE

Mike came to USNA from the village of Stockton, in the state of California, to see what he could make of himself. Gazing eastward from his new home, he was heard to exclaim, "I always thought the Atlantic Ocean was wider. Look, you can see land over there!" It was his sense of adventure that led Mike to the Ocean Engineering major. This fellow dug into his studies and led Dirty Thirty academically with a 3.9. As "Saul", he was anchorman and co-founder of the Hebrew National Swim Team along with Menachem and Gino the token. USNA had some surprises for Mike too. He still bears scars from his run-in with "Fritz the Hun". While not the romantictype, he has managed to hold onto a great lady by the name of Carol (who held down the fort back home). We wish them both luck. Mike is bound for nuc surface. He says it is for the money, but I think he just doesn't want to have any kids!

"GINO"

MICHAEL F. GIANCATARINO
SPRINGFIELD, PA ESP

The Wop, Gino, also known as Michael F. Giancatarino, or was it Gino Catarino? Following in the footsteps of two brothers in the classes of '75 and '76, Gino kept the tradition of outstanding Philadelphia midshipmen alive. Seeing Gino doing his homework was as rare a sight as seeing him slam dunk a basketball. Gino has taken quite a bit of abuse over the years for his lack of height. He might be short but he sure is slow. Whether it was battle-ax, company soccer, or running the mile, Gino always put out at least 50 or 60 percent. However, very few could top the South Phillie sleeper when it came to rack time. To him, nirvana was a youngster afternoon. As for women they were never a problem for this able bodied Marine Engineer. After all, doesn't everybody play hide-and-seek for 36 hours with their Ring Dance dates? He says he's going NFO but we all know that deep down inside he wants to go to Orlando with the rest of us. dirty Thirty wishes the best of luck to our good friend, wherever he may go.

"GUMA"

PETER A. GUMATAOTAO
SINAJANA, GUAM SRM

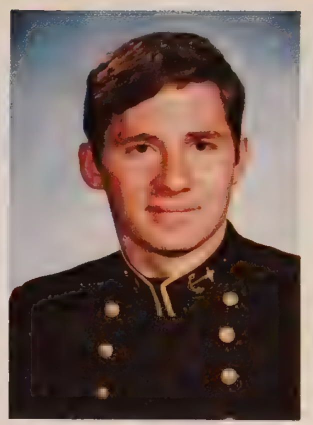
Guma educated us culturally by telling us, "Yes there is a Thanksgiving on Guam!" Plebe year, he was pretty squared away, but Vinie, John and Mike changed all that. By youngster year he almost became a top-notch slob. He'd be in ecstasy if USNA was a house of mirrors. He wanted to put a mirror over his bed, but we wouldn't let him - he'd never get any sleep.

The King of the Islands was well known for his midnight barbecues. He still isn't used to winters, frequently catching "codes" He was an island of mellow in a room of rowdies. His favorite hobby was a toss-up between hat collecting and WUBA chasing. When he goes back to Guam his own kin won't recognize him. He was transformed from a helpful Boy Scout to a !@#$%&*! and will make a great Governor of Guam. Hafa dai, Brown

"TONY"

ANTHONY GURNEE
SHARON, CT *HHS*

Tony is the international member of 30th Company, having spent his high school years in Ireland. Having the primitive spirit of the hunt, Tony threw the javelin for awhile but soon switched to hunting the American fox. Dahlgren was his favorite scene for these fox hunts and he quickly became an expert at this dangerous game. On those Saturday nights when everyone else spent their ammo with no success, he managed to bring in the limit and accumulate many fine trophies over the years. During plebe year, Tony earned the name FLASH by managing to get out of the rack, shave, and get into full uniform before his roommates had shut off the alarm. Tony also picked up a hobby in Russian history at USNA which he pursued between fits of Technophrenia. Fortunately, his mental health almost recovered after 2/c year. It did not, however, recover enough to destroy his interest in the U.S. Marine Corps, so it looks like that will be his destiny after graduation. Tony, we wish you and the Corps alot of luck.



"HANKS"

PAUL F. HANKINS
WASHINGTON, DC *ENA*

If God created the world in seven days, it must have taken him seven weeks to construct this individual known as Paul Hankis. Ensign Fletch represents a cross section of our society; he is a culmination of personalities and character, a source of faith and understanding, a promoter of exuberance, a master of comedy. His fun loving attitude and spirited antics have become commonplace; his professionalism, a legend. If in Danny's Navy a Commander wears a fig leaf on his lapel, we know he is destined for eminence and glory. Carl is often the focus of pleasant jest and good-natured stunts, however he can reciprocate quite effectively . . . just ask Bubba about the O course watch. The deep blue oceans and the power they possess have compelled Hanks to assume the immortal challenge of conquering the wind, a quest for superiority under sail. As skipper of "Patriot", he thrives on competition and loves to win. Paul leaves behind a trail of fond memories . . . fair winds and following seas to a great shipmate and a fine friend.

"DOUG"

DOUGLAS W. JOHNSTON
SAN DIEGO, CA *SRM*

After proving himself academically and professionally at the Naval Academy Prep school, Doug came to Annapolis and the thirtieth company. The guys in 30 learned quickly that Doug wasn't one to sit around, as every time they turned around he was off to Rhode Island to see Heidi. She is one of two people who have sparked Doug's life with love, the other being Jesus Christ. Doug's faith in Christ was definitely the key to his success here. Besides being active in the Officers' Christian Fellowship, Doug was also a member of Sigma Iota Epsilon. While some may remember Doug for having run into him as he performed his duties as Fifth Battalion Adjutant, this friend will remember him for having shared the hopes, dreams and prayers of our existence at the Naval Academy. Prov. 3:5-6

XIV TORPEDO

"RICH"

RICHARD S. KOPP
GARFIELD HEIGHTS, OH *ESE*

Rich flew in from suburban Cleveland to join us here at good old USNA. For a while everyone thought he came to the wrong school because of his surgically clean hands. Youngster year Rich came down with the Gebel syndrome while boxing and had to spend some time admiring the nurses. Fortunately '79 was the last class to a 2.0 average anyway. Boxing did however improve Buck's reflexes. Second-class year he made it a point to display his snake-like speed for Guy in Dahlgren one Saturday night. Rich's service selection leans toward Surface Line but if you see a rust colored Omega driven by a person with a dude hat on heading towards Orlando you'll know Uncle Hymie got him. Best of luck to Rich whichever course he sets.

"KRONZ"

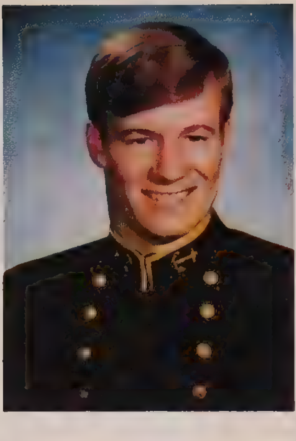
MICHAEL J. KRONZER
SAN DIEGO, CA *SPS*

Mike came to us from San Diego, California, with a football in one hand and a girlfriend in the other, leaving no hands left for books. So he just didn't worry about them. All Mike needed in his uniform issue were white works and an "N" sweater. Sometimes, he would discover new and exciting ways to wear his uniform. Such as wearing black shoes with summer whites and at the same time convincing a firsty it was reg. When Mike went to come-a-rounds, during plebe summer, it wasn't a come-a-round, it was the Mike Kronzer Show. With statements like "Beat Navy Sir," there was never a dull moment in plebe year with Mike. He has come a long way. As a firsty, Mike even asked a plebe a rate. Now, if Kronz was Commandant . . .

"MAX"

MARK E. MIDDLETON
SANTA FE, CA *SPH*

Max hails from Rancho Santa Fe, California (or is it Zorba?). Never one to do anything the easy way, Mark chose to pursue a Physics major while also finding the time to lead an active social life on the side. As a youngster, Max could often be found at his favorite Saturday hot spot, Disco Dahlgren. Although this trend continued into second class year, he also managed to add "a touch of class" by attending NL300's Dining-In. It was here that the immortal "Admiral McNitt, I presume?" was first uttered, a phrase that will live on in the minds of "dirty thirty", as well as the Commandant, for many years. As a firstie, Max reached the pinnacle of his career at USNA. Many long hours spent in the lab, working on his Trident Project, did not dampen his spirits, as Max continued to amaze his classmates with his sense of humor and flashy dress. The sight of his San Diego Padre's ballcap and "living color" tie will be long remembered. An interesting and rewarding future awaits you Max, happy Submarining in the days ahead.



"GIZ"

WILLIAM P. MORGAN
SO. SIOUX CITY, NB *SOC*

Pete (Giz) Morgan, born and bred a true Nebraskan - and throughout his entire four years at the academy he never spent a day that he didn't get cut down for it. This pig farmer from the midwest fell quickly into the fast paced life of the big cities in the east. He learned to catch some rack whenever he could - like in the middle of one of the Army-Navy games. This was of course so he could party hard afterwards. For him, though, partying hard was one or two beers. He never forgot his home, as could be seen by his many Nebraska pennants and pictures of Mary and his family. Petey 'B' also spent many of his afternoons in the loft, where he earned his letter in fencing. He worked so hard that one of his legs seemed larger than the other.

He was also known to walk around the hall murmuring Hey-La (a fierce fencing chant). But he always helped his friends when they needed him. This simple oceanographer, farmer, Nebraskan, friend, will be missed by all who know him as we go our separate ways in the fleet.

"MORI"

MORIYOSHI R. NIXON
ALAMOGORDO, NM *SPH*

Mori gave up a chance at Air Force to come all the way out here from Alamagordo, New Mexico. From the start, it was evident that this Golden Glove from the west was a breed apart in many aspects of life here. His natural boxing talent helped him win the Brigade title. Never one to quit, Nix continued on to win the National title. Nix showed us he was an academic stud as survived the wrath of the bizzare Physics Dept. By the end of second class year Mori changed his quiet and serious image by finally taking time out to become a legitimate seventh batt. participant. During First Class summer he became the terror of the east coast as he tore from each town in his bad mustang, wowing all the ladies with G.Q. style. Claiming to have a "bad attitude", Mori still excelled in all that he did. A good friend to us all and a over all smooth dude. Nix will do well in the Corps. Go for it, Nix!!!

"J.P."

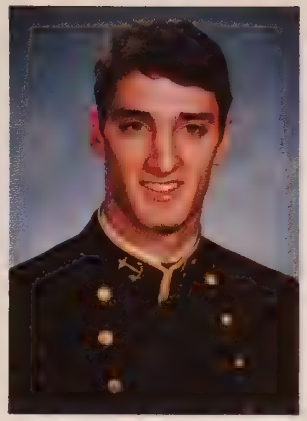
JAMES P. OHARA
RESTON, VA *SRM*

J.P. came to us from Reston, Va., and it was evident that after surviving I-Day on 100 proof blood and a stiff hang-over that somehow he would make it through USNA. For some time the Sup and his buddies on the "BOARD" were considering an extended leave period for J.P., but hard times make you buckle down and that's what he did. Who would have expected GQ O'Hara to give up women for a full year to study. He's back on track though, after all if ole D.H. finds J.P. well endowed how can he deprive Gabriel. Among his various other activities which J.P. took part in was his unique habit of roaming when his sleeping roommates would rather not be startled by some zombie from "Dawn of the Dead" horrors. We will always remember him in his well worn jeans, Pendleton shirt, and Richard E. Byrd ball cap hopping in his van to break hearts in northern Virginia.

"OHM"

MICHAEL R. OLMSTEAD
HADDON HEIGHTS, NJ *SOC*

Coming from beautiful South Jersey with a warm smile and a good humor, Ohms had little problem adapting to the unique life style at Canoe U. Mike is basically a quite individual but when he speaks it's well worth listening to. His appreciation for fine cars is exemplified by his motto 'always buy European, they make the best' and his good taste in women led to the longest 'unofficial' engagement in Dirty Thirty. We will always remember the outrageously funny pranks and joking torment he graciously bestowed on his well deserving ex-roommate. Mike's pyro tendencirs and electrical experiments led to several memorable occasions, which fortunately were undiscovered or unsolved by the over-jealous OD's. When not involved with extra curriculars or studies, Mike found time for one of his true love, shooting rifles. Possibly the best quality of Ohms is that when his friends were down he'd pick them up, and when he was down he'd keep charging. Good luck and fair seas to one of the best.



"MARTY"

MARTIN J. PAULAITIS
LOMBARD, IL *ESE*

Marty followed his ample nose to USNA from Lombard, Illinois. After a stint with Navy football and a tour at the crew house, Marty settled into the rigors of intramural competition. Plebe year, he was noted for his midnight surprises for the taps takers. Youngster year, he developed a penchant for brownies. As a Second Class, the "in thing to do" was excursions to the wardroom to watch "Benny Hill" or MASH. (As a Firsty, Marty was pretty dull!) Studies never came easy for this Systems Engineer, especially with Pat Travers on the stereo headphones so loud that the folks across the hall could hear the music, too. Always the shrewd shopper, Marty was quick to snap up an orange '69 Corvette. The only things that this car would not pass up were blondes, gas stations, and repair shops. After 3/C Cruise on a Gator, this fellow swore off Marines and then signed up for the Marine Option Cruise as a Firsty. He said this cruise really clinched him - he wanted Navy Air! They're getting a good one with our friend, Marty. Good Luck.

"NICK"

NICHOLAS R. SCHACHT
WASHINGTON, DC *HEG*

We don't know where Nick really came from, but upon arrival at USNA, we noticed he had an insatiable desire for eating, dragging, and traveling. With the unofficial billet of Brigade Typist, Nick managed to earn enough money to keep his food addiction under control, and through the Glee Club, he made us all sick by dragging almost every weekend of Plebe year. Nick liked traveling so much that he even went to Uraguay for his l/c cruise. Although Youngster year Nick made jokes about taking a USNA correspondence course, we never dreamed he'd actually do it as a firstie! Ahh . . . to be a college student! It is rumored that he talked the Administration into allowing him to pursue graduate study at the University of Maryland just so he could spend more time with Fetneh. She's getting a great guy, and we hope they have fantastic lives together.

"DUKE"

GUY M. SNYDER
CELINA, OH *SPS*

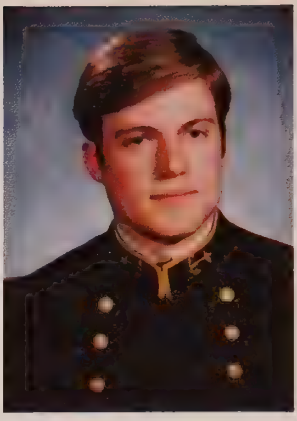
Guy's hometown is the small, Catholic, Mid-Western town of Celina, Ohio. Prior to the Naval Academy, Guy was an E-4 Corpsman out in the fleet. This gave the Dirty Thirty a resident physician, just right for those small ailments that can't be trusted to Medical. Although Duke likes Navy football, insiders know that Woody Hayes never had a truer fan. In fact, when it comes to playing games, Guy is the Woody Hayes of Risk.

One thing that Guy has an abundance of is perseverance. He may have had a few set backs, but he just buckled down and bulled his way through them. The surface-line is getting a mighty fine man. Hey Duke, looks like we made it through another day!!

"FRED"

FREDERICK M. TETTELBACK
ANNANDALE, VA *SOC*

The history of Fred Tettelbach prior to his Academy debut, is one of variety and excitement. As a member of a Navy family, he has lived all over the world, shared many true friendships, and has enjoyed the unique experience of travel and change. Fred's four year tenure here in might Mother "B" has been a direct reflection of the vivacious and dynamic personality he maintains. This character we know as "Cruisin Fred" is an over-achiever,he is never satisfied with second place; victory is not a dream; to him, number one is a reality. Some have said that Fred likes to complain . . . this is not true . . . he loves to complain. Besides being a stud Oceanography major, Fred is an avid sports fan and an excellent athlete. As a letter winner in Varsity Lightweight Crew, he loves nothing more than a flat river, a light breeze, a burning sun, and a coxswain to yell "stroke". Fred has been a unique and integral member of this 30th Company family. He will be missed and remembered by all; best of luck in all you venture.



"J.T."

JOHN T. THEISS
ATHENS, OH *SOC*

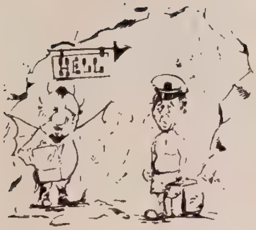
Big J.T. came to us from the farmlands of Athens Ohio. We never understood at first why John acted the way he did, but after road trips to his house we are convinced that he spent a lot of his childhood in the woods with the wild animals. John was so uncivilized when he came here that it was even hard to convince him to sleep on his rack. He preferred to use the floor. In plebe year he worried his roommates to the point where they thought of hiding the bayonets. Some people say John drives recklessly, but four accidents in one year is not enough to prove this. After four years we know that John isn't wierd he is just insane. Good luck in the world, don't let them catch you.

"SCOTT"

SCOTT D. THOMAS
STATESBORO, GA *EE*

Scott most commonly known as S.D. Mental, was from everywhere, but his last known address was Statesboro, GA. EE was a tough major; very time consuming but Scotty still managed to find time to discover the planet Zorba. Since the gouge did flow rather freely, time was never so tight as to keep Scott from listening to his extensive record collection. As a 'ster, Scott's Friday evening study hours were spent making pizza runs to Vienna, Virginia. We never really knew what to expect from his loonie sisters either. Main office was really kept busy when messages from IBM, Uncle Jimmy, and his anonymous stockbroker came flying in. We finally met the source of these wacko calls at the Thomas family party on the South River at the end of youngster year. The members of 30th company will always carry with us the fond memory of Scott and his family who touched the lives of everyone they met.

THIRTY-FIRST COMPANY

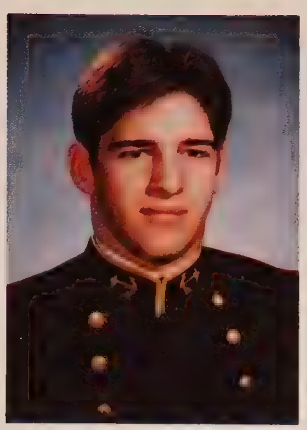


I'm sorry, pal, but the rule says we can't give you any credit for your time at the Academy!

"BUBBA"

ROBERT H. TURMAN
SCOTTS BLUFF, NB *SPS*

Bubba was an old salt when he came to the Academy; two years of rough duty behind a typewriter, and one at the playschool, NAPS. once he arrived here though, Bob still never took anything seriously. Robert H. Turman, hailing from Scottsbluff, Nebraska, is the only one who kept us sane Plebe Summer. His wise remarks kept the air light, or should I say stenched. Bubba has a habit of underestimating himself, but this Physical Science major realized his true ability when he received his Nuc Power letter. We've only seen Bob with one lady in all his time here. I guess Carol likes those ears or the abuse she gets. Bubba loves sports, especially soccer, fieldball, and lax. As a matter of fact, Bob decided to stand an O-course watch one night just for kicks. I guess that can be logged with his entrance into gate one in civies, carrying his uniform. Well good luck in flight school, Bubba. Everybody in Thirty has a soft spot for you, who knows where? Best wishes to our great comrade till the end.



"VINCE"

VINCENT T. VLASHO
TROY, OH *SRM*

Vinnie came to is from Troy Ohio, Strawberry capital of the world. We found out later that Vinnie didn't like strawberries as much as he did cherries! And he'll screw over anybody just to get one, even his roommate who he set up with a massive brick just to get at her sister. The fast pace life of a middy never fazed Vince. He always took things slow and easy. Some people say he has a drinking problem, but he'll drink and make a fool of himself with no problems at all. In sports, he really made it big in rugby. He was a star player not at the games but at the parties. According to Vince, Money isn't everything, it's the only thing, so go get 'em Nukie!!!

"MENACHEM"

RUSSELL J. VRANICAR
PARKVILLE, MN *ESP*

Russell J. Vranicar hails from Parkville, Minnesota, a small town in the middle of no-man's land in the frigid north. After he graduated from high school, he got smart and headed south, stopping for a bit in Orlando where he went through the rigors of boot camp in sunny Florida. After a few other short stops and a short tour aboard the submarine USS BATFISH, Russ attended NAPS before settling down at good old USNA. While here, Russ became known as Menachem because of his thriftiness. Maybe it was his accumulated wealth that got him the position of class company commander fourth - and third - class years and Company Commander second set of first-class year. Besides his love for money, Menachem will be remembered for the time he came back from Riordan's after a few too many drinks. Because of what resulted from his overindulgence, his roommate had to spend the rest of the night in the company wardroom. With his high grades and experience, the nukes will be getting a fine officer in Russ.

ENTRANCES
HAVE
RAILINGS
TO
SSIST ENTRY
PROPER
PLEASE
CHAPEL
800

"BITS"

JOHN BITMAN
TORONTO, CANADA *SOC*

Ticking away the moments that make up a dull day. You fritter and waste the hours in an off hand way. Kicking around on a piece of ground in your home town. Waiting for someone or something to show you the way. Tired of lying in the sunshine staying home to watch the rain. You are young and life is long and there is time to kill today. And then one day you find ten years have got behind you. No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun. And you run and you run to catch up with the sun, but it's sinking. And racing around to come up behind you again. The sun is the same in the relative way, but you're older. And shorter of breath and one day closer to death. Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time. Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines. Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way. The time is gone the song is over, thought I'd something more to say.

"POPS"

KEITH P. BOWMAN
NARONA HEIGHTS, PA EOE

After having his own way throughout high school, this Steel City lad initially found the Academy a bit stifling. Though his golden voice developed gradually to stardom in the Glee Club, Chapel Choir, and in musicals, it was not until his senior year that his athletic prowess blossomed with the 150-lb football team. In numerous tours across the country, Keith never failed to leave a chain of broken hearts in his wake with his glistening smile and his friendly touch. A world traveler in his own right and a man of intelligence, Keith nonethless could never seem to find his way to the beach. With all his activities, he still managed to wreck his roommate's car on weekends and find time to brighten someone's day. Thankful to God for his many talents, he strove incessantly to maximize his potential and be an example of a well rounded character. This character was a valuable friend to many and his consideration for others will be treasured always.

"JELLY"

WALLIS BURNETTE
BIRMINGHAM, AL FPS

Jerry hails from Pinson Valley, Alabama, and has never gotten over it. Bear Bryant is the only football coach there is, and Jerry keeps weekly stats on every player for the Crimson Tide. Ordinarily his stereo is quiet, but Jerry has been known to crank it up for some Lynard Skynard.

At the start of his plebe year Jerry decided that since he'd been in a band for seven years, and had just finished plebe summer, he had no desire to set feet to a beat again, so he joined the ranks of the YP Squadron. He must have really hated marching, because he excelled at YP-ing, rising to boat XO second class year, and CO first class year. "Jelly", as he is known to his classmates (he got it for asking for jelly every plebe summer breakfast) is a concientious, hard working guy, who has been a quiet, solid performer for the last four years. He has a fantastic knowledge of his profession, and a great desire for success that will make him stand out in the blackshoe Navy he loves.

"MOLE"

DAVID W. CARTY
WILLIAMSPORT, PA HHS

Dave started his career at the Naval Academy attempting to be both an academic and athletic stud. He tried valiantly to hold down a History and Ocean Engineering Major. He was enjoying some measure of success until he got hopelessly tangled up in Cables. Dave's electrical genius forced him to take the path of least resistance - History. With his double major short circuited, Dave consoled himself by establishing the Carty Aquarium which he kept hidden in the closet.

Dave did succeed in his other endeavor of being a jock. Dave served two years under Coach Cantello on the track team and succeeded in earning a letter. But Dave and the coach were such great friends that the "N" stood for No More! With that he joined the ranks of those for whom the only workout is horizontal. Dave aspires to join the ranks of Marine avaitors. He is well suited for this occupation having already shown a proficiency in handling rockets & firecrackers in the company area. Good luck and Thanks for everything!

"OLD MAN"

JOHN R. DEAN
MAMARONECK, NY FEC

This true "piece of work" complete with bushy eyebrows and curly hair is a product of Mamaromeck N.Y. where "joes" are sometimes few and far between. Famous for his dedication to wave rider/punk rock, John idolized the 7-11 punk rocker, (Wanna Baag?) and kept a constant flow of "Specials" music emitting from his close-and-play record player. Thankfully, John was never short on "man" and as the leading member of the "apes" we found him on many totally gusto, semi-clothed escapades. One particular weekend in first class year found Dean with a bashed up car, 75 demos, and Na upset, yet he still emerged with his quick wit, smile, and twitch. Hymie wants him the bald colonel may get him, (Marine air) but whoever does get him will be ahead. In the end we will find him in a fat chair with a Yankees game on, a can of Schmitt's in hand, a wife to bring him pretzels, and de rest F. Good luck sportsfan . . . skitch!

"PEGLET"

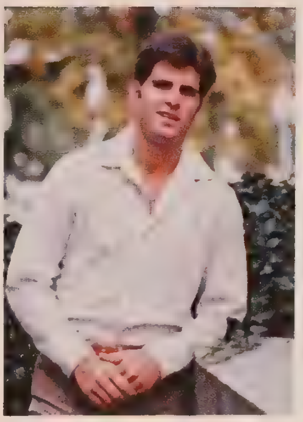
MARGARET DELUCA
WEYMOUTH, MA *SOC*

"Cha-cha" made her mark plebe year by requesting permission to tie her 'snickers'. And who can forget 'Disco 6-0' either? . . . and then there were NADS. After receiving the dubious honor of Rookie of the Year, Peg found her proper role. Part-time residence at 123 Spa View, Kamikazes, Weems Creek Bridge, doing the Roll Tack, Blucie, Flankie, Q.T., the Fearless Table, "The reacher is your friend!" Next, professional(?) training. How much of Actramid do I really remember? New Years Eve at the Swamp, Purple Passion Night, the Buffett Concert, the Unforgettable Bilge! Second class year was spent recovering from second class summer. Halloween '79 — the awful paradox!! Blobs Park — Polka, anyone? First class year, the Magnificent 7 — almost 9!, Green Alerts at Riverside, some good times in Easton, (I'd better keep my mouth shut!) Best of luck, Peg!! Kahlua, anyone?

"DICKSHINSKI"

DAVID J. DICK
OXEN HILL, MD *FPS*

Dave seems to be infatuated with the letter "Z". With his steady diet of zen, jazz, and ZZZ's, the only Z thing that can't be said of Dave is that he's a zero. Famous for his fueding roommates, Dave has always kept his cool and made the best of it. Dickshinski realized that his weakness for Hank Z.'s chow packages could well go to his waistline, so he took to marathoning to combat the caloric intake. (Eat less? NEVER!) Quite predictably, an unpredictable, Russian speaking guy like Dave would fall for a German girl with a weird name like Gabi. The romance was sweet, but Dave is again safe from the agony of the altar. Dave's future is looking up. Despite his high QPR, he retains Poli-sci as his trump card in the big showdown. Dave may publicly dream of wings of gold, but we all know his secret desire is to play in a jazz quartet down on Bourbon Street. FLY HIGH, ROG!



"DUFF"

RICHARD DUFFETT
YOUNGSTOWN, OH *SPS*

"Duff hails from Canfield Ohio where he was highly recruited by Navy for company heavyweight football and company softball. Once in Annapolis, he quickly ascertained his fine leadership qualities by taking charge of the Varsity restriction squad and leading the heavys to the Brigade championship. Known for maintaining an immaculate room in which he studied every weekend, Duff went through many roommates . . . Vargas, Dutton, Jarvis, Gallo and Dean, (who kept him out of trouble) and finally "the O." It seemed that everyone knew Duff. His easy-going manner and flashy smile attracted many a lovely female. His love train came and left with Karen, yet he made one or two stops in between (remember Tracy, the blond bombshell he took to Army second class year.?) Duffer and "the Doctor" rambled from parties at Carl's place to many a baseball game. Duff will always be remembered as a good friend and a super person. His ambition is to fly Navy Jets. Godspeed and good luck to ya Duffer.

"GREGORIAN CHANT"

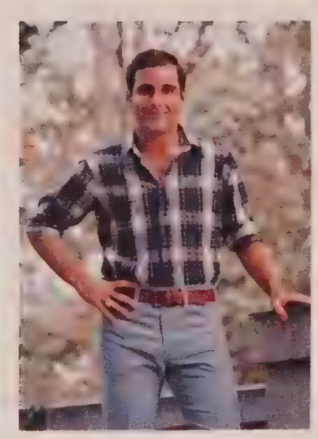
GREGORY R. FINE
POTTSTOWN, PA *SCH*

Greggy came to the Naval Academy from the small city of Pottstown, Pa. His open door policy at home fit in well with the Plebe summer atmosphere. Upon his arrival Greg immediately started to be average. After exactly four weeks of this mediocrity a sudden change came over him, he decided he wanted stripes. This endeavor took up the majority of his time and effort for the next three years. You could often find Greg at the library trying to derive the universe. If he was not there you could find him at one of two other places, either in his room getting abused by yours truly and his other roomy or at his next favorite hangout, anywhere there was beer. First class year Greg achieved his ultimate goal, three-striper liberty. He also found another pastime, locating 4 by 4's with his Mustang. With his grades however, Greg should be a great nuke and Rickover will love him if he can ever get over his lack of brains that seem to come with 3 or more stripes. REMEMBER THE BENCH

"RAT"

RICHARD C. FRANZA
CLIFTON PARK, NY *SCH*

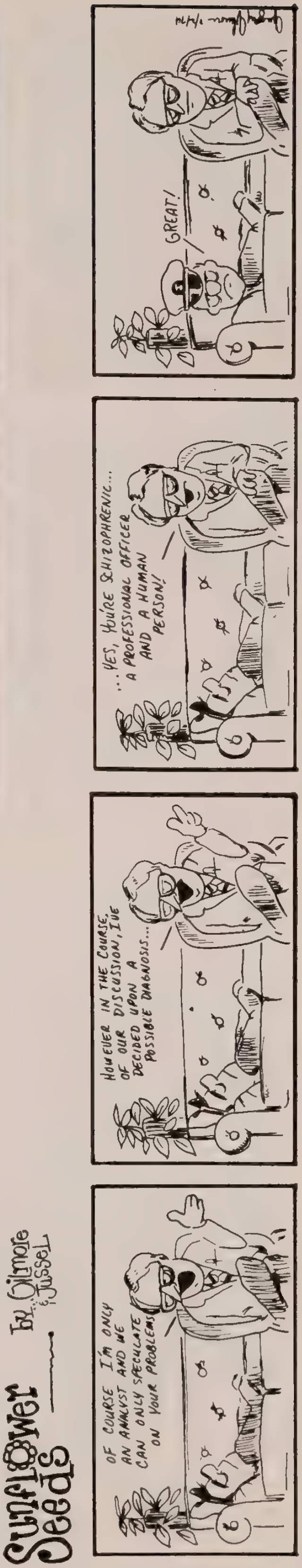
Rich came to us from the State of New York - home of the official "most beautiful highway in the country." Rich took advantage of the energy crisis to buy a V-8 Shoe so he could drive on it. He is one of those new, Lucky Mids who have consistently averaged over 80 MPH and never gotten a ticket. Rich's nickname derives from his unusual protruding proboscis, also the subject of continual humorous remarks. Franz has been one of USNA's true academic studs. He is one of the few Mids to make it through without ever opening a book (though he did study for a final once). His grades none-the-less are almost good enough for him to achieve his aspiration of being one of Rickover's elite. First class year held some disappointments for Rich. Not being "striper material," he lost the phone that goes with being Honor Chairman. Also the Yankees folded - again. We will always be indebted to Rich for his part in OLYMPICTRAMID '80. With his easygoing attitude and sense of humor, Rich should do well in Rickover's navy - if he makes it.

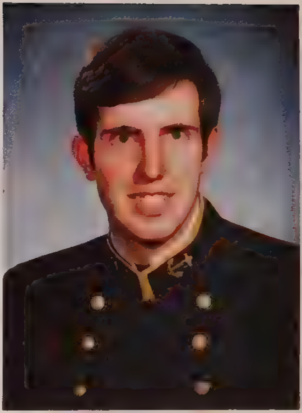


"MUG"

THOMAS J. GALLO
MANHASSET, NY *FPS*

It all started Plebe year, when a certain forgotten female put the question to Tom: "Why is your hat so much bigger than everyone elses?" From that day on, he's caught nothing but abuse about the size of his "mug." One of the infamous "donut gang," Tom will always be known for his gusto, I mean who else would need 12 helicopters, 3 Trans Ams, and 7 Marine landing teams just to take a girl out on a date? His women have ranged from prof's daughters to monkyless wonders and everything else in between. Who's next Tom? Always there when you need him, Tom will always be remembered as the guy who got things going and as everyone's friend. Not to worry though Tom, maybe someday you'll escape the "black hole of manhood." Just remember your hat size is not half the size of your heart. Good luck, may Pat Cumminsky be with you.

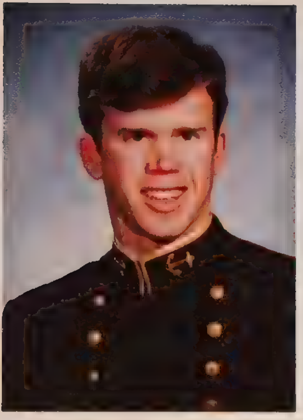

Sunflower Seeds ——— by Gilmore & Jussel
OF COURSE I'M ONLY AN ANALYST AND WE CAN ONLY SPECULATE ON YOUR PROBLEMS
HOWEVER IN THE COURSE OF OUR DISCUSSION, I'VE DECIDED UPON A POSSIBLE DIAGNOSIS...
...YES, YOU'RE SCHIZOPHRENIC... A PROFESSIONAL OFFICER AND A HUMAN PERSON!
GREAT!



"T"

THOMAS A. GREEN
PHOENIX, AZ *SPS*

Tom came to USNA as a basketball player. He also came here as the tallest Mid ever, a whopping 81" (what class loyalty). Tom was your average Mid until second class year when he started an auto shop. He also became the proprietor of Tom Green's School for Defensive Driving, which specialized in the handling of the complex machine that "X" camino. His forte was driving in snow and on mountain roads. Tom's helpful tips helped many a companymate out of quite a few hairy situations. When first class year came around (3 cars later), he knew that the driving school couldn't last. So, he returned to his first love, fire and fireworks. His flaming records and firecrackers were always the hit of an otherwise boring night's sleep. All in all, Tom is just short of being someone I really look up to. And a really neat kinda guy. FYP. Remember the bench.



"THE "O"""

DAVID R. GULLING
LAFAYETTE, LA *FPS*

Dave came to USNA from . . . where did he come from?? Oh yeah, Colorado Springs. Plebe year found him marching many an E.D. session, several of which he got no credit for due to scuffed shoes. Affectionately nicknamed the "O", Dave dated several young ladies (they were at least 13 weren't they?) and finally ended up trying to break up an engagement. Famous for his "RAT HOLE", Dave hoarded everything from soda to full dress buttons and bicentennial quarters (which his roommates were apt to steal!) He loved computer games (espcially on Saturday night dates) and his favorite (only) drink was strawberry daiquiris. Headed for Navy or Marine air, Dave will follow in his Father's footsteps. He leaves us with these words: "Keep your feet on the ground, and keep reaching for the stars." Good luck to you Dave, may your flying always be high.

"HEIMIE"

DOUGLAS HEIMBACH
BETHLEHEM, PA *EGE*

One of the Navy's finest jocks in the tradition of Gatuso and Belino, Heimy was one not to let us forget! He's an alright guy though, I mean what can you expect from someone with no hair below the eyebrows? From baring it all in a Jucuzzi to checking out Elton John on Tuesday night with three tests the next day, he will always be remembered as being "up for it," and always prepared for a quick manhood transfusion if you needed it. One of the "naughty five" who had to spend two weekends folding tarps and chasing field hockey balls he helped write another chapter in "The Sage of the Apes." Not one to go out twice with any one girl, he caught much abuse because "the perfect ones" came around only so often. Look out, hurrumph, I mean hey, he's only 22 "years old"! Take it slow Heimy and always remember "may it pass quickly."

"SANDY"

SANDRA L. HINDS
OVERLAND PARK, KS *SPS*

Sometimes four years can seem an eternity but at others only a minute of our lifetime. While here these four years were an eternity with no end in sight. I am sure, though that in retrospect I will view this time as only a minute of my life. A minute, I am sure, I will be glad was spent at USNA. I am looking forward to the time when this does seem only a minute. Then I will be done with the mickey mouse I (and all of us have been through) and the mickey mouse people I have had the "pleasure" of associating with. Good luck to all of those we leave behind (especially my roommate, if I made it through I know that you can to.)

ME

"HOV VEL"

RONALD P. HOVELL
NEPTUNE, NJ *ESE*

Ron came here from Neptune N.J. hoping to get a good engineering education. U.S.N.A. was more than happy to lend a hand and despite repeated warnings to "get out while you can" from prior Systems majors, he got what he came here for and a whole lot more. Believing that regs were for everyone but himself, he faded into the background with his illegal car only to be seen during the week heading for the COMPUTER as all Systems geeks did. While here Ron spent most of his sports time playing on company teams as well as playing Batt tennis and spending a year on the Sailing team. Never sure what he wanted to do after graduation, everyone's bet was that he would be a Nuke, but the closer it got to Service SELECTION, the louder he swore he was going to fly. Although rooming with two old men both 2/c and 1/c years, he did manage to keep what little sanity he came here with and should ZZZZ with no problem in the fleet.

"MADDOG"

MADISON C. HOWARD
NORFOLK, VA *SMA*

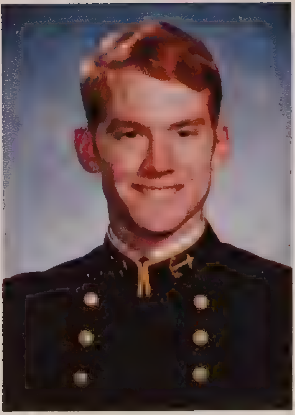
Breathe, breathe in the air.
Don't be afraid to care.
Leave but don't leave me.

Look around and choose your own ground.
For long you live and high you fly.
And smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry.
And all you touch and all you see, is all your life will ever be.
Run, run rabbit run.
Dig that hole, forget the sun.
And when at last the work is done.
Don't sit down it's time to start another one.
For long you live and high you fly.
But only if you ride the tide.
And balanced on the biggest wave,
You race toward an early grave.

"WIFM"

MICHAEL R. JARVIS
UMPQUA, OR *EGE*

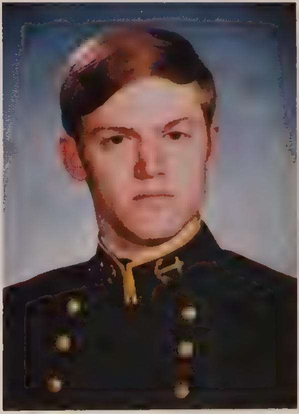
From the state of Oregon, "WIFM" put in many long hours upgrading life at USNA. Especially while restricting on weekends. One of the few Black N winners and also a survivor of the AX-Board . . . If it wasn't the minimum, . . . Nipped in the bud early in his aviation career by NUKEM "BUBU", he hopes to attain the lofty heights of a naval pilot. Good luck to this one and his fiance Monica.*



"JONCE"

WILLIAM H. JOHNSON
SATELLITE BEACH, FL *EAS*

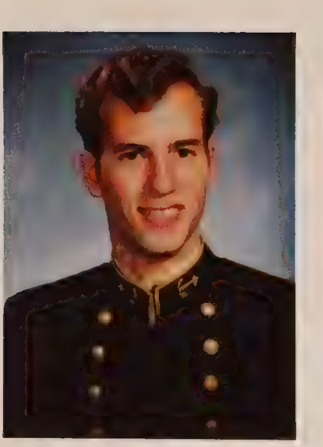
"Jonce" was one of the most colorful people we ever knew with his flashy red hair, huge "blue-man" posters, shiny orange car, and ever-present "red" eyes. Being a canoneer, "Jonce" loved the old traditions, especially indulging in women and drink. He has since settled down (Stacy's got him for now) to lead the company to new heights on the parade field. "Jonce" has excelled as a Trident Scholar (aerospace), as an artist ("Anytime Baby" posters, the Ring and Crest committee), and as a member of the drill team for three years. "Jonce" will follow the family tradition and fly (everyone except "Mama J" does it), hopefully into space after a few years of practice on the "floating cities". Never forget N.Y.C. roadtrips, Jan, and "Olympictramid". Good luck to you Admiral (someday) Johnson.



"ZOLTAN"

STEPHEN Z. KELETY
CINCINATTI, OH

One thing that can certainly be said for Zoltan is that he enjoys life, every second of it. Over four years Steve has become the Company Rep for humor, wit, practical jokes, and killing people. He has unequivocally established himself as a classic "DOE". While at the Academy Steve has pulled in many of the company's awards, including most popular on the football field, safe driver award, most Jim Corea - like body award, and kindness to plebes award. Zoltan has also participated in many extracurricular activities, such as president of the Major H. Fan Club, and an avid member of the WUBA watchers society. His talents are unlimited, including being the only man alive who is able to sing and play a wind instrument at the same time. We wish you the best of luck kid. You made the Dark Ages bright, made us laugh when we were down and "get down" while we were laughing. We'll see you and your sidekick friend, the Anteater, out in the Real Navy. Nuke 'em till they glow Zoltan.



"KOBES"

STEPHAN KOBIELA
MEDFORD LAKES, NJ *SPS*

Kobes spent most of plebe year trying to get out of things and he very nearly got out of being a plebe at all. Nobody in the history of USNA ever has given less chow calls and has still graduated. He was able to do this because of the gullibility of one of his roomies. Steve managed to validate the last half of plebe year by getting a very strange disease which only afflicted him during formations. Youngster year Steve started his search for the elusive letter sweater. Two years, 2 majors and an Ac-board later he was finally able to go to class without putting on a cover (WAS IT WORTH IT?). You could always count on Kobes to have a chow package in his room and never share it. You could also count on him to always have a mean comeback to you when you said something to him. Oh - well I guess that is why only one person could live with him while he was here. Yes we are the only ones to stick together through all four years. With his talent at manipulation he should be a great surface liner someday. GO NUKE, REMEMBER THE BENCH

"MK"

MARY KAYE KOPPER
BAUSTON SPA, NY *SOC*

When MK first came to Navy she seemed to have little intention of staying, but, after 3 years, she decided not even Eng. Math could get her out of here. When not trying to resign, MK was sailing. She tried Plebe Crew but by the spring she was convinced that the NADS way was the only way. Youngster year, the NADS occupied much of Mary's limited study time (most of which took place on a blue Pig). Some people will do anything to get to a party but pushing the Alfa down Farragut was a bit much. Fortunately for the partners in crime, the parties at 123 Spa View were worth ANY trouble getting there. Many a night was spent dancing to Motown's greatest and absorbing kamikazes. Going to the Fearless table at Riverside with Bluce, Flank, and Rhodez became a way of life. Actramid found us at the Bilge and the Swamp with our BEST white wine. Second class year, MK and "Mom" were busy avoiding the "land" sharks and studying. First class year has definite potential — Riverside, New London, Ca. Good luck and good times, Mary Kaye.

"HOWIE"

HOWARD M. LOCK
OLYMPIA, WA *EME*

Although not able to tell from this photo, Howie got into the weight-lifting scene after his arrival from Olympia, WA. He also became an academic stud - for the first two years anyway. After that the persuasion of his roommate of those first years got to him and he started leading a somewhat "normal" life - drinking, partying, etc. Youngster year, Howie earned himself a few weekends in the hall by being a member of the infamous 'donut gang.' By second class year, Mason began breaking out of his 'cocoon' and got into rag tops, girls, clogs, and Hood parties, not to mention an eventful spring break in Florida. Howie really went all-out his last year here by making himself available to all those lovely girls from Hood, Notre Dame, American U., and anywhere else there were girls to be had. He had better have had his fun now because Rickover will own him after graduation (by choice). Good luck, Howie, and don't forget your sunlamp for all those long months under the world.

"PJ"

PATRICK J. LORGE
TURNERSVILLE, NJ *EAS*

P.J. (short for pilot jock) wanted in the worst way for the Navy to develop a nuclear powered F-18, but alas, he is forced to choose between flight school and, and, . . . well I guess the alternative is beyond consideration.

While at the academy, P.J. focused his activities toward his professional enhancement. Among his favorites were riding his bicycle, playing his guitar and his strenuous workouts with the afternoon rack team.

Pat's leisure time was spent in preparing his body for the rigors of flight school. He maintained a light weight by never drinking more than two beers in a single night. He managed to keep his head in the clouds by constantly reading books on the subject.

Through all the trials and troubles of four years at good ole USNA, FL' was able to keep his wits by always having the image of Snoopy before him. — "Remember the bench!"

"SCOOP"

TODD W. MALLOY

SANTA ANNA, CA *HHS*

Todd left California for USNA but California never left Todd. I guess he must have come here by foot because he knows every road, highway and byway in the continental United States. That's probably why he got the famous SCOOPMOBILE. The SCOOPMOBILE has every car option known to man. And it has an extra battery just to run the accessories. But "Hey Dudes," you can't drive your car all the time so sometimes you have to study. And study Todd could, for hours on end without a break, except for an occasional raid on a chow package. But seriously folks, Todd is a good man to have on your side. Like letting you sleep, while he cleans the room, and also telling you when those "nifty" pop inspections were coming. He always thinks of others before himself, which is a fine quality to have and will help him in his career while driving boats around the Southern Pacific.

"COOKIE"

JENS P. MYERS

PETERSBURG, MI *HHS*

J.P. is from Petersburg, Michigan - the heart of America according to him. In addition to playing football for 3 years before coming to USNA, he also went to Summerfield High School in his spare time. He is one of those types that have to be involved in everything. Through much effort he has worked himself into the unenviable position of being the coach of the 6th BATT football team, the President of the Antiphonal Choir, and an active member of the Glee Club all at the same time.

J.P. is a singular character with many varied interests which he will enthusiastically tell you about many times over if given the chance. However his two main interests are football and the U.S. Marine Corps. He aspires to be a Marine Corps Officer and a High School football coach in that order. J. P. is just the right type to do it and we wish him good luck.

"GURU"

MATTHEW PAGGI

POUGHKEEPSIE, NY *SPH*

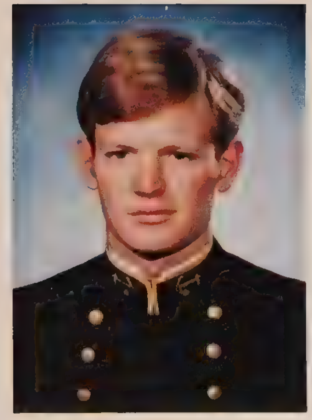
A quote in the USNA catalogue says that this isn't the place for aspiring gurus. Well Matt certainly proved this statement to be incorrect. With his unique quality of inner peace and a habit of making statements of sheer brilliance, one could only assume his powers were mystically induced. Perhaps Matt's long periods of "meditation" in the rack could account for his mega - QPR. Unfortunately for '84, Matt never allowed his calm nature to stand in the way of professionalism. Many a hurricaned room will attest to that. Between yawns, stretches, and doing everybody elses homework, Matt found time to run a martahon or two (or three,). He was always up for a good party, and many a Saturday night Matt could be found hucklebucking about local girl colleges. We'll see you out in the fleet kid, hope you're happy with your four-on-the-floor SPRUANCE. Matt, may total net force always be with you.

"BEN"

RANDY O. PARRISH

GREENSBORO, NC *EAS*

Ben hails from Greensboro North Carolina where folks talk slow and pappy brews his own special "stump water". Once a hard partier, who favored Old Crow straight from the bottle and wild weekends, Ben has settled down some after meeting Amy. But who could resist her melting smile and good cooking? Still Ben remains old and mean, both in looks and years, for he came to us as a former Navy wet-crewman, whatever that is (sounds kinky). Don't ever cross this guy when he's feeling mean, because he simply tells the nearest man, "gimme a stick". Even after rigorous abuse about his large external hearing devices (more square footage than a yawl sail) Ben has always kept a great sense of humor and an unmatched down-home personality that makes him liked by all. After graduation, the aviation boys will be getting a real asset in this guy.



"SARGE"

WILLIAM M. PEACOCK
LAUREL, MD *EEE*

Airborne was the ideal midshipmen. He majored in the most strenuous major, EE. That meant he studied at least eight hours on weeknights and thirty to forty hours on weekends (except when he took a break to go to church, eat or hit the head). Because of his intense desire to be a "whole man" he would spend every eighth weekend and the last five days of summer cruise mesmorized by the opposite sex. No one will ever forget how "Lips" scientifically explained the method he used when he almost got Heimbach's sister to hold his hand. That was truly his moment of glory. His other great moment was when "Andy" came all the way from Hawaii to see her "Tarzan" only to be sent back because he did not like her four roommates (He told us later that he did not have anything against them, they were a great bunch of guys). Airborne's last year here was a disaster. He started drinking a beer or two, calling girls on weeknights, going to bed by 2300 and even cursing. Yes, he became and average midshipmen.

"SHACK"

STEVEN A. SCHEHL
MANCHESTER, NH *SPS*

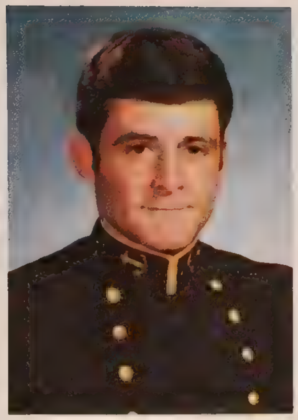
No he doesn't live in a beat up old house. Shack got his nickname rather for his nightime escapades and overnight adventures. His taste in clothes (largest sweater collection in the Brigade), and Pierre Car-Schehl. Shack always was ready to party, and never ready to study. He is known for his preference for "french" women. The original baker, Steve was prone to a melt-down at any time, and lived for the weekends when he could visit the "Gordons'", and really become a heat source. You can't knock "old Scheckle" though, his infamous set of wheels, "Jackson", did many people solid, and survived a round trip to Florida with only one break-down, not including the EGR light. And you can always depend on Shack to be there when you need him . . . with his cooler. Following in the footsteps of Bobby C., he plans to go air cause Rickover doesn't want a China Syndrome. Lotsa luck shack and try not to set P-Cola on fire.

ST. ANDREWS
PROPER ATTIRE
PLEASE
CHAPEL OPEN
800 450

"SPONGE"

DENNIS P. SOUKUP
LONGMONT, CO *SMA*

One would figure that Dennis, being from landlocked Colorado, would want to see the sea's surface. Mysterious as he was though, all three of our company officers never knew him, he soon established that he'd rather dive below it. Many factors are in Dennis's favor in his choice to be one of Rickover's elite - he is smart (several 4.0's), he is punctual (always turned off my alarm at 0715), he is clean (always swept the room), he never had stripes (Hymie likes that), and he is already going bald. Dennis's sharp wit and easy going attitude should carry him far in what ever he does. I hope he does not get lost with a new roomy in the "Real Navy." P.S.P.S. Rememeber the bench.

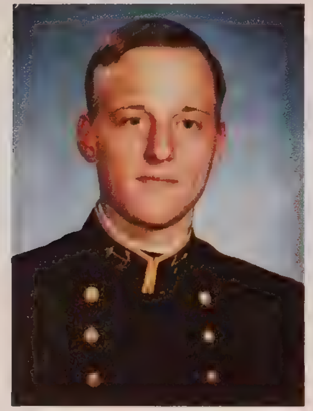


"STEWIE"

DOUGLAS STEWART
BARTONVILLE, IL *FPS*

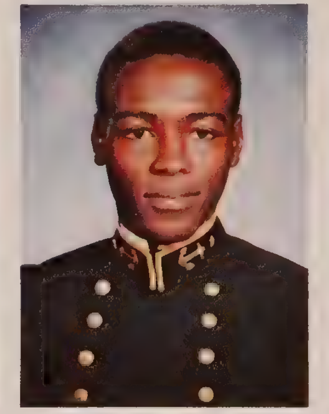
Doug's first day at USNA was truly prophetic. He spent his first fifteen hours as James Stewart, thirty-second company, and didn't finally arrive into the definitely coller thirty-first company until a few minutes before taps. Except in the swimming pool, where Doug'a quasi-Columbu frame is negatively bouyant, Stew always rides high, hard, and fast. The pride of Peoria, Stew is popular in any crowd. During plebe year he was more popular with the second class for doing parodies of Jackson and Fontaine then either "Action" or Fonz ever was. Perhaps Doug's most demanding performance will be this winter when he has to convince the old turtle that he will never imitate a nuke. For Doug-Doug the Navy will be "Junior Prom and Rock Pie". Fate may lead Doug back to Bartonville for a career as a fire chief, but in his wake will be many admirers, and a couple of guys in RX-7's trying to catch that hard runnin' Trans-Am.

THIRTY-SECOND COMPANY



"HANK"

HENRI W. ZAJIC
NEW YORK CITY, NY *ESP*



"SMILIN' ED"

EDWARD L. BROWNLEE
MANSFIELD, OH *FPS*

ED came to U.S.N.A. by way of Mansfield, Ohio. His first words here were, "I've got to get out of here." And get out he did. Every chance he got ED could be seen going over to his sponsors home (who just happened to live in the yard.)

As time went on smiling ED, as he is affectionately known, first words improved to "I've go to get further away from here." So ED BEGAN TO TAKE TRIPS TO FLA. AND VIRGINIA BEACH.

As first class year rolled around, the title of C.A.O. was bestowed upon ED, which had a tendency of slowing him down. But the General USED THE OLD TACTIC OF LET SOMEBODY ELSE DO IT, AND WAS OFF AND RUNning again. Nothing seems to keep the GENERAL down for long.

We all wish you much success especially me, your cousin T.C.J.III P.S. EDWARD keep that beautiful smile of yours.
lis

"CRUSHER"

MICHAEL B. CARUCCI
POUNDRIDGE, NY *FPS*

Crusher joined us after matriculation in prep school and immediately assumed the alias "Layed-Back Lenny". One of "the boys" from the start, Crush never seemed to let anyting get to him, unless you ate his ice cream or told the plebes it was his birthday. For a sport, Mike chose sailing, an activity perfectly suited to his temperament, laid back and slow. Mike knew from the start though, that his real destiny lay in supersonic jets so he gave up sailing and started training in Varga Cachinas. I'll never forget introducing Mike to his first true love, a 1973 Triumph TR6. Take it slow Mike I'll see you in P-cola.

"CHAPS"

MICHAEL C. CHAPON
SAN DIEGO, CA *SPS*

From the land of sunny weather, beaches, and beautiful women, Mike arrived at Navy one sunny morning with the goal of a four year education and some fine Navy football. Although he was not high up in class standing, he was able to pull off some stunts even the geeks envy. Who else could start a term paper at 11:00 the night before it was due and still get an A, or miss 84 classes in one semester and manage to pass. On the field, Mike was an athlete extraordiaire. A knee injury 2/c year put a damper on his career, but not before he logged much playing time and earned himself an N-star. Mike had a habit of getting snared by beautiful women. Although managing to elude the first and maintain his bachelor status, the second, Debra, may have gained a firm grip. We will always remember Mike's outrageous phone bills, exploits at Dahlgren Hall, hours on the red beach, weekends in California, and smooth talking tongue that got him out of many a jam. We wish Mike a great future and all the women, partying, and success life can bring.

"CHES"

BRIAN G. CHESLACK
EAST NORTHPORT, NY SCH

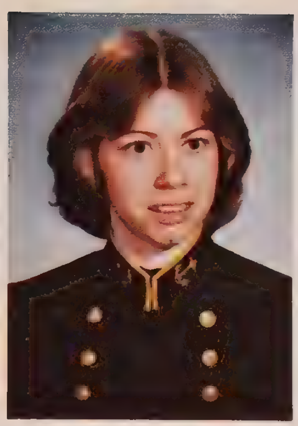
Ches came to the academy fresh from his junior year in high school. harboring the culture of Long Island and the Big City. Spouting higher ideals than those who wrote the Regs, Brian soon went his own way, leaving the rules to be followed by others. Having such ideals had its advantages - even the most persistent upperclass are snowed by the greater meaning of life. Youngster year found Brian and Brian found sailing and Randy. Though he claimed "I never thought I'd see the day," Ches tacked on his 2/c boards and accepted the Navy for another seven years. Sailing into 2/c year, Brian set new trends in USNA living. The 'Dant sent him a letter for his efforts. Ches cruised into his firstie year windsurfing away the afternoons and running his squad with an equally iron hand during the day. The surprised recipient of a "You too can go Nuc Power" letter, Brian's future is as yet undetermined. What ever he does, where ever he goes, Ches will enjoy it even if the Navy doesn't. Who knows? Maybe one day he'll sail around the world.

"TOM"

THOMAS E. COURTNEY
PASADENA, MD ENA

Hailing from Pasadena, that's Maryland not California, Tom's career at the Naval Academy almost did not come to be due to bureaucratic red tape. However, he did make it to USNA and has since found out it is just as hard, if not harder, to get out. The opportunity arose during plebe detail where, as TANGO COMPANY SUB-COMMANDER, he could have processed himself out; however, he was too busy playing golf. First semester I/C year he gave it a final try when he "deliberatley" failed THE FORTY MINUTE SWIM THREE TIMES. UNFORTUNATELY FOR TOM COACH HIGGINS gave him a fourth try and a fifth and a sixth and a . . .

Tom's ability to write is evident in the LOG articles, and one, for the life of them, understands why "The NOID" gave up a sure 4.0 QPR as an English major to be a Naval Architect. As a NARC he spent hours playing at the tow tanks and weekends writing up formal labs. Although he was bogged down with work Tom's motto was and always will be "All work and no GOLF makes Tom a dull boy." Go with GODSPEED Tom.



LISA K. GRAHAM
WORLAND, WY SPS

LISA CAME TO THE ACADEMY FROM THE MARINE CORPS, TO WHICH FOR SOME unknown reason she wishes to return. She believed that Marines were best at everything until a Navy man quickly convinced her otherwise. Lisa always added bright moments to plebe year. We will never FORGET THE NIGHT A DRUNK UPPERCLASS SEARCHED THE HALLS FOR MISS Graham's nameplate only to be restrained by his classmates at the last minute. Little did he know that she was over the wall that night. Lisa religiously believes that everyone has God-given rights to TEN HOURS SLEEP A NIGHT AND TOTAL FREEDOM ON THE WEEKENDS. AFTER four years of conditioning she still hasn't accepted her role as a subordinate female. She is a firm believer that women do not belong barefoot pregnant and chained to the stove. But then we all have our faults, don't we. Lisa spent three years as a Mid trainer, when asked her reasons she said she always wanted to get into animal medicine. No, none of us will ever forget that tin grin.

"RUSS"

RUSSELL J. GROCKI
AVON, CT ESE

Russ, a second generation Academy Man, dropped in from Connecticut with the idea of escaping the system yet succeeding in it. A low PROFILE WAS TO BE HIS SECRET. UNFORTUNATELY, HIS FREE SPIRIT AND naturally rebellious attitude precluded conformism. Russ committed himself to 7 years in the Navy still thinking he could play THE SYSTEM OFF ON ITSELF. WELL, WE WILL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST AND LAST time Russ took taps. His style illicited a good deal of negative attention ruining forever any chance at professional glory. It is hard to believe that Russ couldn't snow the system since he has been successful in almost everything else he has tried. One of his hobbies was to pick up a text for a course read it over the weekend and validate on Monday. It turned out to be a profitable hobby ALLOWING HIM TO SPEND HIS SENIOR YEAR AT G.W. CONDUCTING GRADUATE STUDIES. THE FUTURE FOR RUSS HOLDS LONG HOURS UNDER THE DEEP BLUE AND maybe someday he will sail around the world with a gigolo.

"JERRY"

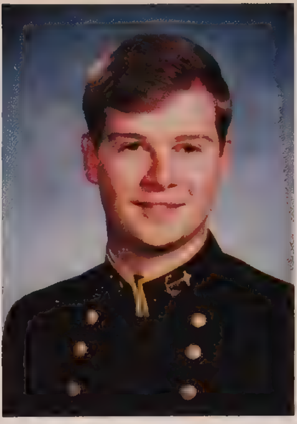
GERARD O. HUEBER
PHILADELPHIA, PA SRM

THE UNKNOWN WHO'S KNOWN HAILS HIMSELF FROM THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE. HUEBIE WAS SEEN MANY A NIGHT STUDYING. THAT CONSISTED OF MANY HARD HOURS MEMORIZING THAT SPORTS PAGE. HE HOPPED ON THAT BANDWAGON TO give those well deserving shockers the publicity they needed to move them into the top 20. jackie chan's his name, dancings his game, introducing the worm and the fried bacon to the unsuspecting world. how's snappy's shirt? he got his kicks playing soccer. although not a member of the new jersy connection, psycho smoked by his opponents. huebie often hired himself out to all takers as a party joke and was often seen with his glasses off and his beer goggles on by the parties end. jerry made our stay at the academy interesting with his unpredictable antics. we'll sure miss you jackie chan, best of luck and god bless you! love the boy's (your claiming)

"TCJ"

THOMAS C. JOHNSON
SAVANAH, GA SPS

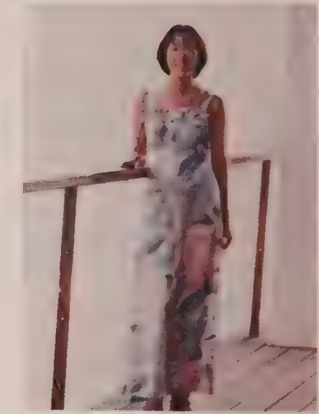
Thomas Campbell Johnson III arrived at the Naval Academy via NAPS. CLaiming to be from Savannah, Georgia the first words his classmates HEARD HIM UTTER WERE "I WONDER WHAT I AM GOODAT." SO TOM, ALIAS T.C., searchs near and far for that one occupation he knew naturally. AFTER FALLING SHORT ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS IN LOCATING THAT ELUSIVE TRADE, T.C. STUMBLED UPON HIS FATE ONE WEEKEND AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY. ON THIS WEEKEND, T.C. DISCOVERED TO EVERYONES AMAZEMENT that he was good at something. So what if that something dealt with the finer morsels of live. In addition to T.C.'s desire for the FAIRSEX, HE TERRORIZED THE 8th WING TENNIS COURTS. HIS PREY came from every age, from both sexes, and from all ranges of experience. TOM HAD MANY AMBITIONS DURING HIS FOUR YEAR VISIT TO Annapolis. One dream became to prove that the minimum OF 2.0 COULD BE SURPASSED ANY SEMESTER. TOM, YOU MADE IT. THE FLEET WILL GAIN A PARTNER WHO IS DETERMINED TO GO FAR.



"ROCK"

PETER J. KARCZ
BONDSVILLE, MA SMA

Pete came from a town with about the same population as the Academy and was in the sticks of Mass. Though unsure of his future plans in the Navy, he was one of Hyman's boys as it soon became evident. The success he had in school didn't cut into his social life which was filled with beer, women, and a great sponsor family. You could tell he appreciated the good things in life by his choice of female posters in the room. IT SOON CAME TO THE POINT THAT THE VISITORS HAD TO BE SCREENED BEFORE Entering. Pete's true love came just in time for Xmas and was a brand new Rally Sport. As with most Xmas gifts he had to return it when a classmate of his altered the front end with a head on collision. So much for classmate loyality. His first class cruise was just that, with a tour in the Brazilian Navy. How he got the nickname "rock" continues to puzzle all, maybe it has some Polish derivation, or was representative of his swimming abilities.



ALMA M. LAU
HONOLULU, HI EGE

Alma, hailing from Hawaii, began her military career earlier than her contemporaries as a mini-woop from exclusive Panahou. Arriving full of jubilation and anticipation of all of the "fun" drill we would be doing, she was soon put in her place and shown the NAVY way of doing things by the notorious "Vater." Alma, a true stud, arrived with a 13th national ranking in rifle. She subsequently has had more trouble with her Mile than most of us have in becoming CNO. Passing was her goal, and she perservered. The same held true as a Mech, due to friends like Wild Bill, the Rocket,and Dr. J.J.. Who needs enemies? With so many problems and ailments, one often wonders how Alma was always . . . always so cheerful. She was constantly inspired and told to clean her room by a certain loving "Pone." It was his care and determination that helped her out in many trying situations. Alma, with your ultra-superdynamic personality, the Navy better stand to one side. You will undoubtedly do very well, we're sure. ALOHA USNA

"MAC"

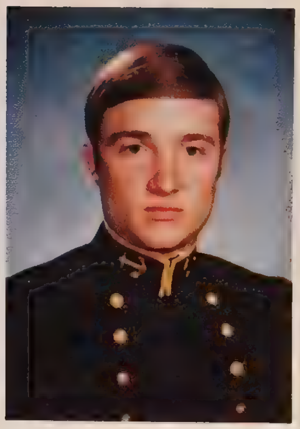
FRANKLIN F. McCALLISTER
PITTSBURGH, PA SPS

Little Franky came to us from the Steel City with a man-size dip in by a mere coincidence. He decided that the Tar Heel scene of chasing girls, partying, playing off classes, and playing football wasn't what he wanted to major in. So, after a brief stop in Newport he came to the Severn to do someting different, namely chase girls, party play off classes, and play football. Yes, this friendly giant has the highest personal standards of anyone. Never one to give up in the classroom or on the field Mac always accomplished what he set out to do. Where he is off to no one knows but wherever it is beware of a self demanding, hard-working, friend forever.

"JEFF"

JEFFERY L. MEANS
ALBUQUERQUE, NM SPS

Jeff, also known as the Zoid, hails from the great city of Albuquerque, N.M. An avid guitarist and gymnast, he's what you'd call an all-round stud. The fact that he has a black belt in Karate kept him from being taken out as an upperclass, since the plebes were scared to death of him and his awesome bird-legs. After thoroughly enjoying women at the Academy, he finally found his true love and settled down, with a civilian named Terri. 2/c year found him as a flamer to the max, smiling all the time. At the end of the year, he was thinking about being a nuke puke, but gave it up. Lord Hyman doesn't like Phy Sci's who think that I plus I equals I. So he will proudly be wearing the Marine green, and enjoying every minute of the trips through the mud that he missed as a mid. Good luck, Zoid.



MONTE R. NEWMAN
YANKTON, SD SCH

Monte came to U.S.N.A. as a shy country boy from South Dakota whose idea of a good time was watching the grass grow in his yard while coddling his favorite cooler. Once the academics hit he became the Mr. Hyde of the chem labs and one of the more notorious members of the "Secret Society". Starting as a skinny professional geek his attitude became somewhat more realistic as the years passed. No longer did he like to party at the library on Saturday night, and eat stuff because it was good for him. Undoubtedly he will be immortalized for his performance at Army second class year when he loaded a Polish bomb after downing a turkey. A lot of work in his own "MONTE'S 9th WING GYM" turned him into the infamous "BIG GUY" we know now. He's seen cruising the area on weekends with his one true love, a little red TR6. Needless to say his idea of a good time has become a bit more fast paced but he's never too busy to dole out a little abuse or cynacism. JT will fit the classic JET JOCK image to a tee.

"GUNTHER"

MARK K. PALLIN
OLD SAYBROOK, CT ENA

Mark "Gunter" Pallin — sailor extraordinaire and old salt from old Saybrook, Conn., thought about sailing 22 hours of the day, and slept the rest of the time. Friends often wondered if his fiancee, LJ, was really a girl or an affectionate name for a Hobie Cat! His sailing efforts were hardly in vain as he became the fearless skipper of the yawls INTREPID and FROLIC, sailed to Bermuda for his summer of 80 cruise, was named captain of the yawl sailing team, and finally got his Navy letter sweater! Mark was the first Mid to achieve the honor of possessing a "D" command for yawls — however, the privilege suddenly became a memory when he decided to play "chicken" with another yawl — and lost! As CO. SubCdr during Plebe Summer, Mark proved a capable leader - and also that the only sure way to gain a Plebe's respect is to bribe him with a girlfriend's cookies. With the Narc experience he's gained, the friends he's made, a woman like LJ, and his Orange Flash — he can't lose.

"BEN"

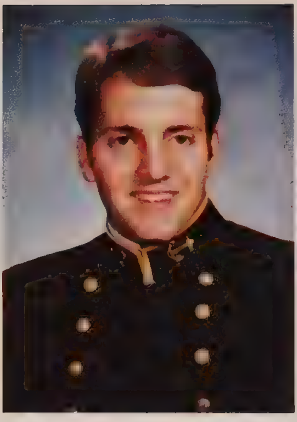
BIENVENIDO A. PANCHO
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA SPS

"Panch" sacrifiiced a guaranteed career as a mess cook to don the Blue and Gold for USNA. In spite of a sure appointment to the Merchant Marine Academy, Ben played out his option and spent a year at NAPS where he acquired the valuable talents of spending money, wasting time, chowing down, and interior decorating. Plebe year found Ben associating with a certain Risque magazine and a shady character named "Christian Alverez." As a youngster, Ben found application for his talents as he managed to avoid almost everything through the Drum and Bugle corps and a stint in the Y.P. squadron, where he was crowned "Head Chef underway." Second class year found Bennis "flaming" — literally, on his ant and Beatle farm. This association with insects led to Ben's role as "Nature's Friend" in which he "fished" for squirrels and nursed a mouse named Mickey. We'll always remember "Bench" as the only pilot-qualified Firstie who didn't care to fly, or drive ships, or go Corps, or . . . He just wanted to sleep. Good luck

"ROBS"

JAMES W. ROBERTS
QUINCY, MA EAS

Jim is known by many names here at the Academy. Those names include Robs and Jimmy but he is most often referred to as Richard I. Dick I came to us from Brandis U. where he majored in the three B's, baseball, beer, and broads. His previous studies helped him greatly and played a major role in his life here at the Academy. He is presently captain of the baseball team and only his teammates, his roommate, and a few broken hearted women know why he wears the number I. Some of Jim's exploits with the ladies have become legendary here at the Academy. Few in thirty-second company will forget the formal that he invited five girls to, and they all accepted. Rough night huh Robs. Aside from baseball and girls Jim was also company commander and occasionally studied when he wasn't playing Star Trek on the computer. Jim, an Aeromajor will continue to keep his head in the clouds when he flies Navy air.



"BOB"

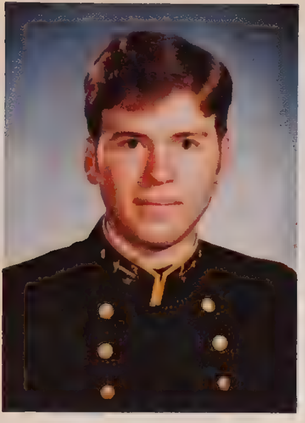
ROBERT A. SEIDEL
CHEVY CHASE, MD SRM

Bob remains one of the last of "the boys". He saw many a good friend go down in flames and is better because of it. He took his share of the blows but never let any of them strike home. Never losing sight of reality, Bob has developed an enviable leadership style relying on his own experience as support. Oddly enough, no one could assign him a nickname and make it stick, ("surge" did not survive plebe summer). Perhaps that is what separates him from the rest. Bob has learned to appreciate the better things in life, including fine clothes, good-looking women, and a beautiful blue Stag. Although the Marines and the Nukes are battling for your soul, Bob, you can be sure that I'll see you in P-cola! I hope our next trip to Florida is as exciting as the last! Know any good construction sites near NAS Pensacola?

"FES"

FRED E. SMITH
GLEN BURNIE, MD SOC

Thirty-second company's, Mr. Universe, came to the "home for wayward boys" with a book in one hand and a weightbelt in the other. He was one of the few guys who could leave his home at six o'clock and arrive at Mother "B" by six-thirty. Although his true love is "pumping iron", his interests are varied and many. From the demolition derby to the coveted LeMans, his red hot Camaro and RX-7, have thrilled scores of racing enthusiasts on the motor circuit. His taste in the arts has also been unparalleled, with his interest in outdoor Styz concerts and yell marker throw-art. Already a well-established womanizer, he turned toward improving his outdoor ruggedness by leading the forced death march from Bataan and by fighting his epic battle with the spirits of the woodpile. After graduation, this Glen Burnie giggolo is off into the wild blue, where only eagles dare. Provided of course his "letter", is lost . . .

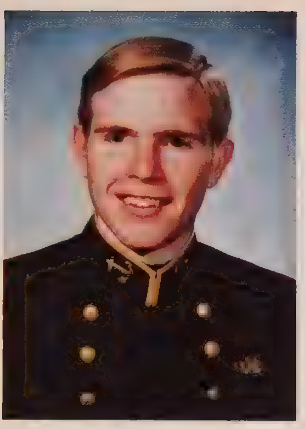


"STEW"

JAMES T. STEWART

PORT HUENEME, CA EME

Jim Stewart, a Mech. E. major, alias Stew, Geek, and long-haired hippie freak, has finally confessed to receiving help to maintain his 3.7 ave. It appears that a group called the Navigators has shown him the REAL gouge. Don't be too disillusioned, Stew manages to keep his California image by partying on all occasions. Often he can be seen at a local bar or disco ordering a stiff 100 proof cola on the rocks. Stew is also one of the greatest sports around. Who else would invite a good friend over to sit down and then calmly watch him snake his girl . . . Some people contend that if you stand next to Stew on a brisk day, you can hear the air whistling through his ears, but if you listen close you'll notice it sounds more like the Beach Boys. Stew's greatest accomplishment was to survive plebe and youngster boxing w/o wearing out all the head gear protection. A little E.I. from some Hood girls, however, taught him to roll with the punches. Just remember Tim, I'll dip my wings if you dip your fair-weather planes! RATEL

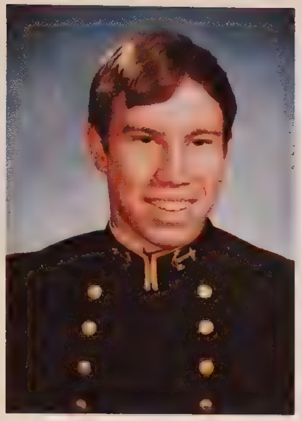


"STALS"

CHRISTOPHER P. STOLLE

VIRGINIA BEACH, VA SRM

Bennie, Stolls, short — it, Woodstock, Alfalfa, Hitler, Richard II . . . alias Chris Stolle. Chris prides himself at being deliberate, so much so, that he's still writing a letter to his parents dated July 6th, 1977. Chris loves sports whether on the field or off. On the field Chris has been very active in Company football and soccer, but as indicated by his neg. punting ave. he has difficulty adjusting to the oblong shape of footballs compared to soccer balls. Off the field, Chris' track is hard to beat. As a rambunctious plebe, fleeting glimpses of him dashing back for taps, clothes disarrayed, and high pitched echoes of "Chris is it always going to be like this" were common occurrences. Much of his frivolity, however, has disappeared since dating a quiet, gentle, female Marine who threatens to break his neck if he steps out of line. Occasionally, his hunter-killer reputation causes college women he's never met before to write and ask him out; yes, the wolfpack commander lives! Chris will obtain a new glow soon . . . ask Hyman!

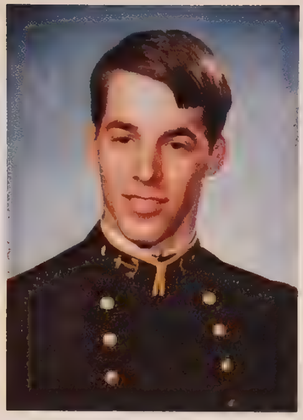


"OTTO"

JAMES O. STUTZ

ORADELL, NJ ESE

Otto, or Stutzie (whichever you prefer) gave up a life of Fraternity parties and womanizing to gain the title "Midshipman". Until he lost his right wheel rounding first base, Otto was king of the company soccer and fast pitch softball fields. In order to make use of time that otherwise would have been spent in the rack dreaming of Olympic skiing glory, Jim turned to such extra-curriculars as the Countdown Club and Wednesday afternoon sessions (mandatory) at Pete's and Charlie's. Otto is always bitching, but it is usually constructive and done with a knowing smile. He has made a name for himself as "counsellor in general practice" and has never let down a friend in need. Judging from the way he handles a Varga, this New Jersey boy is Pensacola bound. After graduation this coral-reefer will be "on I-95 headed for Florida". He'll "be jammin'" in his Ottomobile with Bruce riding shotgun!



"MARK"

MARK C. THALLER

BLOOMFIELD, CT ESP,ENA

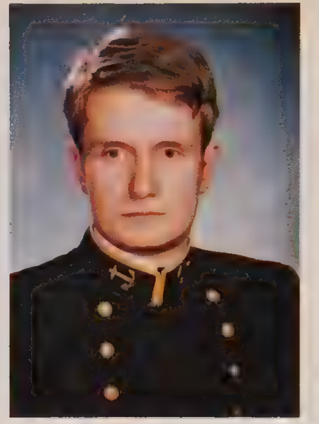
Mark came to the academy to be just what they wanted — a naval officer. Although he always knew his rates, he was never seen in the company area. Earning the nickname Ping Pong from the varsity sailors, Mark was off to Europe on Alliance for a carefree, long-haired, 3.5 month drinking party, pinging off everything everywhere. He came back ready to do everything but study, after all, if it wasn't dangerous, he didn't want to do it. Between secretary and VP of Scuba, sporadic parachuting, infrequent hockey, sailing and squash, Mark managed to EVENTUALLY FIND TIME FOR A DOUBLE ENG. MAJOR IN '81, AND A PROJECT with the famous Professor B. Second class summer, Mark centered his talent and bank account on a girl named "Elmer's Glue". We were all shocked after he spent $5000 on a ring — until it went up in value to $7000. Having given up drinking and wild parties, Mark managed to qualify in Airborne, Air Assault, Dolphins & Patrol pin — in one summer and not miss the Ring Dance. Luck & success to Hymie's future best.

THIRTY-THIRD COMPANY

"ED"

EDWARD J. TUCHOLSKI
BUFFALO, NY *SPH*

Coming from that cold area of Buffalo, NY, Ed entered the academy with several high school honors and scholarships. Those records of achievement just kept on coming throughout his tour at Canoe U and exchange semester at Woopsville. During the study hours, it was 10:30 Tuc, cracking the books. Having three other N-winner roommates youngster year really made a radical human being out of the new "Eddie Money." Yes, he remained the studious one in the hall, but Dahlgren will never be the same as when Ed was around. Nor would the N-room have been the same without Ed to jag. Looking at his semester at Army on exchange, Ed fell in love with a dress grey (Army WUBA) and enjoyed for the lst time the closest feeling to flying a jet. (too bad he had to punch out) Excelling in volleyball all four years, he was team captain senior years and even got a little beach ball on the beaches of San Diego his last Academy summer. Ed leaves us now to become one of Uncle Hymie's boys, but we remember his last cry, "I'm in it for the money."



"VOSSER"

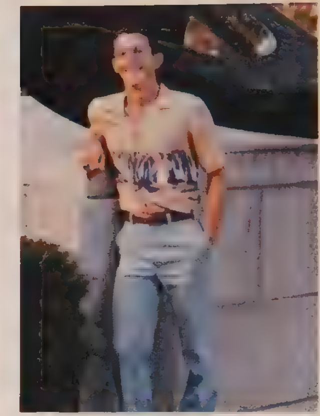
CHARLES H. VOSS
RICHWOOD, MN *ESE*

Charlie, also called "Chuckers", is definitely a strange man. A punk-rock-geek who majored in systems, he hardly ever left the Hall. In fact, as a 2/c he had to be shown where the Burger King is. A most common sight around the company is Vosser, in his poopie-suit, playing his new wave music loud enough to force his cow-lick to stand on end. As a 2/c and 1/c however, he managed to get out of the Hall long enough to be a coach of the personal conditioning squad. Lord Hyman will truely be gaining a good man when gets his isotopes to Chuckers. Fair winds and mermaids to our denzien of the deep.
Good luck, Vosser.

"CHUCK"

CHARLES E. WRIGHT
WILMINGTON, NC *SPH*

Chuck, better known as "Chester the Molester" (Hey little girlie, ya want some candy!?), came to good ol' U.S.N.A. from the sticks of Wilmington, North Carolina. A rebel from way back, Chuck's idea of fun is romping through the woods with his brother setting off artillery simulators and simply terrorizing his entire neighborhood. Thank goodness a certain young lass named Donna managed to tame his rebel heart youngster year. Deciding that Brigade Drill and marching were for the birds, Chuck chose to join the Drill Team where he had to be constantly reminded to catch his rifle by the stock-not by the bayonet! I/C year found Chuck rarely around on weekends; however, even as a physics major, his grades never seemed to reflect his weekend vanishing acts. If all goes well, Chuck, after graduation - and a JUNE-WEEK WEDDING! - plans to take his Uncle Hymie's offer and go Nuke Power. Fair winds, following seas, and Yankees Go Home! Good luck, Chuck!



"NINO"

PHILLIP J. ANTONINO
FARRELL, PA *SMA*

From the Western PA steel town of Farrell came Phil Antonino. He brought with him over 3 years of prior service including a memorable year at NAPS. Being the old man of the company Phil kept his Plebe year quiet by keeping his grades high and his profile low. The year culminated when he rolled in after a long Easter weekend in D.C. After Herndon Phil earned his silver wings at sunny Ft. Benning. Youngster year saw phil run his first distance race, and so began his interest in the art of pavement stomping. Our studious Math major finally found his OAO at Disco Dahlgren, and a fire to last the remainder of his USNA tour was set. Second Class year Phil competed in 3 marathons and an assortment of other races. Phil also bridged the gap between Mari and himself with a new Chevette in the spring. Summer came which saw Phil with 3 stripes on Reg Staff. As a firstie Phil's weekends were devoted to Mari. As service selection closes in, Phil is still undecided, but we all know he will look good in green.

"BOD"

SHAWN T. BODKIN
SUTTON, WV *EGE*

When Shawn left the backwoods of West Virginia for a small college in Maryland, he didn't know what to expect. But it turned out that Navy was in for the bigger share of surprise. Bod went from leaping across the hall in his underwear plebe summer; to jumping the wall in blue jeans as a youngster in search for excitement. This smooth talker with the bedroom eyes found more than his share in the form(s) of young(!) ladies from all over.

One thing Shawn never had to look far for was trouble. It looked for him and usually found him. Found him plebe year with his hands in his pockets on Main Street, followed him (along with the Annapolis police) into Paca Gardens youngster year, and caught him second class year on 450 in the form of Ralph, the invisible dog. Despite his problems, however, the royal Bodkin needs no pity. He leaves for Pensacola with a dozen wild memories for every deuce, and a dozen friends for every SLUGGO.

"SCRATCH"

THOMAS H. BOYCE
ORANGE PARK, FL *EME*

Out of the Florida sunshine came Tom. Although badly in need of a haircut, he did arrive on time (perhaps for the last time in the next 4 years). Tom, the "Master of the All-Nighter", would never cease to amaze everyone by doing 4 weeks of work in one night. Not one to sleep a lot, except in class, Tom was more of a quality sleeper, usually going into a comatose state. One of the top performers in the company his prowess to dress while running to formation only failed him once. Tom wasn't one to sit around and waste time during the week, so his sponsors saw a lot of him. Fortunately the gate watch didn't. He earned the noteworthy name "Scratch" after taking a pit stop in the woods during a run. The only other thing to stick to him for any length of time is Joanne. Success will eventually find Scratch, no matter how hard he tries to blow it off.

"T-BONE"

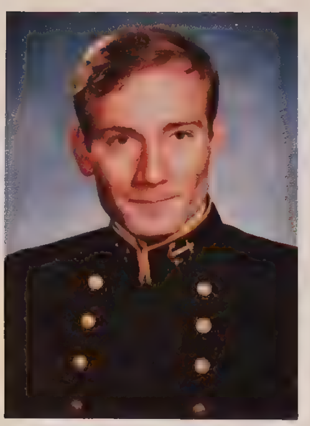
TED W. CARTER
FT. LAUDERDALE, FL *SOC*

The Bone came to us from the bowels of the JPJ, by way of Newport, to prove that snipes came make it too. After a summer with the Hole in the Wall Gang, he breezed through plebe year. His frequent trips to the darker side of Isherwood kept him smiling and '78 guessing. Taking a lead from Obe, Ted learned the joys of exercising his trigger finger too. After validating youngster cruise, Bone and his Varsity pistols spent the year falling out of aircraft, earning his gold wings, and as a member of Ferick's Foxtrot Brothers. Second class year saw Ted win his varsity letter, national standing, and a "war medal", while spending most of his free time in search of the universal cure-all. Before we took off for cruise, Bone acquired Pig, alias the Sinmobile. After detail in Main Control with his boys (minus two), Bonse punched the coast button, finishing as team captain, two striper and proponent of vectored thrust. A meteorologist at heart, we'll nonetheless be able to find Teddy back in engineering of some grey lady after May.

"TWO"

MARK C. COMTOIS
PITTSBURGH, PA *EME*

Twa descended upon us out of steel town, coming from a horde of Twa's, and promptly devoted himself to a life of oars and engineering. This was of course quickly blown off, and he settled into a laid back life as the great giver of E.I. Never one to back off from an argument, he took on the USNA laundry and all of the Pa. police force; maybe it was the mocassins that started it? When Twa wasn't busy becoming the 1st person ever to win an "N" while a perennial member of X-squad, he was to be found pounding 'em down by the bucket at tailgators or anywhere else it was available. We were all saddened at the loss of his old friend Pete when it was totalled by getting a full tank of gas; and many fond memories of adobe mud and road trips to Ocean City went with it. Twa was always one to go for the girls if he was in the mood, which is why he had so much time to study for R 2 on weekends. But we would always come to Twa if we wanted a direct answer, as he stubbornly refused to let tact interfere with his opinions. Pour on the iron!



"DUCKY"

LOUIS B. COOPER
HOLLYWOOD, CA SPH,HHS

He looks innocent enough, but he's not. Louis is a hungry, hard-driving young man that gets what he's after (ask the women around town). Between his charm and french accent no woman alive is safe. Louie doesn't follow the crowd, rather he creates one. Basically a mellow person he does stay out all night (any night), party at will, and likes to take his jeep for a roll every now and then. ARAGON (as he's known at times) is also responsible for getting half the company hooked on D&D.

I guess Louie's being a bull major best describes him. Always open to ideas he'll try ANYTHING once. Usually he is doing several things at once, thinking that idle time is wasted time. Everything he does results in a great success, his own "Midas Touch". Most People go through life and influence those around them. Through his endeavors he influences more people than he'll ever meet. If leaving a mark on the world is a measure of a man then Louis is already a big man.

'MIKE"

MICHAEL F. DOLAN
BETHESDA, MD SRM

May you be in heaven half an hour before the devil knows you are dead.

"FATMAN"

MARK E. DONAHUE
FAIRFAX, VA SOC

People ask how the name "Fatman" came to be,/ But never before has there been a runner as fast as he./ He came from Fairfax, and neutered was he,/ Never even thinking of a bride-to-be./ For running was his life, and he accepted it as his intimate wife./ From 8 to 11 he did all but study. He'd go for a run or UA with/ a buddy. As three times our captain, the mighty omniscient one,/ finally learned to draw the line between serious and fun./ Always wearing the ripest smelling of sweats, He could scare away/ even the friendliest of pets. A waterman of the Chesapeake he/ aspires to be, the future endeavors of his Oceanography degree./ Pollution, hot water, women, and waste,/ are things that Fatman really distaste./ Through these four years he came and he ran,/ With people saying, "How about that Fatman!"

"DREAMBOAT"

THEODORE E. DUMBAULD
TROY, OH ESE

Ted followed his brother out of the Ohio valley right into a systems major. He made his way through plebe year by playing backgammon with Charlie and still made good grades. The follwoing years Ted decided to put on his "study face" and spent as many hours on the computer as wearing #69 on the gridiron. Ted was called Dreamboat because everyone dreamed about him, both local girls and football coaches alike. Dreamboat was always stylin', especially when in his yellow Vette. Thanks to Cowboy Bop, Ted was Flirtin' with Diasaster while staying verticle in Florida. Teaming with King Kronz, COMDESRON STRAHM, and FORCE UNIT ONE, many a foe were laid out. Ted leaves many friends astern and sees many more on the horizon.

"NEDLEY"

NED M. FUCHS
CHESTERFIELD, MO *FEC*

Ned M. Fuchs joined this world as a slow tempo kinda guy. Low strung Neddly was the first tank commander of his baby crib and performed well until the battle of the Ardennes when one of his HE rounds went off in his magazine. The New Year's Eve baby went on in life with little excitement. After becoming legal in the state of Missouri, he was a wallflower at most parties (especially his B-Day) as he danced on bar counters and table tops keeping perfect rythm to the quiet music selected by him in the juke box. Ned does find time for fun in his soberquet lifestyle; speed sailing on the Severn with no beer and zero wind tends to be his crazier events. He always maintains normal working relationships with people in Florida, Pittsburg and Eastern Airlines. An avid studier of Economics, Ned took his first drive in his beautiful new Spitfire as a youngster. Ned has joined several mids in claiming the LOWE family a home away from home. Ned will always smile and never celebrates an occasion without a Mid-West Busch!

"HANDS"

DONALD W. GALASKA
UTICA, MI *EME*

Don sailed into the Naval Academy with his twin brother Dan. Many times it was hard to tell them apart, especially during uniform races Plebe summer and again on Plebe detail. Don is quite an individual, however, and he accomplished much here at Navy. He also set quite a reputation for himself. Don still swears that he doesn't know how he got his knickname "Hands", but then again he can't explain why every girl he went out with moved out of the state. Maybe it had something to do with his Mercedes being broken down and thus "parked" a lot.

Nobody will forget Don's first class year when he decided to tackle the M.E. department head on. Actually he was the only one lucky enough to change his schedule so that he could take "Wild Bill", "The Rocket" and "Don't Care Butler" all in one semester.

We all wish better luck to Don in the future. Hopefully, by now, he is well on his way to fullfilling his dream of being a submarine officer. Good luck Don, Nice guys don't finish last all of the time.

"GRENZ"

PAUL D. GRENSMAN
MINDON, NB *SPS*

Grenz arrived at the USNA and managed to settle into the routine life of a midshipman after a very stormy Plebe summer. During plebe year Grenz avoided pain at all costs and ran track for the purpose of obtaining a seat on T Tables and getting away from the flames of the upperclass. Youngster year proved to be much more and Grenz realized that his endeavers at the academy could be divided into two categories: Things that he liked and, Things that he didnot like. He liked Big N Steak Sandwiches, apples, Surf and Turf, and runs out to Dreams landing, sun sets on the bay and driving in his little car kept him happy during first class year. Weekends and liberty were always liked along with his sponsors and the big blue rack monster who were always his best friends. He didnot like formations, inspections, swimming, labs, computers, and studying. But, where ever he roams he will always be happy because Gods Grace provides.

"OLLIE"

STEPHEN M. KAUFFMAN
GREAT FALLS, MT *SPS*

Steve drifted into Crabtown from the windiest city in the Big Sky wasteland to become our company enigma — after four years of exposure we're still not sure whether or not he is conscious, and he's not sure where he's been. Ollie spent more time in the rack than any of us, having seen the light and forsaken wires for the more physical aspects of modern science. Waking only to expose us to his dry wit, and his liver to weekly attacks in volume, Ollie became famous for his FREE INSULTS, paranoia ("We're all gonna die!"), and managed to survive an attempt on his life by a well meaning car mechanic. Actually, Ollie survived more than his share of wild nigbts, and managed to become our sub too — no, we don't know either. After we get out of here, Ollie hopes to return to work in his natural element — the clouds. Say goodbye Chester.

"ZEWER"

BRIAN K. KISSEL
DUNDEE, NY *EME*

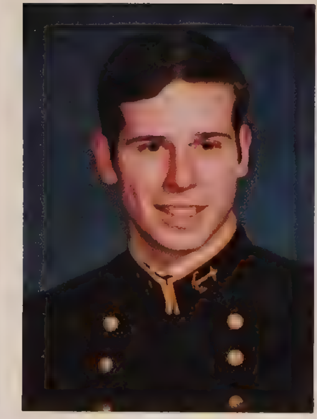
Upon arriving at USNA from Upstate New York it didn't take Brian long to realize there was more to life than studying, namely beautiful women, fast cars, and cold beer. Brian went out with more beauties than most mids knew. How he did it we always wondered. Perhaps it was those big blue eyes, the way he never combed his hair, or that apparent innocence that he portrayed to others. While few people would consider Brian's Chevette to be very fast, few women considered Brian to be very slow (or innocent) once they had taken a ride in his little machine. Maybe that was why his hair was always messed up. The only trait which was more noticeable than Brian's intelligence and ability with people was his extreme frankness. His finest hour as a mid had to be the Striper Board at which Brian told a certain LtCol and Battalion Officer exactly what to do with drill. Always succeeding at whatever he put his mind to Brian will undoubtedly take nuke school and subs by surprise.

"MAGRUDER"

MATTHEW F. McLAUGHLIN
BEDFORD, NH *SOC*

Magruder was famous for his many joke books written at the T-tables. Not only could he tell jokes, but at parties he was the JOKE. By the size of his guns one could see why he was labeled the strongest tight-end in the New World, (just ask Woody). The New Hampshire State Police are still looking for the BOYS who followed him home second class summer.

Grudy sacrificed his own study hours to help others, like a night at No Fish Today. A good friend who always showed us a good time, and if you don't believe it he has it all on film.



"MERV"

MARK L. MERVINE
FRANKLIN, KY *ESE*

The Merv, being a connoisseur of fine model trains, went chugging to the Academy one fine summer via the green foothills of Franklin, Kentucky. He decided he liked the place so well he would like to spend some more time there, and that he did.

As a full-fledged youngster it didn't take him long to become wise to the ways of Dahlgren Hall, and in no time at all he scooped up on a bright beautiful babe from Bowie. Before she realized what she was getting into he had her hooked for life (second only to Hymie of course).

Welcome to the real Navy Merv and best of luck to you in the future.

"TED"

EDWARD A. MORSE
VIENNA, VA *SPS*

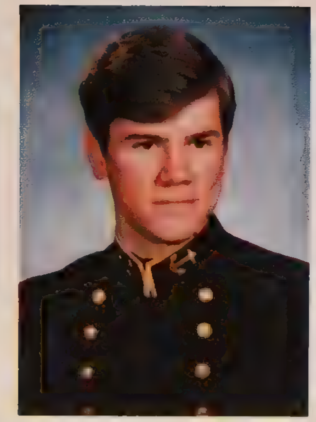
Ted sped into Annapolis from Vienna VA, doubling every speed limit on the way. A true grease monkey, he could be seen and heard with his black Mustang at every local party third - and second - class year. As a firstie, Ted finally grew up and sold the heap. Never one to waste valuable time on academic endeavors, Ted went Phy Sci youngster year - making nightly trips over the wall a reality. The problem of where to spend all of this free time was solved 2/c year, with the help of a cute school-teacher, whose apartment was conveniently located overlooking gate 3. Four years of Navy Rugby earned Ted 2 N-stars, numerous bumps & bruises, and a massive number of out-of-control parties.

Having reached the limits of the automoblile, Ted looks forward to Pensacola and his wings of gold. Give him the fastest and noisiest jet the Navy has to offer, and say goodbye. You can be sure that Ted will make a great pilot & a close friend. Make him happy sometime and let him show you his slides, if you have a few days to spare, that is.

"SHEETS"

DONALD G. MUETH
ST. LOUIS, MO *EME*

Born: October 21, 1959 in St. Louis, Mo. Would you buy a used F-14 from this man? "Sheets," named after a potent concoction that he discovered, was a man barely alive. They thought they could rebuild him, but fortunately they were wrong. "Sheets" was one of the few that managed to salvage his sanity and positive attitude out of the waste that is U.S.N.A. Known for his warm smile, selfless nature, affinity for beer, and success with the dumber sex, "Sheets" kept us going when times were tough. Don was a Mechanical Engineering major and has the scars to prove it. Don's car, a somewhat unpredictable green '70 MGB, was an integral part of his character. The car withstood more abuse, including a Christmas edition red replacement door, than the women he came to "know" in his four years. The guys respected him, the women and Hyman G. wanted him, but in the end he escaped a pilot and a "free" man.



"NEWK"

MARK E. NEWCOMB
HONOLULU, HI *HHS*

Newk sailed in from Hawaii, quickly putting plebe year behind him with minimal amounts of sweat and max rack. Eventually a two time letterman with crutches and knives, Mark tried Rugby that year and was retired. Youngster year saw the fire of romance lit in Mark's life, and the birth of the infamous Foxtrot Brothers. Despite having his running stopped by knee problems, Mark kept his arm true to form, and several snowballs found their way into his conduct grades. After talking to Uncle Jack for most of the game, Army turned into a funnel of joy, and Newk paid unconscious homage to the procelain god again and again. As second class year progressed, our resident bull major extended his hours in the rack, on the typewriter and at the bar. After proving the advantages of deficit spending, Newk found a second love to link him with his first and the Burke-Durham Southern Express was formed. As time, tide, and firstie year wash down, we see Newk, P.W.'d as always heading south in his brown TR.

"O-MAN"

KEVIN T. OCONNELL
BOSTON, MA *FPS*

Kevin arrived at the usna after attending naps where he made many good friends and possibly even one or two enemies. But friend or foe everyone was sure to know Kevin O. Plebe year proved to be rather uneventful for Kevin. But, one thing he found out in a hurry was that he did not like to study. Kevin rationalized that if he studied alot like some of the other geeks in the company his eyes would fail him and he would not get to fly his plane. Hence forth Kevin never studied more than a few minutes a night. He managed to occupy his evenings in friendly games of chess and letters to Dear Abbie. O got his nickname chief when he returned from youngster Christmas tipping the scales at 215 lbs. To this nickname many ammendables were added but everyone will remember how he became Midshipman Chief. Whether he is leader of the Resistance gang, chronic complainer, or just his old animalizing self I can say for sure that Kevln is a true friend and liked by all.

"FERN"

KEVIN P. REDFERN
MOUNT CLEMENS, MI *EAS*

Kevin, affectionately called Fern or K-Bone by his inmates, is a man of many faces. Easily recognized by his permanent smile and "funny bone", whenever something unusual is happening he is there - and vice versa. Whatever crowd he happens to be with, he fits right in: Road-trippers, the air-jock, community, "hard-core" partyers, nv professionals, athletes, and "aero-spaced-out-engineers.".

There is a remarkable intensity associated with Kevin's outlook on life. Everything he does is important and he lives with a passionately romantic vigor. Works hard, plays hard . . . but never lets schooling get in the way of his educaiton.

In so many ways, the lucky people who can claim to be his friends will all agree that Kevin has profoundly influenced the company, the class of '81 and their own outlook on life.

"SMITTY"

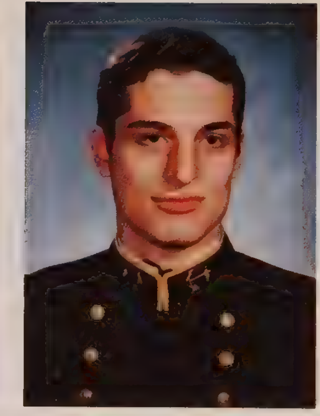
PATRICK D. SMITH
SIERRA VISTA, AZ *SMA*

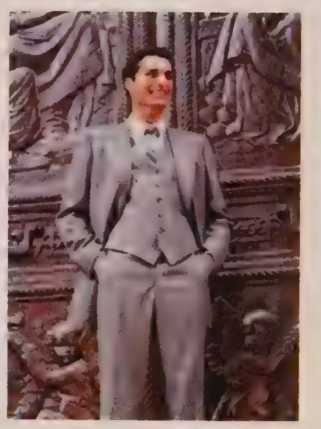
One of the best things to come out of Arizona in a long time. Smitty loved that southern comfort and was one of the biggest women chasers around though some weekends he would come up short. He was liked by everybody and Dreamboat even has a Pair of his shoes hanging from his rearview. Not to be outdone, he bought his own yellow hotrod. Smitty's VW conv. bug was his one and only love. It has to be after he paid 9 G's for it. If he wasn't sucking down Moritz's bourbon in St. Louis he could be seen commuting to and from Bowie or hugging Marilyn and playing with thermostats in eastport. A lover of sailing and sleeping on the beltway, Smitty never passed up the chance for excitement. Diving in O-Club pools at 3 in the morn was something he always BRAGGed about. His red booties were the ENVY of Batt staff and his reports the best in 4 years. Though sorry by being from Buena Vista Smitty always had a warm smile and a big heart. He spent many a great time with his cohort in crime - all of which will never be forgotten. ROGER THAT

"VEO"

MARC N. VIOLANTE
BETHESDA, MD *SPS*

Hard work, perservence, sincerity. These are qualities which Marc brought with him in abundance when he came to old USNA after a year at Prep School. Marc's down to earth manner and masochistic tendencies led him to seek his fun through pain! Navy Crew and the magic of a EE major seemed the perfect choices. From the first, this "Big Dog" earned the admiration and unqualified respect of his teammates. As a member of Navy's 1980 NRA championship eight, Marc led in his determination to succeed. Though often physically hurt at crucial times during his first two years, Marc exemplified tbe resilience and tenacity of a winner in returning to the crew stronger each time. In the academic war, Marc was often in hazardous country but somehow always managed to stay one step ahead of the engineering blitz. Priorities being what they were, these narrow escapes never kept him off the water. Well liked and well prepared through his own efforts, Marc is and will be a successful officer and a fine person.





"FF"

FRANK F. VOLER
NEW HOLLAND, PA *EME*

Fast Frank, who arrived to USNA via the urban metropolis of New Holland, Pa., was best known for:

Ignoring the double nickel when driving his "economy" car,
The liquid carbohydrate diet,
Introducing females, spirits, and/or guns into Bancroft Hall, Rack worships
Exercising tact and subtlety (as K.R. well nose),
And taking both fluids and heat transfer from a real loser - R 2.
Fortunately, FF's four year stay at the institution will end soon and he, along with a thousand others, will be released into the real world. in fact, be . . .

"BRAD"

BRADLEY E. WARD
MANASSAS, VA *EME*

Brad came to the Academy from tbe heart of the south. Plebe summer was filled with many surprises, especially when he discovered that the South had surrendered several months before. Brad taste in the finer things of life was never questioned as one could see from his vintage Mustang and the many women he kept entertained on weekends in Manassas. There was this particular pair of sisters . . . Racking in a comatose state came as naturally to Brad as the art of chugging Rocky Mountain Rippers. Having surVived the swimming "rock" squad, honorary membership in the Chops club, and second class saturday classes with the rocket, Brad is all set to go Nuke at Graduation. Good luck to a good friend who managed to save his sanity and sense of humor despite the four year sentence.

THIRTY-FOURTH COMPANY

"AUGIE"

JAMES M. AHLGRIMM
MINERAL POINT, WI EAE

When Augie left Mineral Point, WIS to come to USNA, he took almost a percentage point of the population of that thriving metropolis with him. But he fit right in with the size and pace of the Brigade. Because he was an Aero major, Augie was able to slide by with a 3.5 in 4 years — in addition to the "Augie Aid Program" (AAP) in which the needy came to him for academic help. In 4 years, he spent close to 500 hours in this way — half of which were used to get his roommate thru computers and calculus (thanks Augie!). But a geek he was not. As pitcher for the Co. softball team, he was a part of the team's success in the 79 and 80 seasons. His other athletic interests include squash, tennis, golf and basketball. Augie enjoys being with the guys, and the girls even better. With his sense of humor, competence, and level-headedness, Augie won the admiration and affection of so many of his classmates. Whether he goes air or not, it'll be a better command to have Augie aboard.

"JOE"

JOSEPH G. ARNETT
SPARTANBURG, SC SPS

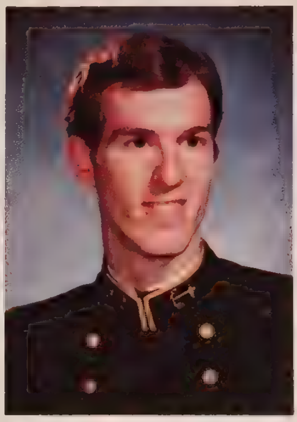
Can you imagine anyone wanting to pay for the professionalism received during plebe summer? Joe almost did, but the Citadel didn't think it could handle the likes of this South Carolinian. Jojo kept a low-pro for his Ist 2 yrs., except for his frequent visits to the cemetary and the leveling of bars! 2nd class year saw Bethea attempting rugby, but his only success came off the field. Joe's GLC made many successful raod trips, of which he wasn't always the return pilot. Coming from GOD'S COUNTRY, he liked to party-hardy with the guys, but liked better to be with the girls. By the way Joe, did you ever get your sweater back from the WASH? Being a PHY-SCI major, Jojo spent many long nights studying hard. He made up for his lack of sleep through many frequent cat-naps, some of which took place at the most inopportune times (like driving, bars, and classes!). And one last thing Joe,

"BB-OC-ANL-ITCOB!"

"SKY"

SCOTT BILLINGTON
KINSTON, NC OAE

Oh yeah.



"BONE"

JOSEPH C. BONNER
PITTSBURGH, PA EME

From a town known as Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Came a lad, well mannered and polite
But he shed his nice guy ways, it only took a couple days
and he stayed up studying late alot at night
He lived with more ex-mids than anybody
Fitz, Steve, Al, and Ping-Pong
and his wild psychotic flair made folks think he didn't care
and they really weren't all that far from wrong
But he cared about rubbing out the weenies
abusing all the three stripe fever boys
and if he'd ever get in trouble, watch him beat feet on the double
yes, he's your man if you like a lot of noise.

"WOODSTOCK"

TIMOTHY C. BURKE
ORMOND BEACH, FL SMA

Woodstock has blazed a trail through USNA that will not soon be forgotten. Tim went IN-EXTREMIS plebe summer and wound up as scamps CO-CDR. This didn't discourage him though. Having his car outside the gate since plebe year cheered him up as did all those Friday nights out 3/c & 2/c year. After serving as CO on the Weems Queen Tim searched far and wide for that eluisve little kitten. Not hard to please Tim always had a smile on his face. Tim's friends quickly learned that there weren't many barriers that could hold him back, even the Eastport Bridge and all those people in the Vous didn't stop him. He was always getting "loose in the caboose with his back to the tracks!" Europe, Dallas and the East Coast will never be the same. Although his adventures are countless, Tim still has a few goals to accomplish - WOO! WOO! Whenever things get wild, Tim will be at the center of the action. "Tim . . . wait up!"

"KREASE"

JOEL M. CANTRELL
LAWSON, OK FPS

After being evicted from the Sooner state, for heinous debauchery, Mark Cantrell, aka Krease Daddy, made his way north. The lascivious young lad found first shelter in Newport, R.I. The desirous BOA lurked through the dorms of Salva Regina and accrued an incredible 95% hit to miss ratio. After sowing acres of oats at NAPS, Krease decided it was time to move south to the backshaft of Club 34, where men were men and plebes were plebes and women knew the difference. Academics were repugnant to his nature and it seemed that only music could sooth this savage beast, thus the music major was created. The Piano Man was now in his glory and during one of his gigs he tickled the ivories of the fair maiden Connie, who tamed the beast with much love and fried chicken ken. It looks like she'll be fixin' that chicken for a long time to come. For Kreaseman the sunny beaches and the A-7 Intruders of Pensacola are the good life. Yet the backshaft will resound with those prophetic words, Connie where are you, you little sh. . .?!! Good luck KD

"CHIP"

RAYMOND J. CRAVAACK
CINCINNATI, OH SPS

Chip spun out of Cincinnati to take the Naval Academy and the girls around it by a storm. USNA has changed his life, not all for the better. To study his life here is to study contrasts . . . most rule abiding plebe - most rule abusing firstie, company different beautiful date each weekend rep-company chastity rep. What is it that the girls seem to find in Chip, if not — ? He certainly learned to enjoy the good life of wine, women, and song, in spite of Dean Kelly's attempts to keep him from doing so. It has been rumored that to spite the Dean, Chip began to bring the good life up to his room during study hour. Payback is a bear, huh, Dean?

Chip is a real nice guy who has proven that a football player can make it through without Coach Welsh and in spite of the academic Depts. best efforts to stop him. With Airborne, Air Assault, SCUBA, and Karate, Chip has shown his eagerness to kill enemies of America. We hope you're around to tell about it in 20 years. Best of luck - Andy

"DUFFY"

TIMOTHY J. DWYER
SAGINAW, MI SPH

"Duffy" left Saginaw, Mich. on July 6, 1977 for the Naval Academy, to wreak chaos and confusion within the Brigade. He survived plebe summer and plebe year by floating handily above the flak. (Except for occasional difficulties with the anchor watch.) 2nd class summer, the critter discovered cars, alcohol, and women, which stole him away from the computer. After his $300 Vega vanished in a cloud of smoke, he moved up to a new car, new girl, fine wine, and life as a rock star. After surfacing from the murky deeps for first class year, Duffy became widely acclaimed as the founding member of tbe Derelict Squad, A D&D master, and a disciple of lost arts and mysteries of the universe. Never alone, Duffy is the only mid ever to graduate having more years with a 4.0 than stripes.

"ANDY"

ANDREW J. FOERSTER
POMONA PARK, FL *EEE*

Andre J. Foerster (Fireman), came to the club from a small podunk somewhere in the sunshine state. A farmboy of sorts, Andy was also an academic wizard, always immersing himself in the library and academia of electricity. But after surfacing his third class year and finding it hard to walk, run and swim with anytype of coordination, Andy began a dedicated workout schedule developing the "pencil neck" body he had accumulated plebe year. His chest was only complimented by a set of Airborne wings, silver dolphins and submarine patrol pin. The total mass of which made him walk with a list of his left side. The Marines appreciating his night, forest navigation also presented him with an exclusive presentation of the "wayward puppy." He definitely became one of the few. Andy always had great opening lines to break the ice when meeting those of the opposite sex, for example, "Do you know how your headlights work?" Well Drew, in 20 yrs, God willing, we will read this together. Till then, just keep above the crush depth . . . Chip

"CORY"

CORY J. GREEN
BALBOA, CANAL ZONE *FPS*

Cory endeared himself to the Old Buddies of Klub 34 early on: in response to a loaded question, "Sir, I was most famous in high school for being a DORK." We almost lost our Old Buddy during Plebe year when he became infected by the "Punch Out" fever. Cory found Youngster life more agreeable. He adopted a new hairstyle which changed every Thursday noon to the "Wet look". Cory was also awarded the Magic Marker Penmanship Award. An avid King Tut fan, Cory was often found in the blue and white sarcophagus, imitating the mummy. Before second class year started, Cory became famous for his uncanny ability to charm the Wardroom ladies. Sports included mucking and catching softballs with his face. And finally Cory found the love of his life, known to us as "you know". Buena suerte to both of you. Adios, Oldest Buddy, we're really gonna "Miss You". Some final advice: Utshay Uptay, Orkday.

"RICH"

RICHARD K. HAGEN
TRENTON, NJ *SPS*

Coming from that rarely noticed state, New Jersey (yeah, it's really a state!), Rich quickly learned the way to make it through the Academy: simply ignore it and it'll go away. This not being quite enough, he decided to try other escapes such as resting his nose in copies of GQ and tearing the pages out, "Hey you'se guys, I'm goona get one of these for Christmas, and one of these, and one of these, and . . ." Come second class year Rich modeled all of his clothes next to a white Corvette and spent most of his time talking long distance to several young ladies. This was strange for we only saw him in white works and by first class year he had found the girl of his dreams (by order of M.A. Bell). Rich gracefully spent his last year surrounded by jet posters, packing for weekends, and counting days off a calender. "Hagen!!! Do you like me??!!"

"JOHNNY"

JOHN H. HART
TRAVELERS REST, SC *HEG*

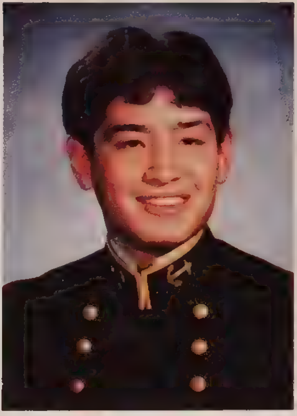
Johnny has the distinction of being the first graduate of Traveler's Rest High (S.C.) to ever attend USNA. Too ambitious to rest on his laruris, Johnny immersed himself into Plebe academics . . . and nearly drowned. He survived however, by studying almost continually, stopping only to eat, sleep, and shower. Then came second semester . . . ("What? Calc TWO?!") Hard work eventually paid off; he took on Steam, Screws, and Wires . . . and won! (Okay, okay, we'll call it a draw.)

Second class year Johnny decided to buy a car that would set him apart from other mids. Yes, he's the guy with the Edsel. This year his job of Brigade Honor Secretary gave him little time to recover from a Belgian FOREX cruise. Intoxicated with the life of a Surface Liner, he's made it his service selection. Good luck Johnny.

"HOOPS"

STEPHEN C. HOOPER
TOWSON, MD *HEG*

A virtual babe in the woods when he came to us in July of 1977, Steve has come a long way since those days of plebe summer when he was ranked last in his squad. A native of Towson, Maryland and a product of Calvert Hall High School, Steve came to the academy with high ambition to be a mechanical engineer. He was brought quickly back to reality, however, and wisely decided to become an English major instead. While at the academy he picked up on the game of squash, and through his hard work and determination, he earned the coveted N star with a victory over Army as a member of the varsity squash team. Over the years Hoops, as he was cleverly nicknamed, was the most conscientious and dependable person in Club 34 and thus became the company commander during first class year. Steve's happy-go-lucky attitude plus his shrewd judgement will undoubtedly distinguish him among those who ride on the high seas. Do it up Hoop! We are all pulling for you.



"FUJI"

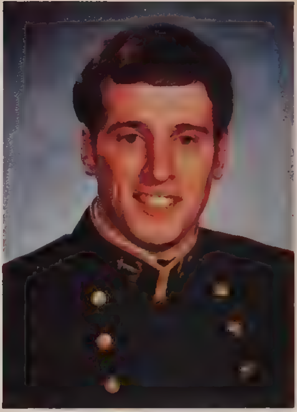
ARTHUR Y. INOUYE
TORRANCE, CA *SPS*

Back in the summer of '77, Art left California with his bags packed with OP's, vitamins, and his surfboard. Upon arriving at USNA, he discovered that the Severn was not an extension of the Banzai pipeline. He came with high hopes of contributing to Navy wrestling, but an unfortunate knee injury pinned his career in just a year. Art's membership in the club was passed by the unanimous vote, but in his first 2 years, Midshipmen regulations prevented him from partaking in the club's activities. Artie's hard work and diligence finally paid off as he breezed thru 2nd class year. He played rugby and travelled extensively in search of his only desire. Art logged many miles and friends in his journey. In 1980 the world saw Mt. St. Helens erupt. We saw Artie make it to 1st class year alittle late, and Al and his coach saw Big Fuji finally come to life. Art always strived to be best, on Doc's list he was #2, but the club knows that he's #1.

"BJ"

BRIAN D. JACKSON
WASHINGTON, DC *SPS*

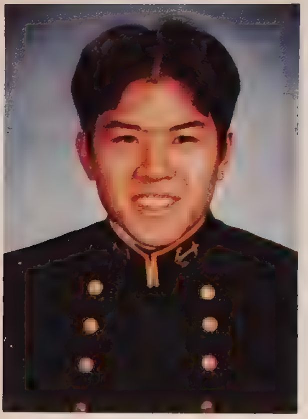
Brian comes to us from Washington D.C. via NAPS, cruising in his brand new Buick Regal. Sunroof top, diamond in the back . . . etc. Never one to be at home in a aquatic environment, he surely made up for it on the intramural fields of Navy. When one of his many ladies would call, he would certainly be located at WRNV. Brian will always be remembered for his lolly pop style of leadership, but most of all for his hardwork and dedication.



"BUB"

MARK F. LANDERS
KINGSTON, NY *FPS*

Mark "Bub" Landers hailed from the Mts. of upstate NY., then from the gambling tables of the MGM in Reno, and most recently from his TAD in Odenton, Md. This old man has seen more of the world than we'll see before our first tour is up. After EM life as a CTR2 on the "Sinkin' Sara", and his vast travels in Europe, Bub stopped off for a years R&R at Navy Prep. Mark entered the CLUB 34 backshaft - notoriously known for its repugnancy to law and order. Youngster year was quite momentoes to Bub as a young Irish lass named Debbie stole his heart, as well as his wallet away. Firstie year brought three stripes and much liberty as he pursued nuptial plans for June Week. Mark's fave quote during P-rades was, "There they go, and I must hasten to catch up with them, for I am their leader!" Liked by all, he was a great inspiration to us during our years at Canoe U. We wish Mark luck in Intel., and hope for his good shore duty, many Bambinos, and a full blender of DAIQUIRIS! As always, "What a long, strange trip its been!!!"



"DR. LUME"

ERIC M. LUM
HONOLULU, HI *FPS*

At first glance, Midn. E. appears to be a tan, cocky guy, but a closer analysis of his person shows him to be in reality a tough, verbose guy. Some people tend to think that he's from Tokyo, but he is in fact a Hawaiian expatriate from Honolulu that wishes he could live forever in N.Y.C. with O.B. Stein. His incessant use of hackneyed phrases belies his verbosity, which is exceeded only by his subtle mockery of his roommate's various and sundry bad habits. The infamous Joe McCarthy once labeled this man a "commie sympathizer," and his studying of Russian verifies this. At times, every sane American is forced to ask him/herself the critically important question, "Eric Lum, boon or bane?" Fortunately, his few negative traits cancel each other out, and Eric is indeed a positive, great guy who will always be one of the "Old Buddies." Best of all, if you're ever faced with a task that you don't care to do, you can always say "Let Eric do it!" Oh perps!

"Mc "D""

ROBERT W. McDOWELL
MARIPOSA, CA *EEE*

McD's reputation can be easily summed up: "derelict." Ask anyone from the three proceeding classes, they'll tell you. Anyone with a spotless conduct record, stars, and a varsity letter in Navy's hardest sport obviously hasn't taken things seriously. He liked to play down these drawbacks, however, preferring the image as "the California Kid" with his bare feet, cut-off cords, "chades," and the white headband that gave birth to the kamikaze boat and his long hair (after he grew it all back, that is). Socially, Bob was a slow learner. Plebe summer his vocabulary was limited to 5 letter words, each one seperated by a prolonged "uhhh . . ." As he progressed to whole sentences and three syllable words, Bob set out in the Pumpkin to seduce the East coast - a goal that fell short when he discovered a preference for married women and home wrecking. Finally tiring of these distractions, Bob settled down to the serious business of being an engineer and building a boat that could beat Harvard.

"MIKE"

MICHAEL G. McGINTY
HOUSTON, TX *SMA*

Mike came to Annapolis from Omaha. He labored to pull off a triple major — tennis, girls, and album-collecting with a minor in Ops Analysis. His parents moved to Tucson, but he located them Youngster year. Even NFCU was outdone by Mike's correspondents. — there ought to be a law! The end of Second Class year, he bought his dream car — it was built by Sony, Toshiba, Hitachi, and Allison. Mike was just too smart for his parents, though; when they moved to Houston he found them before the month was out.

"MAGOO"

SCOTT A. MURDOCK
LAKEWOOD, CO *ESE*

Oh!

"NESS"

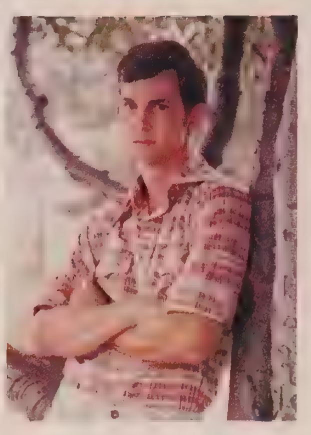
WILLIAM T. NESSELT
FT. LAUDERDALE, FL SRM

After turning down numerous football scholarships, Bill came to USNA from wild Ft. Lauderdale with oranges in hand. Although his football career was brief, the moves he acquired on the field aided him to become known as the "dancing fool." Such dances as the swordfish, the fighting cock, and stop that bus shocked girls up and down the east coast. We will all miss Bill's roadtrips. His family and relatives in both Florida and L.I. treated us like family, and his many connections proved to be a hummer of a time. After 2 years of loyal service, we pay tribute to Bill's '65 Buick Special which was retired to moth balls in Ricketts parking lot. Being an expert manager of time, Bill always found a chance to read Louis L'amour books. Never straining his eyes studying, we expect to see Bill dancing his way through flight school after graduation. Everybody wishes Bill the best of luck in Naval Aviation. We just hope they can find a plane big enough for him!

"ROB"

ROBERT J. NIEWOEHNER
WEBSTER GROVES, MO SPH

Even as a plebe, Rob was unlike the other children. While everyone else dreamed of rifles and airplanes, he had a toy submarine in the sink. His first words as a child were "fairweather planes." Alas, when young Robert discovered the decadence of multiple G's, he changed his tune. A firm believer in self abuse, Rob was never far from the bloody end of an oar handle. REO Speedwagon was always on his stereo and St. Louis on his mind, especially on one warm summer night in Mississippi. He had enough stripes to light up a dark passageway but would rather carry a flashlight than wear a uniform to Hopkins where he became a Midshipman in pay grade only. The saving grace to his serious head of hair was that it was hidden by large protuberances on either side of his head. "THE WORM" had two loves in life, a faithful female and a fast Fiat — or was it a faithful Fiat and a fast female?



"BOA 'D' "

BLAN A. PAGE
WICHITA FALLS, TX SOC

Alias: James Dean A.K.A.: Mack the Knife

Known throughout the brigade as the scourge of the O-course, this Texas redneck was the slickest thing since canned beer. He was at home with anything that could be honed to a razor sharp edge, from the smallest buck knife to his sawed-off hockey-stick.

Boa P managed to survive the trials of plebe year nearly intact, losing only his potted plant to the nightly ravages of Pogo's raiders. He then graduated to leading weekly raids on his own, on Pete's Place and points west. Barkeeps from here to the coast knew him as the dashing figure in the steel-belted cowboy boots and designer jeans, with a slicker line of bull**** than the Great Santini.

Blan gradually progressed, however, to simple nightly forays to visit Dallas and his Texas sweetheart. The first mercenary to graduate from the Naval Academy, Boa P leaves behind a company forever enlightened as to the virtue of the average mid and the value of an IOU.

"BABYSTEIN"

OVUS B. WORKMAN
ST. CHARLES, MO FEC

O.B. really didn't belong here. For that matter, he isn't really a member of our generation. You see, Burke thought he was a flower-child. He arrived here in July, '77 with his posters of J. Page and R. Plant and his VW Bug thinking this was Stanford and looking for a draft-card burning. It's not that St. Charles, Mo. is behind the times, but . . . well, Burke was. Once we'd forced him to realize that he was part of the establishment and this was the late 70's, he decided that he should get a good business education and become rich and famous. Startling realization #2: no chair of the board of GM no LMD, not even supply corps. The whole warrior bit left a knot in his stomach, so he fell in love with the first mention of P-3's. Having found a niche for himself, he set about leaving his mark on our class. Stein is best remembered for the puppet government on 4-I, the great crew swap, fire bombing a classmate's room, and holding the roof up. When the rest of us are old and bald, you'll just be bald, O.B.

THIRTY-FIFTH COMPANY

"BARNSIE"

ANTHONY P. BARNES
SAVANNAH, GA SRM

Tony came to the Brigade from Savannah, Ga after a short stay at NAPS. It seems that Tony's athletic talents and his ability to swing a good deal has kept him above water these four years. Tony has, by his first class year, led the 35th company to two consecutive Brigade Basketball Championships and secured a nice 3-striper job-Brigade Drill Officer. Perhaps it is this quality about Tony that made him decide to go into the used car business. Tony is now driving his third car since second-class year, and when he gets tired of this one . . . well time to swing a new deal. In addition, Tony's system of organization has enabled him to stay on top of things fairly easily. Who would deny that Tony's method of folding clothes on the floor can only be challenged by a few in the brigade! To know Tony is sometimes difficult for some, for it seems that he's at his best when most people aren't around. From the used car lot to Brigade Drill Officer, and all those things in between Tony knows where he's going, and how to get there. GOOD LUCK!!!!!!!!

"BROOKSIE"

BROOKS D. BERG
WHITE BEAR LAKE, MN ESE

Shouting "Lef,righ,layuff . . . lef,righ,lef,righ" as we ran back from PEP every day, Brooks began his stay at Navy U. putting out his best efforts. Unyielding, our White Bear Lake, Minnesotan continued to keep at it despite the fact that left and right he "always gets the Shaft!" For instance, Plebe year his globes and F-14 always found the floor. Youngster year, Brooks was rudely introduced to Wild Bill and during second and first class years he dealt with whatever Systems Engineering could dish out. Studying to three in the morning never seemed enough for Brooks; if his roommates didn't put him in bed he'd never get any sleep. Berg-aye's Boat School highlights include sailing varsity yawls, sailing to Bermuda, being a cheerleader one year, going to the brigades in soccer two years in a row, and owning a Porsche-Ferrari Mark V Special (Toyota Corolla). Brooks avoided the draft by volunteering for subs. With your determination we know you will always triumph, Brooks. The very best to you.

"JIM"

JAMES W. BOYLE
YORKTOWN HGTS., NY FEC

How could any one of us have made it without our sense of humor? Above anything else, Jim Boyle gave us the ability to laugh at ourselves. Neil Young, Patrice, and his "Z" were all Jim really needed to survive.

"O'NEILL"

PHILLIP B. CAHELA
DECATUR, AL SPH

Phil travelled over most of two continents with his Air Force family before landing at the Academy. Though Alabama was his residence during high school, we all consider Phil to be a typical Californian. His easy-going lifestyle seems more at place on a San Francisco beach than in a military institution. What some perceived as a radical streak in Phil was actually a well-directed and encouraging rebelliousness. Phil could perhaps be best described as a rugged individualist, a sort of rustic James Dean. However this James Dean has a cause, after all, Physics majors who go Navy Air are very rare these days. Phil is a very peaceful person until he puts on his karate uniform, a sport which, along with his car "Kashmir" and academics, was one of his major preoccupations. We're looking for some high-flying days and nights from this Californian from Dixieland.

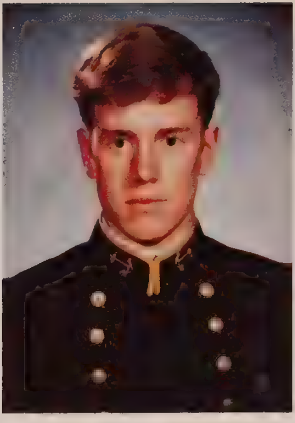
"JEFF"

JEFFREY D. CASTLETON
IRVING, TX *EME*

Jeff left the life of luxury back in Irving, Texas when he came to Navy. He brought with him, however, his Texas drawl, golf clubs, and suave manner that would prove to win the women of his conquest. Bringing his golf clubs along was no mistake as Jeff took a top spot on the Varsity Golf team. Off he went to the T-tables and none too soon either since the rest of his squad forgot what ice cream tasted like. Among his friends, Jeff has been called "Stein" since youngster year because of his close relationship with money. Speaking of close relationships, Jeff's gamut of women have included a Dallas Cowboys cheerleader at home and a true variety here at USNA. Jeff proved to be a slayer of the books as well as the women; with a 3.6 average in Ocean Engineering, Jeff earned the honor of becoming a USAFA exchange student first semester of second class year. Upon his return Jeff became a "MechNecK" and has had his bouts with Wild Bill and the Rocket. Jeff hopes to be an F-14 NFO. The best of luck to you, Stein.

VICKY J. DEFIORE
KEY WEST, FL *EGE*

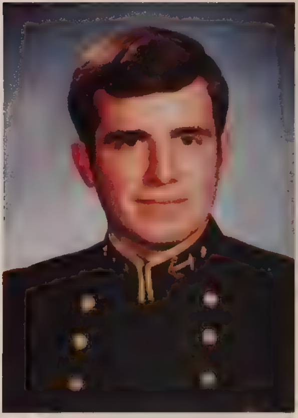
Vicky will be leaving Mom B with a tinsel free smile and beautifully straight teeth to go with it. As she once told me, while everyone else was receiving a $100,000 education, she was getting a $105,000 one. Never fear Vic, we all know how beautiful you are - if you don't believe me just ask T-Scott — he'll set you straight! Do you remember when you, yes you, were the Demerit Queen of the company! When we roomies would triple date on Saturday nights with our rifles for escorts . . . all the friends that tried to give you a helping shove, down that is — Boyner, Jeff K and a host of others; well you showed them all up didn't you?! Whoever said that rocks couldn't float was proven wrong by you, for not only can you float, but you can swim too! How you put up with 3 yr of Var Swim is beyond me. Vicky, you leave behind many good friends and a few broken hearts, but you go forward to a new and happy beginning. May God favor his light on you and TG. We know that you're ready for the Navy — the question is, is the Navy ready for you?!!!



"STEVE"

STEVEN R. EASTBURG
CHERRY HILL, NJ . *EME*

Steven Eastburg or more appropriately Big Steve came to our small private college in rustic Annapolis from Cherry Hill, New Jersey. A hard working mechanical engineer Steve became a chief source of the "gouge" and came as close to winning a battle with the Rocket is any mortal ever could. That is not to say that Steve hasn't had any fun since he left Jersey. Someday maybe he will get around to showing us his slides from Europe, Hawaii, Calf., Rhode Island, and all the other places he has been. The years have mellowed him a little and the golf course has become his second love, second only to those precious hours of REM4 between the hours of 11:03 and 7:21 nightly. Never one to follow the crowd - Steve stood as an example to us all with a deep faith in Jesus Christ and a true love and concern for our wellbeing. As he goes on to frequent the beaches of Pensacola, Steve will certainly be an encouragement to those he meets and deeply missed by those he has left behind.



"BANKS"

KARL S. FAIRBANKS
TUCSON, AZ *SMA*

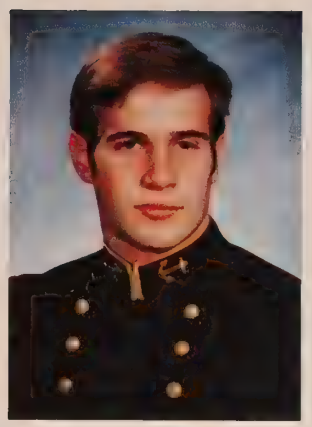
"Banks" arrived at USNA with his reef points memorized, whisk broom in hand, and his WUBA already painted on. He was ready to get down to the serious business of acquiring a girl in every port, preferrably some mid's sister. Karl is well on his way, but has had his problems keeping one here in the local port. With megastripes in his eyes and a phobia against ever receiving the famous form-2, Banks set out to get one and not the other. He ended up as Regimental Subcommander during Plebe Detail but got 5 demos for not signing out of 2nd wing to assume his position. Anything for those stripes, uh Karl? Good grades and positions of responsibility marked Karl's days at Navy. Studying at least until nine each night and then doing stamp homework or practicing his sword manual until taps, Karl got a 3.4+ as a math major. Well liked within the company, we will all miss Karl, except his long-time roommate, who still can't figure out where all his towels and socks are.

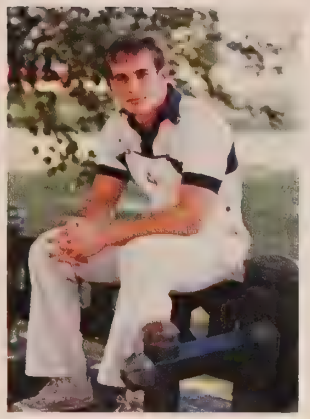
"FREDDIE"

MANUEL E. FALCON
SUFFOLK, VA *FPS*

Eddie earned his nickname upon returning from plebe Christmas with 30 extra pounds! After majoring in football for three years, Eddie needed to be reacquainted with formation and drill. He never was much into the military way of doing things, especially the Marine way. He proved his dislike for the Crops by shooting too soon at a Quantico ambush. A connoisseur of fine draft, Eddie was the official taster at Dahlgren hall during youngster year. He consumed so much beer that he just about supported the Anheiser Busch breweries singlehandedly. This can be proved by the trench he made leading to the bathroom. We will never forget Eddie's great sense of humor and smile, nor his radically subversive tailgaters. Eddie we leave you with this poem:

With a "Bud" in your hand
and wings on your chest
P-3's are your game
you'll be one of the best.





"TRAP"

ROBERT J. FISHER
NORTHVILLE, MI *ESE*

Bob came to the Naval Academy under the misguided premonition of becoming a well-rounded naval officer. Much to Bob's delight however, be got an outta control roomie and a four year degree from Weems Creek U. instead. Seriously "Trap" gave 100% in everything he did. After all, who else could handle the duties of a Battalion Commander, the workload of a Systems Eng. and still managed an evening apprenticeship under Colonel Sanders. Bob played just as hard as he worked, too. He was known in the company as a primerib intramural player and even boasts about making the starting line-ups of such elite athletic teams as "Dwevo" and "O.C. Weemers". Trap by no means let the academy interfere with his social life. He brought a little partying to the hall every x-mas when he and his good buddy "Arab" co-captained reminisce, a tradition that will live on in 35. Wherever service selection sends him, Trap will always remember his super sponser Cathy, who deserves a very special thanks from all the adopted animals.

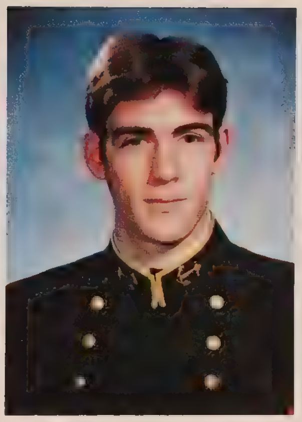
"G-HOUSE"

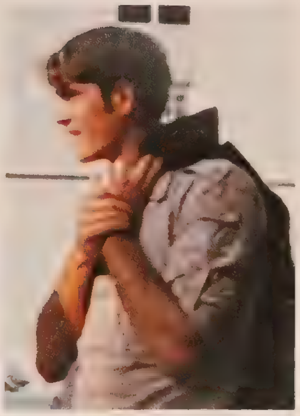
ROBERT B. GARLINGHOUSE
BRUTUS, MI *ESE*

From the beginning we knew G-house was special. He arrived at 0800, 6 July, 1977, with foot planted firmly in mouth. Yes, Bob always did have an amazing way with words. Masochistic by nature, Bob provided himself as a fine target as a goalie in fieldball. But G had a cruel streak in him. He subjected his plebe and youngster year roommates to experiments in torture as he attempted to master the harmonica — self taught — from scratch. The sacrifices of his former roommates paid off and Bob now plays quite well for the enjoyment of all. Hmmmmm.

. . . How 'bout that first class cruise? It was Bob Garlinghouse who set new standards in the Navy for ship-board life. ROTC/Academy relations will never be the same.

The 'House was never one to get particularly excited about much of anything. Mellow? Yes. Nuke DRAFT, Gosh, who knows. Hopefully we'll see him in P-cola — smiling. Take 'er easy . . . "G".





"GREENO"

CHARLES Z. GREENE
ANAHEIM, CA *SPS*

Grenno drifted in from the sunny state of California without any idea of what he was getting into. He was in shock his first two years as we saw by his outstanding academic feats. The SUMMER SCHOOL KID!!! When not sleeping or eating, Chuck usually could be found running suicides on the hoops courts. He was a real Varsity man. Varsity Basketball, Varsity restriction, Varsity Ac. Board and Varsity PARTY! We all know he would have never made it without having Debbie around. "Where ya going this weekend C.Z.?" "Where do you think, dummy, Debbies." Chuck, we your many friends here all wish you and Debbie the very best of luck and happiness. Not matter what happens, you'll always be one of the boys, and we all "GET INTO ONE" forever.

"LEW"

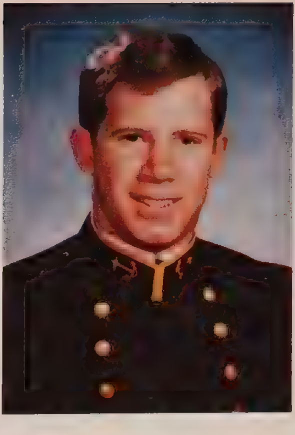
LEWIS R. GRIGG
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA ENA

Randy, alias "Lew", Grigg made his four year pit-stop at USNA on his trip to better things in life (her name was Betty). This mellow guy left the sands of Va. Beach to become one of "America's finest", but time soon found him returning with great rapidity to his Hobie Cat and "wife" — not necessarily in that order, though. Never one to let academics get in the way of a good time, this easy-going guy sailed through Naval Architecture with his sails unreefed. Afternoons found Lew either testing the compressive stresses in his bedsprings, or down in the tow tank towing anything that would float. Once evening came though, it was down to business — that is, writing his sweetheart, talking to her on the phone, or talking to his diary. Armed with a compassionate heart, a true sensitivity, a strong determination, and most importantly a deep love of God, Lew promises to make a difference in the world in which he lives, and touch many lives in doing so.

"PINKEY"

AVA MARIE HOWARD
HAMDEN, CT HHS

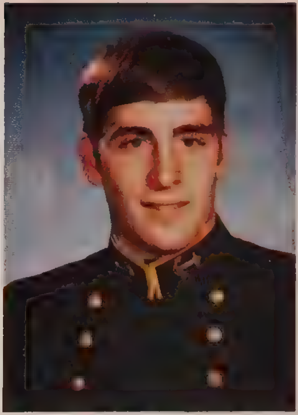
Life in the fast lane is not what it appears, and Ava would be the first to prove it. From a casual stroll to the press shop 5 minutes before an evolution Plebe Summer, to a leisurely walk to outside formation with a whole 2 minutes left, Ava has never ceased to amaze us. But not to be deceived, Ava can move with the best of them. From V. Crew, to V. Softball, to Coaching Batt Teams, she still managed time to party and visit, as well as study. There have been some good times and bad times over the years, but we will always be able to look back and laugh at The Hobbit and The Great Army-Fry, 7 O'clock calls at the Sheraton Inn, extra chow calls and "Stone Face", illegal persons in Mom B, the all time-favorite Fish, Eva, the MK-watch, backgammon with BJ, and of course your illustrious roommates. It's been long and it's been hard, but through it all we knew we would make it in spite of them all. Thanks Ava and God bless the fleet when you get there!



"KACK"

ROBERT B. JACKSON
ALEXANDRIA, VA SRM

"Hi guys, got any chow?" So we came to know Robert Brian Jackson. If our chow packages weren't good enough, Brian always had Mom within the area liberty limit. Living so close, however, did not preclude Kack from hard times in those early years at USNA. In fact, Brian once went three whole weeks without going home, "That's too many." After a quick knockdown by Aerospace Engineering, Kacky discovered that a love for hang-gliding does not make a major and opted for management. Second class year, Brian discovered that area colleges could be amusing at times. Brian was easy to spot in his college-going uniform; tweed jacket, alligator, and RX-7. First class year found Brian with a driving problem, he just didn't get caught like everyone else. Living in Alexandria, Brian could always count on being anazingly popular around Thanksgiving. Although Kack has both feet planted firmly on the ground, his service selection remains in the air. What color was that uniform?



"BEAR"

DOUGLAS G. JOHNSON
BLMNG. PRAIRIE, MN EOE

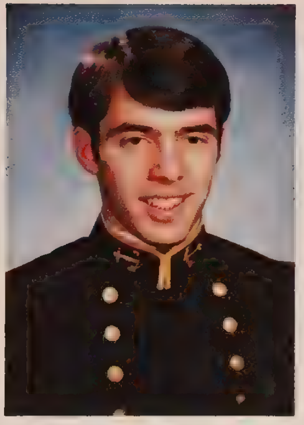
Doug "Bear" Johnson hails from the cornfields of Bloomingprarie, Minn. Arriving here at USNA with a strong determination and desire to avoid the life of a farmer, he set his sights on becoming a Nuc. Power Submariner. Well Doug at least your four years here at USNA got you from the fields of Minn. to the prairies of the Ocean bottom. STFB. In route, Bear left his mark on the NAAA. For some reason the night before an exam many of the executives of the NAAA would suddenly request a pre-game conference with him. Strategy would be planned and as a result many of the executives would keep their jobs. Always one to get involved Doug spent 3 years as a cheerleader. During this time his knees took some abuse due to balancing T.C. on his shoulders. All in all Bear made life at USNA a little more bearable for most of us with his cheerful attitude. All of your many friends here at USNA wish you the best of luck.

"KNOCKERS"

JAMES A. KNOCK

SACRAMENTO, CA *EAS*

They say the Naval Academy does strange things to people . . . James Allen Knock is one we'll never forget. The man with amazing body (just ask him) joined our ranks after a year at NAPS, a year which undoubtedly began "P.J.'"s metamorphosis into the person he is today. At the start, Jim was a track man, sticking with it for three years until he accepted aerospace engineering as his new religion. Knocking over more hurdles than he cleared didn't help. Undaunted, Jim devoted his infinite energy to his studies, eventually beating aerospace engineering into submission. His degree will be a relief to us all - maybe he'll stop complaining. First class year developed new interests as Jim became a fixture at Happy Hour and regularly comsumed more tacos than one would think humanly possible. Jim's room redefined the word "neat". In the end, though, we know that inside Knocker's tough exterior there was nice guy . . . somewhere. Jim has a drinking problem . . . will sombody plese pull the knife out of his back!!!!!!!



"KRAFTY"

TERRY B. KRAFT

SEATTLE, WA *EGE*

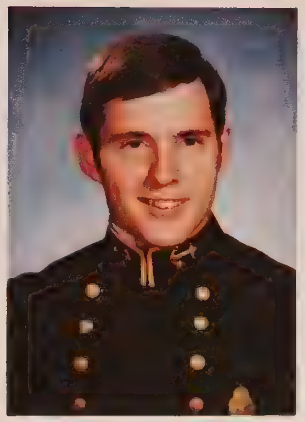
The first thing "Krafty" said to his plebe summer roommate was., "Isn't it great to be a Midshipman!?!". Yes, our Young Professional came to USNA with high ideals and great expectations. What happened? Plebe year, Terry tinkled for the USNA Beaters and Blowers, while tormenting his roommates with his instrument. Youngster year, Army was an unforgetable double-header for T.B. Score: Drags 2, Terry O. Youngster year also saw our hard working Krafty start his bout with OE. Second class year and Rocket Reed saw it to an early end. It took him half a year to break the habit of carrying his now empty brief case to "Chester's by the Bay", nightly. With this extra time on his hands, Terry took up a challenging double major - GE and Chris. With Chris living in Annapolis, "study hour" took on a whole new meaning. Good luck to our little "POW" - Terry is now ready for the Navy, (NFO), we can only hope that the Navy is ready for him . . .

"PSYCHO"

MICHAEL G. KULA

CENTERLINE, MI *EGE*

It was nice and sometimes even fun. But now it is over and I am glad that it is done.



"MOLE"

ANTHONY M. KURTA

COLUMBIA FALLS, MT *FPS*

Mole, sometimes known as Tony, came to USNA with a sixpack of Orange Crush, black framed glasses, an innocent mind, and no earlobes. By the time Mole throws the cover, he will take away a sixpack of Mich, contact lenses, questionable innocence, but still no earlobes. Hailing from the third deer trail of the left most mountain east of the big lake (Columbia Falls, Mt.), Mole has a hard time flying home. Tbe airline pilots won't land if the farmers don't harvest the runway. Mole has always been a central figure in the company. He helped the company win several intramural championships while maintaining a sky high QPR in poli-sci. Planning to be "Mole-in-Nimitz" his last year here, A.M. has become "Mole-at-Hood" and studies things other than foreign relations and defense management. Mole definitely has it all together. Anyone who can live like a king in Germany of fifty bucks and earn a medal for it is not unintelligent. We wish Mole the best as he goes underground in search of peace, happiness, and earlobes.

"KUZ"

JOSEPH W. KUZMICK
TAMPA, FL SPH

No one is really sure what prompted Joe Kuzmick to desert sunny Tampa Bay, Florida for the Naval Academy. Upon arrival, Kuz found he had to cut his hair and face, as he learned there was more to physical education than just swimming. Actually, Joe adjusted quite well to formations and such, always finding ways to "streamline" his habits so as to arrive as late as possible. As Joe advanced in rank, he developed lethargy to an art. Years went by, and Kuz discovered other people actually enjoyed his "git-box" playing, particularly in stairwells on Friday nights. Late. In addition to being a guitar whiz, Joe professed to being personal friends with both James Taylor and Carly Simon. Around girlfriends, Joe was a terror. Women were known to flee for their lives upon sighting Kuz; he could always be counted on to break, spill, or otherwise ruin something. Joe was an accident waiting to happen. As "K" walks out of USNA with a well-earned Physics degree, one can still see the original Joe, just waiting to get his guitar, Celica, and body to P-cola, back home.

"BILL"

WILLIAM H. LAUGHLIN
INDIANA, PA ENA

Affectionately nicknamed "Bill" by his classmates, this is a mid hailing from the center of the universe, Indiana, Pennsylvania. Bill started at Indiana University of Pa., getting quite a head start on his classmates. He validated wrestling. At the time, Bill's reasons for entering the Naval Academy were unclear. As of this moment, they are even more so. Bill gained early notoriety though his frequent hitch-hiking trips to Pennsylvania and Maura. Classmates would fight tooth and nail for a seat next to her at a football game. Bill was content to have the other one. Youngster year, Bill managed to see a little bit Maura. Second class year, he managed to see a little mora Maura. 1/C year, he found he could see no mora Maura. You see, Bill had a drinking problem - he got caught. "That's too bad." In academia, Bill was knocked to the canvas a few time by Nav.-Arch., but never down for the count. A likable guy by definition, Bill will ascend to no less than the top.

"LEANER"

PATRICK E. LIEN
BLOOMINGTON, MN FPS

Pat came rolling down out of the Minnesota tundra onto the sunny shores of the Severn and quickly discovered there was more to life than cold wintry nights smuggled up with his hometown sweetie and the Minnesota Vikings. Pat quickly took to chasing wild women (of all shapes and sizes) and left a trail of broken hearts from Guadelajara, Mexico to Federick, Maryland. It was quickly discovered by all that Pat had an incurable appetite that ranged from honey dipped donuts to live worms, all of which was usually washed down by large quantities of cheap beer. This appetite made Pat the constant butt of "fatboy" jokes and was the source of many a nickname. The only thing that came close to his eating habits was his sense of humor. Pat would laugh endlessly about nothing and was not above dressing in female garb and cheering for company sports. Despite also being a constant worrier, Pat was successful at all his undertakings at USNA and we all hope that this success follows him everywhere.

"MAC-O"

DAVID L. McDONALD
MANKATO, MN SOC

Mac-O came to U.S.N.A. after spending three years in the REAL NAVY. Dubbed the "Old Man", Mac-O assumed the role of surrogate father to the boys in 35. His roommate of three years was equally unique - Sperla. Together these two became famous for their wheeling and dealing. Rack-O's time was divided between his two loves sleeping and working out. All seriousness aside, Mac-O is a people person and whether he goes air or surface he is destined to make a good impression on those around him.

Sperla, may BORIS the EEL find a warm and happy home. Doug there IS a difference between a hole in the HEAD and an OPEN MIND.

"VIRG"

VIRGINIA O'ROURKE
GARDEN CITY, MI EGE

Virginia came to the Brigade from Garden City, Michigan, with a tennis raquet she wields very effectively and a lot of talent and experience on the stage. A very quiet and dedicated worker, Virginia found the General Engineering major a minor preoccupation when she wasn't on the stage with the Masqueraders. She discovered that the ways things are done here are a lot different than at home, but that didn't bother Virginia for long. A beautiful stubbornness became one of her distinctive characteristics. Virginia proved that people can do things their own way and still succeed at USNA, no matter how dogmatic the system gets. There is no doubt that Virginia will handle whatever thrills her career brings her with an organized calm, and make a valuable contribution to any command in the fleet. We wish Virginia all the luck and happiness possible.

"BOB"

ROBERT V. PEYREIGNE
FLORAL PARK, NY SRM

Bob, a tough guy from the Island, came to USNA with a lacrosse stick in his hand and dreams of NAVY AIR in his head. It has been over a year since he last donned a Navy Lax uniform, and when last seen, Bob was searching the tentative ship list for a reserve destroyer out of Brooklyn. No need to worry, Bob - if all else fails, they still have your nuke power application. Despite some setbacks over the years, Bob took Neil Young's advice and didn't let it bring him down. Wherever he goes, Bob's easygoing personality and charming NY accent will surely see him through.

"RONALDO"

RONALD E. PHILLIPS
GLENVIEW, IL SMA

Ron Phillips, what can we say about Ron? Barely anthing but I'll try. You wouldn't think a guy who spends three years trying to win a letter in Varsity track and finally gets another chance punting for the 150 lb Football team his First Class year would ever have anything go wrong, would you? Well, with Ron that wasn't the case. Hailing from Glenview, Ill., Ron immediately put himself into academic trouble. He thought parachuting and flying were more important than studying, however his company officer thought different.

Socially Ron was always on the move. He always had a new girl or two around, always blonde, including the Orioles 3rd base ball girl. Ron was always very popular and had many friends, especially since his parents paid us $30 a month to associate with him.

Seriously though, Ron was a great person, and easy to get along with. As he leaves us pursuing an NFO career, we'll remember to look for him as he flies overhead. Good luck Ron and may your carrier never pitch.

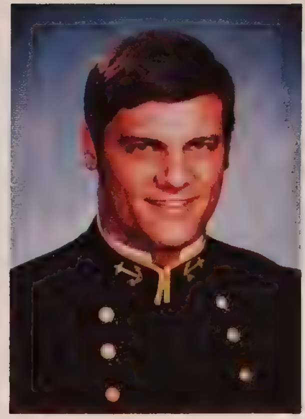
ERIC H. RANDALL
MANCHESTER, CT EOE

Eric Hanson Randall joined the GEEKDOM of USNA from the confines of Manchester Conn., that wonderful summer of 77, becoming a dependable member of the 35th Company. Eric could always be counted on' so long as Mindy wasn't visiting for the weekend. When tbe going got tough for the OE's or anyone else, the smart went to Eric for help or the GOUGE. He also supplied an ear for listening and the spasmic tenseness of his SEAL training. Although it took three years USNA finally rewarded Eric for his Professionalism and Class mate Loyalty with Y.P. Commadore. His motto was "DEATH TO SAILBOATS." Come June, we wish Eric and Mindy all the best on their trip to Orlando.

"J-ROCK"

JAMES G. RODROCK
MONTEREY, CA *SPS*

On a cool breeze, Jim drifted in from sunny California after taking a short vacation in Rhode Island (NAPS). On first impression Jimmy seems like a quiet type of guy, but inside he is a riot waiting for a place to happen. The original Kamikaze warrior, Jim would do anything on a dare and he could always be persuaded with a bowl of rice! Feeling almost at home during some Quantico maneuvers "the Gook" earned an academy award for his role as a mortally wounded ambushee. Up to his old tricks again, Jim came up on the list of "Bad Boys" and found he was able to earn a letter after all (wrong color "N" Jimmy). A company soccer ace and Batt rugby hooker, Jimmy took'em all on and then some. Whatever he decides to do, we wish him the best. Good Luck and Keep Smiling!



"ARAB"

ROBERT S. SCHRADER
CINCINNATI, OH *EOE*

Though considered to be an "Egyption Sun Devil" during plebe summer, Bob came to be known as the Crazy Arab. Being athletically inclined, he could usually be found cheap-shotting someone on the intramural field or down in the weight room practicing for his favorite event . . . the 12 Oz. curl. Academically, Schrades shouldered the burden of the ocean engineering major. Bob always enjoyed a challenging course and thrived on such courses as thermo, fluids, and systems. Socially, Bob spent most of his time driving to Hood college in the "party tank". He was known to drink a beer or two and favored such fine establishments as Henry's and Weems Creek Tavern to take his business. The best of his academy days have to be accredited to his sponser, Cathy Cook, her pina coladas, a little Jimmy Buffet and the O.C. Weemers. If Bob learned anything in his days at the Naval Academy it was to never drive while eating chilli doga . . . especially after Weems.

"SPERL"

DAVID M. SPERLING
CAIRO, EGYPT *EAS*

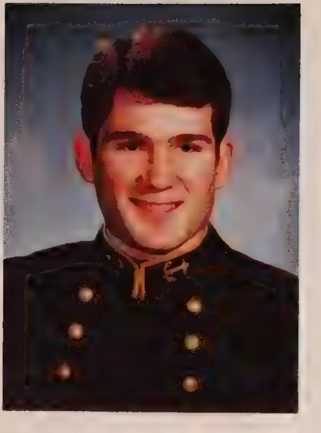
The advisary board of Sperling Enterprises, Ltd., wishes to use this opportunity to introduce its present chairman. Sperls came to us from P-cola (among other places), after a few years of intermediate travels and higher education. With his partner in crime, Squirrely pursued the famed fast-back and the pair's financial wizardry and culinary expertise soon became topics of household discussion. Sperls was always off on some new adventure — if it wasn't Puerto Rico it was Egypt or Australia or wherever the next MAC flight was bound. Despite his unrivaled charm and quick wit, he was unable to gain a cherished position on the Dwevo or Over-cooked Weeners teams, something mild-mannered Sperl regretted throughout his tenure at USNA. Regardless of his immaculate conduct record(!?), the chairman wishes to acknowledge the following delinquency codes: 3115,5140, 4155,2175,2230,1310,1550,1625,etc. In addition, he offers his undying thanks to Mom and Dad and concedes that Mac-o, regardless, you're TFA.

"HEAD"

DOUGLAS E. WEATHERFORD
ATLANTA, GA *EME*

Weather seems to be a way of life for this Georgian squid. Weatherhead, or more simply "Head", a Marine Corps brat from the land of the peanut, brought with him the weather 'way' of life. He is the copyrighted creator of such things as the weather 'walk', weather 'laugh', the infamous collection of weather 'words', weather 'loans', and various and sundry (ie. unprintable) weather 'things'. Head, a mechneck and nukepuke to be, gets things done the professional way. Not knowing how else to do it, Head has been working on his "MAC and SPERL'S PQS BOOKLET for the WORLDLY YOUNG GENTLEMAN." The section on eligible single women is yet to be filled and he is looking for signatures, so look out girls! Head has made good use of his many talents while at Navy U., the two most notable being the back-cover weather 'girl' in the LOG magazine and his "head sculptures" that won him the honor of Brigade Color Barber. We'll all miss Doug and wish him fair winds, following seas, and . . . good weather.

THIRTY-SIXTH COMPANY



"WILLMAN"

CHRISTOPHER J. WILLY
SHARPSVILLE, PA ESE

Chris Willy never found the midshipman life difficult. In fact, Chris never found what the midshipman life was. What can you say about a guy who has yet to perspire? With the help of the pistol team, Chris was able to validate plebe year. Youngster year, sleeping wasn't the most important thing for C. J., it was the only thing. "Yes". Will-man proved to be incredibly adept at Systems Engineering. It wasn't long before frustrated Systems majors nicknamed him "The Fountain". Chris wasn't all work though. Sunday nights could always find him giving a most entertaining BANANA SHOW after dinner. "That's too deep!" Willy-man went to the store twice while at USNA. Once to buy a car and once to buy a ROCK. He chose an Italian model — fiance. His car also became famous. The econo-box could be found parked on Hanover street anytime Chris wasn't driving it. Yes, Chris has had a lot of fun his first class year, the few hours a day he spent here. We all look forward to seeing Chris and Joan at P-cola next year!

KEVIN W. ALT
LAS VEGAS, NV EEE

Kevin was playing the game of life in Las Vagas, Nevada. When it was his turn to pick a card, it said, "Do not pass go or collect $200, but go directly to the Academy (You also lose your turn for nine years!)." The only things they didn't take away from Kevin plebe year were his diodes and his home town. Apparently, he had enough of the West Coast because he moved to Boston during his second class year. Nuff said! Kevin always had connections. We'll never forget the two-man suite he got us from Army third class year. It's a good thing we got a big suite, or we would never have fit 30 people in there! The one thing everyone will be sure to remember Kevin for is that everywhere he went, he kept people in stitches with his shenanigans. He could study for ten minutes a night, play for the rest of the night, and still ace every test - as an EE major! Kevin will take his worn out Led Zeppelin records to the fleet with him. Navy air will get him if he's not drafted first. Good Luck to old chap! When does this end?

GARY E. BELL
WALDORF, MD SMA

Gary rolled in from Waldorf (via CCCC) with visions of playing shortstop. After a tough loss to Mike's Auto Repair, Gary turned to intramurals. He led fastpitch & B-Ball to division crowns and QB'd lightweights to brigade champs. Gary quickly settled into youngster syndrome. He had his hands in his pockets, the worst cruise grease, and walked around like he owned the place. Although a natural in "Crabtown", he preferred Waldorf - where the whip, which ever one it was, could always keep him off the dirt board. When Gary brought the boys home, it always meant a stop at Reb's and some serious partying. When the whip wasn't cracking, Bellman was ready to rage; Notre Dame, and the Jersey train 'till dawn were out of control. At the academy, Gary used Puff B-Ball, Monday Night Football, and plenty of sleep to keep a 3.0 in O.A.. A Redskin fan, Gary survived the abuse he deserved. Gary will be missed by the boys and will try to dodge Rickover and cruise to sunny Pensacola.

"BIANCS"

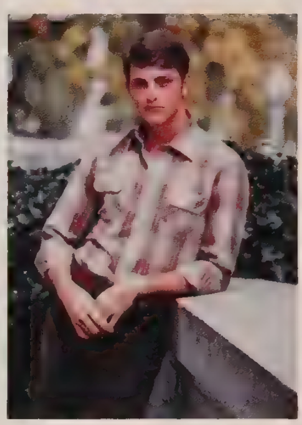
JAMES F. BIANCHI
MAPLEWOOD, NJ SRM

Jimmy came from God's country down the NJT.3 things he was sure of - he wanted to play big time lax, he was serious about the business of learning, and he wanted to get away from Kevin. Well, 2 out of 3 ain't bad - right Sue? Between studies with the late night club, the Giants, and dreams of the triple crown, Biancs spent many a night exclaiming, "I'M LOSING IT!" Foul's episodes with the Budman include party joking, the little Creek 12, the midnight joggers, his dance routines, touch & goes, not to mention the night he was sideswiped by a hit & run motel wall. Always the gentleman, Jimmy impressed the girls, but was sure to show 'em how he got his nickname. "What a smooth line", the WUBAs and gals from Goucher were heard to exclaim - ask Dr. Q. Bianc hs and Bellman both cried when BJ left, but recovered with Dooch at the Roach Palace. As co-captain of the lax team &Yeaaa!), he'll stick around Annapolis after graduation to coach, before heading out to San Diego. Good luck Jimmy, we're all gonna miss you.

"ZEKE"

PATRICK M. BLAKE
CHICAGO, IL *ESP*

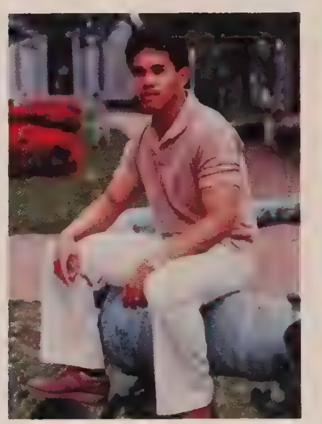
Pat Blake, as he will be the first to tell you, came to USNA from CHICAGO. WHEN HE CAME HERE AFTER A DELAYED NUCLEAR ENLISTMENT, HE left behind Kathy (NOT Cathy) Brady. We all told him that their relationship wouldn't last, but they didn't listen - l/c summer they became officially engaged. Pat practiced immediately for married life BY ADDING 20 LBS. TO HIS SKELETON BODY, THUS STOPPING RUMOURS THAT HE had been dead for 3 years. But it was his heavy workouts of chess, bridge, and masqueraders that really kept Pat in shape, and helped him achieve his great marching record (he only passed out ONCE). BUT SERIOUSLY, PAT WAS VERY ACTIVE IN USNA HANDBALL AND BATALLION volleyball, helping lead his teams to many brigade championships. And if his grades weren't 4.0, the only reason is because he spent so much time helping everyone else with their homework. Pat's only academic problem was semi-illiteracy, which hopefully HE400 cured. Zeke, the be-bop king, is a friend to all.



"ZELL"

DAVID S. BRANZELL
SAN ANTONIO, TX *EAS*

In an attempt to avoid the Texas Rangers and another speeding ticket, Dave donned the Navy Blue and Gold (his favorite song since early in his childhood). He soon found that the Maryland State Police didn't care for speeders either, but much to our pleasure he stayed anyway. Dave brought many reminders of Texas and his redneck past, but the one thing he brought that everyone enjoyed was "Dave's Bar and Grill". He had but two expectations for his brief visit to the Severn, first TO DEVELOP INTO AN EXCEPTIONAL LEADER AND THEN TO BUY A FIREBIRD; At least he got the car. Dave received many added benefits he didn't count on, such as his experiences with golf, aero all nighters, and Wahoos. He even had time to prove, through many tests, his hypothesis THAT THE GIRLS HE IS ATTRACTED TO ARE 'WEIRD'. DAVE GREW TO LOVE NAVY and proved it by getting a black eye while CDO out on Army recons. When the chance comes, we will all be drinking to Dave because we know he will be drinking to us, any excuse will do.



"JOJO"

JOSELITO O. CALLE
CASCADE, MO · *EOE*

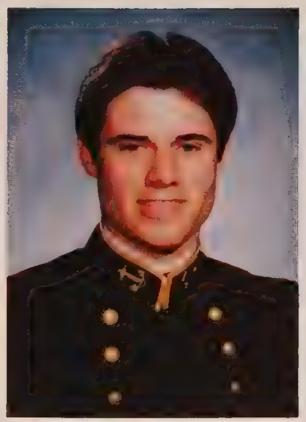
Jose Calle's little boy JoJo came to the Boat School in July of '77, determined to be the first Filipino admiral in the U.S. Navy. His aspiration to command was seen plebe year, as JoJo sailed with those "greyhounds of the Severn", the Y.P. Squadron. Not long after that, JoJo turned to the world os sports, and today is one of the more formidable powerlifters at USNA, in the image of his idol, Roland. JoJo appreciates all the classic fine things in life; wine, women, and song. His dancing ability and natural romantic nature made him a favorate with the local ladies, but I've only seen one woman get the better of him. JoJo is a serious Ocean Engineer, if that's possible, and he wishes to find himself cuddling with a reactor as one of Hymie's atomic wonders. It's been great dude, and I'm looking forward to many good moments with you in the future.

JOHN N. CHRISTENSON
CORONADO, CA *SMA*

Having been lucky enough to room with John for the past four years, I discovered a great friend who I and many others will always remember with fond memories. John is a very generous person who would "GIVE THE SHIRT OFF HIS BACK" IF YOU NEEDED IT. JOHN'S EXCELLENCE In sports, academics, and friendship were due to his ability to "set his priorities". His theme songs were "You can't always get what you want", "You gotta do what you gotta do", and any and every song by "The Who". With great memories of a great roommate and friend, D.D. and the "Sunshine Boys" bid farewell and wish you the best of luck in the years to follow.

DAVID R. DENT
JACKSONVILLE, FL *SRM*

David has been a good friend to everyone who has had the good fortune of knowing him. He could never be seen without a smile on his face and a sparkle in his eye as if he were up to something because he usually was. He will long be remembered by his friends once we leave this college and their prayers will be with him wherever he goes. Good luck David!!!



"BOB"

ROBERT S. FOX
RESTON, VA *EME*

Bob, 1 of 3 stooges, couldn't hack the girls and sun out west, so he headed EAST. When the whip cracked, he jumped and MH,DP, AM,SP,etc. would reel him in. The Foxman could usually be found in front of the mirror combing his hair when he wasn't blowdrying it. Competitive in all endeavors, he won the "Eddie Munster" look-a-like contest, but tequila beat him out in N.L. as did the Alaskan connection on cruise. Bob also had a killer instinct, and his tuna pits proved it. As a disciple of LEROY, Bob said he would follow Sta anywhere . . . but a come-a-round. One night as the suds were flowing, the Foxman decided to jam on his car stereo to the tune of "Jailhouse Rock" as "Big Ole Smokey" was looking out for him. Bob was generous with the Blue Bomb, but he'll be the sole pilot when he gets those gold wings in Pensacola.

"BOB"

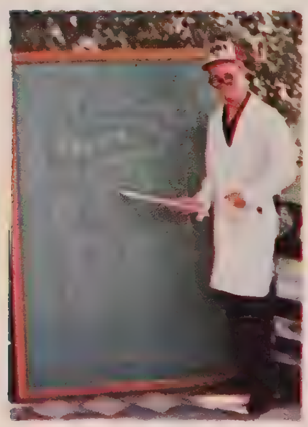
ROBERT J. FREER
GREENSBORO, NC *EME*

One of Bob's claims to fame is all his nicknames including, YP Bob, PEP-RALLY BOB, PROFESSIONAL BOB, SPACE RAT BOB, MECHANICAL BOB, AND last but by no means least Driver's Ed Bob. Although Bob hails from ONE OF THE GREAT BATTLE FIELDS OF ALL TIME, GREENSBORO N.C., AND LIVES WITH THE REST OF US IN GOOD OLD MOTHER "B", NEITHER IS WHAT HE calls home. His real home is in the bowels of Rickover Hall with the rest of us Hard-Core engineers. This is because all his good buds LIVE THERE TOO, WILD BILL, ROCKET, ETC. ON THE SOCIAL SIDE, BOB TAKES after some of our upstanding graduates from '80 like Stick, Peck, Metz. He also holds the record here at USNA for spending the most money on concerts and having spent the least amount of time watching them — we wonder why? Let's just hope that old Hymie has some compassion for someone who has sweat, lived, ate, and SLEPT in his building for four years. If that doesn't work just give him some Jim Beam and get him drunk, and if all else fails, Pensacola has some great bars.

"JIM"

JAMES W. GALANIE
LAKE CHARLES, LA *EME*

Born in Boston, from Wadsworth, Ohio, and residing in Louisiana, no one in 36 is sure where Jim is coming from or where he is going, as the Nukes want him and he wants TO FLY! Majoring for 4 years in Water Polo, girls, and M.E., Jim soared through classes and stripes until his wings were clipped 1/c year by the Rocket and Wild Bill. His innate sense of professionalism earned him a Felix Unger award and the right to lead Sierra out to PEP daily at 0545 during 1st set. As a true socialite, Jim will be remembered for Bryn Mawr girls at the youngster Army party the D.J. Mardi Gras Ball, road trips, cultural events at the Kennedy Center, and feeling like a "degenerate" at Reb's Fireplace Lounge. While everyone else dreaded the 40-year swim, "Big Jim" made it his sport. Moving into the hole position, he captained the water polo team to a successful season as a firstie. Whether or not Hyman and the boys get him, Jim has a great future ahead as a fine naval officer.



"GIG"

CURTIS S. GALLAGHER
MTN VIEW, CA *SPS*

Curt flew in from sunny California, after a brief stop in Minnesota, and had high hopes of becoming a model midshipman. He believed in the SYSTEM. HOW NAIVE HE WAS. HIS ROOMMATES BEGAN TO DEPROGRAM HIM - JUST in time for youngster year. He was now a true midshipman - he drank, chased women, and complained a lot.

Curt didn't see eye to eye with his Co. Officer in his first 2 years. "Gallagher why don't you just resign?" Was it because Little Oggie called Curt DAD? The ax of the Ac Board barely missed and Curt was granted a Phy Sci reprieve. As president of the cones he continued his academic excellence.

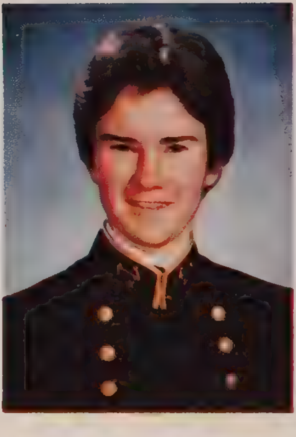
The rich kid was always able to come through when a party was needed - which was often. Along with the parties to his credit were two super 8th wing players, a Light-wt. Brig. Championship and a top spot on the Sport Parachute Club. His enthusiasm will be remembered by all. Curt will take to the air in P-cola. Good luck ol' buddy.

"HAGS"

BRUCE M. HAGAMAN
LA JOLLA, CA *SOC*

Bruce's biography is easy to write . . . Ellen. Ellen, Ellen, ELLEN! Bruce is frustrated to have to commute from Baltimore every Sunday for the upcoming workweek. He takes out his frustrations in his intramurals. To this end he has two handball and two volleyball championships. In the evenings he does squeeze in a few minutes for study, between phone calls and letters to Baltimore. This lack of study is surprising considering the tough oceanography major.

Good luck, Bruce, wherever your orders send you (Navy orders or Ellen's).



"MC"

MARY CAROL HENNESSY
POINT PLEASANT, NJ *FEC*

Even though MC didn't join us until the beginning of Second Class Year, she quickly became part of 36 Company. MC was kept busy as a Midshipman Trainer, working with the Women's Volleyball and Basketball Teams. She also became the Company nurse, taking care of various cuts, bruises, sprains, and "booboos". An economics major, MC will be a millionaire by the time she is thirty - she already has a good start with investments and plans to start a business after graduation. First Class Year found MC pulling a disappearing act almost every night of the week. Where were you - on "unauthorized liberty"? Hey MC, is that your "real hair"? Good luck in whatever you decide on for Service Selection - we're going to miss you.

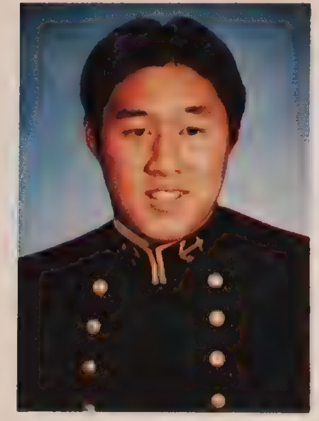
"FELCHER"

KEVIN KENNY
MAPLEWOOD, NJ *FEC*

KEVIN, A WISHFUL NATIVE OF JERSEY CITY, BROUGHT HIS TRACK SHOES TO Navy, but after plebe year decided the old man look, 20 extra pounds and Company sports were the way to go.

Kevin decided not to let studying interfere with his education so he channeled his energy elsewhere - 6th Batt God, Log author, Concert Committee Chairman, and his favorite - MHP rep. With famous last quote "I'm too cool to get fried!" and foot in mouth, Kevin continued to incriminate himself as the dirt piled high - skid marks, Tow Tank, DHC, and the infamous Nav Chart. He also made a good 1st impression on the new Co. Officer, explaining Felching, Kwidaddys, and the obvious advantages of Nuclear Power.

Kev had a keen eye for the women, including Max, Bozo, Curt (in his dream) and of course Deb. Kev kept everyone laughing with his demented HUMOR AND BIZARRE IMITATIONS (OH, KEV, STOP, STOP). BUT WHEREVER HE GOES and whatever he does, one things certain: They won't be ready for him.



"STAAAH"

STEPHEN H. KIM
WAHIAWA, HI *SRM*

Steve, I of 3 stooges, hula danced his way to USNA from the tropical Islands of Hawaii where the sun is always hot, but "thee sunshine boy" never ceases to remain cool. Comfortable with only his native "pigeon talk," DAN-O had difficulty saying any word with over four letters. Though he did master the art of boxing, "THE DUDE" proved his bark was worse than his bite in Daytona and Philly. Steve blamed the white man for bringing disease to his Islands, but it was ironic how the HO-DAD always brought the flu back to his roommates after leave. The mad Hawaiin liked to have his presence always known. He accomplished this feat by either vocalizing his whereabouts, or secreting a sweet, nauseous smell in the general area. He was also proud of his green thumb by growing plants and various other biological specimans on his desk. Steve's plans include owning his restaurant and flying for Aloha Airlines.

"BUDDY"

FRANCIS M. KNIGHT
BLOUNTSTOWN, FL *ESE*

Buddy has always been a man who never quite belonged: an Army brat, he came to USNA, and a member of 36th Company, he often got lost in 3rd. Always going against the crowd, our resident "Coke" addict insisted on drinking the "Real Thing", even though 99% of the soda machines in the yard carry the "other" brand. Francis soon had a mental map of every COKE machine in the yard. However, all this coke running through his veins couldn't defend him against some "ferocious??" bees.

As a result, it took some mighty fancy talking to convince the medical board to let him graduate. Francis has always been known for his fast talking. His time as a DJ for WRNV kept him in practice (As if he really needed it). Yet this too fell by the wayside as grades went down and the systems major's best friend (the computer) triumphed. The future certainly holds a challenge for Francis, as he plans to go intelligence. We all wish him the best of luck and may he find all the "intelligence" he ever needs!!

"DAVE"

DAVID A. LANE
ORLANDO, FL *SCH*

Dave came to the Academy already a veteran of the Naval service with two years as a corpman in the enlisted ranks. Desiring to continue a career in the medical field, he majored in Chemistry with hopes of eventually becoming a doctor. Dave took an avid interest in a wide variety of activities at the Academy, from the Big Brothers Program to his main interest, Sky Diving. He was very active in the Sports Parachute Club all four years at the Academy. He jumped out of more good planes than most people have flown in. Dave was also a sailor "par excellence." He participated in a trans-Atlantic cruise his Youngster year and was an active member of the Varsity Sailing Team for two years. No matter what Dave came up against at the Academy, be it a tough job or a chance to go out and party, he always accomplished the task with an original flare. Dave will make an outstanding Naval Officer in every respect. Good luck and smooth sailing.

"MGM"

MICHAEL G. MAYER
DAYTON, OH *EEE*

After two years with the real fleet, Mike decided to enroll at Canoe U. looking for that long promised Naval adventure. Academy life soon proved to be too dull, however, so Mike was forced to make his own excitement. He began by rowing crew during plebe year but found that this was not masochistic enough, so he decided to major in electrical engineering while pursuing a career in political science. This too proved to be too mundane, so he joined a stolen car ring where he had great fun and will carry happy memories (scars) for life. Rewarded for his efforts, Mike became the company honor rep to keep an eye out for competition. Mike has always wanted his name in lights, and his name was a frequent sight upon a certain "dirt" board. Youngster year FOUND MIKE UNDER ATTACK BY CERTAIN FEMALES OF THE SPECIES AND he joined the karate club where he soon was able to injure himself almost at will. Thanks Mike for keeping the Academy bearable, good luck, and wherever you go, you're sure to get there through the side door.

"MIKE"

MICHAEL E. McLAUGHLIN
MESA, AZ *EOE*

Right from the beginning, Mikey knew he wanted the Naval Academy. Unfortunately, the Academy wasn't so sure that it wanted him. Well, one week before that fateful day in July of '77, the entrance board decided to take a risk, and so it was that Arizona's answer to jimmy Buffet sailed on out from Mesa to join Sears and the "stud squad". IT DIDN'T TAKE US LONG TO REALIZE THAT MIKE HAD SOME VERY SPECIAL TALENTS. SOMEHOW, HE COULD MAKE INANIMATE OBJECTS FLY OUT THE WINDOW, not to mention the way he could make a flamingshot of "Two-Fingers" DISAPPEAR. HOWEVER, IT WASN'T TIL LATER THAT WE WOULD FIND OUT THAT his real area of expertise lay in making mud pies. He always claimed it was his research project. Sure Mike. Playing with mud ranked high on his list of fun things to do along with sailing and driving to Arlington. Yes, life with Mike wasn't so bad if you could handle nutso Fridays and rare air. Surely he will meet with as much success as a Blue Dolphin, if they don't ax him for ruining the atmosphere.

"MIKE"

MICHAEL G. MORRIS
SANTA BARBARA, CA *SPH*

Mikie joined us here at Chesapeake Naval Tech after flying in from sunny Southern California and Long Beach State. Originally a great fan of Margaret Trudeau, Mike swore in as an American citizen just a week before swearing to support and defend the Constitution against all enemies foreign and domestic. Mike had loved the northern light of Canada, and he had loved the California sun, but he soon fell in love with the Annapolis moon, as one Plebe Summer BOOW can attest. As a plebe, Mike soon impressed his squad leader with his expertise with administrative forms. AS a youngster, Mike lived with Bri, which HAD ITS ADVANTAGES, SHOWER WARS WITH RIDDLES, WEIRD SANDWICHES THAT barely passed as edible, and a room guarenteed to warm an eskimo's heart, if nothing else. As a second class, Mike discovered that PHY-SICS IS PHUN! Soon Mike was tooling around in a new car that would have been welcome on 14th St. in DC. Well nothing has ever bothered Mikie. We know that nothing will keep him from P-Cola either.

"PEPP"

FRANCIS P. PEPPER
PALMTRA, NJ *. ENA*

Pat came rolling down the New Jersey Turnpike four years ago. Taking the wrong exit somewhere, Pepp found himself right in the middle of Plebe Summer. Pat didn't mind though, he became quite acquainted with the Company Commander. Plebe Summer was soon over though and the next few years were spent either in bed or bulking up at meals. Pepp helped control crowds in the third class wardroom youngster year. Pat was a handy man to have around at the Army-Navy game in Philly. He knew all the shortcuts around the area. First class summer accomplished Pat's life long dream. He commanded a YP full of enthusiastic mids up and down the Chesapeake. Pat used his talent well, playing the drums for two years in the D&B. He never got in "Rolling Stone" but he did get on an album cover. Pat, it's been wild. Good luck in Pensacola.

"GENO"

LARRY G. ROMIG
CANEY, KS *EOE*

Gene left the shores of Romig's pond for the shores of the Chesapeake back in 1977, fishing stories and all. Gene's easy-going style is known to all and it is felt that when the world is ending, Gene will be at Ed's bar asking for another beer. Weaned, as he says, on Budweiser, Gene often provided the spark that kept a dying party alive. His prowess with the ladies can't be overlooked, and none of us will soon forget "Gene the hunk". Gene has several dreams for the future. As far as the Navy goes, he wants to go Supply to improve his golf game. Beyond that, Geno has two aspirations: to become a bartender, and to have his own T.V. fishing show. It's been great dude, and we'll see you it GITMO 20!

"RO"

FORREST D. ROSS
MEMPHIS, TN *HHS*

R-Zero came to 36th co. from the state of Tenn., shooting off his mouth and foot, determined to make a name for himself. Tenn. was the only place to be and southern was the only way to be. He was the only member of his class or in any class to give up kinky sex with pink orangutans. AT first R-Zero changed women as often as most people changed underwear but as the years passed he saw a new light and a new state came into being . . . Virginia. With any luck at all Forrest, Virginia and the Marine Corps will have a good life together.

"CHEZ"

THOMAS W. SANCHEZ
McLEAN, VA *FPS*

Tom, Tiger Of Mids, Sanchez came to the Academy after being a man of the world. Because of this he decided to major in political science. However, this was a decision which Tom later regreted making, because after his 2/c yesr he knew that he had a true love for Electrical Engineering. On weekends Tom frequently would stud out for Navy in the night clubs of DC. Chez's dark complexion, kinky black hair and fluent knowledge of French earned him a reputation of being a lady killer (especially within Bancroft Hall). On the athletic fields Tom always threw out the same excuses - "I'm too short and I smoke too much." On the bowling lanes however, he made no excuses as he helped Navy's team to a league championship. Tom also managed to win many a beer from his classmates while on the golf course. As Tom leaves Annapolis he will be taking many pleasant memories along and where ever he ends up, Tom Sanchez will surely set an excellent example of the standards and traditions of the Naval Academy.

"SCHLONG"

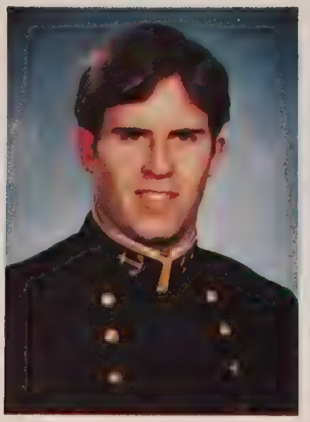
JOSEPH T. SCHARTUNG
BRISTOL, TN *SMA*

Joe discovered the Naval Academy one day while venturing out from the hills of east Tennessee. However, he didn't discover the real navy until his youngster cruise. Joe was assigned to the swift YP 669, where he not only learned much about the navy, but also a great deal about life in general. In the hall, Joe continued to develop himself "mentally, morally, and physically," especially by reading large volumes of dinosaur books and popular periodicals. After absorbing all of this professional knowledge, Tiger decided he just couldn't let it ALL GO TO WASTE AND REALIZED THAT THE ONLY POSITION IN WHICH HE COULD MAKE USE OF IT WAS COMPANY COMMANDER. ALTHOUGH BY NO MEANS AN EASY task, Joe took his duties well in stride. Under Joe's guiding hand, the company was always well behaved and never in any trouble (If you believe that, there is this bridge . . .). Seriously, Joe, it's been a great four years and we'll be looking forward to seeing you in the "real" world. We'll keep an eye out for you in the Navy, too.

"AL"

ALAN D. SCOTT
TUCSON, AZ *EEE*

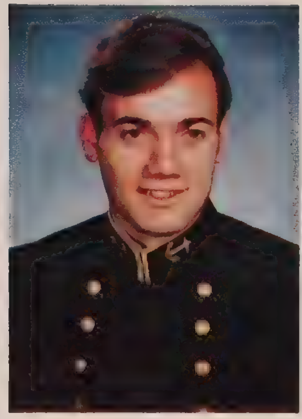
Al came sauntering into our lives from an obscure Podunk named Tucson (Tuk-son), with a diode in one hand and a pair of Nikes in the other. Al has always been an admirer of girls. His favorite is Rosie Ruiz, a close second is the Pole in Arizona. Poles and zeroes attract, don't they? Al found his Idol here at the Academy. He is now emulating him by learning to throw the javelin. Yes Al Cantello taught Alvin everyting he know, like how to grow guts and lower his grades. Al's nightlife has always come before studies, of course, Alvin's nightlife has always been six chapters of Electrical Eng. But seriously, Al turned his studies into profit. Who else could make $500 off a leadership term paper? This same paper is now for sale, contact Al at NAS Pensacola. Truthfully, Al is one of a kind guy. He is always the optimist and always the helping hand. Good luck trying to find me in your P-3. the nose, right girls?



"SHANS"

JAMES J. SHANNON
SAN FRANCISCO, CA *SRM*

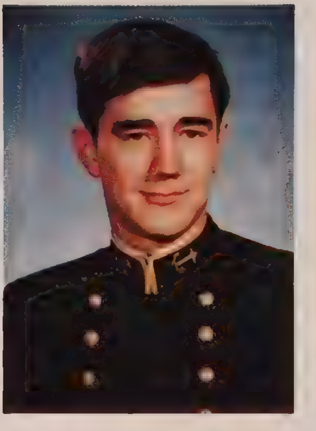
Jim, I of 3 stooges and an original 49'er faithful, came from the land of the golden gate. He brought with him his SI intellect and the look of the 60's. During plebe summer, one always knew when the BIG GALUKE was in the vicinity. Annapolis was finally saved when he burned his WW jumper. However, his shoes will always be registered as a "deadly" weapon. On youngster cruise the rookie turned pro and signed with the P.I. 69'ers. The typical lineman he always was came to true form in the Elbow Room - Spring '79 . . . The Shans is quite finicky though and only CHEESES on "Potent" LP's. The open waters will be Jim's home because his life, love and lady . . . is the sea!!



"DOC"

DANIEL R. SMITH
OWOSSO, MI *SRM*

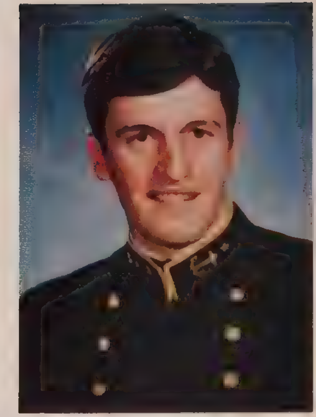
Brought to the Yard on the crest of a wave after over four years of "faithful, zealous, obedient" enlisted service Daniel Russell, D.R. (Dr.), Doctor, DOC Smith is truly one of 81's finest. To say that Doc worked and played hard is an understatement — even though his playing wasn't necessarily within the regulations. As a matter of fact, Dan worked so hard that to relax he took advantage of three striper libs beginning with Youngster year and continued taking them until he actually rated them as a Firstie. When Doc wasn't R.O.N. at the University of Maryland, he could be found at Bancroft Lanes, and although his bowling average didn't improve much his coffee did. Dan participated in sailing at the varsity level and a host of other sports at the intramural level. Regardless of the level of competition, Dan outclassed all of his competitors and there is little doubt that he will continue to do this in the surface and supply communities. Best of luck, always.



"BUZ"

JOHN J. SORCE
MEMPHIS, TN · *EOE*

Buz came to USNA as a young innocent boy from a strict catholic school in Memphis, Tenn. He was relieved to find out that this school had more women than the one he had just come from. But after a couple of days and some sights in Annapolis, he realized he would much rather be home with the girls from Nookie Village. Fortunately for the navy he decided on the salty life. Buz came to the academy hoping to play varsity baseball but instead opted for a distinguished career in the intermural ranks. On Tuesday evenings you could find him singing those catholic choir tunes and then on Saturday night down chasing women at Abbey Road. Even on a Saturday night he could not separate himself from the navy. What was the name of that captains daughter? As the class representative he made sure that everyone was supplied with goat fever towels before the football games and officer club cards before happy hour. Buz, glowing for nuclear power, may find himself smelling the burner barrells that he learned about in EN100.



"MILT"

MILTON L. STRETTON
PINEVILLE, LA *SOC*

Longing for the deck and the con Milt and his click dribbled his way eastward in search of the hallowed salty spray following the advice of his guru. Toting his basketball and stacks of Ocenography magazines, Milt sought moral, mental, and physical Karma. 4/c and 3/c years found Milt sporting robes, sandals, and chanting catchy jingles. After two hyper-lunatic yrs. Milt left the penthouse suites in a last ditch effort for the holy CQPR. Abdul migrated nicely into his new biosphere where it was slightly more conducive to trans-academic meditations. With recommendations from B.J. the local spiritual advisor, the Stilt acquired rank in the temple of Mid. After dabbling with local beauties in assorted peagan rituals, Milton finally found his supreme Cat of 9-tails. Upon this meeting the "King of Court" became a born again Midshipman. As of now Milt is leaning toward the Nuc Power Cult, but whatever cult he chooses to disciple they will find no better!!!

"MARY"

MARY K. TUOHEY

UTICA, MI *HEG*

From the Marine Corps to NAPS to Bancroft's hallowed halls Mary spread enthusiasm wherever she went. She has the ability to see humor in just about everything including herself "Gee I thought this was stewardesses school." A proponent of long dates and short engagements Mary seldom had to want for a man in her life. All she needed to make her happy was a date, a pitcher of beer, and for a great time a shot of tequilla. Her fun-loving demeanor won Mary many rewards, the most notable one a black N, however there is a serious side to Mary, no one studied harder than she did. Another way to see Mary's solemn side was to insult the Corps. Her cool answer showed seriousness and pride in her committment to the Marines. Mary remember wearing your red tee shirt, sleeping in a vent, returning from catatonia, easy come easy go, Miss Wilder at the conn, reconning a flightsuit, nursing a dying friend to sobriety, spilling ameretto, and spending the night after an O'Club Friday? USNA will always remember you.

"EDDIE"

EDMUND L. TURNER

ANNAPOLIS, MD *SOC*

Destined to be mid and a lifer, Son of Ed labored through 2 years of A.A.C.C. and a titilating year at NAPS. Big Ed hopped on the mental bus and traveled all of 3 blocks from Turner Mansion into the awaiting arms of Mother B. He knew what he was in for as a mid because of his abusive antics when he was a mere townie. Iron Ed was always known for his fierce competition, agressiveness, and rugged athletic prowess. Too bad it left him with an unusual assortment of broken bones, sprains separations, shiners, and countless cases of lip. Never out of the sight of the whip, Mr. Ed accumulated little dirt. Fast Eddie never let academics interfere with his quest for weekends. Being an incurable cleanaholic, Ed managed to keep his roommate all 4 years which wasn't difficult being that they both were a few degrees cooler than their contemporary fahrenhiets. Steady Ed sure knew how to throw a bash at the house. GITMO will live on. A fantastic guy nobody will forget, Easy Ed is bound for success in the NFO program.

"CORKY"

JAMES T. VAZQUEZ

SMITHTOWN, NY *SOC*

Corky graced the shores of the Severn with fire in his eyes, a calculator in his back pocket, and a lax stick under his arm. Quickly finding that goojay was the real answer, he chucked his SR-50 and coned his way through courses that would make any ordinary man wince. Corky never let us forget his Long Island roots and his avid support of 2nd rate N.Y. ball clubs. There was none more spirited than the Corker, so spirited in fact that the Co. Cdr. threatened to jam his foot down his throat 3/c year. God Bless Americal Lettering in lax since his 4/c year Cork was known for blasting down the sidelines leaving a trail of bodies. Cork came to USNA a cool and renowned bachelor; however, that changed when in Oct 78 the whip came down - what ever happened to that squirrelly belly dancer? Cork, always anxious to increase his professional background, was the Commander of the "BOAT" which cruised the east's hiways. We won't forget Corks ability to avoid drill and claim jokes. He plans to enjoy P-3s, but whatever, it will be done with class.

"WAK"

JOHN M. WACHTER

CHILLICOTHE, OH *SMA*

John came to sunny Annapolis from the smoke-filled banks of Chillicothe, wherever that is. Better known as wingnut, radar and the wack, John soon established himself as the 36th co. marriage counselor. The epitomy of moral values, Wack often boasted of going into the chaplain corps but was stripped of this desire after an encounter with a voluptuous young lady one June Week. Giving up women at least twice a month, Wack is still looking for that one girl who would like to be more than just friends. Wack found a means of releasing his frustrations at USNA though academics and golf. He could often be found releasing pencils and calculators across the room or hurling golf clubs over the green. Surface line will be just fine for the Wack, but I'll always be ready to room with him at nuke school.

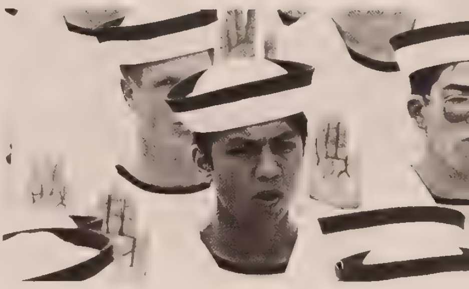
Those We Left Along The Way

This list was compiled from the records of the Naval Academy Registrar, and lists all members of the Class of 1981 who took the Oath of Office on July 6, 1977, and had not graduated as of August 1, 1981. At the same time, Class of 1981½ graduates are not included.

James Luster Adams, Jr.
David Baird Allen
James Jonathan Allen
Thomas Dale Allen
Ruben Carlos Alvarado
William Earl Anabel
Barry Dawson Andrews
Robert Chad Anston
Michael Alan Aoun
Lyle Oliver Armel, II
Kenneth Dale Arnold, Jr.
Randall Lloyd Artman
Jeffrey Ray Asper
Timothy Warren Austin
Jeffrey Charles Bailey
David Kyron Balkin
Peter Stephen Barna
James West Barnes
Michael Dean Bayes
Robert Edward Beaupre
Brad Lee Belletto
Jeffrey David Benner
John Mark Bergin
John Paul Berube
Kenneth Frederick Bettinelli, Jr.
Thomas Alan Bishop, Jr.
James Joseph Blank
Mark Andrew Bomgardener
Andrew Michael Bonwit
John Angelo Borelli
Ronda Jane Bottero
Alan David Breslin
Abraham Briggs
David Lawrence Brong
Robert Keith Brown
James Filmore Brownlowe
David Samuel Bruce
Scott Anthony Bruno
Daniel Chester Buck
Lawrence David Buhler
Theodore Hiawatha Bunting, Jr.
Joseph Charles Burton
Daniel Albert Butts, Jr.
Christopher Thomas Cairney
Richard David Campbell
Anthony Carapezza
Robert Glen Caraway
Patrick Timothy Carey
Michael Stanley Carlson
Michael Wayne Carrick
Frank Paul Carter
Joseph Andrew Cattelona
Ralph Joseph Causey
Vinnie Francis Cervellieri
Juan Chacon, Jr.
Gary Michael Chambers
Steven John Christie
Levi Elvin Christopher, Jr.
Arthur Elroy Cole
Wesley Clayton Collier, Jr.
Patrick Thomas Condon
Robert Gerard Connolly
Richard Thomas Cooney
Alexander Coric
Bret Francis Coughlin
Joel Donovan Crook
Paul John Crooks
Richard Mansfield Crowell
David Lee Culiver
Keith Durlyn Cummings
Mark William Cummings
Edward Francis Cywinski
Garrett Scott Dalhoff
Stephen Ralph Damore
Timothy James Daniel
Donald Bobby Davis
Myron Anthony Davis
Erin Lola Dawley
Thomas George Dean
Matthew Dehn
David Alan Desko
Daniel Albert DeVun, Jr.
Peter Paul DiLeonardi
Timothy Joseph Dillon
Peter Robert Dluzneski
Michael Thomas Dorsey
Gregory Jude Dougherty
Patrick Kevin Duffy
Paul Allen DuMais
Benjamin Scott Dutton
Roderick Calvin Eddleman
Robert Joseph Egan
David Duane Erickson
Calixto Estrada
James Victor Eubank
Keith Duncan Falconer
Carmen Anthony Faraoni
Michael Gerard Farrington
Thomas Edward Fitzpatrick, Jr.
John Michael Foertch, Jr.
Gregory Scott Folley
Zachary Chris Frangos
Sara Anne Franke
Richard Gene Fuqua
Steven Frederick Gaffney
Patrick Michael Gallagher
Bruno John Galliadi
Filipina Lourdes Garcia
Robert William Gast, Jr.
Kenneth Scott Gebbie
John Vincent Gelsomini
Paul Frederick Gentle
Louis Randal George
Gary Ernest Georgeson
Duane Phillip Gibson
William Thomas Gilbert
Robert Keith Gilmore
Richard Alan Gire
Gene Rex Givan
James Kerr Grain Glober
Daniel Philip Glover
Eugene Anthony Gonzales
Anthony Ray Gorie
Scott Edward Gotsols
Sean Francis Grady
Kathryn Troutner Graham
Robert Douglas Graham
Charles Frank Grandjean
Tara Joy Gray
Donell Jacob Green
David Woodrow Guill
Steven Roland Gullberg
Samuel Lawrence Guy
Edward Eugene Hacker
Nancy Lee Hagedorn
Laura Ann Hale
Elizabeth Joan Hallahan
George Thomas Hammond
Laura Leigh Hanks
Sean Patrick Hanley
Michael John Hanson
Brian Harold Harden
Cale Tyler Haren
Andrew Scott Harper
Stuart Lindsey Harris
Peter Fred Hart
Donald McDonald Hartman, Jr.
Joseph Harvey, III
Phillip David Hedrick
Daniel Nelson Hendrickson
Hugh Patrick Hennesy
Allen Ray Hensch
Courtney Grant Herrick
Emanuel Avery Herriott
Thomas Christopher Hickman
Erick Charles Hilscher
Jon Alexander Hinden
Gregory John Hoeg
Anthony Richard Hoffman
Johannes Erwin Bernard Hohl
John Solomon Holland, III
Robert Charles Holley
Thomas Eugene Homan
David Earl Honigs
Steven Alan Hoyt
Stephen Michael Huffer
John Charles Hufnagel
James Archie Hughes, III
Franklin McDonald Hungerford
Thomas Wesley Hungerford
Robert Lee Hyder, II
George Edward Iams
Donald Frederick Irey
Elaine Marie Jacobs
David Banjamin Jason
Evelyn Patricia Jilli
Loren Elliot Johnson
Roger Selden Johnson
Wyndell Clark Johnson
Billy Bruce Johnston
Robert Bradley Jolliff
Gregory Philip Jones
Kimlynn Lee Jones
Kevin John Joyce
John Peter Jurta
Stephen Martin Kakfa
Paul Kalinowski
Daniel Anthony Kaluza
Valerie Bryce Kay
Matthew Joseph Kelahan
Kevin Padraic Keogh
Eli Khouri, III
John Michael Klauss
John Charles Kline, Jr.
John Kevin Kopra

Michael Henry Korth
Carey Francis Kowalski
Kenneth Leon Kowalsky
Michael Ernest Kreyenhagen
Theofanis James Kuntz
Michael David LaBranche
Charles Fredrick LaCasse, III
Spencer Brian Larson
Randy Allen Lay
Kenneth Russell Leach
Donald Elroy Leeds
Mark John Leogrande
John Joseph Leonard
Joseph Michael Lierman
Edward Alois Lipetzky
James Hartman Love
Scott William Lutterloh
David Laurence MacDonald
Francis Charles Macek, Jr.
Mario Garfield Madrid
Brenda Irene Magri
Pedrito Caraan Manibo
Gary Edward Mariarossi
William Thomas Markushewski
James Edward Marseille
Jose Sabas Martinez
Robert Nicholas Mastors
Michael Blain McClary
Samuel Houston McCroskey
Brian James McDowell
Peter Charles McGreevy
James Edward Medina
Robert Mark Meglio
Michael Ray Milam
Bradley Wilson Miller
William Andrew Moffett, Jr.
Todd Andrew Mooradian
Thomas Anthony Moore
Scott Leigh Morsey
John Paul Moser
Charles Thomas Moses
Robert Hugh Moss, Jr.
Justin Raymond Mostert
William Thomas Mowrey
John Robert Mrozek
Martha Jean Muenks
Patrick Sean Mullin
Peter James Mullins
Thomas Groupner Munns
Carlos Munoz
Jonathan Bruce Murphy
Richard John Naslonski
Steven Karl Nebel
Raymond John Neill
Bruce Angus Neilson
David Milton Norris, Jr.
Thomas Jordan Norton
Susan Louise Olson
Kenneth I. Omura
James Allen Opsahl
Faustino Ballon Osalbo, Jr.
Bradley Vincent Ou
Albert Ames Overton
David Lee Painter
Charles Lewis Patterson
Valerie Louise Patton
Robert Mathieson Peabody
Jeffrey Eric Pearlman
Jeffrey Philip Petraglia
William Scott Petrie
Stephen Carl Pfirman
David Charles Pinzon
Stephen Craig Pirrong
Frank Michael Pittelli
John David Ploughe
Jonathan David Plumb
Weslie Donald Putman
David Leroy Quinn
Brian Lee Rabourn
Donald Anthony Ragan
Daniel John Ramich
Jeffery Alan Ramsey
Gary Lee Reagor
Michael Robert Reed
Steven Reedel Rhoads
Kevin Curtis Rhodes
Gerard Joseph Ricci
David Wayen Rickards
Christopher Mark Riska
David Warren Robbins, Jr.
Michael Leon Robinson
Lee Edward Roecker
David Montford Rogers
Curtis David Rojas
Matthew Scott Rund
Daniel Scott Ryan
Richard Clifton Sadler
Jeffrey Hayden Salyer
Kathy Lynn Samuel
Roberta Josephine Sanchez
Teresa Lynn Sanders
Clifford Leroy Sayre
Arthur Francis Scheuber
Barbara Ruth Schramm
Wesley Robert Scott
John Joseph Scuteri
Jeffrey Craig Seawards
Alan Jeffery See
David Bruce Sett
Martin Ray Sherman
Kenneth Michael Shook
Peter Thompson Sinnott
Steven Mark Smith
William Harlan Smith, Jr.
Diana Lee Snyder
Jeffrey Earl Spaulding
Robert Eugene Sprague
William Ramon Stafford
Gary Charles Steele
Sheree Lynn Stewart
Ronald Patrick Stormer
Frederick Matthew Straughan
Gregory Eric Stromer
Charlie Sherman Stulf
Paul Lincoln Suguro
James Timothy Sullivan
William Martin Sullivan, Jr.
Robert Lee Sutton, Jr.
John Marcus Swedberg
Robert Alan Sympson
David Charles Taylor
Robert Mahlon Taylor
Frank David Teets, Jr.
Harry Frederick Theurer, III
Scott David Thomas
David Jerome Tilles
Frank John Tinker
Scott Barr Tomlinson
Gregory Lynn Tonkay
Loren Vahan Toolajian
David Coleman Traub
Danny Hung Tsang
Terry Constance Turnage
Stephen Pual Tyksinski
Jacques Arthur Vargas
Michael John Villalobos
David Alan Walkowiak
Keith Rene Ware
Darryl Scott Waskow
Dalen Wayne Wasmund
Janice Marie Wegenka
Gordon Charles Weglein, Jr.
Glenn Irwin Weigle
Randal Lee Wendt
Shelley Kay Wessels
William Edward Wetzelberger
Steven Angelo White, III
William Albert White, III
Keith Paul Wiedenkeller
Mark Leslie Wiegmann
George Griffin Williams
Wendy Lu Williams
Phillip Van Wimbish
Clarence Bernard Wingo, III
Alfred Lee Withrow, Jr.
Robert Ellis Wood
Stephen Woodmaska
John Wallington Wookey
David Scott Wright
Martha Marie Youngblood
Lynnette Maria Zana
Adolfo Zavala, Jr.

Class History

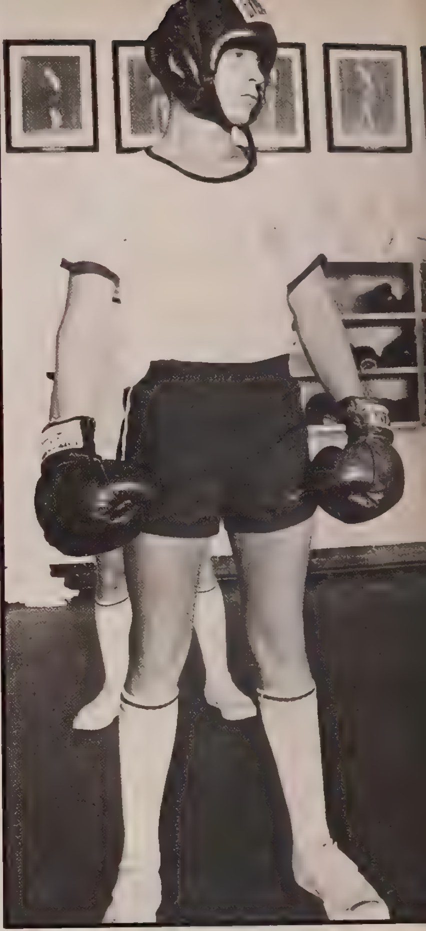


Plebe year was a mixture of emotion, frustration, anxiety, and sweat. For most of us, it was our first time in a military environment. Our first summer was a nightmare of hot days, short meals, and long comearounds. Every where we looked first class were harassing, helping, and leading. No one seemed sure about what the end would be like. But when Parent's Weekend finally arrived, it was glorious.

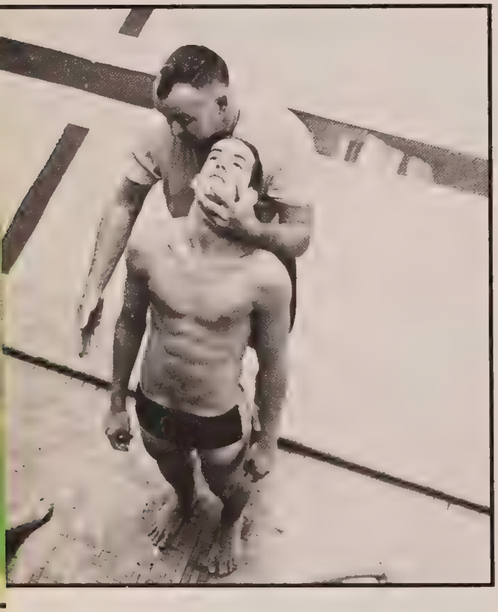
Academics hit most of us like a ton of bricks in September. Most of us learned new study habits to pull us through the semester. The Naval Science final was held before Christmas but all the rest remained until January.

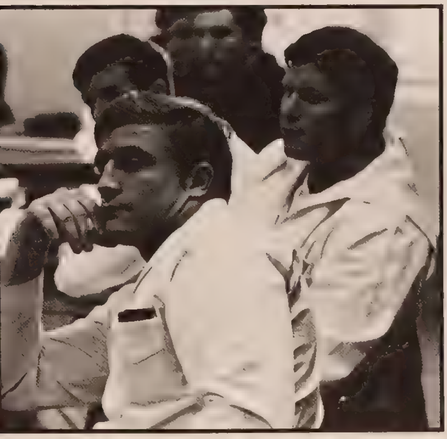
Christmas leave was the first time most of us had been home since July. The feeling of seeing old friends, going to the old hang outs, and sleeping at home was overwhelming. Two weeks after it started, leave was over and once again we returned to the boat school to face the Dark Ages and count the days till Herndon.

When the second semester ended, we looked with hope and restrained delight at the prospect of June Week and scaling the obelisk to rid ourselves of plebeness forever. After eighty-one minutes, plebe year was over and drinking, dating, and riding in cars were reality.

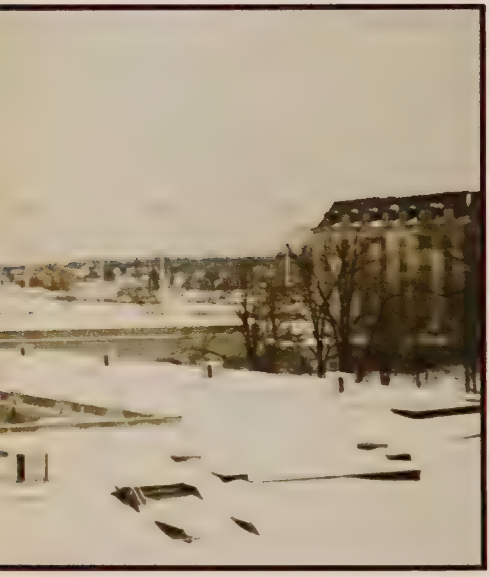


Youngster year was the long awaited opportunity for us to catch our breath and relax from the rigors of the previous year. For most of us, the year began with a month long indoctrination into the fleet, Youngster Cruise, where we learned about enlisted life. Back in Annapolis, we all adapted quickly to life as upperclass. Only then could we legally enjoy dating, stereos, and a drink — privileges taken for granted at most civilian colleges. Moreover, most of us were able to enjoy that precious upperclass privilege making life in Bancroft more livable — the weekend, often spent at other colleges such as Mary Washington, Hood, and Maryland. As a comparatively carefree year drew to a close, each of us came to a critical turning point in our lives. The majority of us remained, opting for the commitment.



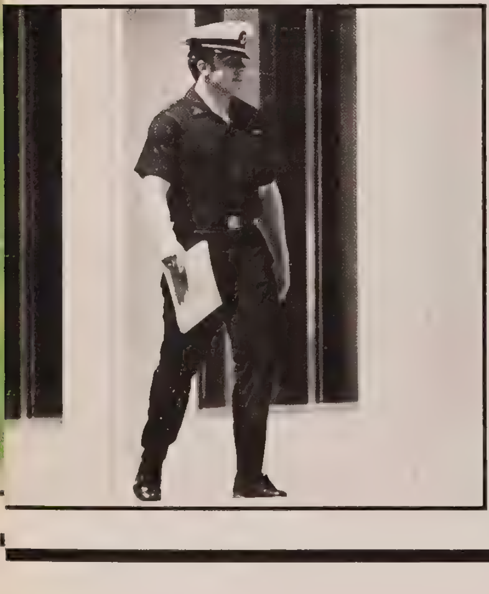


NAVY
81

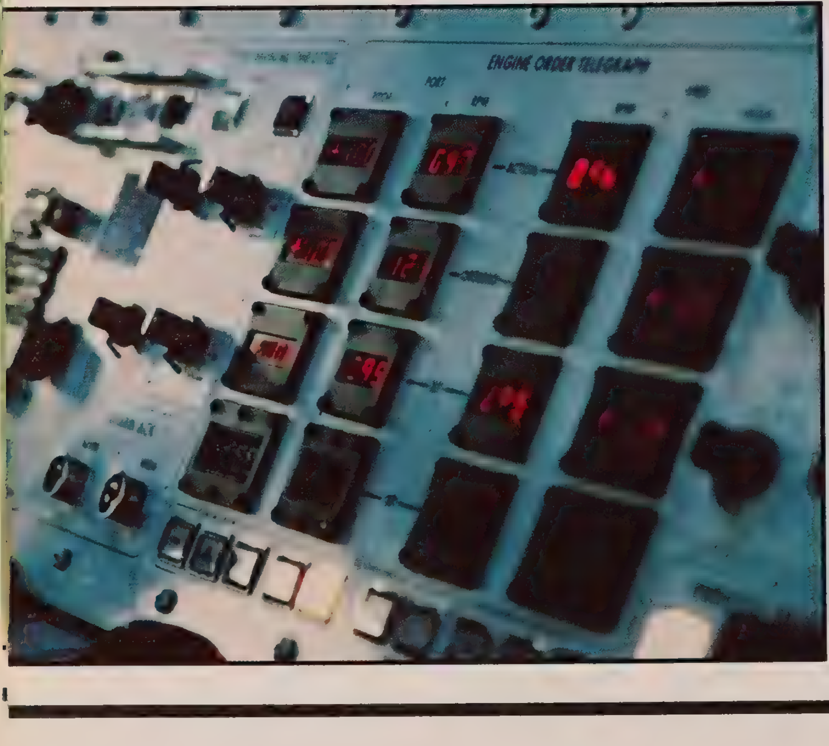


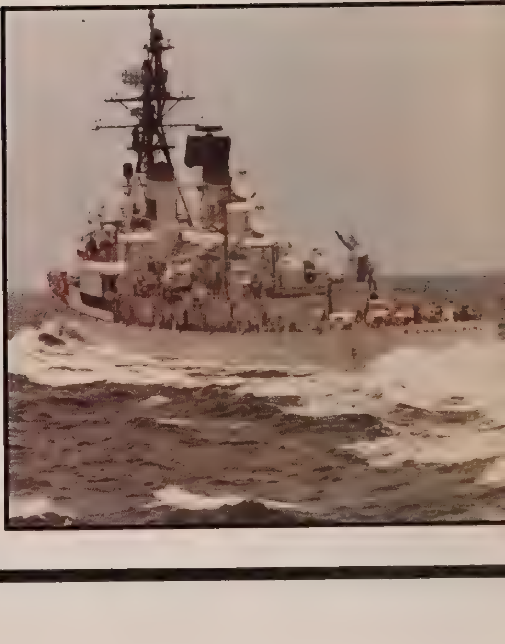
T.A.OSEN

NAVY



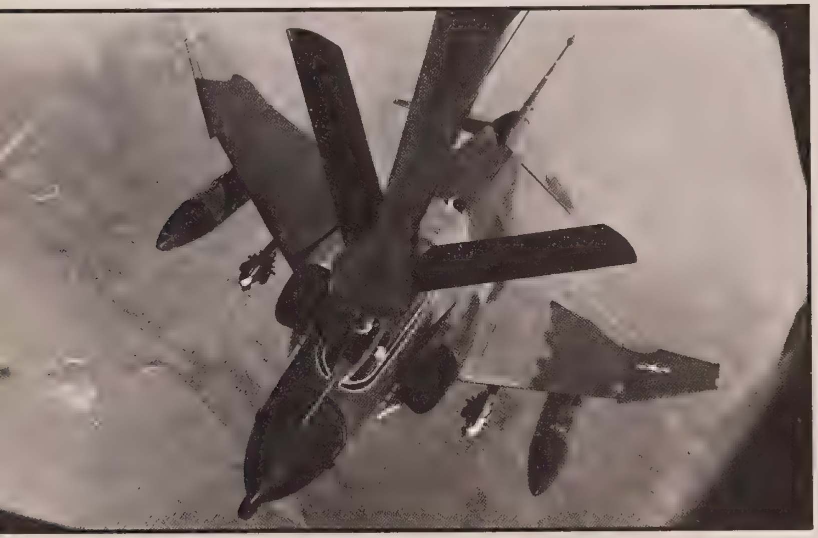
NAVY


ENGINE ORDER TELEGRAPH
PORT



Second class year will typically be remembered as our most serious year in many respects. The summer training taking us flying in Pensacola, ground pounding in Quantico, down under in New London, and afloat in Norfolk helped many find their niche in the Navy or Corps. Many looked ahead to the future — pondering service selection. Fired up with training experience from the summer and faced with a heavy load of professional courses, we were eager to share our new found knowledge with the plebes. Even though we were given more and longer weekends than before, many of us found that studies sometimes interferred and in some cases preempted our weekend plans. The Hall was quite often the scene of very late night cramming as we trudged our way through Wires or Cables, Weapons, and Celestial Nav. Other nights, we packed the wardroom as we enjoyed our first legal year of television privileges. Finally, the year drew to a close with the highlight of Commissioning Week being the glamorous Ring Dance — after which we could proudly wear our ring.

Blue Angels



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NAVY
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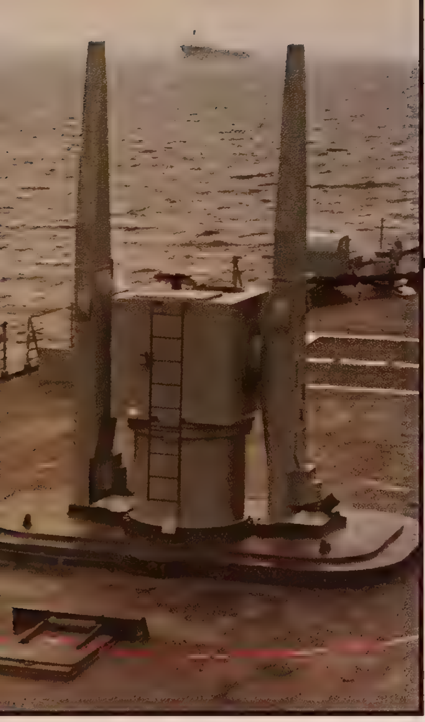

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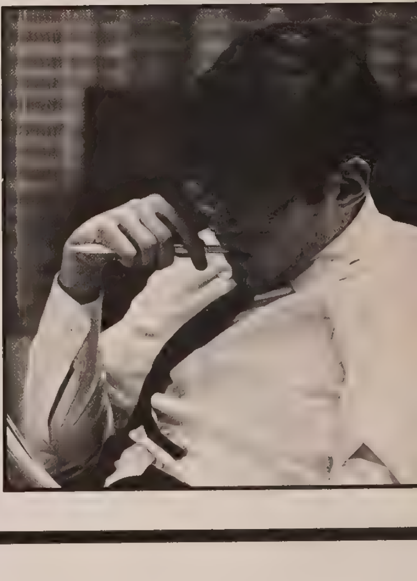
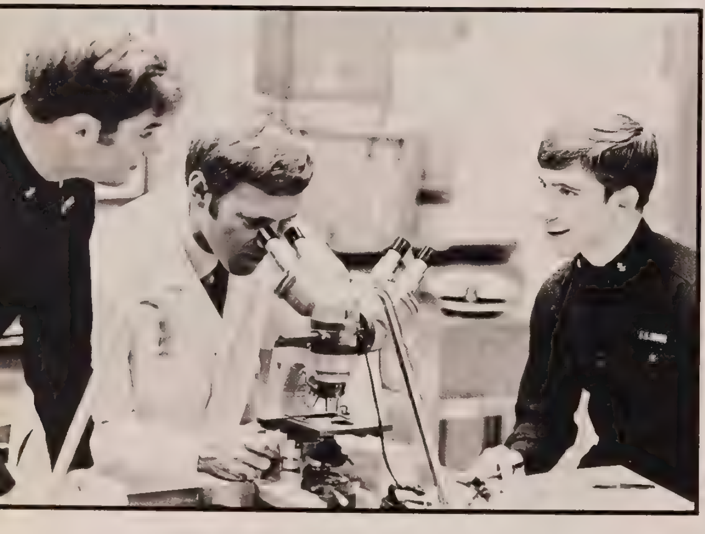
Hires



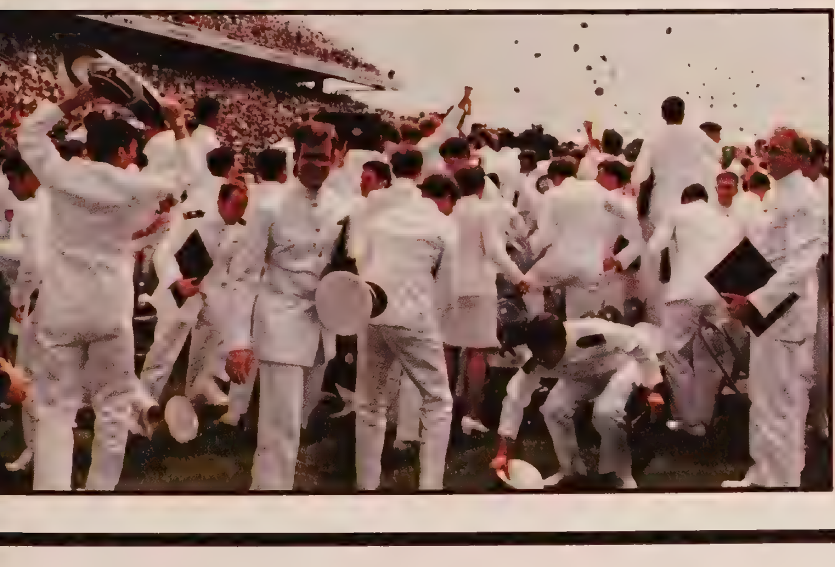


NA
81
SS OF

Alas first class year! A Plebe Summer almost as hot as our first. Unlimited weekends. Car waxing on Thursday. Duty every so often. Civilian clothes. Tailgaters. It was our turn to put all the leadership theory we learned into practice — our opportunity to improve Brigade life. It was the year when we made one of the most important choices in our lives — service selection. A time for enjoying life and our friends of the last three years. A time of parties both at home and away — at Army or on weekend or in Dahlgren (Army Pizza Night, "81" Night). A time when much to the plebes' chagrin, we queried others "How many days?" And then, the time for the final finals arrived. Soon, hats and shoulder boards littered the field. We forged ahead in our many directions grateful for the friendships in the past and hopeful for the future.

SERVICE SELECTION NIGHT

81 NIGHT



Graduating With Distinction

Brent Ward Jett, Jr.
Robert Jay Niewoehner
Stuart Wayne Swetland
Michael James Connolly
*Eugene Braiden Rex
Louis David Marquet
Paul James Bushong
Russell Wade Scott II
Michael James Gallet
Kevin Christopher Warnke
Jay Troy Grafton, Jr.
Wendy Berrien Lawrence
John Paul Hetrick, Jr.
Anthony Frank Chiffolo
Eric Armour
Kenneth Dale Walker
Timothy John Dwyer
Ronald Bruce Hawkins
Herbert Russell Elkin
James Michael Rice
*Harvey Small Hopkins
John Russell Daugherty
Joseph John Arango
Peter Alvin Polcari
Albert Reita Nagao
Louis Benson Cooper
Mark Alan McCormick
Kenneth John Voorhees
Randy John Ball
Lee Oran Smith
Kevin Eugene O'Flaherty
Kathleen Rose Cooper
Christopher John Willy
Timothy Scott MacGregor
Bruce Moore Hagaman
Joseph Eugene Reynolds
Thomas Paul Yavorski
Staurt Dean Bailey
Carl Leo Spataro, Jr.
Michael Douglas Mahre
Charles Edward Wright
Kim Alan Hauer
David Charles Hardesty
Jeffrey Wayne Asher
John Patrick Keenan
Diane Carol Durban
James Terrence Stewart
*William Harry Johnson
John Leonard Braun
Daniel Sean McGarvey

John Edward Butala
Lloyd Edward Philpot II
Gregory Richard Fine
Matthew Paggi
John Wesley Barnhill
Mark Lee Mervine
Charles Joseph French, Jr.
John William Nicholson
Chris Frederick Pierson
Susan Alison Cowan
Dennis Patrick Soukup
Mark Thomas Mulligan
Richard Joseph Racine
Greogry James Rhodes
John Kent Mills
David Wayne Lannetti
Nicholas Russell Schacht
*William Hunter Hilarides
Robert Thompson MacMillan, Jr.
Jenifer Ann Joyce
David Bryant Burton
Gregg Stanley Buczkowski
Gary Becker
Jeffrey Lee Upchurch
*Mark Eliot Middleton
Bradley Frederick Hahn
Eugene Blaire Sedy
Paul David Ims, Jr.
Alan Douglas Scott
Jon Alan Greene
Phillip Joseph Antonino
Kevin Wade Alt
Keith Paul Bowman
Richard Alan Peterson, Jr.
Steven Roger Eastburg
James Franklin Caldwell, Jr.
John Richard Hafey
John Harris Wilson, Jr.
William McKinley Drake
James Francis King
William Baker Woodhouse
Karl Samuel Fairbanks, Jr.
Edward Joseph Tucholski
Jack Edward Vess
James Milton Ahlgrimm
David Carl Fuquea
Jeffrey David Castleton
Rodney Matthew Adams

* Trident Scholar

TRIDENT SCHOLARS

Outstanding students who have completed independent research projects in particular areas during their first class year after being selected at the end of second class year

1980 - 1981 ACADEMIC YEAR

William Hunter Hilarides
Harvey Small Hopkins
William Harry Johnson
Mark Eliot Middleton
Eugene Braiden Rex

SELECTED FOR GRADUATE EDUCATION PROGRAMS

JUNIOR LINE OFFICER ADVANCED SCIENTIFIC EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM (BURKE SCHOLARSHIP)

Eric Armour
Paul James Bushong
John Paul Hetrick, Jr.
Harvey Small Hopkins
Brent Ward Jett, Jr.
Wendy Berrien Lawrence
Mark Alan McCormick
James Michael Rice
Kenneth Dale Walker
Kevin Christopher Warnke

BURKE Equivalent (Marine Corps)

Phillip Joseph Antonino
Dean Eldon Fish
David Carl Fuquea
Gwendolyn Delois Mines
Clarence Robert Perry, Jr.
Richard Joseph Racine
Gregory James Rhodes

GEORGE OLMSTED FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIP CANDIDATES

Anthony Frank Chiffolo
Herbert Russell Elkin
Timothy Scott MacGregor
Carl Leo Spataro, Jr.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

New College, Oxford University, Oxford, England

Stuart Wayne Swetland

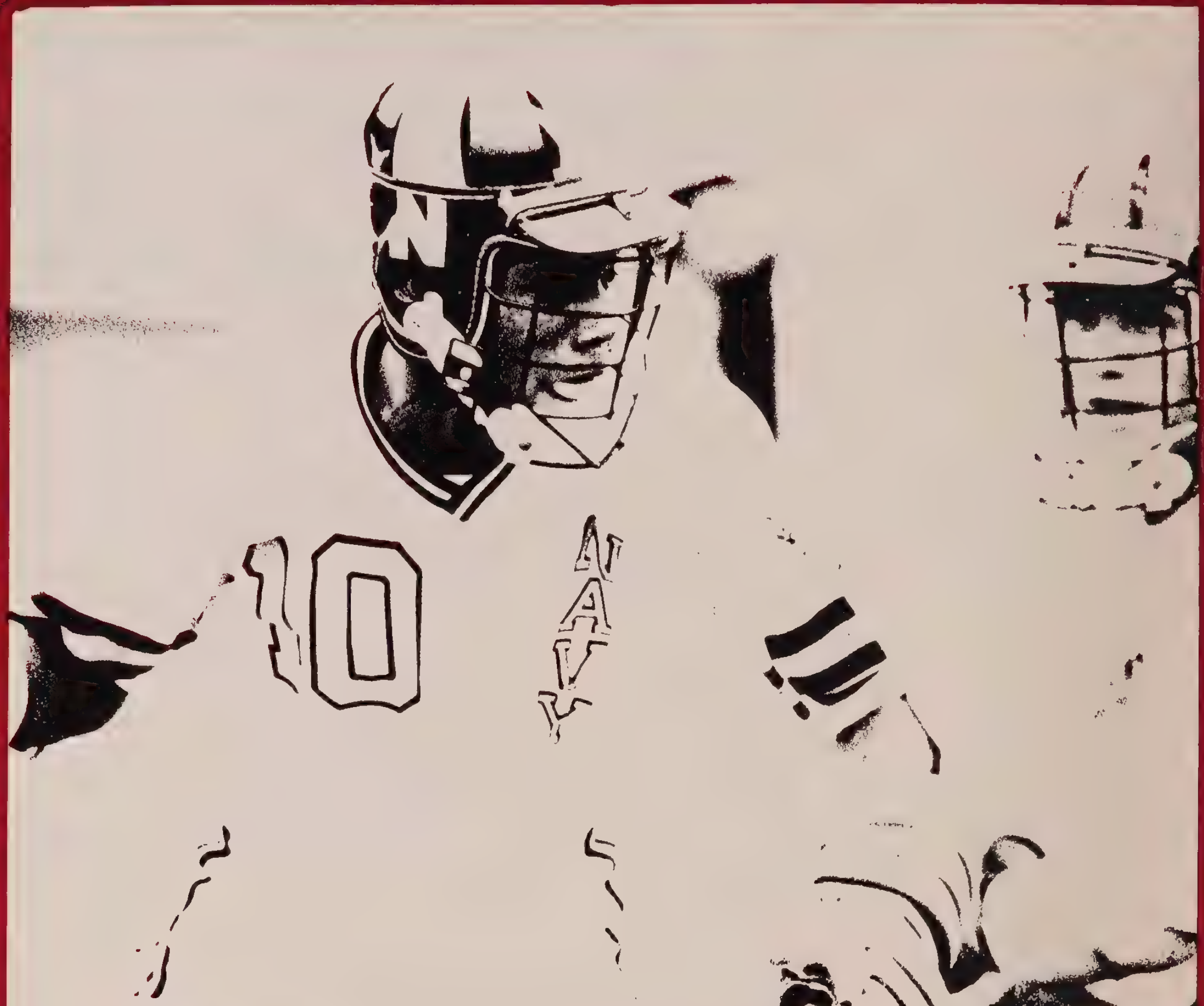
CIVILIAN SCHOLARSHIPS/FELLOWSHIPS

NATIONAL SCIENCE FOUNDATION
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Michael James Connolly
Institution to be selected
Diane Carol Durban

PHYSICS
Case Western Reserve
Mark Eliot Middleton
OCEAN ENGINEERING
Stevens Institute of Technology
Mark Thomas Mulligan

NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP AWARD and NATIONAL FOOTBALL FOUNDATION and HALL OF FAME SCHOLAR-ATHLETE FELLOWSHIP

Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Theodore E. Dumbauld

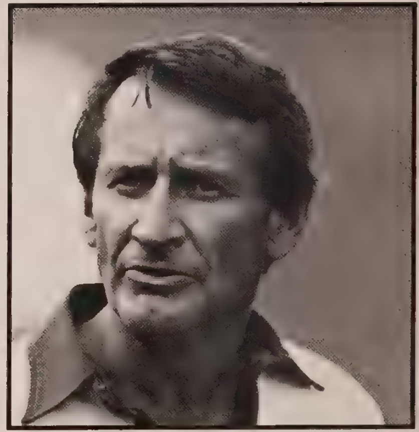

10
NAVY

SPORTS

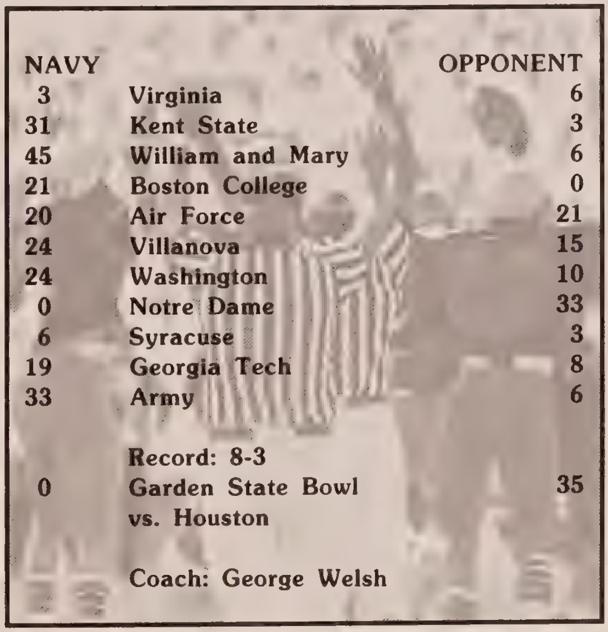
Navy football overcame injuries and inexperience at key positions to post an 8-3 record and earn a trip to the Garden State Bowl. The 1980 team relied on a top ranked defense, a powerful running attack, and converted safety Fred Reitzel at quarterback. The season did not start out smooth for the Mids as their offensive inexperience showed in a 6-3 loss at Virginia. But Navy rebounded the next week in front of the brigade to post a convincing 31-3 thrashing of Kent State. Led by Tim Jordan's two fumble recoveries and four interceptions, the Blue-Wave Defense set up all five scores. Tailback Mike Sherlock, Reitzel, Fullback Duane Flowers, and Tight End Curt Gainer all scored touchdowns for Navy.

The following week Navy continued its winning ways by rolling up 555 total yards against William and Mary for a 45-6 win. Navy set a school record for first downs with 32; Reitzel threw for 206 yards; and Eddie Meyers ran for 116 yards. Navy's defense limited the Indians to 174 total yards and the lone touchdown by the visitors was the first given up by the Mids this year.

For the third straight week Navy was home, this time for Homecoming 1980 against Boston College. The Eagles proved no match as the number one ranked Navy Defense allowed B.C. to cross midfield only once all day in a 21-0 shutout. Kevin

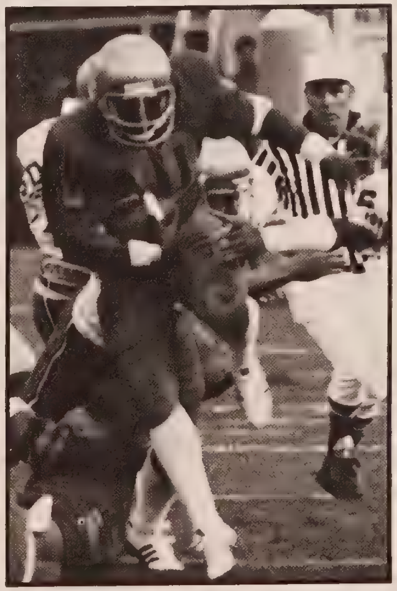


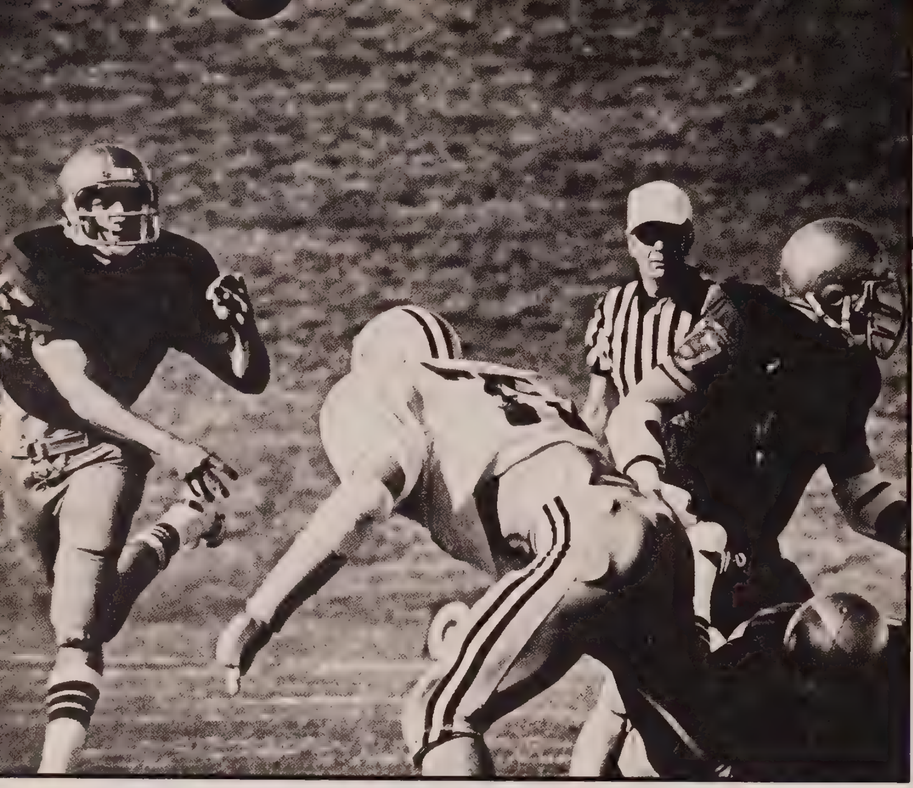
FOOTBALL

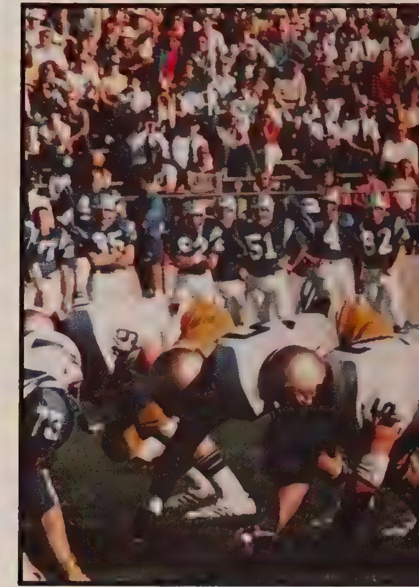


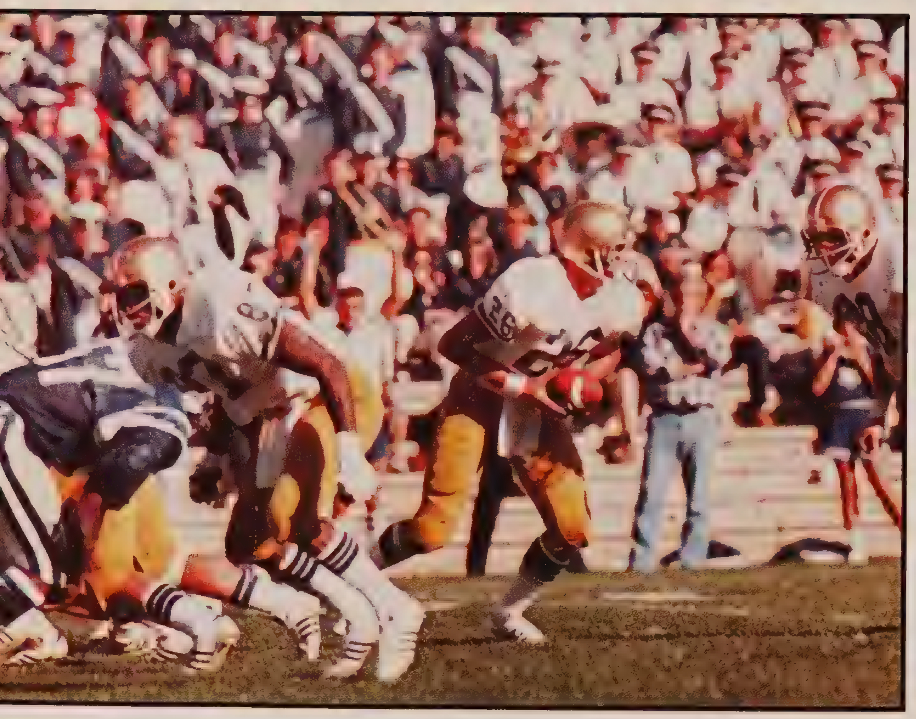
NAVY		OPPONENT
3	Virginia	6
31	Kent State	3
45	William and Mary	6
21	Boston College	0
20	Air Force	21
24	Villanova	15
24	Washington	10
0	Notre Dame	33
6	Syracuse	3
19	Georgia Tech	8
33	Army	6
	Record: 8-3	
0	Garden State Bowl vs. Houston	35

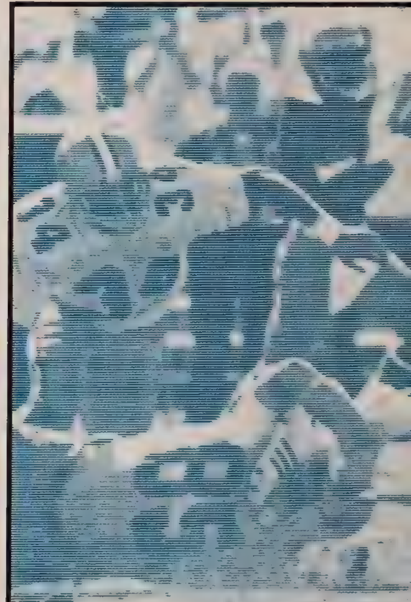
Coach: George Welsh











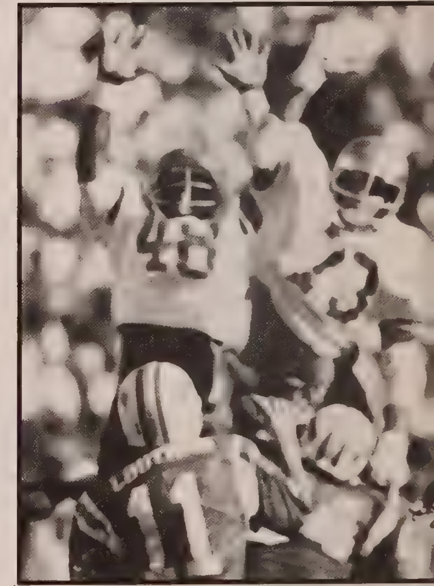
Navy Offense

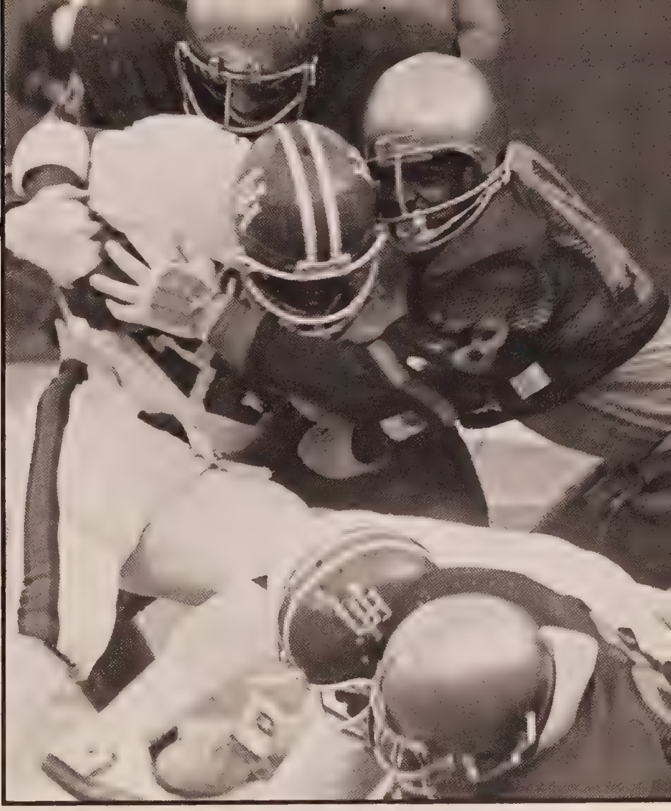
BLUE WAVE DEFENSE

Talbert scored two touchdowns, one of which was set up by linebacker Mike Kronzer's interception. Navy's winning streak ended at three the following week in a 21-20 upset loss to Air Force. A 34 yard touchdown pass which was wrestled away from a Navy defender with 1:02 remaining proved to be the difference.

Navy returned to Annapolis and posted a 24-15 win over determined Villanova in its home finale. The mids went back on the road the following week, this time travelling to Seattle to play nationally ranked and Rose Bowl bound Washington. Led by Reitzel's three touchdowns and Sports Illustrated Defensive Player of the Week Mike Kronzer's forced fumble, Navy stunned Washington by winning 24-10.

Navy's good fortune did not last as unbeaten Notre Dame was waiting for Navy at Giant Stadium in East Rutherford, N.J. Notre Dame ran all over Navy and moved into first place in the national





rankings with a 33-0 victory. Despite two tough road games in a row and numerous injuries, Navy was able to rebound at Syracuse for a 6-3 win. Playing inside the Orangemen's new Carrier Dome, Navy's defense held explosive Joe Morris to 67 yards and Elliott Reagans came up with two interceptions. Back-up quarterback Tom Tarquinio led Navy on its game winning drive which resulted in a 30 yard Steve Fehr field goal.

Navy next travelled to Atlanta to play Georgia Tech. Navy not only came away with a 19-8 victory but also a bid to host the Garden State Bowl in East Rutherford, N.J. Meyers ran for 148 and one touchdown and Fehr kicked a Navy record four field goals. All that was left on the regular schedule was Army. The game was moved back to its traditional Thanksgiving weekend but to a new site, Veterans Stadium.

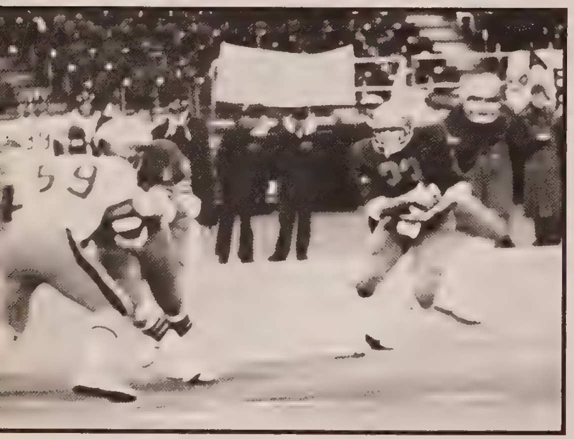
Sidelines

NAVY 33 - ARMY 6

Army
Army
Navy

Navy destroyed Army for the seventh time in the last eight years 33-6 to take a 38-37-6 lead in the series. Steve Fehr opened the rout with a game and Navy record 50 yard field goal, the first of four he would kick that day. Less than a minute and a half later, Fred Reitzel scored from the nine after Travis Wallington recovered an Army fumble. The first quarter ended with Navy leading 10-0 and Army without a first down. Reitzel and Fehr repeated their first quarter scores to post Navy to a 20-0 lead at the half.

The second half started out like the first with a Fehr field goal. But soon after Army got its only chance to cheer on a 26 yard run by tailback Gerry Walker to make the score 23-7. Reitzel responded by taking Navy 63 yards in 12 plays passing nine yards to Dave Dent for the score. Back-up quarterback Tom Tarquinio engineered the final Navy drive capped by a 32 yard Fehr field goal. For the day, Eddie Meyers rushed for 144 yards to match Army's total offensive output and Dave Dent caught a season high six passes.



RUSH
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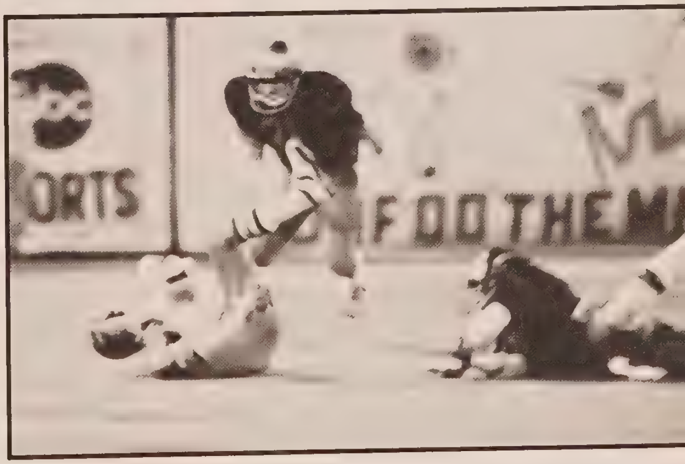

ORTS
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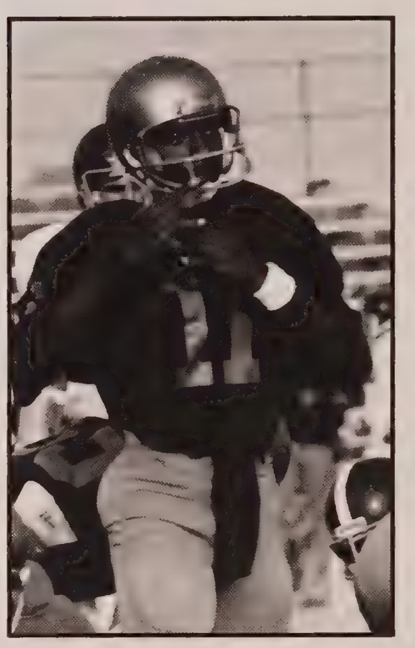
Garden State Bowl

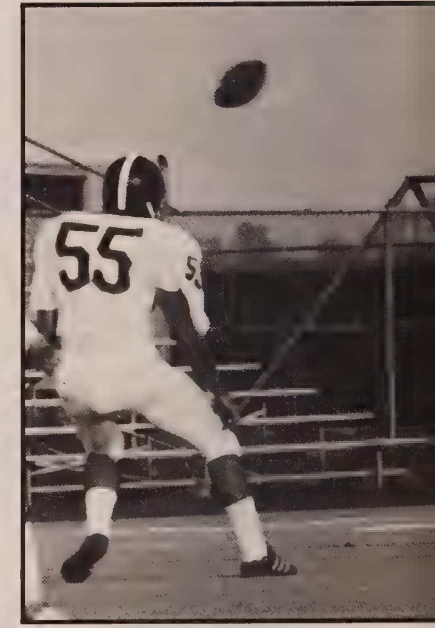
WELCOME TO
THE GARDEN STATE BOWL
COU
MIDD
Par

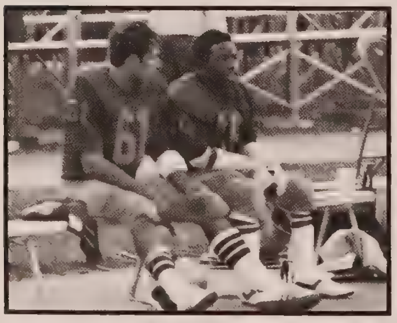
Despite a 3-2 overall finish, Navy's 1980 lightweight football team had several bright spots, including shutouts of Rutgers and Pennsylvania and a sound thrashing of Princeton. Team standouts included Vic McCree who threw for six touchdowns and completed forty-eight percent of his passes. Sixteen of these were taken by Jay Kennedy, who averaged 14.2 yards per catch. Chris Butler, who led the mids in rushing for the year with 117 carries and a 4.9 yard average, rolled up nearly half of his yardage in one game. He carried the ball 263 total yards against Princeton to become the Lightweight League Player of the Week.

Effort put forth by the team under "new" coach Jack Cloud, who was actually returing for his third stint as head coach, was strong. The loss of nine starters due to injuries during the season was the primary cause for the team's two losses. The injured included such outstanding players as defensive co-captain Joe Mucci, running backs Frank Kelly and Walt Nobles, and receivers Mike Davis and Todd Coker.

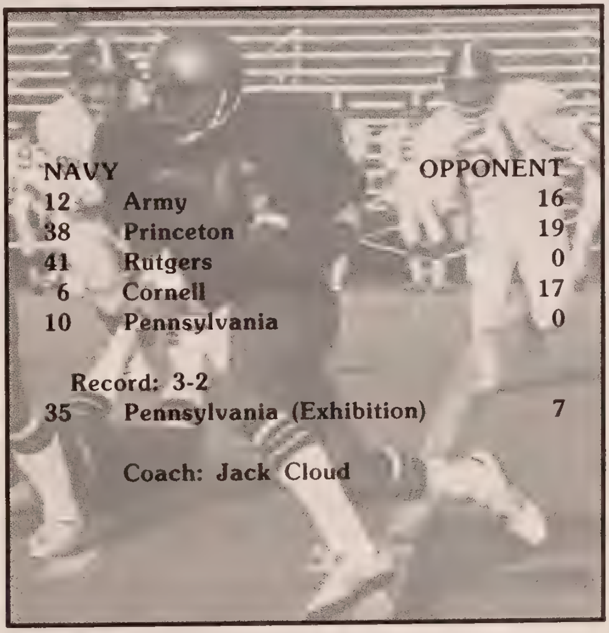
The young team's inexperience was a contributing factor to the small number of victories. However, with nearly eighty percent of the team returning for the 1981 season, Navy should have a really good year.







150# FOOTBALL



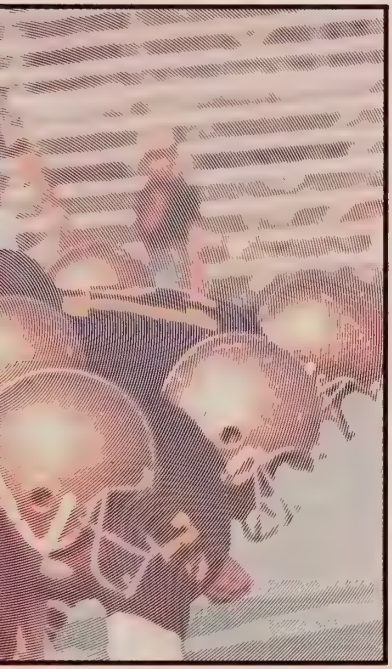
NAVY		OPPONENT
12	Army	16
38	Princeton	19
41	Rutgers	0
6	Cornell	17
10	Pennsylvania	0

Record: 3-2

35	Pennsylvania (Exhibition)	7

Coach: Jack Cloud

NAVY 00 VISITOR 00
DOWN TO GO



How can anyone forget Navy's 1980 Cross Country team? An undefeated regular season, a shut-out of Army, a close second at the Heptagonals, and near miss in its attempt at getting to the NCAA nationals. Other high points in the season included a triumph over previously undefeated Syracuse and a sound thumping of Oxford-Cambridge from England.

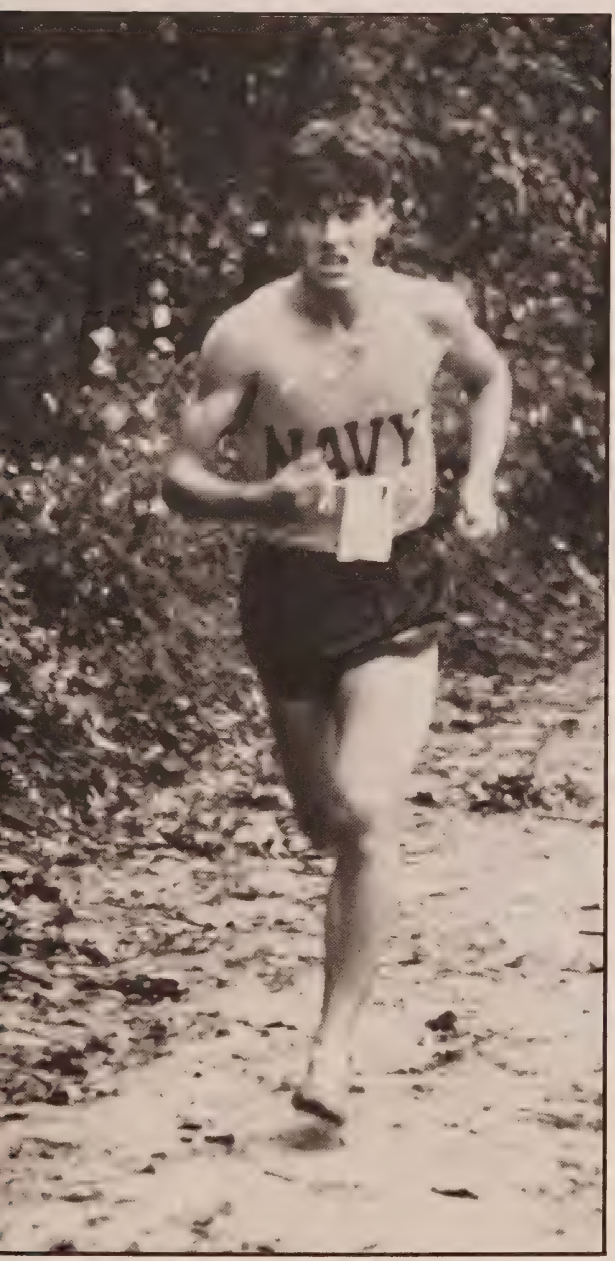
From the very beginning the team knew what had to be done: win the Heps and make it to the NCAA championships. To accomplish these goals, several of the mids began training as early as June by running in various races from California to the Swiss Alps. With eight of twelve starters returning, it seemed like the team's work was already cut out for them. That didn't stop the mids, however, from putting in nearly 100 miles per week beginning at 0600 daily.

The team's success may be attributed primarily to the leadership of team captain Mark Donahue and the outstanding running of second classman Bill Kovach, who finished first in nearly every race of the season. Chris Paul, Bob Centeno, and Mill McCormack, all of whom will also be returning for the '81 season, consistently turned in fine performances as well.

Donahue insisted that the camaraderie that existed among the team members was the biggest contributing factor to the team's success. In his words, "The successes, the disappointments, the miles, the bus rides, and especially the friendships all made the 1980 cross country season one which will never be forgotten."

NAVY
24
ARMY
5
28
ARMY
14
NAVY
23

CROSS COUNTRY



NAVY		OPPONENT
18	St. Joseph's	43
15	Columbia	48
15	Georgetown	50
24	William & Mary	33
21	Richmond	40
15	Fordham	50
19	Syracuse	44
15	Army	50

Record: 8-0

2nd Heptagonal Championships

6th NCAA District II Championships

Coach: Al Cantello

NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
42
40
36

NAVY 28
ARMY 14
NAVY 26
NAVY 23
17

NAVY 1

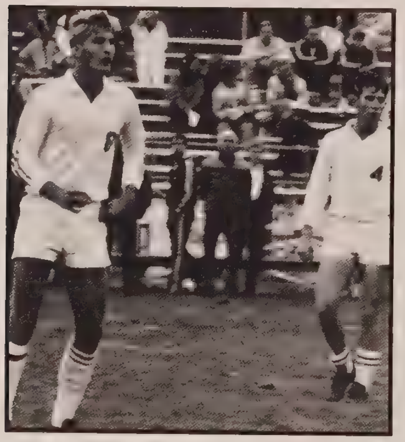
NAVY 15 - ARMY 50: A CLEAN SWEEP FOR USNA

ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY
XC CHAMPIONSHIP 1980
U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
NAVY
22

1980 will be remembered as a great year for Navy soccer. The Varsity Soccer squad, led by co-captains Greg Denkler and Mike Wilson, finished with a 10-7-1 overall record, another ECAC South Championship title and a near miss at being selected to play in the post-season NCAA tournament.

Early in the season, the mids, after defeating ninth-ranked national powerhouse Howard University, were rated the fourteenth best team in the country. This was the highest ranking achieved by a Navy soccer team in over four years. Navy continued down the path to victory with wins over American University, Rhode Island, and Old Dominion, each of which was a top 20 contender when encountered. The season climax came with a 3-1 come-from-behind victory over Army at West Point, the first time in eight years that the cadets had lost to the mids on their own territory.

In addition to Denkler and Wilson, the team lost eight firsties to graduation, including leading scorer Gerry Hueber. The 1981 season promises to be equally exciting, with standouts Danny Humphreys and Keith Waters leading the way.



SOCCER

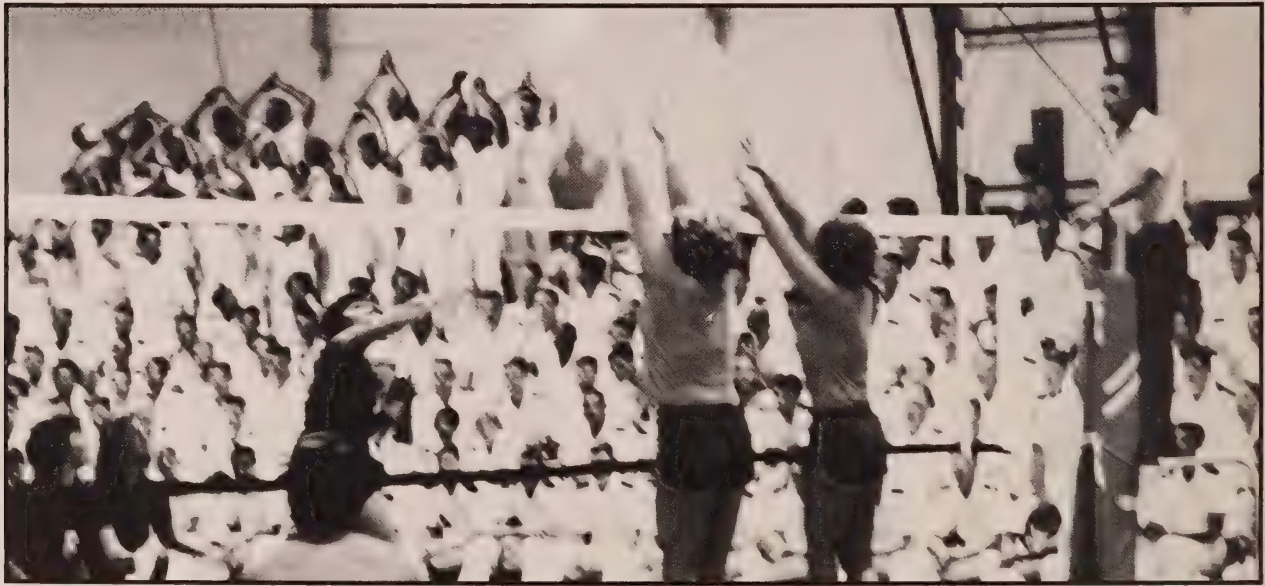
NAVY		OPPONENT
5	Hampden-Sydney	0
2	Howard	1
1	Maryland	2
5	Swarthmore	0
0	North Carolina State	1
1	Rutgers	2
3	Washington College	1
0	George Washington	0
1	American University	0
2	James Madison	0
0	Pennsylvania	1
2	Old Dominion	0
0	Penn State	1
0	Catholic University	2
1	Rhode Island	0
0	Washington and Lee	1
3	Army	1
	Record: 9-7-1	
	ECAC South Championships	
1	George Mason	0
	Coach: Greg Myers	

NAVY
HALF

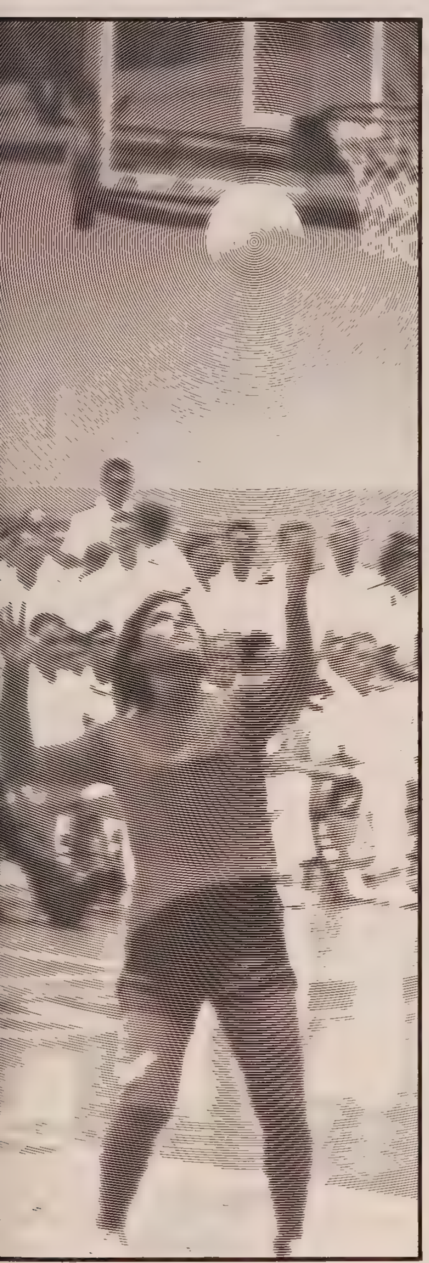
ARMY LOSES AT HOME: NAVY 3 - ARMY 1

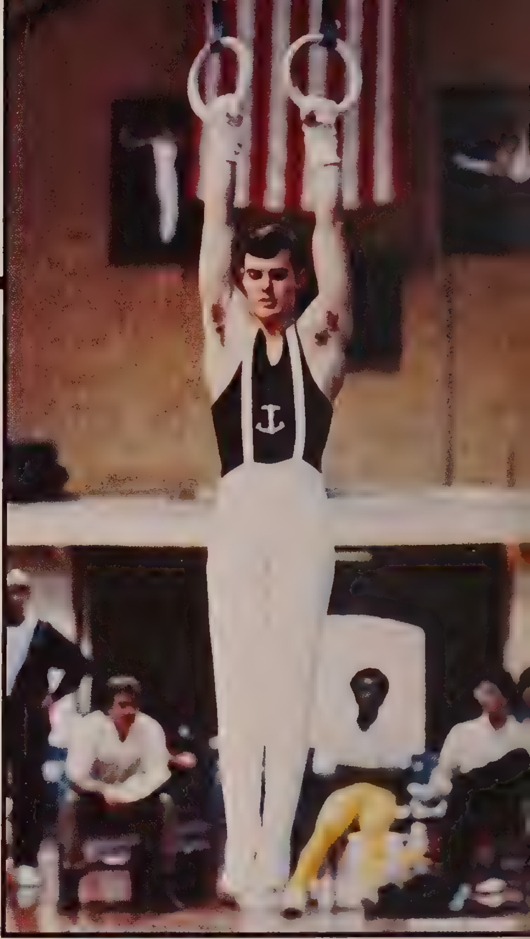
Led by captain Sue Cowan, the 1980 Women's Volleyball team completed another exciting season, but were not able to perform as well as in previous years, finishing with a disappointing 12-23-1 record. The team lost several key starters early in the season and was perpetually hampered by injuries. These impairments, when combined with the team's relative inexperience and a tough schedule, help to explain the dismal record.

There were, however, several highlights during the season. In August the largest crowd ever to witness a Women's Volleyball game turned out for a preseason confrontation with Belgium. Later, the mids finished sixth in the George Washington Tournament, and fourth in the Towson State Tournament. Competitors in these events included such powerhouse teams as Georgetown, Lehigh, Temple, North Carolina, Towson State, and archrival George Washington.



WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL





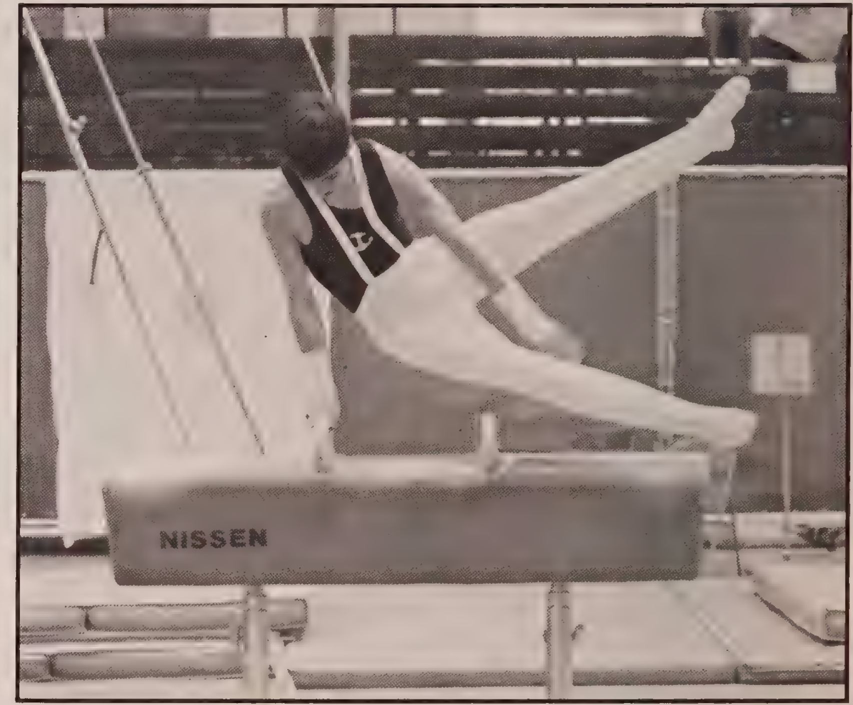
Gymnastics

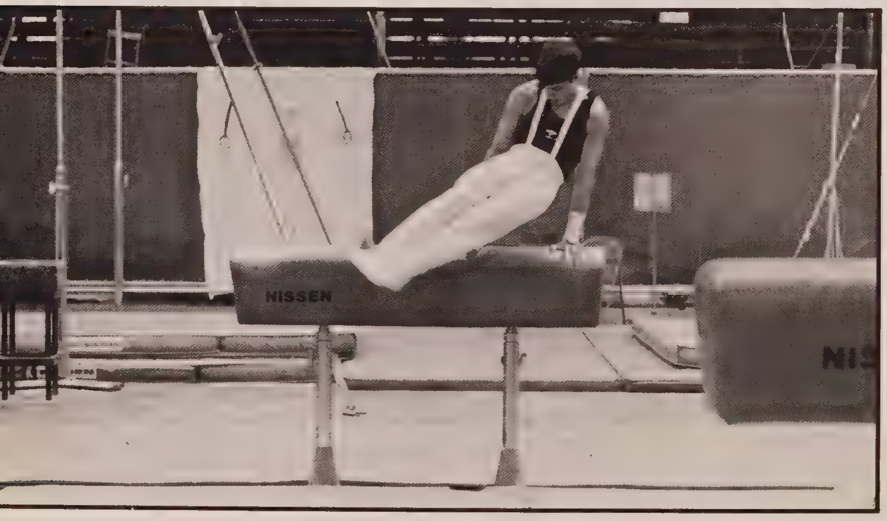
NAVY
GYMNASTICS
FLOOR EXERCISE
POMMELL HORSE
RINGS
VAULTING
PARALLEL BARS
HORIZONTAL BAR

1980-81 GYMNASTS TIE BEST

Navy gymnasts on the 1980-'81 team proved their worth many times over and compiled an outstanding 9-4 season record to tie the previous best gymnastics season record in history. The team got off to its best start in twenty years by winning six straight meets before suffering a loss to Springfield. Finally, they capped off a successful season by taking fourth place in the post-season Eastern Championships.

Big wins of the season included a first place among eight colleges competing in the Towson State Invitational and a defeat of Syracuse which had finished second in the East the previous year. In toppling Massachusetts, Navy posted its highest score in history, 256.55. The fourth place finish at Easterns was significant in that Navy not only defeated Springfield but also triumphed over arch-rival Army. This was sweet revenge, especially the defeat of an Army team which had beat Navy by a mere 1.2 points earlier in the season at West Point.





SEASON IN NAVY HISTORY

NAVY		OPPONENT
232.70	Syracuse	222.85
240.85	Cornell	180.15
231.45	West Chester State	118.60
247.90	West Virginia	231.30
242.95	Slippery Rock State	191.70
249.85	William & Mary	221.00
241.55	Springfield	246.50
255.10	Southern Connecticut	263.50
255.10	East Stroudsburg State	163.20
256.55	Massachusetts	248.50
251.55	Temple	263.15
256.40	Army	257.65
250.35	North Carolina State	226.10
	Record: 9-4	
4th	Easterns	
	Coach: Bill Savering	

GO
N
NAVY

NISSE

7 8

Although the team's outstanding players are much too numerous to delineate, several members were consistent winners. Firstie co-captain Jeff Means was once named ECAC Gymnast of the Week for his performance in the all-around competitions. Youngster Pete Ditullio, also competing in the all-around, finished tops in the vast majority of his performances. Another youngster, Dale Halling, not only won nearly all of his competitions on the still rings, but also took fourth in the East in that event at Easterns.

With co-captains Means and Steve Moran the only graduating members, 1982 promises to be an equally exciting or even better season for Coach Savering and his squad of gymnasts.

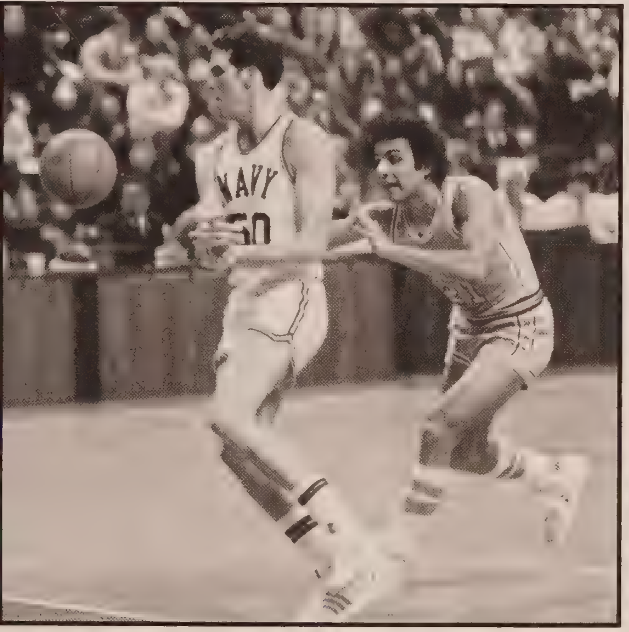
Everyone realizes the obvious factors which keep Navy from winning the NCAA basketball tournament, such as height and academic standards. Less obvious, however, are those factors which keep the mids from even being considered for the tourney: a new coach with a "different style and philosophy," four starters injured during the season resulting in freshman starters, and most of all, a 9-16 season record.

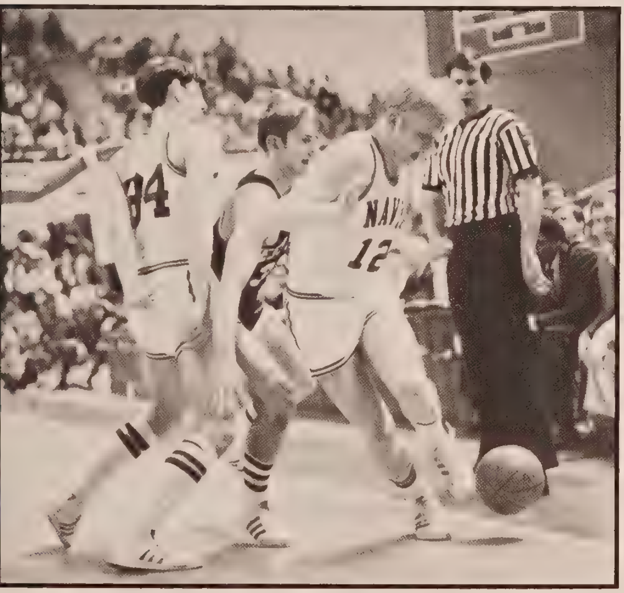
The mids were perpetually hampered by injuries, as guard David Brooks, the leading scorer during the previous season, broke his wrist before the first game even began. In the fourth game of the season, center John Geshay, who had finished right behind Brooks in scoring the year before, injured his knee and dropped out for the remainder of the season. In January, starting guard and leading scorer Chuck Green was forced to leave the team for academic reasons. He was followed shortly by forward Rich Davidson, with a broken wrist.

The injuries were highlighted by Navy's severe lack of depth. The season ended with Captain Kevin Cotherman the only remaining firstie. Leading scorer Dave Brooks who averaged 10.8 points per game, was a youngster while the second and third leading scorers, Rob Romaine and Gary Price were plebes. Furthermore, Price, with 7.3 rebounds per games, was also Navy's leading rebounder. He was closely followed by second classman Myron Simons.

In their best-played game of the season, Navy surprised American University by pulling off a 90-77 upset. The only other major bright spot was the season finale in which Navy defeated Army (again) in overtime. Navy trailed by as many as seven points in a game that kept everyone on the edge of their seats. The team, however, went on to take a 68-66 victory.

BASKETBALL





NAVY		OPPONENT
64	Maryland	86
91	Haverford	43
71	Holy Cross	82
53	Lehigh	55
71	Virginia Military Inst.	61
71	Robert Morris	67
47	South Alabama	65
76	Eastern Kentucky	79
67	Missouri	88
77	San Diego State	90
63	U. S. International	73
92	Catholic University	44
51	Delaware	43
80	Millersville State	56
60	Lafayette	77
56	Richmond	64
55	James Madison	73
60	William & Mary	71
58	Westminster (PA)	49
51	Penn State	67
90	American	77
63	Old Dominion	72
79	George Washington	84
57	Manhattan	65
68	Army	66

Record: 9-16

Coach: Paul Evans

NAVY
4
23
NAVY
2

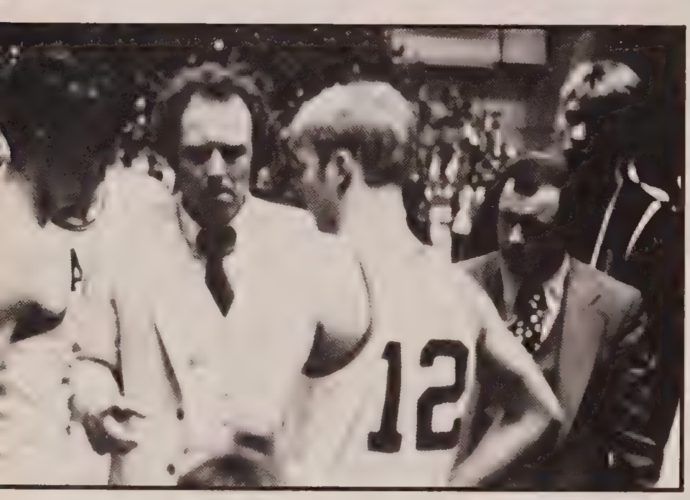
NAVY
20
30

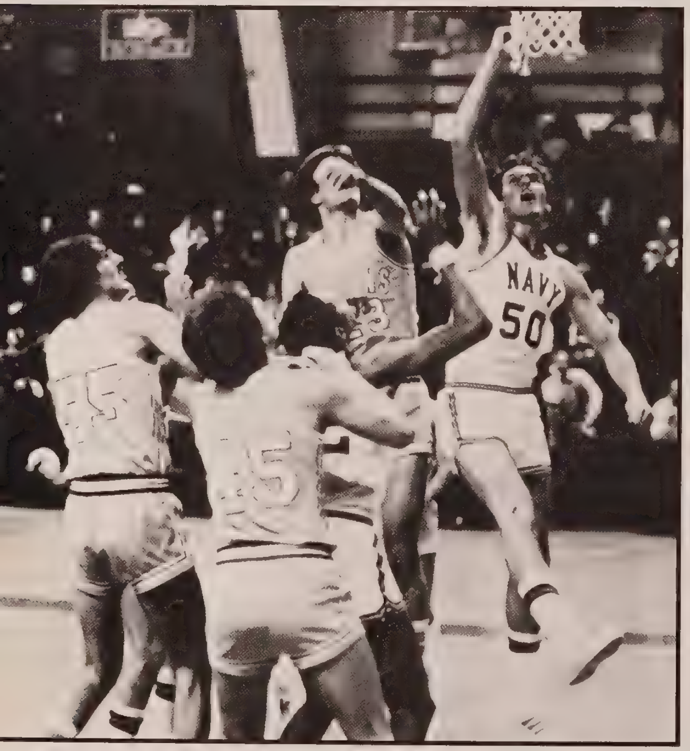
Navy 68 - Army 66

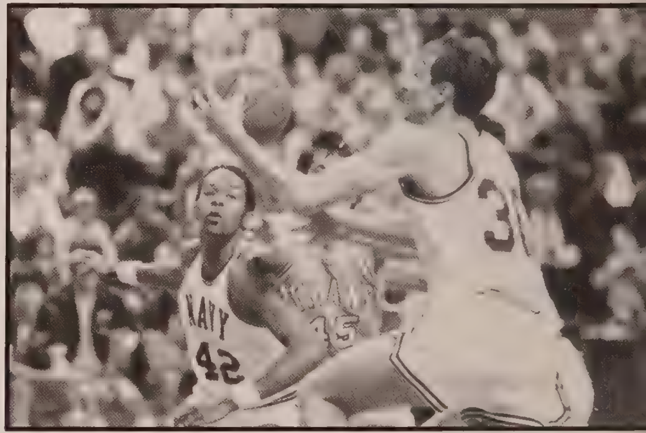
WEST POINT
30

32 oz
SLAM DUNK THEM LIONS
NAVY
54
22

NAVY BASKETBALL: THE GOAT'LL GET YA!





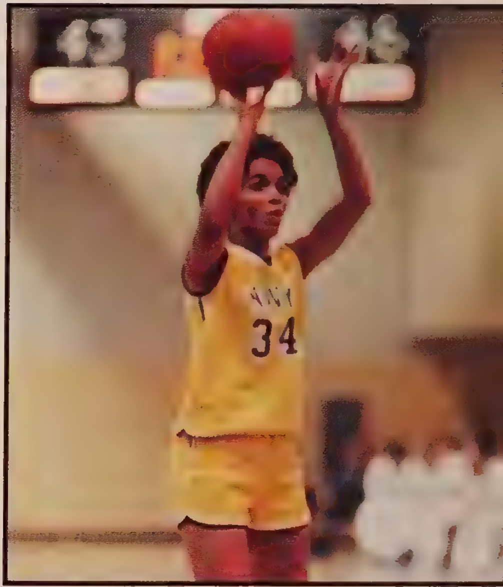


TITANS
15
NAVY
30

NAVY
12

NAVY
24

The 1980-81 Women's Basketball team finished above .500 with a 13-11 record and earned its third straight invitation to the EAIAW Division II Regional playoffs. The team was lead by point guard Colleen Cassidy (17.0 points, 4 assists per game) and forwards Lynne Coe (11.9 points, 7.3 rebounds per game) and Bernie Boska (9.3 points, 4.5 rebounds per game). For their efforts, Cassidy was named to the Baltimore Sun All-State first team for the third straight year while Coe earned second team status. Boska finished her excellent four year career at Navy with well over 1200 total points. Other starters were center Angela Smith and guard Nancy Schiavetta. The co-captains were Boska and senior guard Sheila Fox.



WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

NAVY		OPPONENT
74	Temple	69
47	Virginia	54
73	Mahattanville	55
63	Delaware	56
81	Indiana (PA) State	53
57	Pitt (Johnstown)	69
81	Pennsylvania	72
65	George Washington	69
60	Darmouth	72
48	Army	65
73	Lafayette	61
84	William & Mary	88
63	Georgetown	71
77	Shippensburg State	51
92	Maryland-Eastern Shore	60
80	Catholic University	49
56	Yale	58
68	Indiana (PA) State	58
77	Loyola	63
62	American	57
53	Mount St. Mary's	54
68	Towson State	55
67	West Chester State	87
58	Morgan State	91

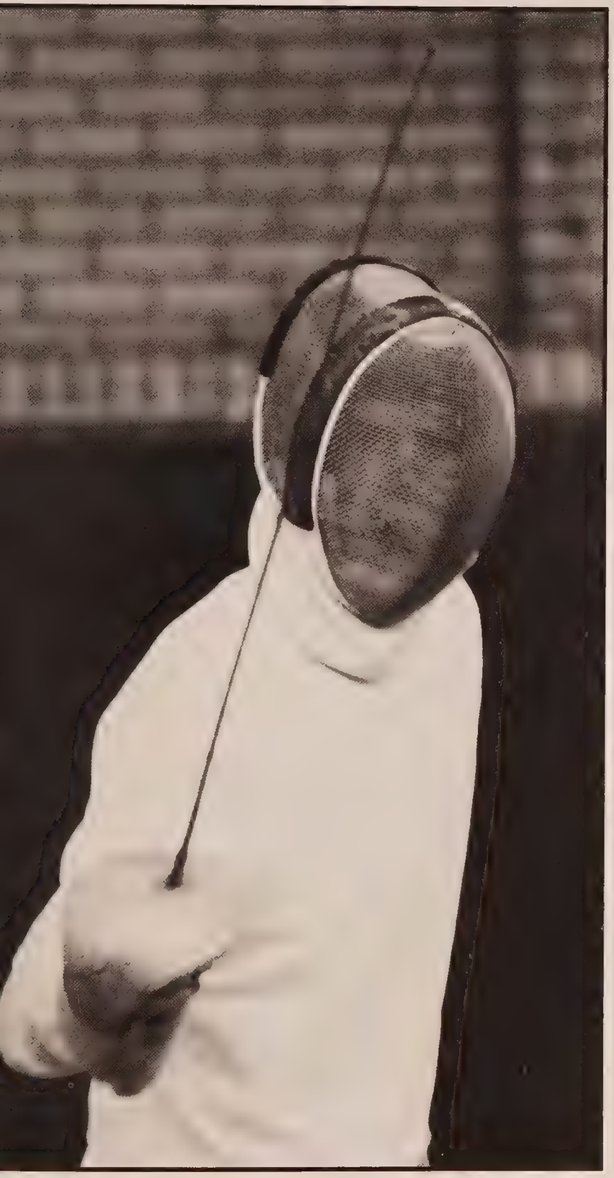
Record: 13-11

48	Mount St. Mary's EAIAW Div. II Mid-Atl. Regional)	50

Coach: Dave Smalley

The fencing team had an outstanding season this year winning many individual and team titles. The team led by captain J. D. Messinger, Greg Pace and Dave Marquet, was 7-2 overall, placed second in the Easterns, and seventh in the NCAA. The Epee team of Pace, Don Green, and Rodney Weems won the Eastern Intercollegiate Championship while the Sabre team of Marquet, Carol Lefon, Eric Keuter took second. The individual standout for the year was Greg Pace who was named Eastern Fencer of the Year and NCAA Epee Fencer of the Year. Also turning in outstanding performances were Messinger in the Foil (17-6), Marquet in the Sabre (18-7), and Lefon in the Sabre (18-7). Other top performers not mentioned above were second year letter winner Pete Morgan and first year letter winners Charlie Odom and Bob Barns.

Fencing



NAVY		OPPONENT
19	Princeton	8
15	MIT	12
16	George Mason	11
24	New York University	3
15	North Carolina	12
11	Pennsylvania	16
13	Columbia	14
17	Rutgers	10
14	Penn State	13

Record: 7-2

2nd IFA Easterns

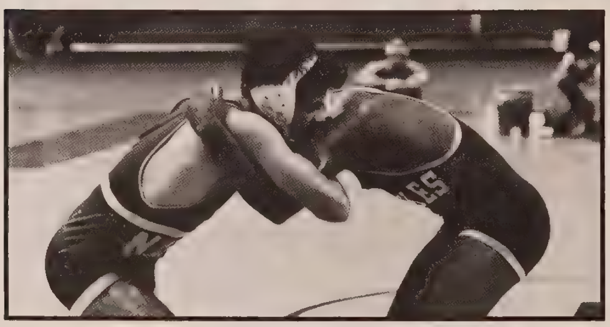
7th NCAA Championships

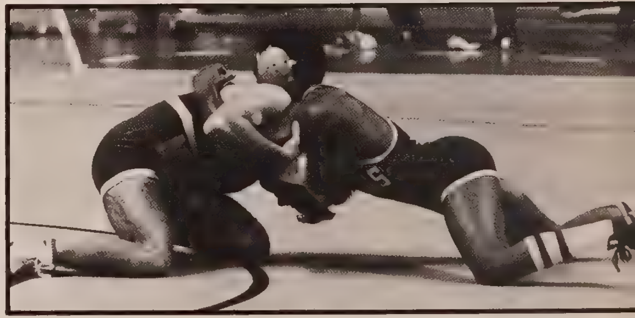
Coach: Andre Deladrier

Fencing Comes in Seventh at NCAA Championships

The Navy Wrestling Team had a very productive and successful season in 1980-81. The overall record was 18-4. The season started earlier than usual with Navy competing in the first annual "Hall of Fame Wrestling Classic" in Stillwater, Oregon along with three of the top teams in the country (Oklahoma State, Wisconsin, and Oregon State) on November 1. Coach Perry was inducted into the Wrestling Hall of Fame this same weekend. Two weeks later Navy won the Turkey Bowl Invitational, crowning 5 champions. The team then started its dual season and had big wins over Wilkes, Clemson, Maryland, North Carolina, Bloomsburg State, and ended the season with a crushing 26-9 victory over Army.

There was some disappointment in the final weeks of the season when the team took third place in the EIWA Championships at Princeton. However, the team placed a man in the top 6 in each weight class. Third class Frank Shaffer at 150 lbs. and Mark Phillips at 177 lbs. each finished second to win silver medals. The top record for the year was compiled by John Reich at 167 lbs. (21-1). The team's captain was Doug Heimbach at 126 lbs. (13-5-2).





Wrestling

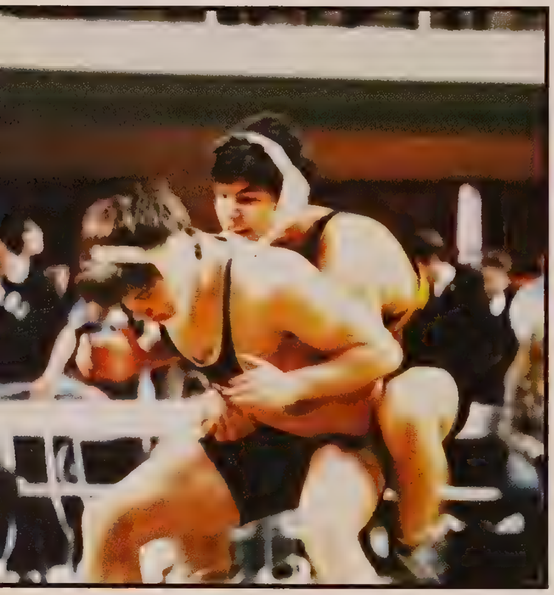
NAVY		OPPONENT
29	Wilkes	13
38	California (PA) State	2
31	Rider	6
30	Princeton	3
22	Virginia Polytech Inst.	13
41	Clemson	0
15	North Caroline State	20
41	Bucknell	10
26	Maryland	8
30	North Carolina	5
40	Yale	3
40	Rutgers	8
32	West Virginia	6
43	Southern Connecticut	6
36	Colgate	3
15	Penn State	17
16	Syracuse	19
32	Pittsburgh	9
27	Bloomsburg State	17
19	Lehigh	21
40	Lafayette	5
26	Army	9

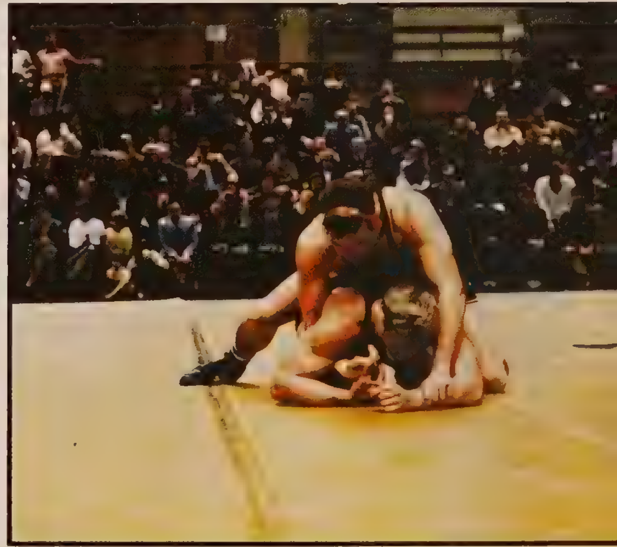
Record: 18-4

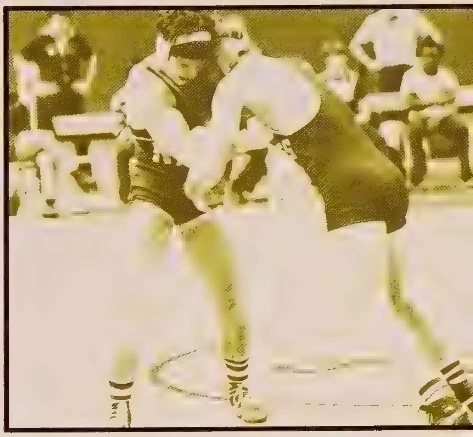
1st Turkey Bowl Invitational
3rd EIWA

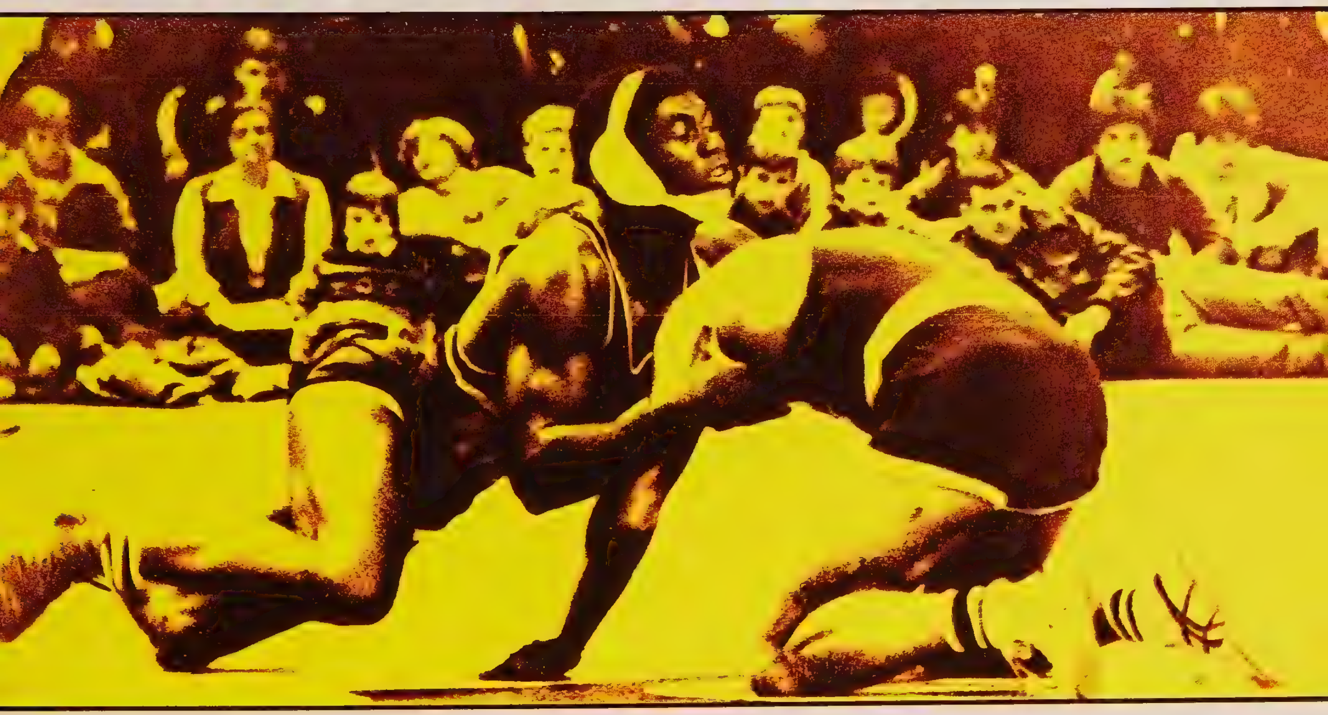
Coach: Ed Perry

Navy 26 - Army 9





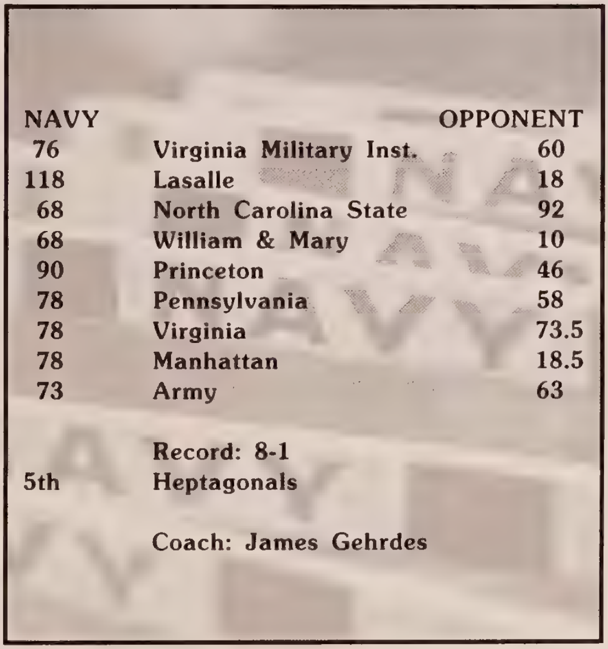




Navy Indoor Track had an outstanding season compiling an 8-1 overall record including a 73-63 victory over Army. Navy was led by NCAA champion high jumper Leo Williams who not only set a Navy indoor record but won many individual medals at the best invitational track meets in the world. His leap of 7′5¼″ at the NCAA Indoor Championships was a meet record and earned Williams All-American status for the second straight year. At the Heptagonals, Navy took fifth overall with three individual first places. Williams won the high jump (7′3″, a meet record), senior captain Pat Bailey won the 500m (1:03.4), and junior Bill Kovach won the 3000 m (8:16.2, a meet and Navy record).

PERFORMANCE
2 1 8
NAVY
NAVY

INDOOR TRACK



NAVY		OPPONENT
76	Virginia Military Inst.	60
118	Lasalle	18
68	North Carolina State	92
68	William & Mary	10
90	Princeton	46
78	Pennsylvania	58
78	Virginia	73.5
78	Manhattan	18.5
73	Army	63

Record: 8-1

5th Heptagonals

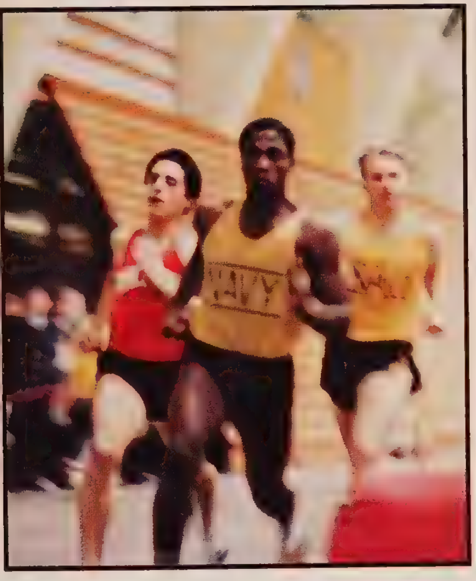
Coach: James Gehrdes

WEST

Navy

Navy

LEO WILLIAMS: ALL AMERICAN/NCAA CHAMPION HIGH JUMPER

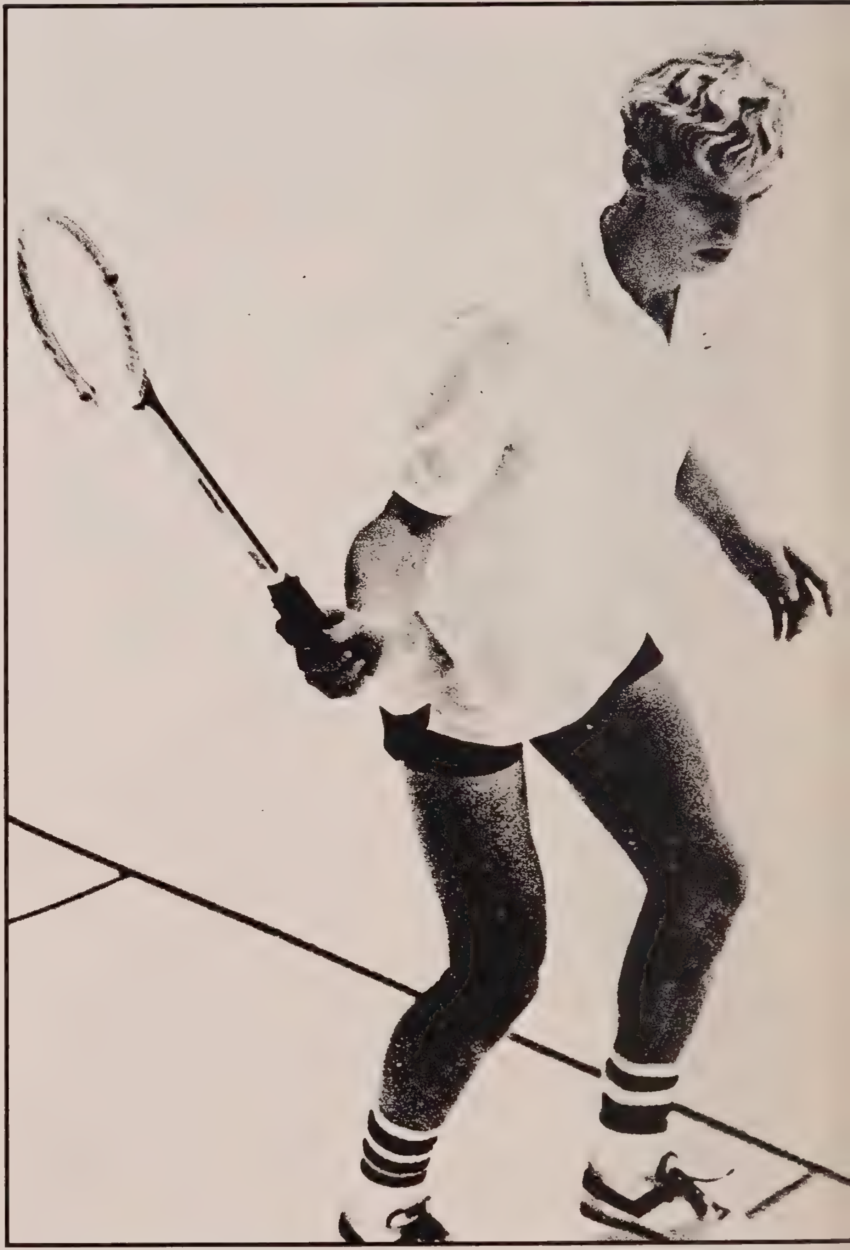


Squash? Isn't that the game played on the raquetball courts with the deflated ball and the miniature tennis racquet? To many the game is perceived this way, but just ask firstie Jon Wall or second classman Compie Newman and they'll tell you that all the other racquet sports are derived from squash. Wall, captain of Navy's 1981 Squash Team, finished the season with a 10-5 overall record at number one, while Newman, playing at number two, matched the team's season record of 11-4. With this record, the team again finished as the fifth ranked team in the nation.

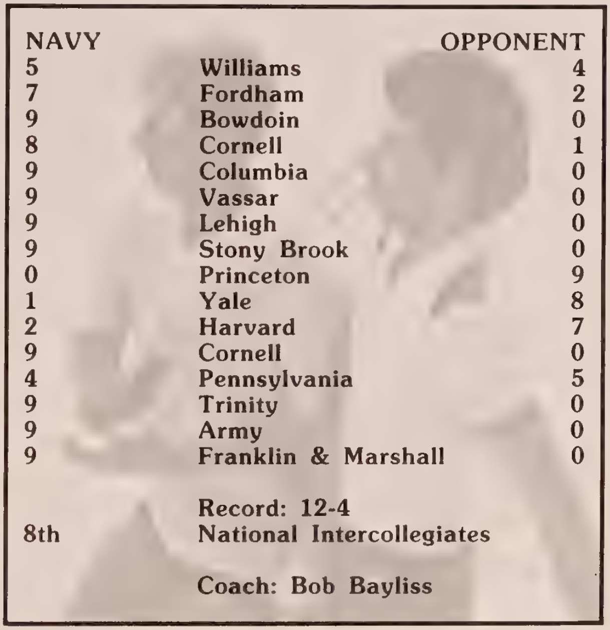
The mids got off to a great start by running up six straight wins on its annual swing through the Northeast. The season continued with wins over Lehigh and Stonybrook as the tally of wins ran to eight straight. It wasn't until the ninth match that the big competition began; the mids were unable to withstand the successive blows of powerhouse teams Princeton, Yale, and Harvard.

The sights were aimed toward Army early as the team put in extra practice sessions hoping to put the cadets in their place permanently. As it turned out, there was no problem; the mids dished out nine sound whippings. With this victory, Navy had now won eleven of its last twelve encounters with Army, including the last five.

The final match of the season proved no challenge to the Navy nine as they completed another winning season under the direction of retiring Coach Bob Bayliss. Team captain Jon Wall modestly gave all the credit to "Coach Bayliss who properly prepared us, and to the hard work of the team." He expects an equal or better season in '82, but a fifth place national ranking, an 11-4 record, and a victory over Army would be tough to beat!



SQUASH

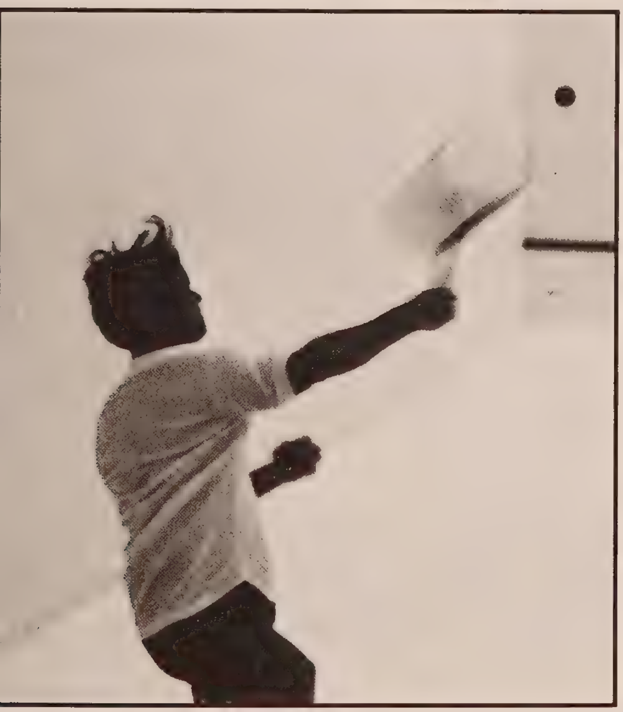


NAVY		OPPONENT
5	Williams	4
7	Fordham	2
9	Bowdoin	0
8	Cornell	1
9	Columbia	0
9	Vassar	0
9	Lehigh	0
9	Stony Brook	0
0	Princeton	9
1	Yale	8
2	Harvard	7
9	Cornell	0
4	Pennsylvania	5
9	Trinity	0
9	Army	0
9	Franklin & Marshall	0

Record: 12-4

8th National Intercollegiates

Coach: Bob Bayliss



WOMEN'S SWIMMING

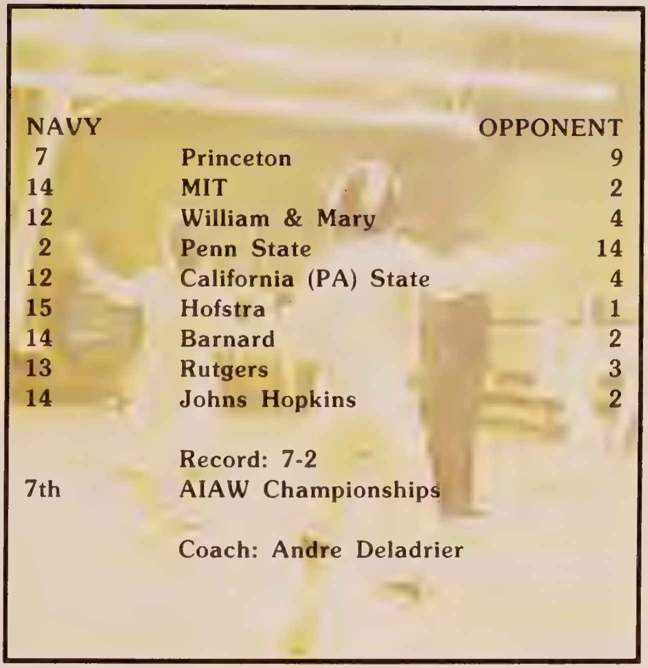
Despite a lack of depth and adequate training facilities, the women's swimming team was able to develop enough stars to finish 14th out of 62 teams in the Division II AIAW Nationals. Four swimmers earned All-American Status — Cheryl Dolyniuk, Laurie Grammer, Kristen Collins, and team captain Terri Riggs. This was the third such award for Collins and Riggs and the second for Dolyniuk. Their dual meet record was 3-4 as the girls struggled to overcome their lack of numbers.

NAVY		OPPONENT
53	Drexel	87
75	Towson State	65
77	American	61
67	George Washington	47
67	Maryland	126
51	James Madison	93
60	William & Mary	79

Record: 3-4
3rd Maryland Championships
14th AIAW Div. II Nat'l Champs.

Coach: Lee Lawrence

WOMEN'S FENCING



NAVY		OPPONENT
7	Princeton	9
14	MIT	2
12	William & Mary	4
2	Penn State	14
12	California (PA) State	4
15	Hofstra	1
14	Barnard	2
13	Rutgers	3
14	Johns Hopkins	2

Record: 7-2

7th AIAW Championships

Coach: Andre Deladrier

Navy's Women's Fencing Team completed the season with an impressive 7-2 record and went on to capture 7th place at Nationals. This finish at the AIAW Nationals was the best ever by a Navy fencing team. The team was led by captain Gwendolyn Mines. Mines' outstanding season was highlighted by a 14th place individual finish at Nationals.

With fourteen returning lettermen and a strong contingent of plebes to increase depth, the 1980-81 Navy Swim Team was prepared for the toughest of seasons. Although they didn't finish with a perfect season, the team had more wins in the sport than any other Navy squad in the past twenty years.

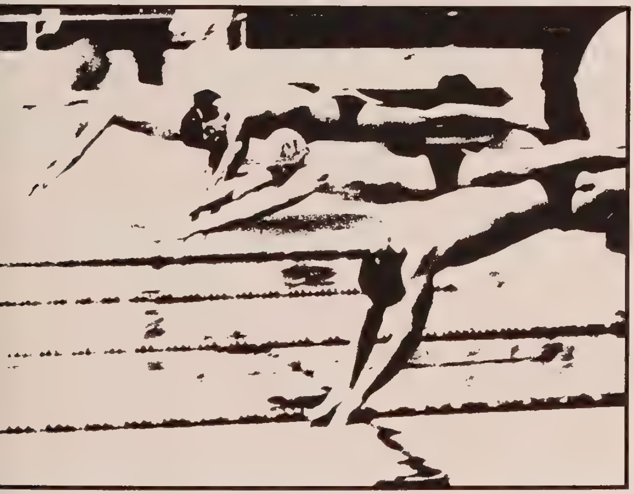
Following an initial loss to top ranked Harvard, the mids rebounded to win the next six straight. Crucial winners in these meets were firstie Vince Smarjesse in the one and three meter diving events, youngster Joe Murphy in the freestyle sprints, and plebe Al Jaegars in the distance freestyle events. These two swimmers teamed up with Andy Griffith and Paul Healy to win several meets for the team by taking the final event of the competition, the 400 yard freestyle relay.

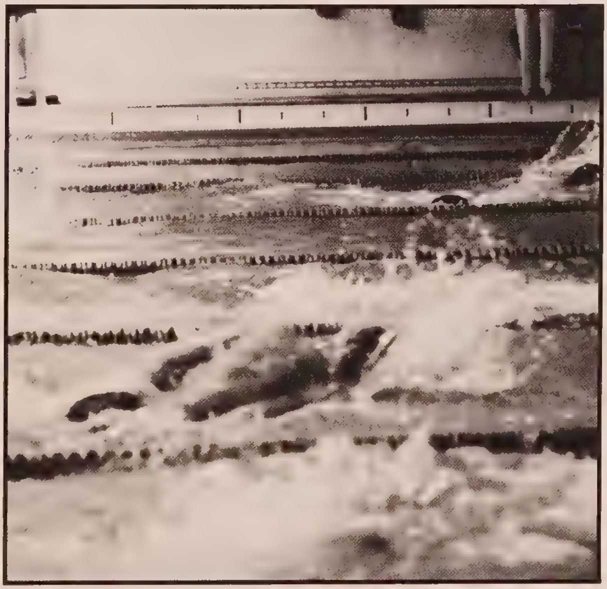
The 72-41 trouncing of Army was a more-than-welcome victory. Not only was it won in Army's own pool, but also it matched the 1960-61 season record of nine victories. Best of all, it was another display of Navy's superiority over Hudson High.

After concluding a commendable regular season, Navy swimmers took seventh place at the Eastern Seaboard Swimming Championships. This finish included a fifth place finish in 1-meter diving by Smarjesse and a new academy record in the 200-yard IM by Jaegars, who took ninth in the event. The outstanding swimmer of the season was Joe Murphy, who not only finished first in the 50 and 100-yard freestyle events at Easterns, but also won all but one of his fourteen 50-yard sprints during the season. The entire team is looking for that kind of record for itself as it anxiously awaits next season.

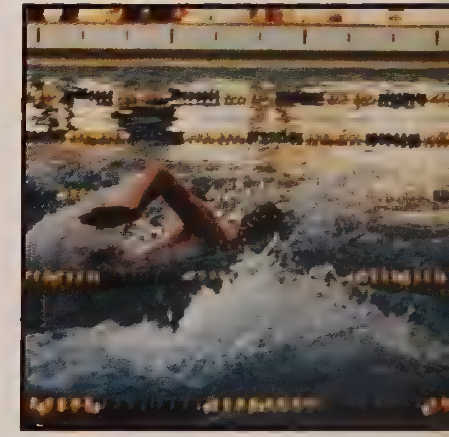
SWIMMING

NAVY		OPPONENT
32	Harvard	80
75	Brown	38
61	Dartmouth	52
59	Yale	54
58	Johns Hopkins	55
78	Drexel	35
66	Cornell	47
41	Maryland	72
65	Villanova	48
77	Pennsylvania	36
44	Princeton	68
41	Columbia	72
72	Army	41
	Record: 9-4	
7th	Eastern Seaboards	
	Coach: Lee Lawrence	

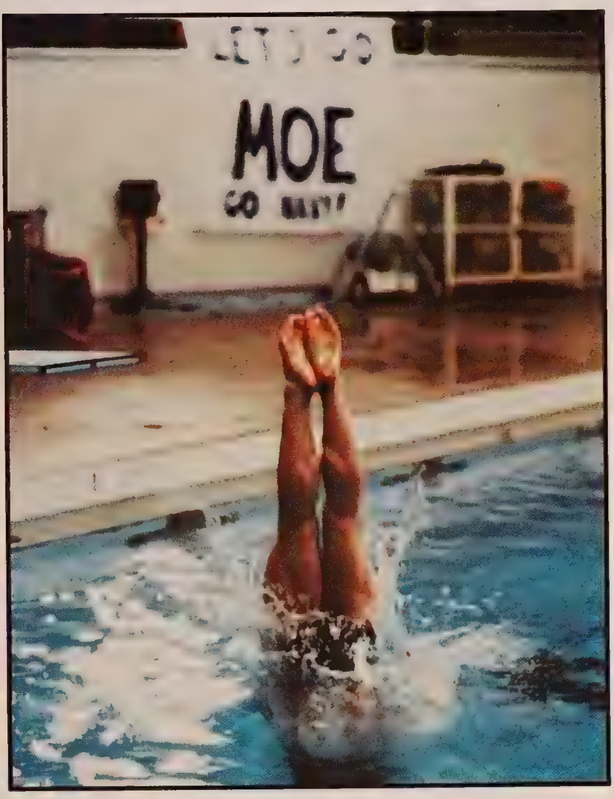


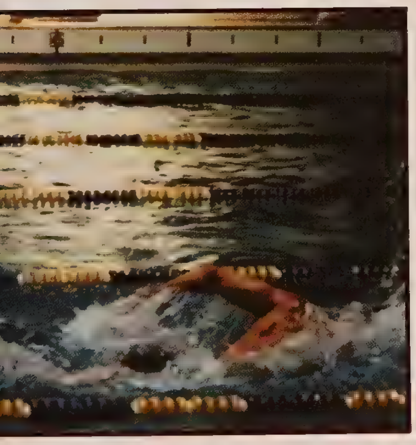


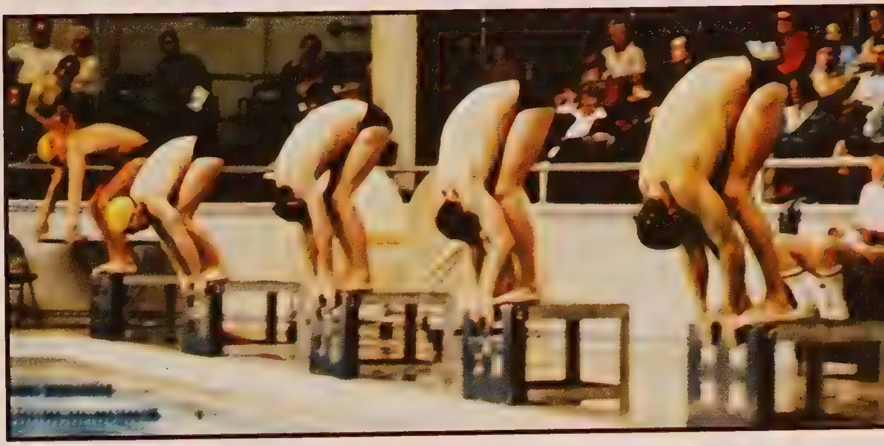
LET'S
MOE



NAVY SWIM TEAM TROUNCES ARMY 72-41


LET'S GO
MOE
GO NAVY





In another successful year for Navy rifle, the varsity squad compiled a 7-2 record and finished seventh at the NCAA National Championships. This record includes a start of six straight wins for the mids.

The season was highlighted by a first place finish at the NRA sectionals held at USNA. Navy's "Blue" team of captain Al Wencl, Jim Hudson, Steve Hampton and Bob Duncan took the competition with a combined score of 5965.

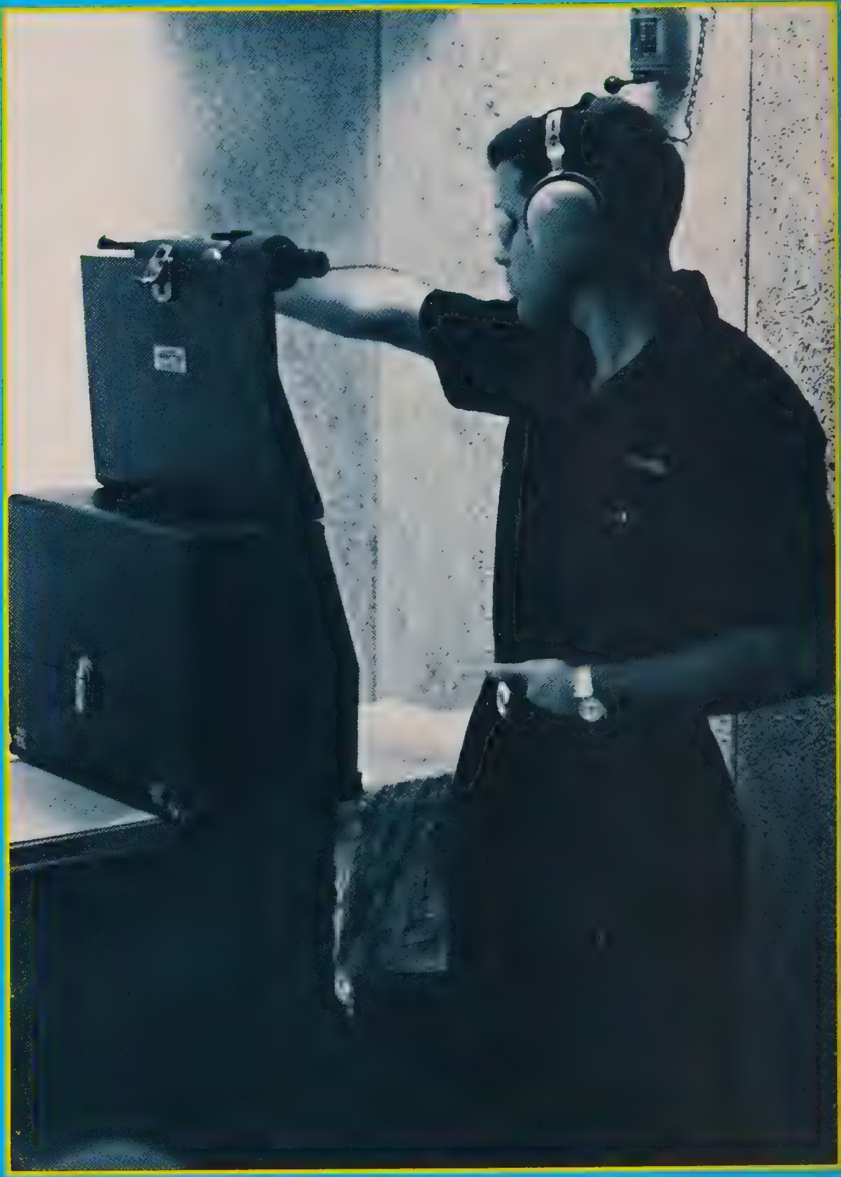
In the fifth match of the year against St. John's, Hudson set a new Naval Academy record with his score of 386 in air rifle. Hudson, only a youngster this year, also finished second in air rifle at the NCAA Championships and was selected as a first team All American for his outstanding season record.

RIFLE

NAVY		OPPONENT
4487	North Carolina State	4377
4487	Virginia	4267
4533	Coast Guard Academy	4163
4535	William & Mary	4365
4548	St. John's	4515
4575	Penn State	4433
5685	Army	5713
4536	Virginia Military Inst.	4267
	Record: 7-2	
7th	NCAA Championships	
	Coach: Scott Turner	

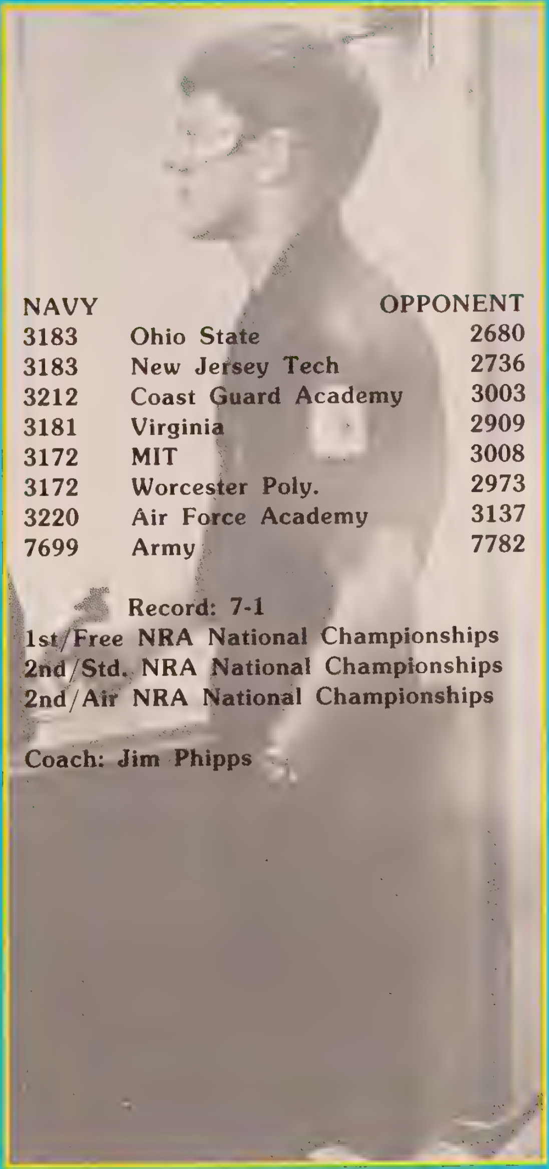
The 1980-81 Naval Academy Pistol Team compiled an outstanding 7-1 regular season record, again finishing unbeaten in the Northeastern Intercollegiate Pistol League. Their only loss was a tough 7782-7809 loss to Army. The team continued its success in post season competition by placing first in National Rifle Association National Collegiate Championships in the free pistol.

The free pistol team consisted of first class Pete Achor, team captain Ted Carter, second class Bernt Oydna, and third class Mike Boehle. Not only did Navy win the team title for the sixth straight year, but Oydna won the individual title as well. The team placed second in air and standard pistol shooting at the Nationals. For their efforts five midshipmen were named All Americans. Oydna and Boehle were named in free, standard, and air pistol; Achor in free and standard pistol; Carter in free pistol; and Phil Tissue in standard pistol. It was the second straight year in a row that Oydna and Achor have been named All Americans.



PISTOL

NAVAL ACADEMY
PISTOL



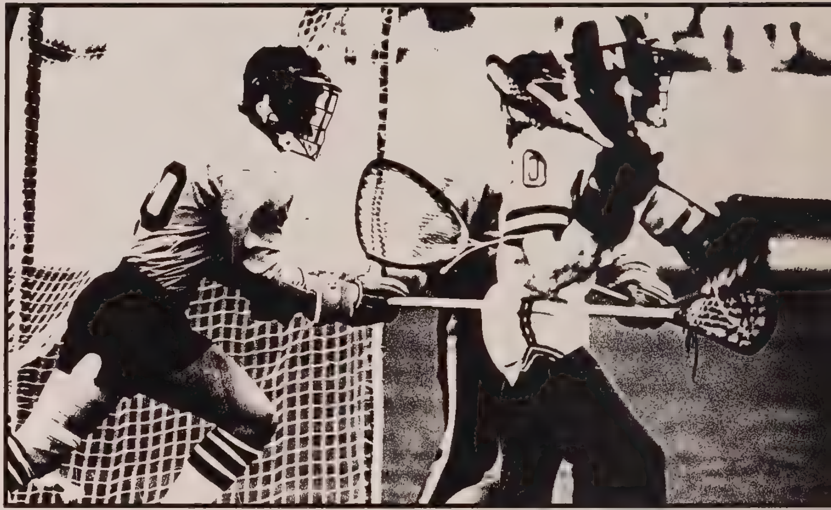
NAVY		OPPONENT
3183	Ohio State	2680
3183	New Jersey Tech	2736
3212	Coast Guard Academy	3003
3181	Virginia	2909
3172	MIT	3008
3172	Worcester Poly.	2973
3220	Air Force Academy	3137
7699	Army	7782

Record: 7-1

1st/Free NRA National Championships
2nd/Std. NRA National Championships
2nd/Air NRA National Championships

Coach: Jim Phipps

The 1981 Navy Lacrosse Team had an erratic but rewarding season. The Midshipmen started off slowly with early season losses to Rutgers and Syracuse. But they bounced back for three straight wins and a 4-2 record. Then a heartbreaking 9-8 loss to Army, which broke a 10 game Navy win streak against the Cadets, threaten to keep Navy out of the post season playoffs for the first time ever. But the Midshipmen showed their character by rebounding to defeat highly regarded Maryland and Virginia while losing a close decision to top ranked Johns Hopkins.



Lacrosse

Navy		Opponent
11	Rutgers	14
20	Washington College	9
10	Syracuse	14
13	UMBC	8
8	Pennsylvania	7
14	Princeton	7
8	Army	9
16	Maryland	15
13	Virginia	12
6	Johns Hopkins	9

Record: 6-4

NCAA Playoffs

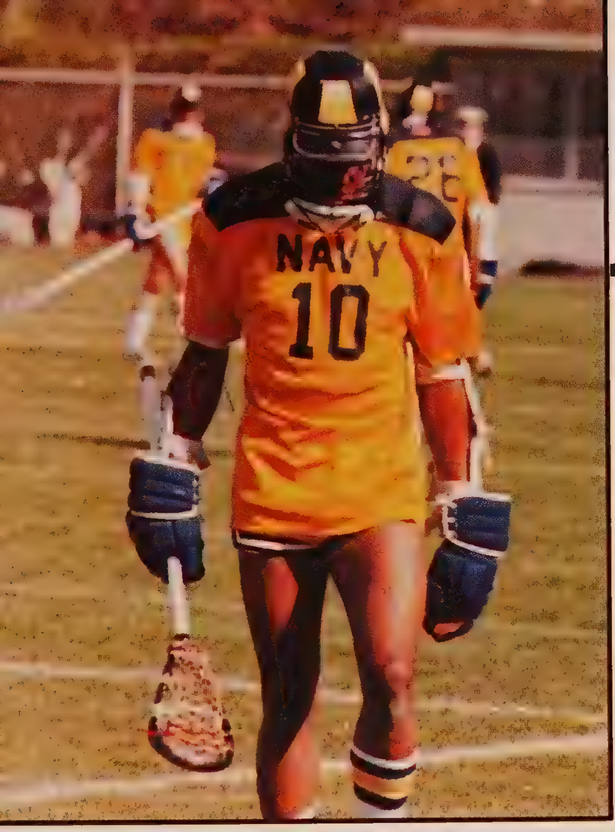
16	Army	10
9	North Carolina	17

Coach: Dick Szlasa

Navy Beats Maryland and Virginia

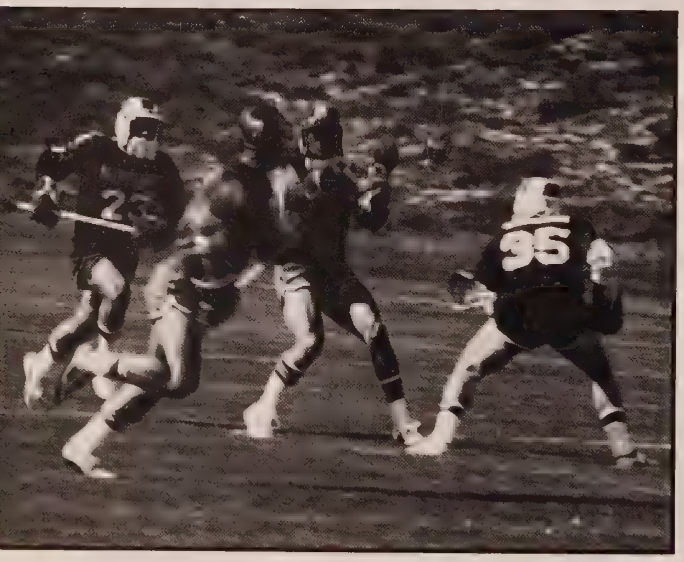
The final coaches poll placed Navy as the sixth seed in the NCAA tournament. This seed earned Navy a rematch with third seeded Army at West Point where the Midshipmen revenged their earlier loss with a convincing 16-10 victory. Navy next journeyed to Chapel Hill to play eventual NCAA champs North Carolina in the national semifinals. A combination of travel and fatigue took its toll on Navy as it ran out of gas in the fourth quarter and lost 17-9.

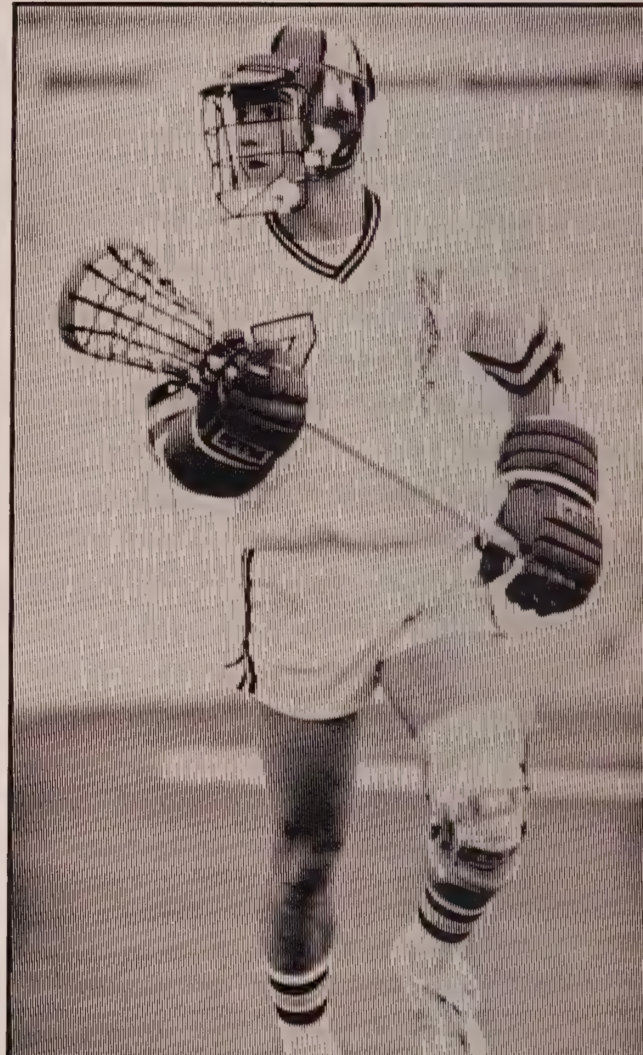
Earning first team All American status for the season were first classmen Syd Abernethy (Attack) and Mike McLaughlin (Defense). Honorable Mention All Americans were third class Rich Wehman (Attack) and second class John Korn (Defense). Co-captains for the year were McLaughlin and midfielder Jim Bianchi.

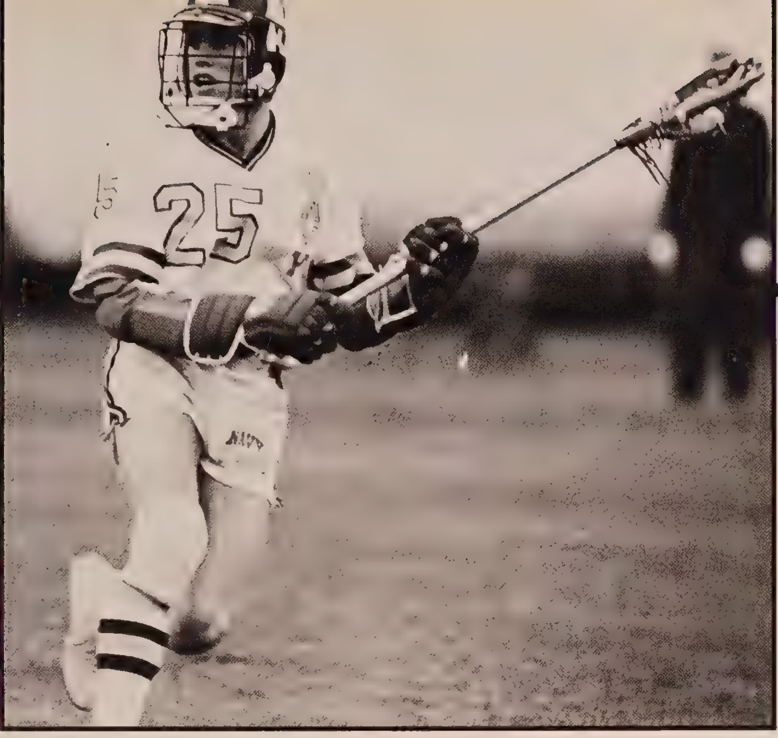

NAVY
10

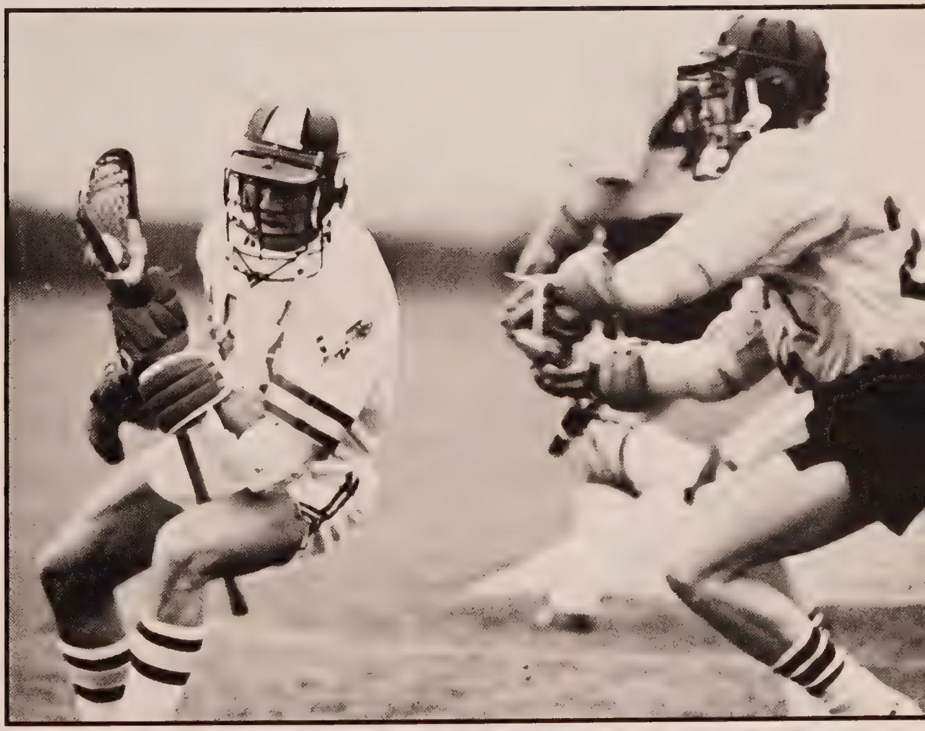
34

NCAA Playoffs: Navy 16-Army 10



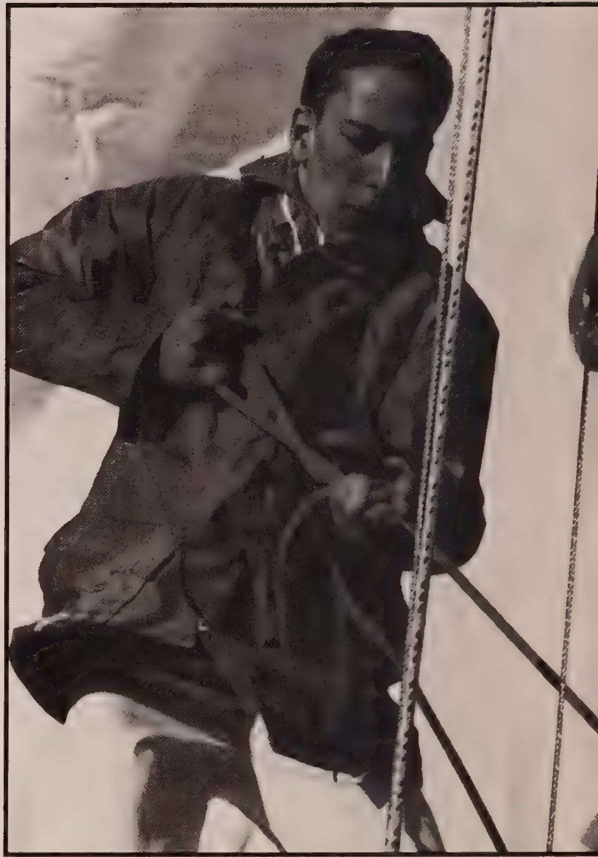



25
NAVY

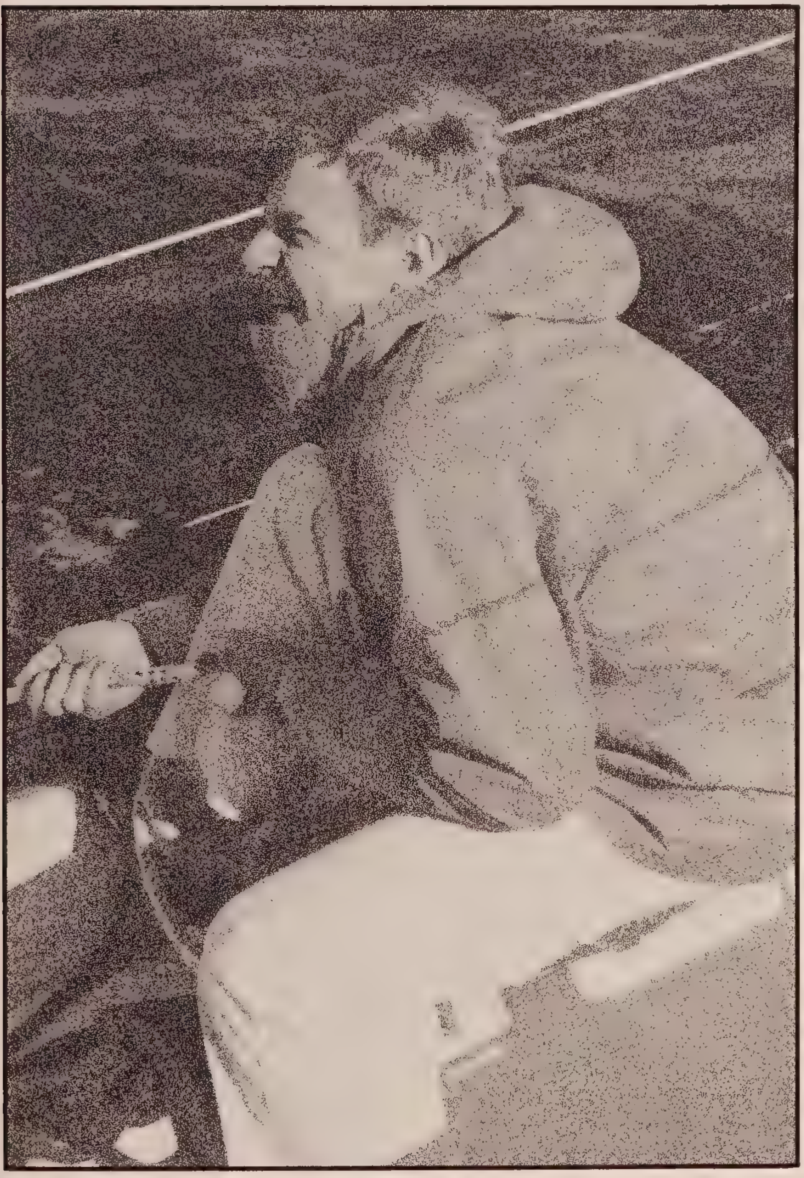


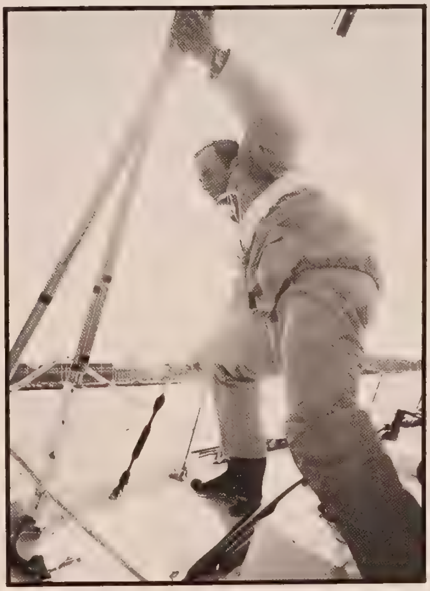
VIRGINIA
1
VIRGINIA
NAVY
10
VIRGINIA
VIRGINIA
29

First Team All Americans: Syd Abernathy and Mike McLaughlin



Sailing

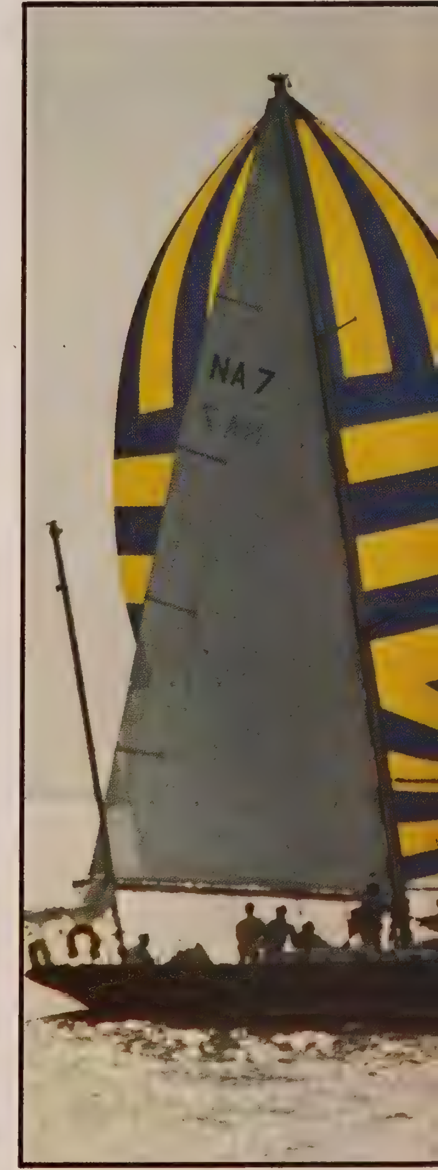




Yawls

The summer of 1980 was marked by two important accomplishments by members of the yawl team. Two yawls, skippered by midshipmen Thomas O'Brien and Mark Pallin, were sailed for cruise credit from Annapolis to Bermuda, the Bahamas, and then to Florida returning along the East Coast of the U. S. They sailed a very successful cruise with stops at many important Naval installations along the way. Bill Davidson and his crew on Intrepid sailed a fine race from Annapolis to Bermuda and finished high. This was one of the best finishes a yawl crew had been able to manage in recent years.

A hectic fall racing schedule began for the yawls with the start of the 1980-81 academic year. Victors of some of the Bay races included the skippers Charlie Kinecke, Jack Doughty, and Mark Pallin. Nick Madigan and his crew won the MacMillan Cup which is symbolic of the intercollegiate big boat championship for the East Coast. Though the season ended in late November, the upkeep and maintenance of the boats continued through the winter months. All of the yawls received new and improved equipment and deck layouts for the spring season. The spring racing season opened with Nick Madigan and his crew winning the Kennedy Cup for a second consecutive time. With the approach of a hectic summer racing and cruising schedule, the spring season was devoted mainly to offshore sail training.

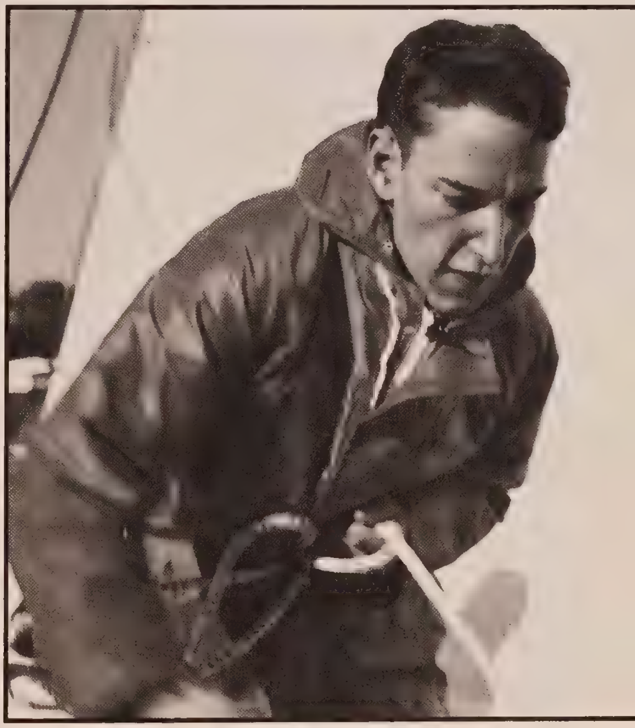


NA9

NA5
NA2
NA7

With the addition of Bay Bea, a 46-foot Chance-designed sloop, the Naval Academy Sailing Squadron gained another fine boat to its collection of offshore yachts. In competition, the Class A craft took first in the Rhode River Spring Series and placed third in the Chesapeake Annual Spring Regatta.

The Naval Academy's fleet of Luder's Yawls perform admirably during the Spring season. The yawls took first in the Service Academy Yawl Championship keeping the Intrepid Trophy for the second consecutive year. The boats also captured first in the National Collegiate Large Yacht Championship. With that victory, the team kept the Kennedy Cup which it won in 1980.

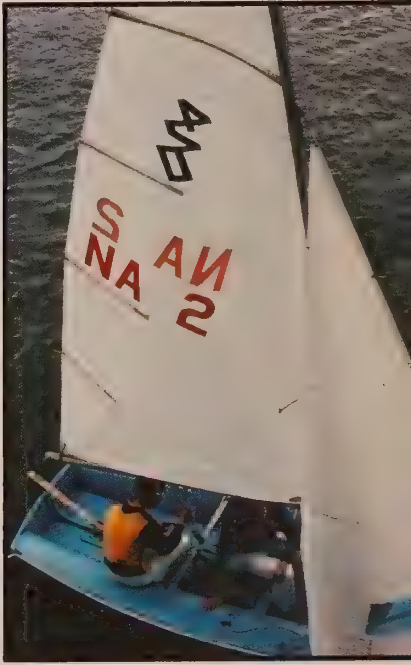


The women of the Naval Academy Sailing Squadron continued their fine contribution to the Academy's excellent program. Early in the season the women placed second in the Women's Intersectional Regatta hosted by Tufts. The women sailors lost to Boston University. The women went on to capture first place in both the Women's District Dinghy Championship and the Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association of North America Women's Championship. These finishes reaffirmed the superiority of Navy sailing over other collegiate competition.

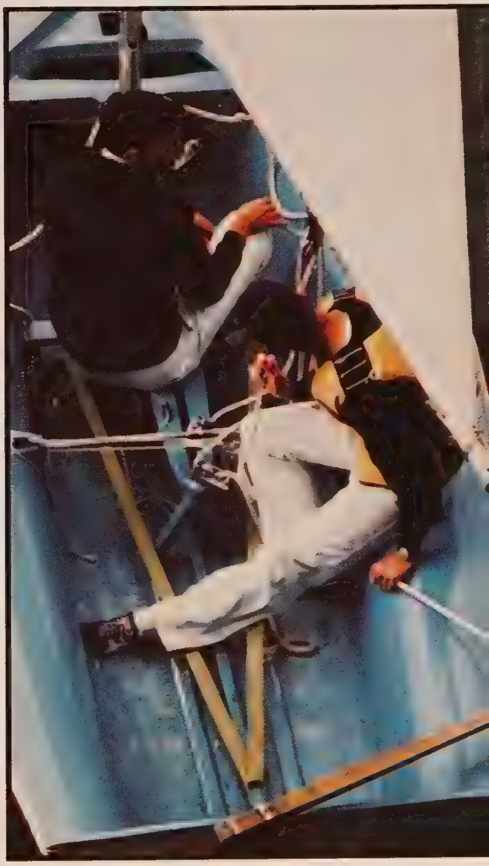
Dinghies

The Naval Academy Sailing Squadron completed its season with an impressive array of victories and second place finishes. In dinghy competition, Navy took second in both the Moore Regatta and the Trux Umsted Regatta. In the Moore, Navy came in a close second to eventual winner Merchant Marine in a field of fourteen teams. In the latter competition, the squadron failed to protect a one point lead and lost to Tufts University. Navy lost again to Merchant Marine in the Owen Trophy Regatta (Old Guard Trophy) but came in a close second in the regatta. The Naval Academy Dinghy Squadron finished their spring competition with victories in the District Team Racing Championships, which qualified the team for nationals; the Army Mule Regatta; the Interservice Dinghy Championship (Bryant Moore Trophy); and the America's Trophy Regatta. Their season continued with a fourth place finish at the North American Intercollegiate Dinghy Championship.

At the end of the season, the Naval Academy was awarded its fifth consecutive Leonard M. Fowle Trophy for the best combined performance in the five Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association of North America Championships after the team racing competition, the final event of the intercollegiate season, was concluded here at the Academy.



16
NA 3
NA 12
NA 7



NA 14
NA 4
24
NA 18

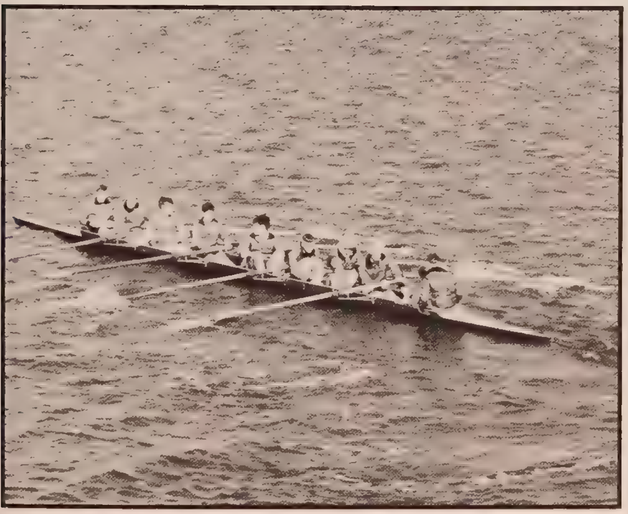
The Varsity Heavyweight Crew posted a 5-1 dual race record in 1981. Navy's one regret, as in 1980, was a narrow defeat (by less than two seconds in both cases) to powerful Harvard University. The Eastern Sprints Regatta saw Navy's second varsity (the best Navy has seen in five years) place second. The varsity eight, after not qualifying for the grand finals due to a detrimental boat crab, redeemed themselves by handily winning the petite finals.

Navy's fall season proved to be a dazzling success. The heavyweight oarsmen gained confidence and momentum which left them hungry for the spring racing season. After winning the 1980 Intercollegiate Rowing Association Championships for the first time in fifteen years, the Heavyweight Eight devastated the U. S. Olympic Eight, two West German National Team Eights, and the Harvard University Varsity Eight as they captured the prestigious Head of the Charles Fall Regatta (a first in Navy history.)

A crew is total devotion by nine individuals to a cohesive, unyeilding unit. There is no place for individuals. The four seasons include: (1) a fall distance racing season; (2) a winter training period including intense weight lifting, running, rowing in tanks, and rowing on test machines; (3) a spring sprint race season in which dual races and sprint regattas are the highlight; and (4) a summer period during which each individual designs his own form of training depending on the boat he has set his sights on competing in.

The cohesiveness built by this unique band of brothers has become characteristic of Crew at Navy. The 1980-81 Heavyweight Crew Team finished second to Cornell in the 1981 I.R.A. Championship. Co-captains were Tim Griffith and Daniel Lyons.

Crew



Heavyweight

Columbia: V — 1st; 2V — 1st; P — 1st
Princeton; V — 1st; 2V — 1st; P — 2nd
Goes Trophy: V — 1st; 2V — 1st: P — 1st
Adams Cup: V — 2nd; 2V — 2nd; P — 3rd
EARC Sprint Championships:
V — 1st (Petite Finals); 2V — 2nd
(Grand Finals); P — 1st (Petite Finals)
IRA: V — 2nd

Record: 5-1

Coach: Rick Clothier

Lightweight

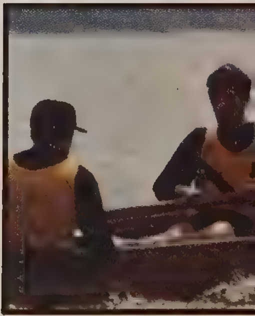
San Diego Classic:
V — Fourth Place in Grand Finals
Pinceton, Rutgers: V — 2nd; 2V — 2nd; P — 1st
Haines Cup (Harvard): V — 1st; 2V — 2nd; 3V — 2nd
Callow Cup (Penn): V — 1st; 2V — 1st
EARC Sprint Championships: V — 5th (Grand Finals); 2V — 5th (Grand Finals); P — 5th (Grand Finals)

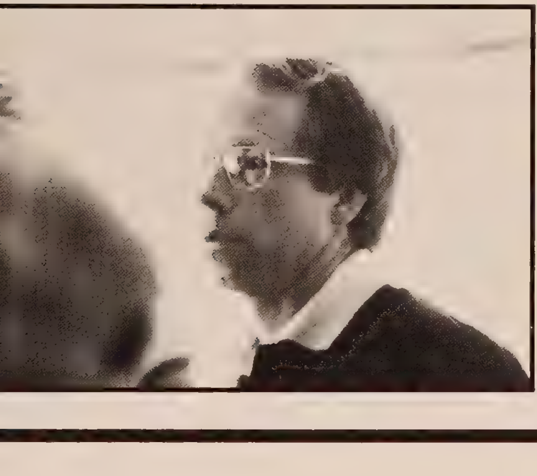
Record: 3-1

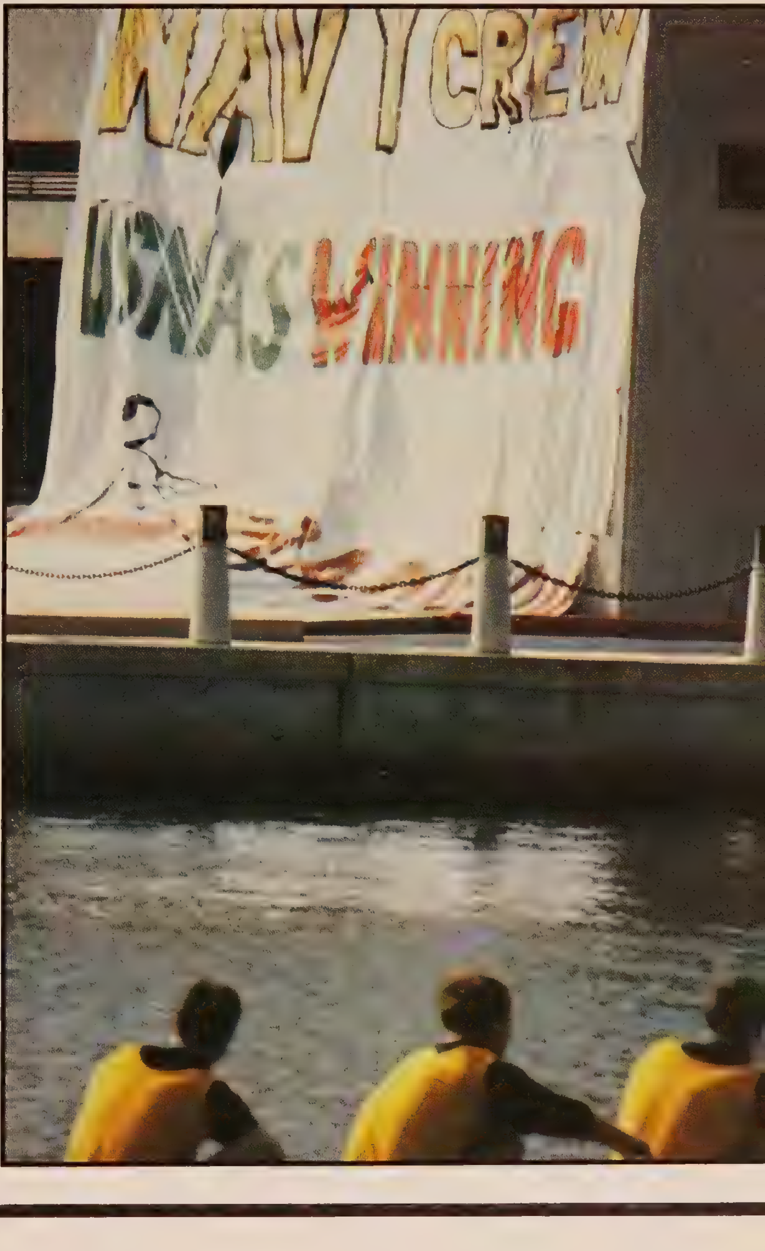
Coach: LT Jim Bane

The 1981 Navy Lightweight Crew had an outstanding season winning both the Haines Cup from Harvard and the Callow Cup from Pennsylvania. It was the first time that Navy had won the Callow cup since 1973. The team was led by first class co-captains Jaime Navarro and Chuck Smith.

Heavyweight Crew Captures Head of the Charles Fall Regatta






NAVY CREW
WINNING

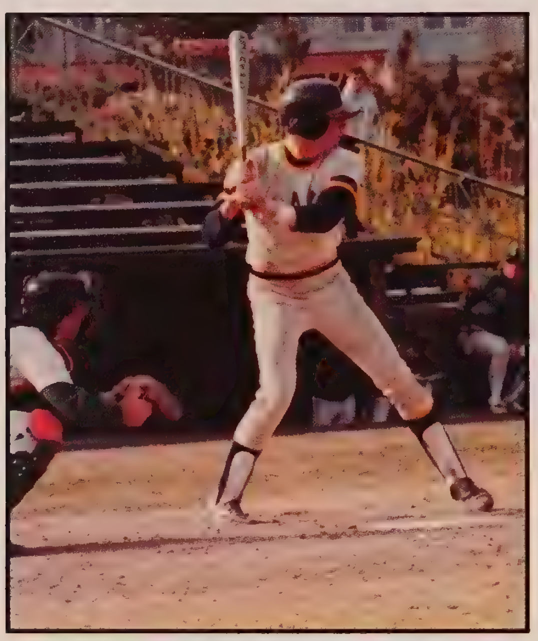
Navy Women's Crew, coming off a solid fall performance in the Head of the Charles Regatta, managed to finish with a 6-2 record. The team's only losses were to powerful Yale and Penn. The Varsity eight in its third season of competition also finished first in the D. C. Area Regatta, fourth at the San Diego Crew Classic, and third out of twenty teams at the Dad Vail Rowing Association Regatta. Senior letter winners were team captain Patricia Lasell, Carol Crooker, and Noreen McQuade.

Women's Crew

Navy-Yale-Penn: Navy 3rd
San Diego Classic: Navy 4th
Trinity College: Navy 1st
Villanova-Marist: Navy 1st
D. C. Area Regatta: Navy 3rd
Dad Vail Rowing Regatta: Navy 3rd

Record: 6-2

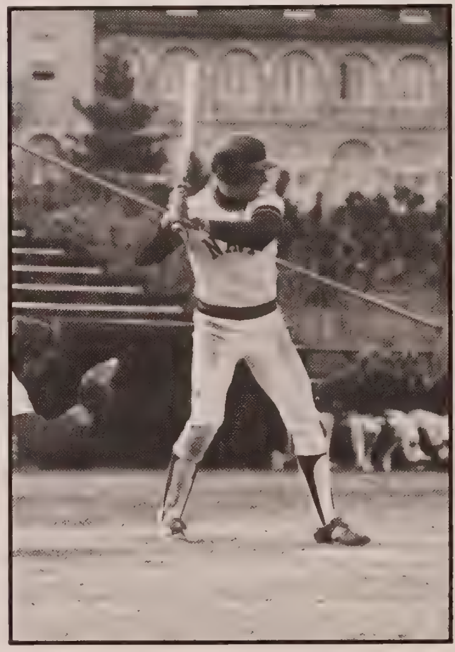
Coach: LT Gary O'Connor

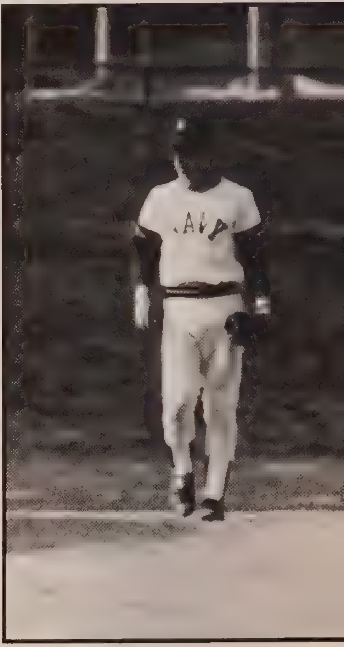


NAVY
10

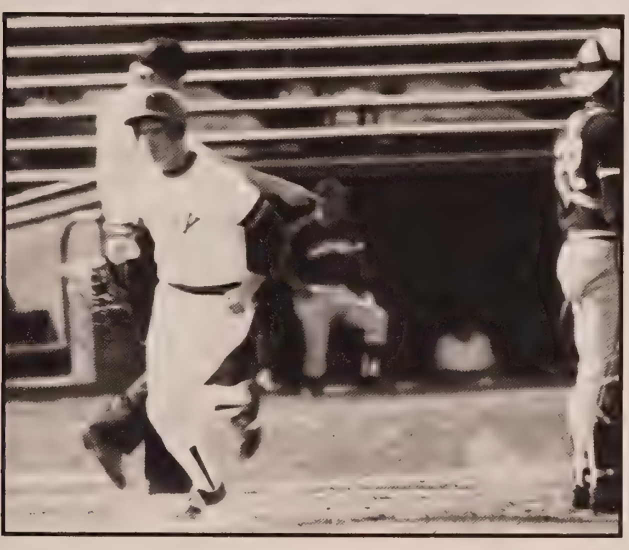
Baseball

The 1981 Navy Baseball Team compiled the most wins ever in a season for a Navy team by posting a 24-7 record. This impressive finish included an 11-3 Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League record which was second only to Yale's 12-2 mark. Team captain and third baseman Jim Roberts was the team's top hitter with a .400 average (44 hits in 110 at-bats). Rightfielder Steve Acalin was second with a .389 mark including a team leading 5 homeruns and 36 RBI's. Roberts was next in RBI's with 31. Other top hitters included leftfielder Steve Komlo, centerfielder Andy Loferski, first baseman Bob Ravener, and designated hitter Terry Deitz. The pitching staff was led by first class Jim McMurtry with a 7-1 record and a 3.69 ERA. Second class Bob Adrion was next with a 6-2 mark.





Team Compiles Most Victories Ever: 24 Wins - 7 Losses



Navy		Opponent
5-13	S. E. Massachusetts	1-1
6	S. E. Massachusetts	2
7	William and Mary	1
23	Delaware State	2
22	Oswego State	1
8-9	Penn State	4-7
5	George Washington	12
14	Harvard	7
3-12	Dartmouth	2-2
8	Delaware	12
8	Yale	3
3-6	Brown	5-5
9	Villanova	2
5-13	Princeton	3-5
7	Towson State	3
8	Catholic University	7
17	Siena	5
7	Columbia University	6
20-3	Pennsylvania	7-2
5	Maryland	13
5	Cornell	8
2-7	Army	4-3
1-3	Baltimore	6-1

Record: 24-7

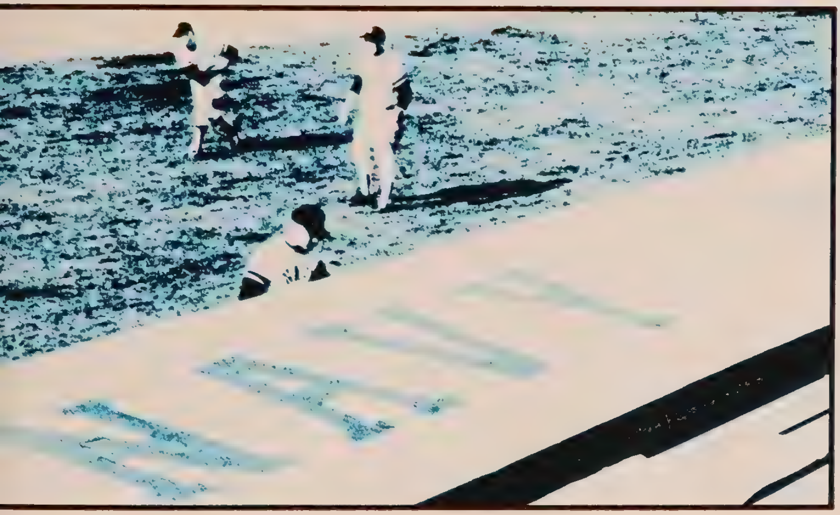
Coach: Joe Duff

BALL
STRIKE
OUT
H·E
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 R
ITOR 0 0 0 0 0
AVY 2 0 0 3 0
FORSTER MEMO

25

NAV

Komlo, Roberts Named All-League



Many post-season honors were won by team members. Third baseman Roberts was named to the NCAA Northeast Regional All-Star Team and All-League first team. Leftfielder Komlo joined Roberts on the All-League first team while Adrion, McMurtry, Loferski, Ravener, and Deitz gained Honorable Mentions. In addition, Loferski was named to the NCAA District II Academic All-American Team.

The Navy Track team had only a 1-2 record in 1981 including a 98-65 loss to Army. However the season did include a second place finish at the University of Virginia Relays and a fourth place at the Heptagonals. Individually, two Navy athletes had first places in the Heptagonals: Leo Williams in the high jump (7′3½″ - a meet record), and Bill Kovach (8:56.2) in the 3000 m steeple chase. Williams went on to capture the NCAA Outdoor Track and Field Championship with a high jump of 7′4½″ (Navy Outdoor Record). This earned him first team All-American honors.

Other top performers throughout the season were sprinter Pat Bailey, steeplechaser Bill McCormack, javelin throwers Jay Bass and Perry Puccetti, distanceman Mark Donahue, middle distanceman Jon Haugen, and decathlete Rick Smith. Donahue was team captain, the only person to be captain of two sports in 1980-81 (Track and Cross Country).

Track and Field

Navy		Opponent
2nd	Virginia Relays	
63	Maryland	100
112	Delaware State	47
65	Army	98
4th	Heptagonals	
7th	I.C.4.A. Championships	

Record: 1-2

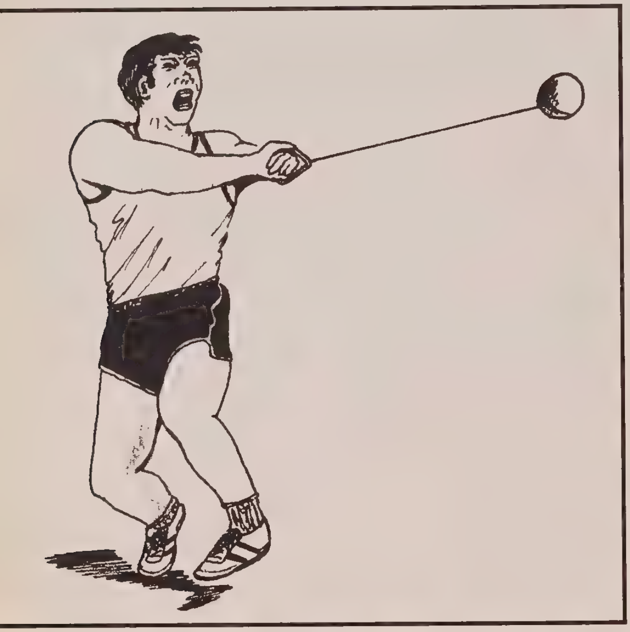
Coach: Jim Gehrdes

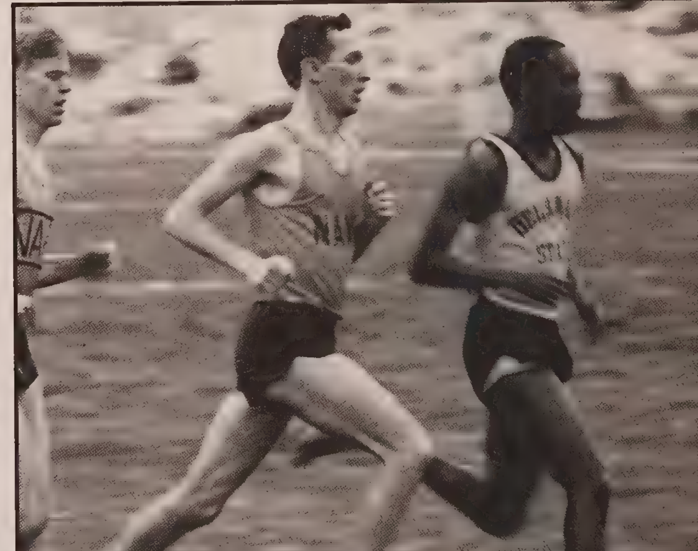
NAVY
NAVY

NAVY
NAVY

NAVY
NAVY
ARMY

Leo Williams Sets Hep Record High Jump - 7′3½″

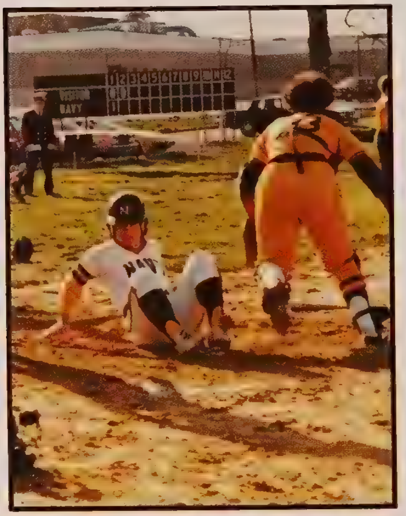




Navy 65 - Army 98

The 1981 Women's Softball Team ended its second year of varsity competition with a disappointing 13-19 record. The Mids finished on a strange note by going 4-2 in their own tourney including two no-hitters. In one game, Third Class Erin Lynch and Second Class Barbara Crutchfield combined for the victory. In the second, Lynch pitched the entire game to register another no-hitter.

The team's leading hitter was Fourth Class Lee Bricketto (.379). She also led the team in doubles (9), triples (2), and RBI's (20). Other leading players included designated hitter Ginger Bressler, first baseman Lisa Thomson, outfielder Sandi White, and second baseman Jennifer Sullivan. Crutchfield was the workhorse of the pitching staff appearing in 26 games with a 2.73 ERA. First Class Sandi White was the team's captain.



Women's Softball

VISITOR
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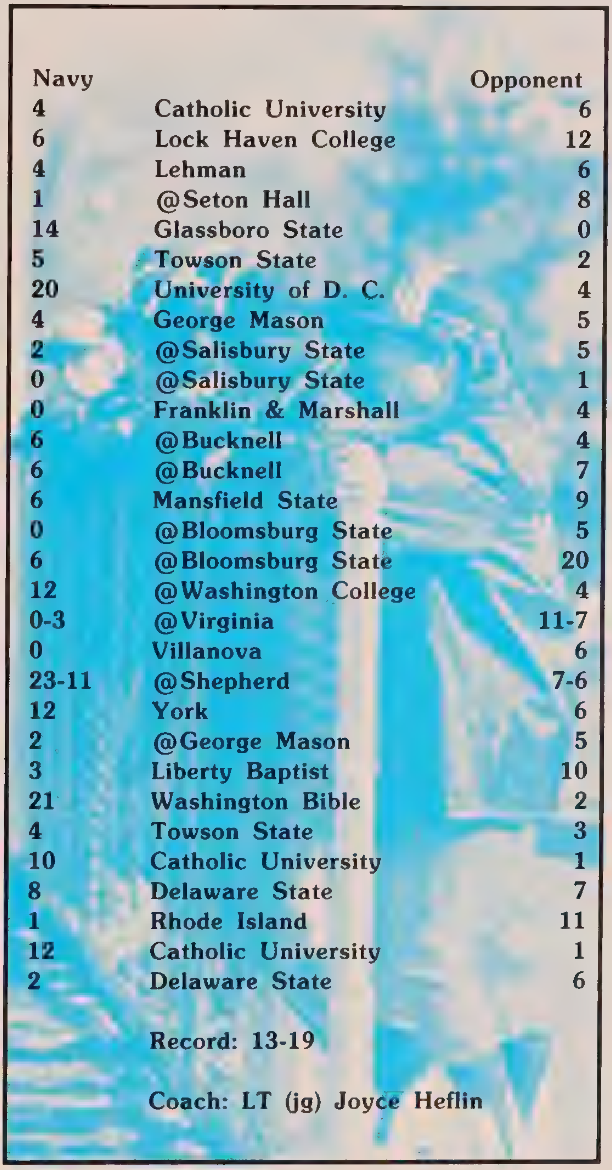
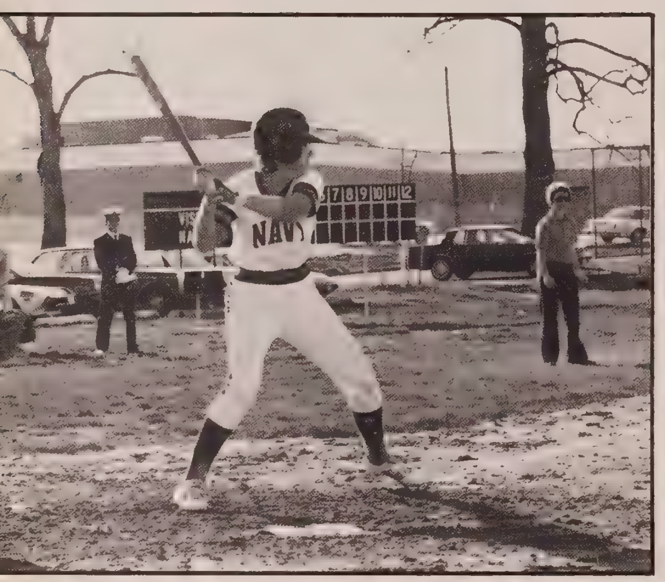
NAVY



Navy		Opponent
4	Catholic University	6
6	Lock Haven College	12
4	Lehman	6
1	@Seton Hall	8
14	Glassboro State	0
5	Towson State	2
20	University of D. C.	4
4	George Mason	5
2	@Salisbury State	5
0	@Salisbury State	1
0	Franklin & Marshall	4
6	@Bucknell	4
6	@Bucknell	7
6	Mansfield State	9
0	@Bloomsburg State	5
6	@Bloomsburg State	20
12	@Washington College	4
0-3	@Virginia	11-7
0	Villanova	6
23-11	@Shepherd	7-6
12	York	6
2	@George Mason	5
3	Liberty Baptist	10
21	Washington Bible	2
4	Towson State	3
10	Catholic University	1
8	Delaware State	7
1	Rhode Island	11
12	Catholic University	1
2	Delaware State	6

Record: 13-19

Coach: LT (jg) Joyce Heflin


NAVY

NAVY

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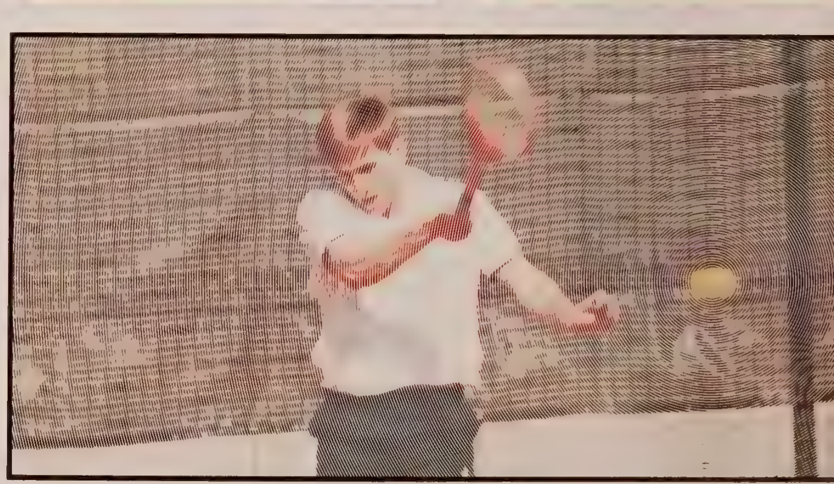
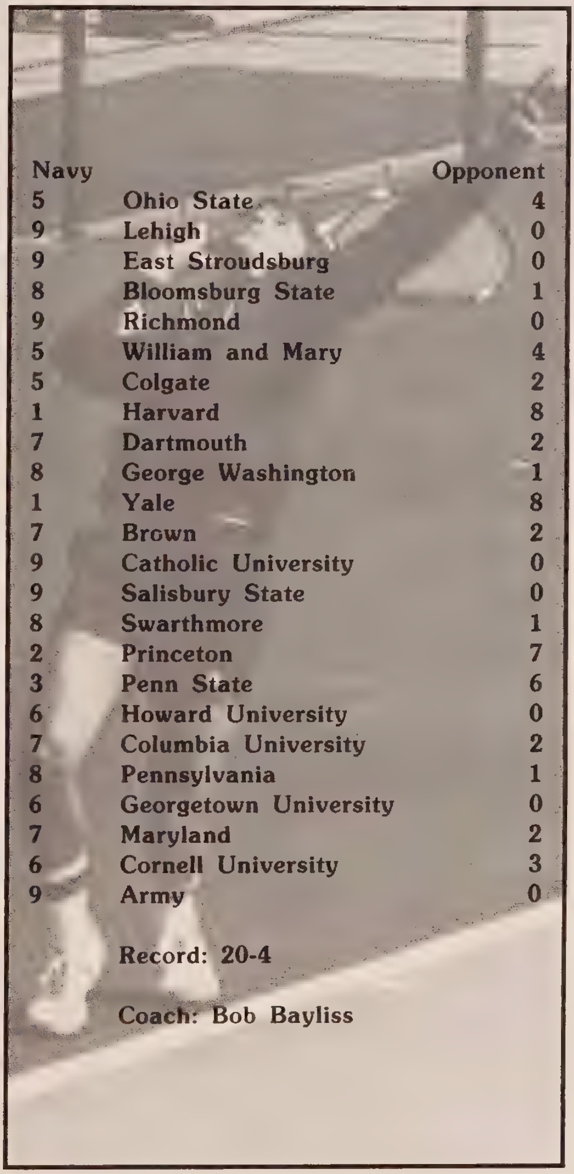
NAVY

Navy's 1981 Tennis Team set a USNA record for most wins in tennis with a 20-4 finish. Those twenty wins include a perfect 9-0 sweep of Army, the 12th straight year the Midshipmen have defeated the cadets in tennis. This win clinched the yearly head-to-head competition in varsity athletic contests between the two academies for Navy. The team was led by number one player and team captain Craig Morrison with a 16-7 record. Second Class Dave Andrews (16-7) played number two, First Class Curt Dashiell (21-3) played number three, Fourth Class Bayly Taff (15-6) played number four, and Second Class Randy Kasamoto (14-2) played number five. Dashiell's 21 wins is the most ever in one season for a Navy tennis player. The Navy team rolled up an outstanding 52-8 overall record in doubles play with Andrews and Dashiell combining for a team-leading 15-3 mark. First Class John Wall earned his eighth N* with his participation in the sweep of Army.



Tennis

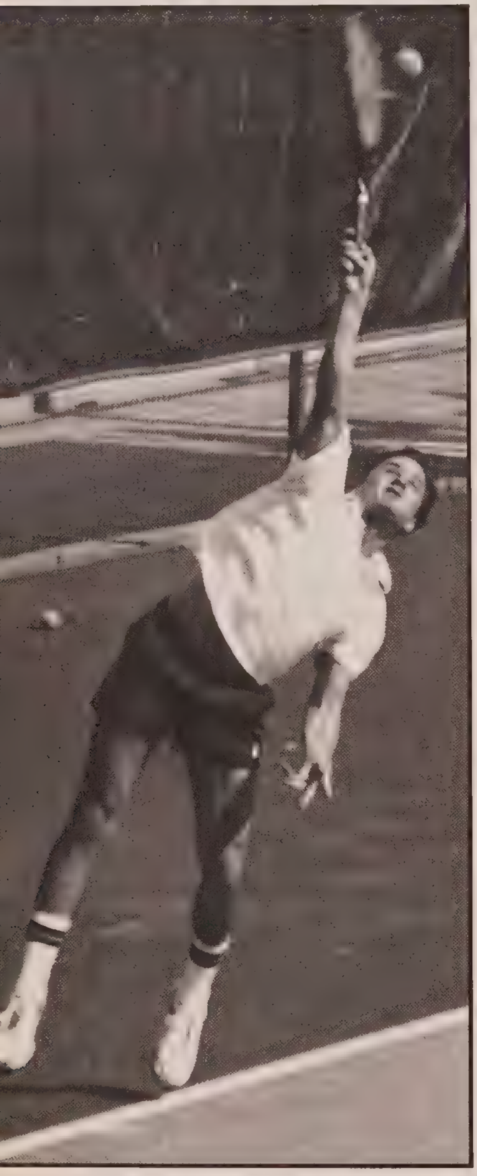


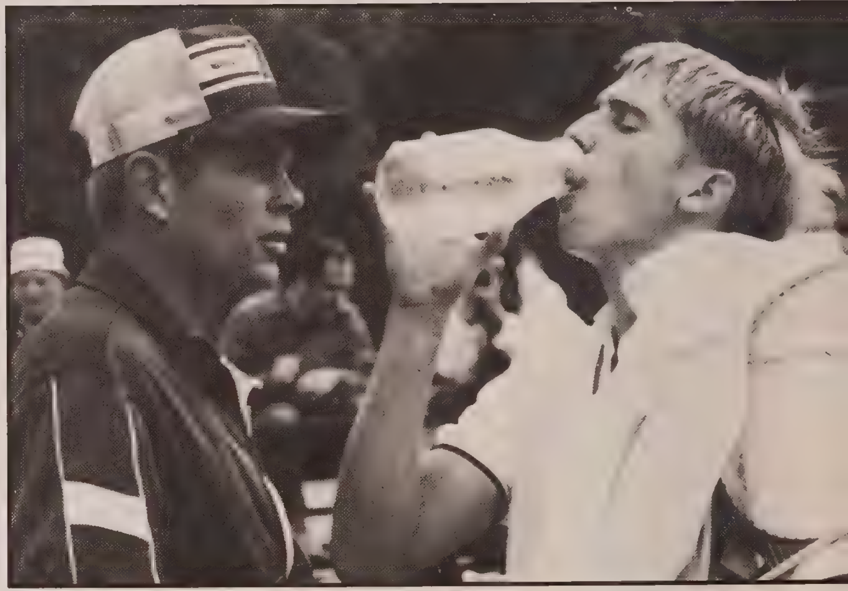
Navy		Opponent
5	Ohio State	4
9	Lehigh	0
9	East Stroudsburg	0
8	Bloomsburg State	1
9	Richmond	0
5	William and Mary	4
5	Colgate	2
1	Harvard	8
7	Dartmouth	2
8	George Washington	1
1	Yale	8
7	Brown	2
9	Catholic University	0
9	Salisbury State	0
8	Swarthmore	1
2	Princeton	7
3	Penn State	6
6	Howard University	0
7	Columbia University	2
8	Pennsylvania	1
6	Georgetown University	0
7	Maryland	2
6	Cornell University	3
9	Army	0

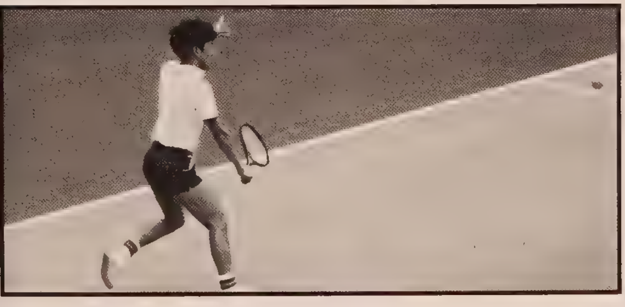
Record: 20-4

Coach: Bob Bayliss

Navy Sweeps Army 9-0

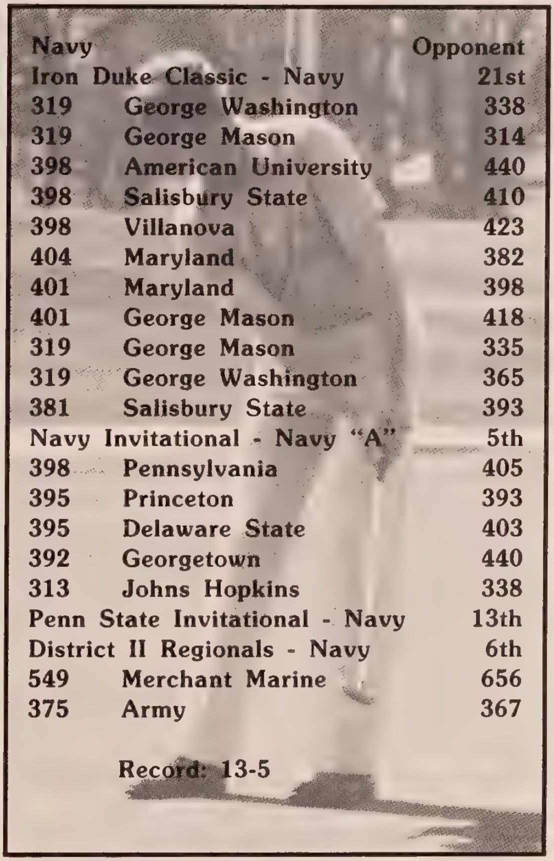






The Navy Golf Team compiled an impressive 13-5 record, the most wins ever by a Navy Golf Team. They lost four of their matches by a combined total of only 18 strokes. The team was led by Captain Bill Moran. He averaged 77.1 strokes per match. First class Tom Geidlin was next with a 78.8 average.

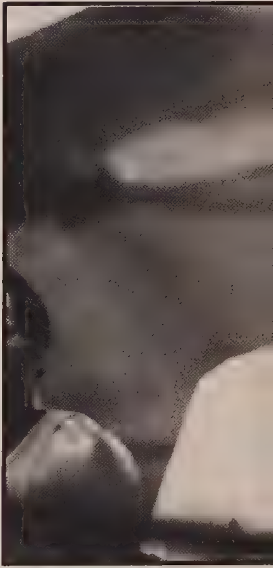
Golf

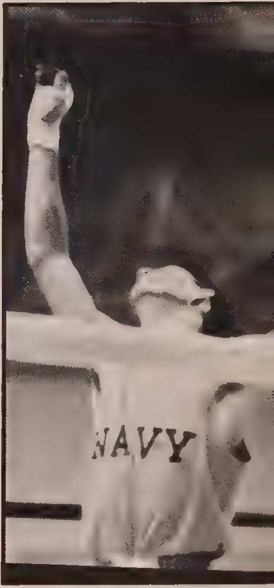


Navy		Opponent
Iron Duke Classic - Navy		21st
319	George Washington	338
319	George Mason	314
398	American University	440
398	Salisbury State	410
398	Villanova	423
404	Maryland	382
401	Maryland	398
401	George Mason	418
319	George Mason	335
319	George Washington	365
381	Salisbury State	393
Navy Invitational - Navy "A"		5th
398	Pennsylvania	405
395	Princeton	393
395	Delaware State	403
392	Georgetown	440
313	Johns Hopkins	338
Penn State Invitational - Navy		13th
District II Regionals - Navy		6th
549	Merchant Marine	656
375	Army	367

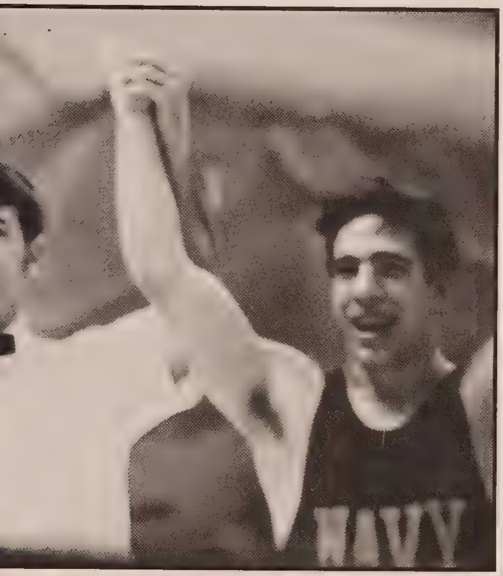
Record: 13-5

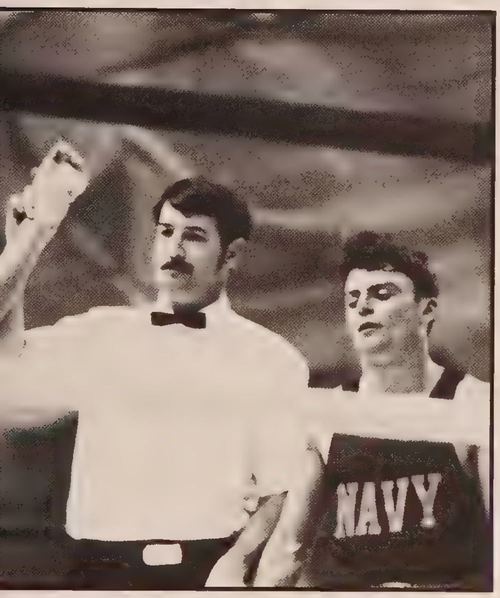
Brigade Boxing is one of the most physically demanding sports at the Naval Academy. Since the program is considered to be a varsity sport, the winners of the Brigade Boxing Tournament are awarded the coveted N letter sweater. This year's champions were First Class Michael Connolly, Robert Jaramillo, Shelton Redden, Paul Station; Second Class John Ratlovich and Frank Valente; and Third Class Antonio Muna and Kendall Switzer. In addition to winning the Brigade Championship in his weight class, boxer Shelton Redden took first in the Easterns competition and came in second at the NCAA finals. First Class Paul James also came in first in the Easterns and placed third at the NCAA's.

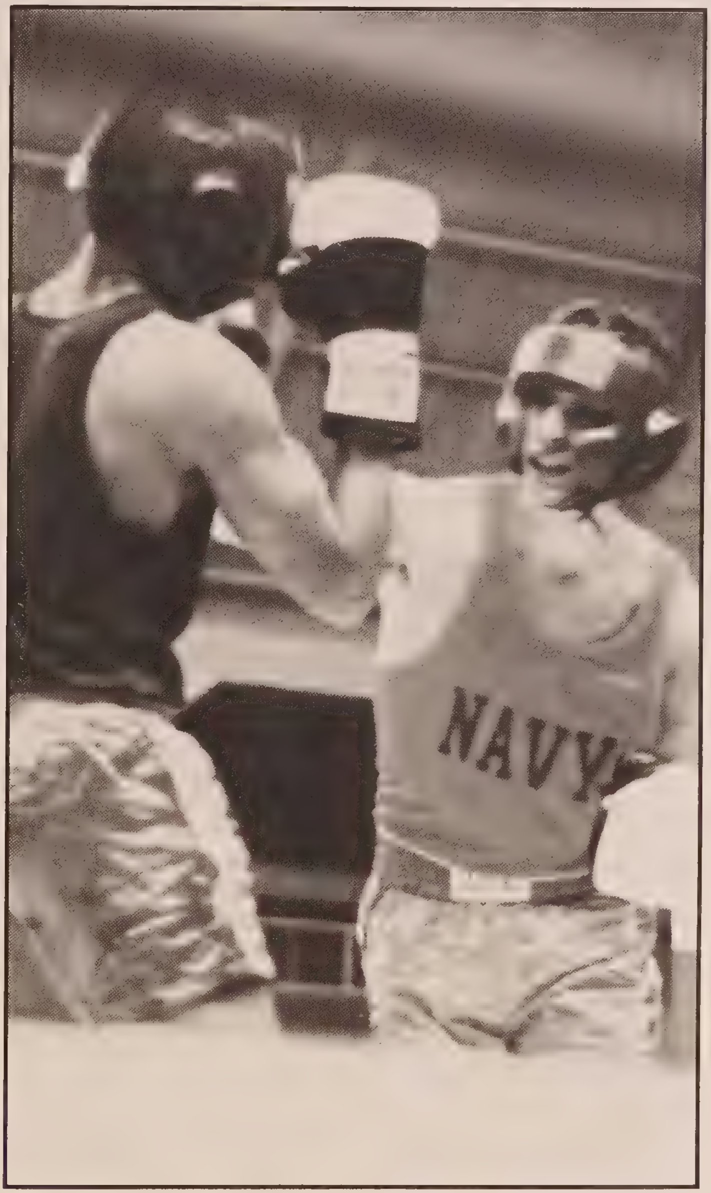




Brigade Boxing







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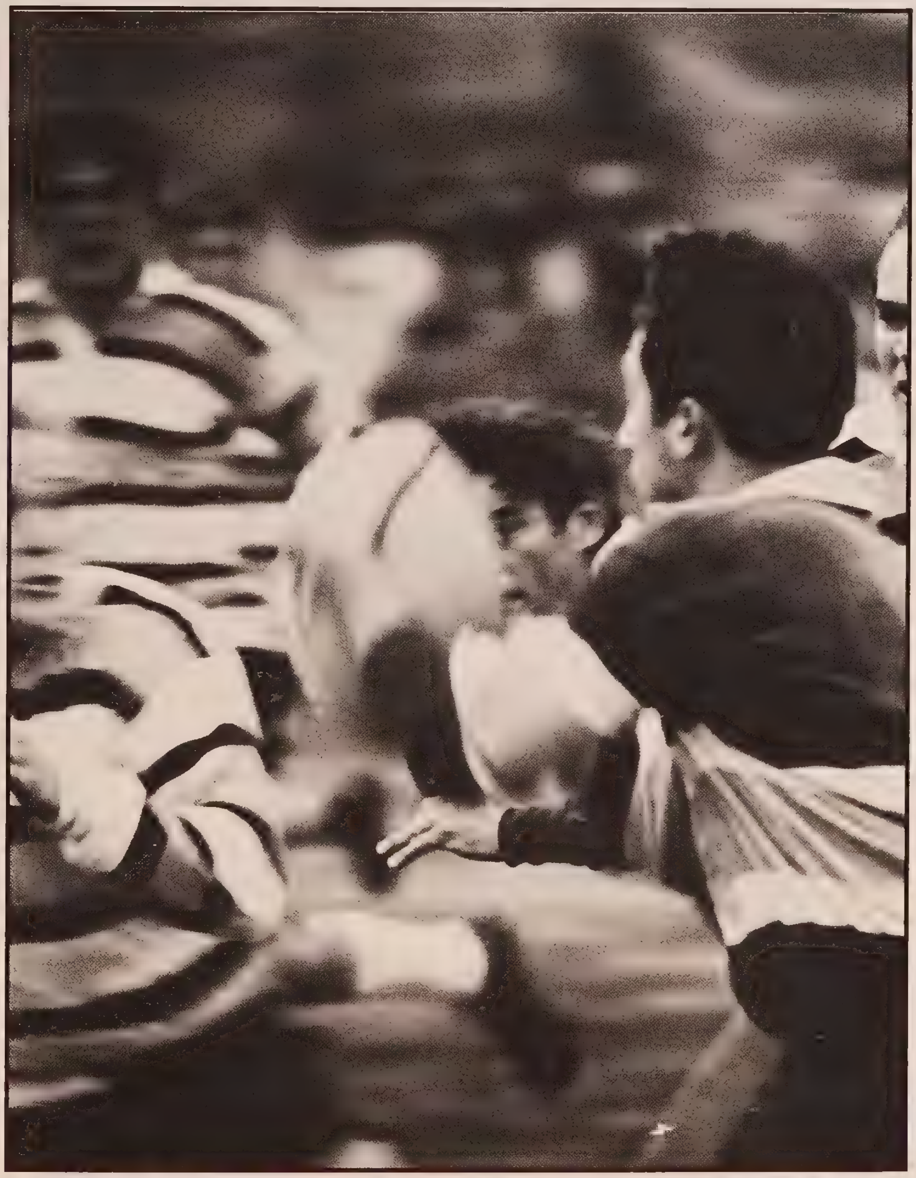
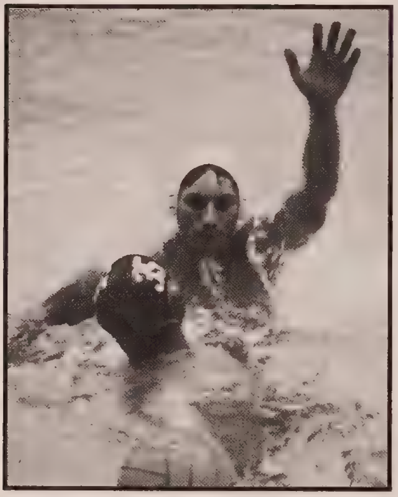
Rugby



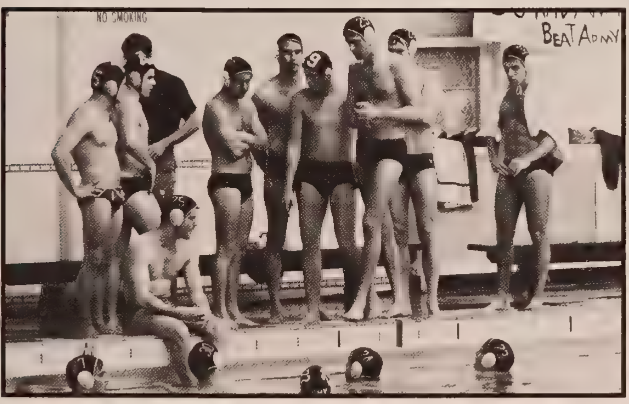
Hockey

Volleyball

Women's Gymnastics



Water Polo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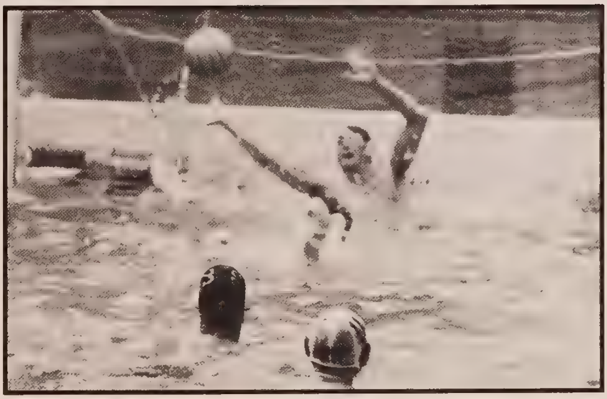
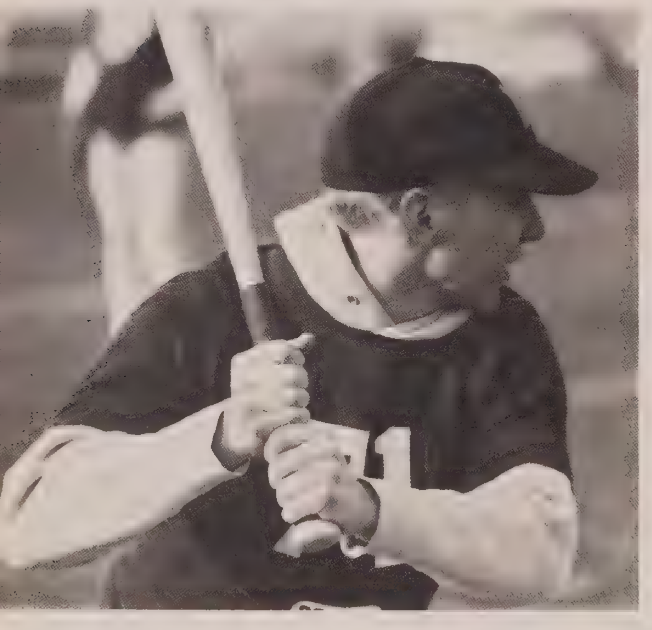
BEAT ARMY



Powerlifting

Intramurals



Fall Champions

Basketball - 36th Company
Record: 8-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c Gary Bell
Midn 1/c Milt Stretton

Roster: Coaches: 1/c G. Bell and M. Stretton; 1/c K. Kenny, L. Romig, J. Schartung, J. Sorce; 2/c C. Atmore, R. Mayer, K. McCarthy; 3/c M. Brown, K. Herzog, C. Kiser, T. Modly, C. Raines; 4/c A. Bigelow, T. Owens, J. Weistroffer.

Boxing - 4th Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coaches: Midn 2/c Jeff Mossbrucker
Midn 1/c Paul James

Roster: Coaches: 2/c J. Mossbrucker and 1/c Paul James; 1/c J. Huston, M. Connally, J. Guida, D. Mutzbaugh, T. Carlson, M. Dzieciolowski, L. Steckler; 2/c J. Kane, R. Rubin, J. Cramer; 3/c D. Bogdan, G. Miller, R. Brooks, J. Ruiz, K. Switzer, E. Schendell; 4/c T. Luke, D. Sanchez, R. Sichau, C. Brown.

Crew - 1st Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c Jerry Carson
Midn 1/c Richard Morgan

Roster: Coaches: 1/c J. Carson and R. Morgan; 2/c H. Jentz; 3/c T. Board, J. Llarena, G. Whitbeck, W. Grant, W. Lietzau, M. Schaefer, M. Green, H. Hundley.

Cross Country
- 5th Battalion
Record: [illegible]0
Coaches: Midn 1/c
Tom Hoffman
Midn 1/c
Dave Kroupa

Roster: Coaches: 1/c T. Hoffman and D. Kroupa; 1/c R. Almeter, B. Jett, J. Driscoll; 2/c C. Segura, S. Johnson, F. Lowery, S. Corley, R. Reimer, P. Yorio; 3/c M. Edmonson, K. McCarthy, M. Mundt, M. Balsik, D. Nobles, M. Lafreniere, D. Fowler; 4/c J. Wilhelm, J. Long.

Fencing - 3rd Battalion
Record: 9-1
Coaches: Midn 1/c Dave Perry
Midn 1/c Bob Sager

Roster: Coaches: 1/c D. Perry and B. Sager; 2/c C. Carodine, M. Smith; 3/c A. Carcueva, K. Papp, M. Claps, R. Convento, J. Gillespie, R. Hennelly; 4/c J. Schmitz, R. Wach, J. Katz, M. Smith, D. Lihani, G. Swain, G. Hatfield.

Football - 1st Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c Jim Wetzel
Midn 1/c Martin Bodrog

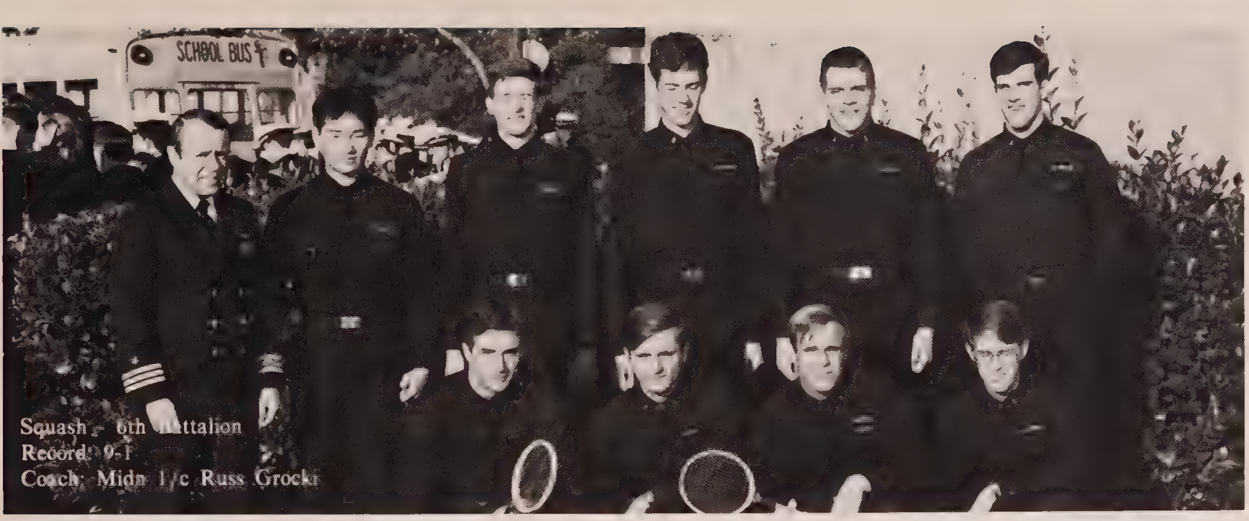
Roster: Coaches: 1/c J. Wetzel and M. Bodrog; 1/c A. Biesecker, R. Martin, R. Oldham, E. Juba, W. Tate, S. Hampton, K. Hauer; 2/c M. Foster, S. Larson, G. Bonsall, D. Culbertson, R. Dimas, J. Hatten, T. Sparks, D. Dinkins, J. Vargo, T. Ferrell, G. Anderson; 3/c J. Canny, K. Honeker, F. Morneau, D. Nestor, S. Olevnik, L. Pyle, G. Rivas, J. Schoppy, J. Cerasoulo, T. Jewell, B. Laroche, M. Walch, D. Forney; 4/c J. Cable, M. Yu, R. Silva, M. Martinez.

Handball - 6th Battalion
Record: 9-1
Coaches: Midn 1/c Pat Blake
Midn 1/c Dennis Soukup

Roster: Coaches: 1/c P. Blake and D. Soukup; 1/c P. Lorge, B. Hagaman; 2/c D. Jahrsdoefer, R. Merck, D. Dunaway, G. Landis, C. McGuire, C. Segura, T. Brannen, C. Wanstall; 3/c T. Jones, B. Taylor, K. Boice, R. Delrosario.

Soccer - 14th Company
Record: 8-0
Coach: Midn 1/c [illegible] Loughlin

Roster: Coach: 1/c P. Loughlin; 1/c J. Barron, D. Harrington, K. Liss, C. Owens; 2/c D. Land, W. Rempe, J. Shatto, S. Stroud; 3/c M. Hopgood, T. Kraft, C. Murch, B. Scales, J. Soto, T. Vindich; 4/c T. Campbell, J. Cordle, R. Froncillo.


Squash - 6th Battalion
Record: 9-1
Coach: Midn 1/c Russ Grocki

Roster: Coach: 1/c R. Grocki; 1/c P. Cahella, L. Grigg; 2/c P. Laroque, M. Hoppe, P. Monger, H. Dille, E. Ritter; 3/c S. McCormick, G. Hobson, D. Horgan; 4/c J. Kan, G. Krueger, L. Freeman, A. Alabata, M. Pitpit, R. Tillery.

Swimming - 5th Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c August Hubal
Midn 1/c John Dickmann

Roster: Coaches: 1/c A. Hubal and J. Dickmann; 1/c R. Cummings; 2/c E. Thompson, T. McGraw; 3/c B. Voigt, P. Amoe, P. Cooper, F. Jones, P. Pierson, A. Griffith, E. Miranda, S. Philpott, J. Polk, W. Schulz; 4/c D. Johnson, R. Martin, F. Adams, R. Inman, J. Lara, I. White.

Tennis: 6th Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c Ron Hovell
Midn 1/c Mike Jarvis

Roster: Coaches: 1/c R. Hovell and M. Jarvis; 1/c R. Seidel, B. Kissel, M. Landers, M. McGinty, T. Sanchez; 2/c W. Fazekas, J. Fowles, R. Grimm, E. Werling, A. Wilkins, A. Camaisa, T. Ryan; 3/c E. Ricketts, R. Sauer, J. Doyle; 4/c R. Kent, M. McKelvey, J. Worman, A. Kim.

Women's Volleyball/Basketball - 5th Battalion
Record: 8-2
Coach: Midn 2/c Donna Hazzard

Roster: Coach: 2/c D. Hazzard; 2/c J. Powell, J. Reeves; 3/c J. Blackwell, L. Tarr, R. Musico.

Wrestling - 6th Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c Bill Laughlin
Midn 1/c Chris Willy

Roster: Coaches: 1/c B. Laughlin and C. Willy; 1/c E. Brownlee; 2/c M. Clark, P. Brookes, J. McEnerney, J. Carroll, S. Harris, J. Scuteri; 3/c S. Messer, B. Donegan, G. Hall, R. Byrne, T. Maynard, M. Stone.

Winter Champions

Fieldball - 33r Company
Record: 10-0
Coaches Midn 1/c Ned Fuchs
Midn 1/c Ted Morse

Roster: Coaches: 1/c N. Fuchs and E. Morse; 1/c M. Dolan, T. Dumbauld, M. McLaughlin, D. O'Connell, P. Smith; 2/c K. Clover, E. Dahl, G. Dinardo, F. Gren, T. Mascolo, D. Otte, O. Spitz; 3/c T. Boussom, B. Wlkins, Fittante-Barnes, T. Hauge; 4/c C. Rainey, S. Sullivan.

Handball rd Battalion
Record: 9-
Coach: M 1/c Larry Olsen

Roster: Coach: 1/c L. Olsen; 1/c J. Begley, J. Bermudez-Corne; P. Hayes, R. Robledo, D. Samples, J. Vazquez, H. Atkins, C. Gepford, D. Williams; 3/c P. Holland, D. Snyder, J. Crockett, R. Jentoft, R. Padro, J. Gillespie, A. Laney, G. Miksch, S. Wickerson; 4/c F. Sutton, P Springer, A. Sharp, D. Spinuzzi.

Sq h - 2nd Batta on
Re d 10-
Co : Mi 1/c ss Kennedy

Roster: Coach: 1/c K. Kennedy; 1/c R. Beaton, M. McCormick, L. Vosbury; 2/c D. Groters, E. Cataldo, N. Covelli, R. Heagy, J. Miller, W. Patterson; 3/c G. Woodruff, J. Jockel, V. Makovitch, J. Peterson, J. Johannesen; 4/c E. Oswald

Women's Stxball - 1st Battalion
Record: 9-1-1
Coach: Midn 1/c Lilia Ramirez

Roster: Coach: 1/c L. Ramirez; 1/c D. Bauersfeld, R. Pietruska, C. Thomas; 2/c B. Fitzgerald; 3/c A. Furtner, D. Glass, D. Pellette, H. Wolfangel, C. Killmeyer, C. Sink, C. Walker; 4/c G. Dinicolo, K. Eaves, A. Thomas, M. Flaggs, K. Holderied, V. Wall.

Team Handball - 2nd Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coach: Midn 1/c Ray Davis

Roster: Coach: 1/c R. Davis; 1/c P. Lewis, R. Trenti, T. Weber; 2/c R. Perkins, T. Schauder, D. Waldman, S. Cochran, L. Brasher, P. Holden, T. Reese; 3/c V. Genco, M. Hinton, J. Rupp; 4/c S. Clemency, J. Funk.

Lightweig otball - 36th Company
Record:
Coaches: /c Tom Sanchez
/c John Sorce

Roster: Coaches: 1/c T. Sanchez and J. Sorce; 1/c G. Be., J. Calle, K. Kenny, D. Smith, E. Turner; 2/c W. Barnes, J. Carroll, S. Harris, J. Richardson, C. Sprinkle, T. Varner; 3/c C. Anderson, R. Haberstick, D. Horgan, T. Modly, S. Recca, M. Stone; 4/c J. Bartkowski, S. Peffers.

Heavyweight Football - [illegible]h Company
Record: 10-0
Coach: Midn [illegible]/c Bill Ta[illegible]

Roster: Coach: 1/c W. Tate; 2/c C. Borowski, I. Debate, B. Riso, F. Rodgers, P. Thurman, J. Vargo; 3/c J. Canny, J. Currer, H. Hundley, G. Manley, D. Nestor, L. Pyle, J. Schoppy, C. Voigtsverger; 4/c K. Blum, J. Fellowes, A. Manning, S. Oh, D. Zevotek.

Spring Champions

Basketball - 3rd Battalion
Record: 9-1
Coaches: Midn 1/c Michael Hamele
Midn 1/c Don Ross

Roster: Coaches: 1/c M. Hamele and D. Ross; 1/c T. Coker; 2/c J. Hansen; 3/c T. Brannon, W. Larson, W. McHugh, K. Parton, T. Frakes, P. Sawyer, D. Ellsworth, J. Mason; 4/c J. Laughlin, J. Taylor, K. Mann.

Knockabout Sailing - 16th Company
Coach: Midn 1/c Tom Sullivan

Roster: Coach: 1/c T. Sullivan; 2/c J. Davidson, R. Hunt; 3/c A. Grace; 4/c J. Doyle.

Lacrosse - 1st Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c Salvadore Weaver
Midn 1/c Pete Sciabarra

Roster: Coaches: 1/c S. Weaver and P. Sciararra; 1/c J. Quinn, J. Parkinson, M. Orourke; 2/c G. Robillard, M. Tabert, R. Bradford, G. Bonsall, B. Riso, W. Kearley, J. Viniotis; 3/c E. Disher, K. Phillips, G. Smith, T. Jewell, B. Laroche, G. Schmidt; 4/c M. Yu, M. Fairley, D. Zevotek, G. Mesora.

Powerlifting - 1st Battalion
Record: 4-0-1
Coach: Midn 1/c William Roberts

Roster: Coach: 1/c W. Roberts; 1/c R. Methany, W. Rearick; 2/c C. Kirby, E. Reed; 3/c J. Clark, J. Schoppy, S. Freeman, J. Miller, L. McCombs; 4/c S. Griffin, J. Mooney, J. Bishop, T. McSwain.

Rugby: 3rd Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c Eugene Sedy
Midn 1/c Kent Mills

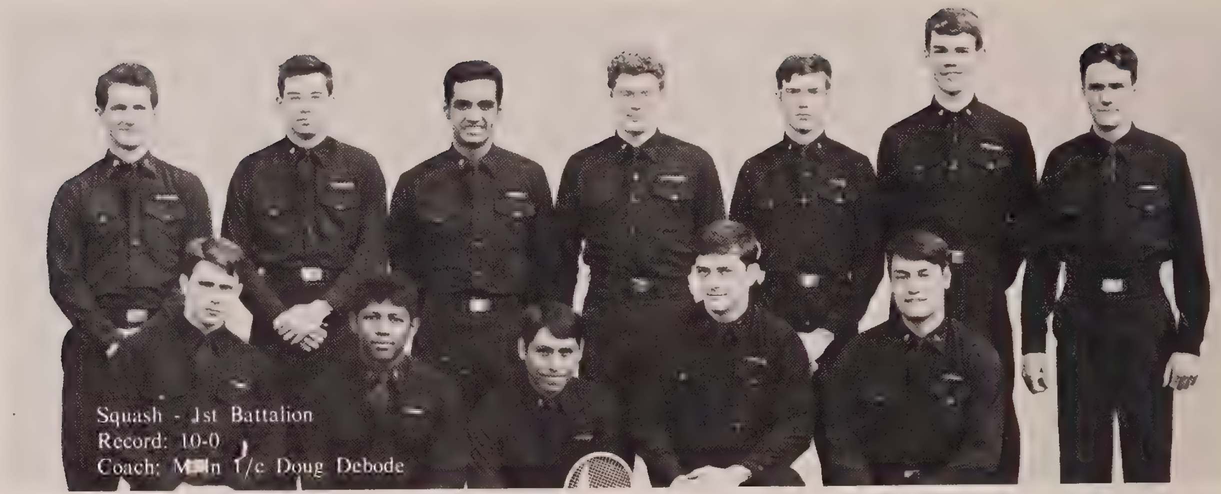
Roster: Coaches: 1/c E. Sedy and K. Mills; 1/c J. Gross, Bermudez-Cornejo, S. Killion; 2/c M. Bannister, R. Civilikas, D. Land, B. Moody, K. Hogan, R. Iral, M. Maze, M. Pucciariello, M. Rios, D. Williams; 3/c D. Simmons, P. Cahill, P. Clark, J. Stewart, S. Bubier, J. Clark, M. Dellatto, S. Gabriszeski, A. Laney, P. Roach, S. Wickerson, R. Woodford; 4/c G. Murray, L. Seutter, L. Clark, D. Cooper.

Fast Pitch Softball - 28th Company
Record: 9-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c Joe Cronauer
Midn 1/c Bob Perry

Roster: Coaches: 1/c J. Cronauer and B. Perry; 1/c Carkhuff, M. Harper; 4/c S. Dirito, A. Pulliam, M. J. Brusoski, S. Forsyth, M. Hein, R. Koerber, W. McGuinness, L. Philpot, B. Standly; 2/c K. Vowell.

Softball - 23rd Company
10-0
s: Midn 1/c Bob Kennington
Midn 2/c Br Jones

Roster: Coaches 1/c B. Kennington and 2/c B. Jones; 2/c T. Doughty, G. Gilbert, D. Maconi, T. Malkasian, C. Miller, D. Morben, B. Neveras, G. Neveras, R. Rubin, J. Steele, O. Valore, S. Vasina, L. Venturelli; 3/c W. Stacia, J. Cunningham.


Squash - 1st Battalion
Record: 10-0
Coach: Midn 1/c Doug Debode

Roster: Coach 1/c D. Debode; 1/c R. Morgan; 2/c T. Kennedy, N. Davis, P. Friedrichs, G. Lahr; 3/c J. Flores, T. Hodgson, R. Clyborne, J. Cooney; 4/c K. Burke, L. Carr, E. Cook, C. Kowalczuk, D. Forney, T. Gehan.

Tennis - 6th Batt
Record: 10-0
Coach: Midn 1/c ike McGinty

Roster: Coach: 1/c M. McGinty; 1/c R. Hovell, H. Lock, T. Johnson, B. Kissel, S. Hooper; 2/c J. Fowles, O. Spitz, J. Rasmussen, S. Russ, A. Wilkins, J. Donovan, A. Camaisa, K. Harms, T. Ryan; 3/c J. Doyle, L. MacKay, J. Sheehan, S. Recca; 4/c J. Kan, S. Thatcher, A. Kim.

Tennis Battalion
5-0
Midn 2/c Alma Rodriguez

Roster: Coach: 2/c A. Rodriguez; 1/c V. Defiore, A. Howard, V. Orourke; 2/c D. Zink; 3/c B. Berman; 4/c R. Kent, L. Law, L. Pace.

Track - 5th Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coaches: Midn 1/c John Kelly
Midn 1/c Ricardo Craft

Roster: Coaches: 1/c J. Kelly and R. Craft; 1/c R. Byng, T. Hoffman, F. Lee; 2/c J. Campbell, M. Jackson, J. Sanders, S. Johnson, F. Lowery, J. Daly, R. Russell, J. Hammond; 3/c K. McCarthy, P. Protacio, G. Cerezo, J. McQuade, J. Montgomery, M. Mundt, M. Blasik, M. Schoonmaker, C. Baniewicz, R. Bartlett, M. Lafreniere, M. Klorig; 4/c H. Nelson, T. Gallagher, D. Hoover, J. Long.

Volleyball - 5th Battalion
Record: 8-2
Coach: Midn 1/c Pete Gumataotao

Roster: Coach: 1/c P. Gumataotao; 1/c S. Jaworski, B. Salmon, P. Stanton, C. Larrew, M. Middleton; 2/c B. Ofriel, W. Davis, D. Martin, M. Williams; 3/c W. Hicks, J. Wood, A. Plewniak, J. Yourkowski; 4/c V. Martinez.

Water Polo - 5th Battalion
Record: 5-0
Coach: Midn 1/c Brad Gawboy

Roster: Coach: 1/c B. Gawboy; 1/c R. Elliot, K. Rohlfing, M. Mulligan; 2/c J. Bell, J. McClain, T. McGraw, R. Ungaro, F. Pursel; 3/c F. Jones, E. McNamara, W. Schulz, E. Miranda, S. Philpot, J. Polk; 4/c J. Lara, I. White, K. Woltersdorf.

ECA'S

Lucky Bag

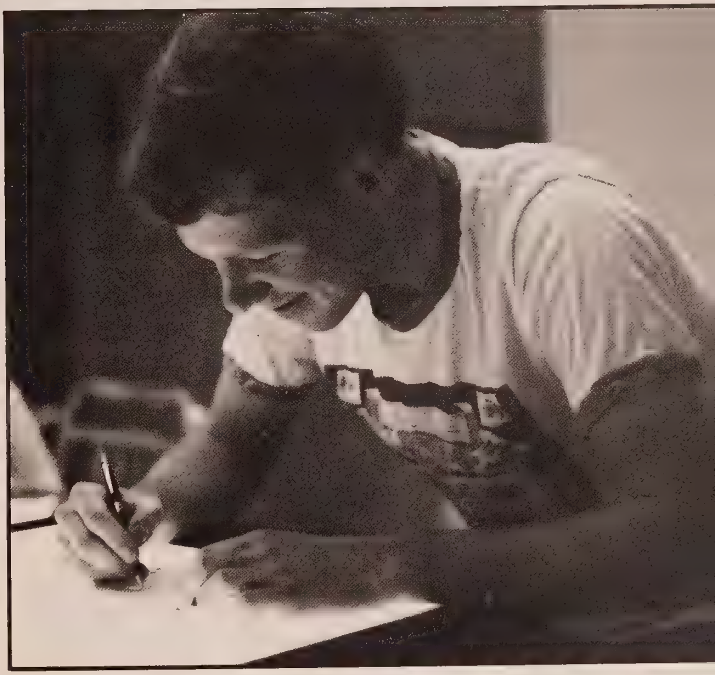
Perhaps no other extracurricular activity experiences as many decisions in the course of a year as the *Lucky Bag* staff. This year was no exception. With ideas in their heads and money in their pockets, the 1981 editors set out to produce the finest yearbook the Naval Academy had ever seen.

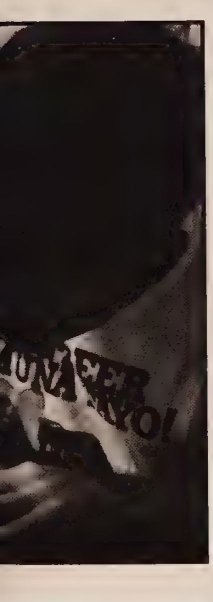
Editor selection was held late in the 1979-80 academic year. Stuart Swetland was selected as the Editor-in-Chief with the important positions of Associate Editor and Layout Editor given to first class Albert Thomas (Al) and Christopher Cooke (Chris) respectively. Jon Messinger (J. D.) and Richard Winslow (Rick) took care of the business and scheduling end of the book, while Class President Dennis Sawyer ran advertising.

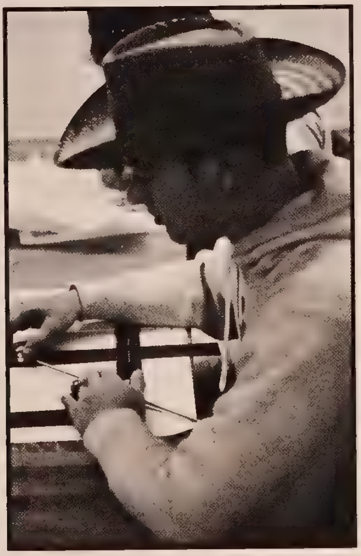
Most of the ideas for the actual appearance of the '81 book evolved slowly. Input from roommates, friends, officers, as well as the editors shaped and molded the 1981 book as you see it today. Financial restrictions caused major decisions such as the cover appearance and color usage to go to unofficial committees for resolution. Most of the day to day decisions on the actual content were made by Layout chief Chris Cooke. The photography was almost exclusively handled by Associate Editor Al Thomas.

Despite all the obstacles, the 1981 Lucky Bag represents perhaps the greatest amount of effort ever put into the production of an annual for USNA. In addition to publishing all of the first class formal photos in color, all of the first class also had a color informal photo published. This was no small feat as well as a Lucky Bag first. Back from the 1979 Lucky Bag is a "calendar" section which depicts events and brigade life. Another unique addition to the 1981 book was the presence of a "company logo" for each company in the underclass section.

Few midshipman realize the amount of work that goes into the publishing of a yearbook. Those that do realize the amount of dedication and sacrifice required from a staff to meet deadlines (or almost meet them) and get the job done. The bottom line is the *Lucky Bag* organization is too big, too complex, and its mission too important to be called an ECA. With a budget approaching $130,000, it would be more appropriate to call the *Lucky Bag* a business which is run by the staff during their spare time. While the editorial decisions are not always perfect, they are indeed the wishes of the editors as they perceive the wants and needs of the brigade. The *Lucky Bag* still being run by mids is testimony to the serious attitude which the staff has towards it.







Drum and Bugle Corps

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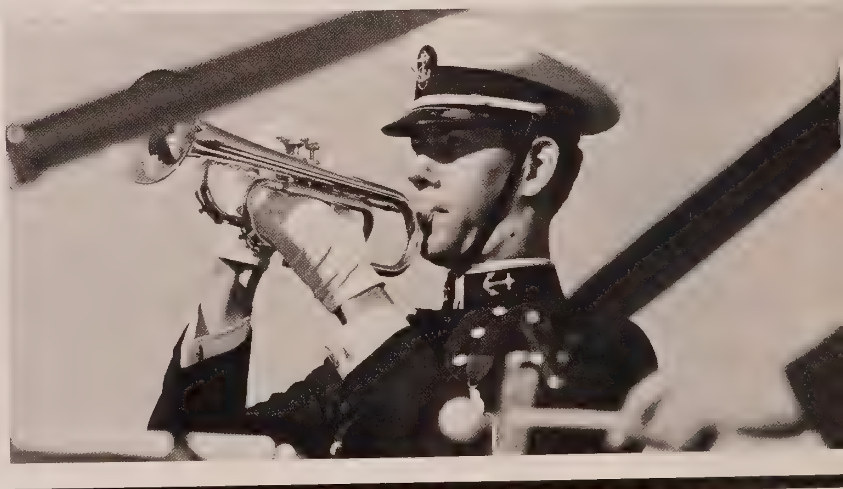


The U.S. Naval Academy Drum and Bugle Corps is an organization which is dedicated to support of the Brigade of Midshipmen. The Corps provides music at daily formations, formal parades, and other Brigade activities.

In addition to its normal routine, the Corps represents the Naval Academy by performing around the United States in both marching shows and concerts. These shows include performances at Navy football games, as well as for such professional football teams as the Pittsburgh Steelers, Dallas Cowboys, Baltimore Colts, and Washington Redskins. The Corps in recent years has also participated in Mardi Gras in New Orleans, the Gimble's Thanksgiving Day Parade in Philadelphia, and the Presidential Inaugural Parade.

Annual performances include the "Serenade in Brass" in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and the Apple Blossom Festival in Winchester, Virginia. Special appearances this year have included the Cherry Blossom Festival in the nation's capital, and the Dixie Stinger in Baltimore, Maryland.

Each year the Corps competes in the interservice drum and bugle corps competition against the U.S. Air Force Academy and U.S. Coast Guard Academy on the Navy-Air Force football weekend. This year the D & B returned from Christmas leave a few days early to go on a five day tour of Virginia and Tennessee.

The 135 member USNA Drum and Bugle Corps is composed entirely of brass and percussion instruments. The incredible sound that is produced combined with the spectacle of colorful flags and changing formations results in a musical exhibition unmatched by conventional marching bands.

The Masqueraders Present:

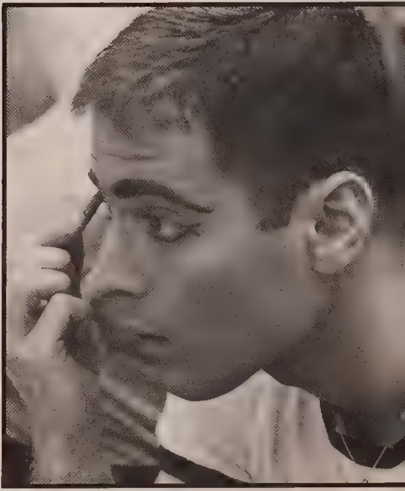
The Three Musketeers

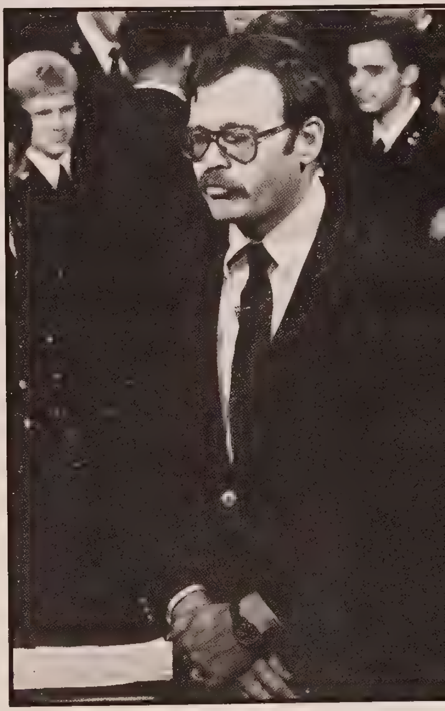
The Masqueraders, the Naval Academy's thespians, staged "The Three Musketeers" in the fall. The show ran for six nights and enjoyed full houses during each performance.

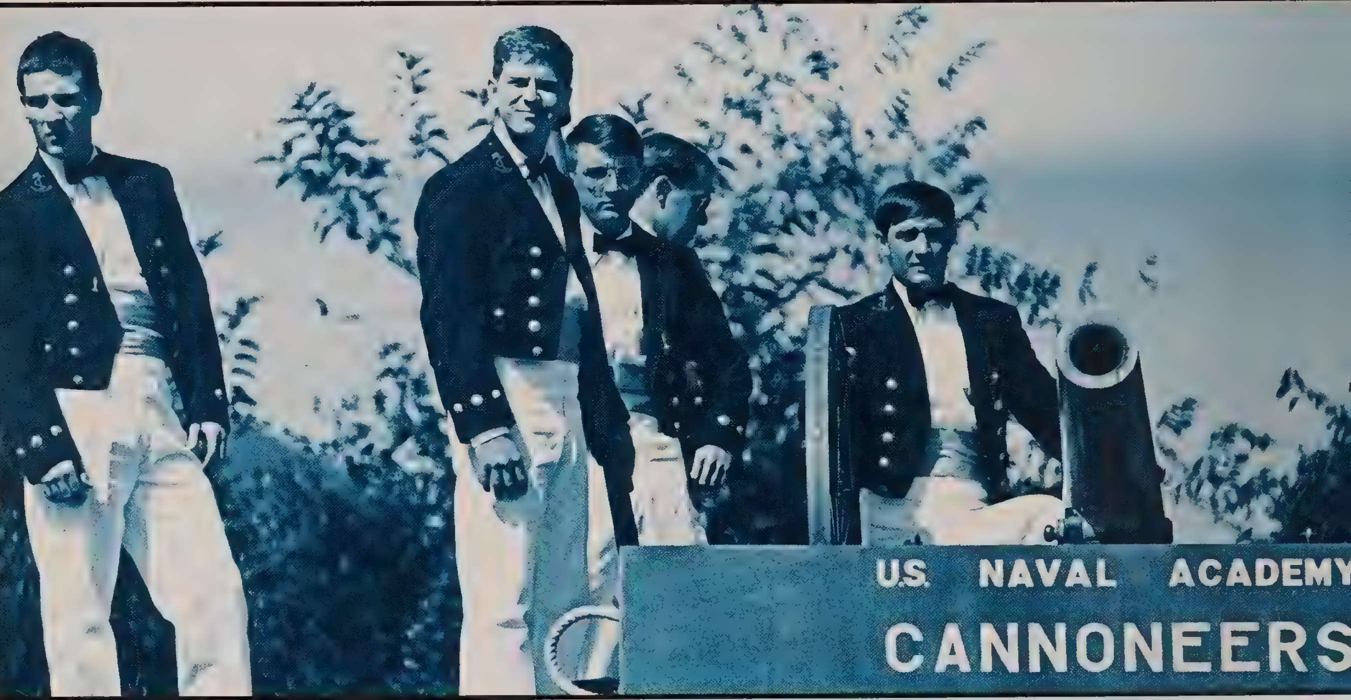
The Masqueraders is composed of midshipmen actors and actresses as well as a lighting crew, stage crew, costume designers, and civilian members. Each year the group presents a drama in the fall. In addition to their own production, many of the Masqueraders perform in the Glee Club's spring musical. "Fiddler on the Roof" was the Glee Club's musical this year.

The Glee Club Presents:

Fiddler on the Roof

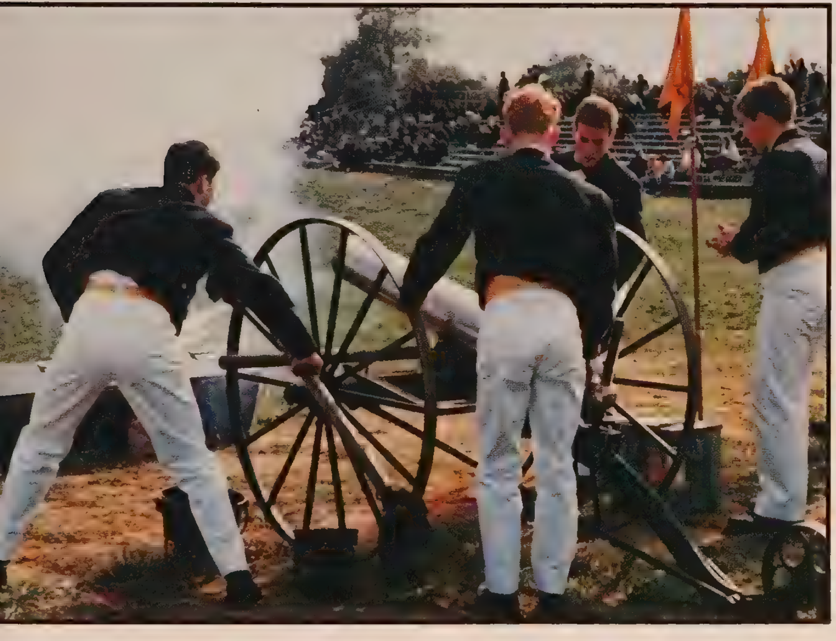





U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY
CANNONEERS

Cannoneers

US NAVAL ACADEMY
CANNONEERS



As the referee signals yet another Navy touchdown, his action is punctuated with the deafening blast of a naval gun fired in salute. The eight members of the Brigade Cannoneers swarm over the 1865 Dahlgren Boat Howitzer and in less than a minute the cannon is ready to fire for the extra point. Since 1967, the tradition of cannon fire at Naval Academy home football games has been kept by a small contingent of spirited professionals. Only two people from the plebe class are selected as members to the cannoneers and they remain on for all four years.

During the past year the cannoneers supported the varsity football team at all their home games. They also followed the team to the Meadowlands for their contest against the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame. They supported the 150 pound football team as they battled against Army at home. And, of course, it was the Naval Academy cannon that filled Veterans Stadium with smoke and sound as the Big Blue destroyed the whoops from West Point.

Naval Academy

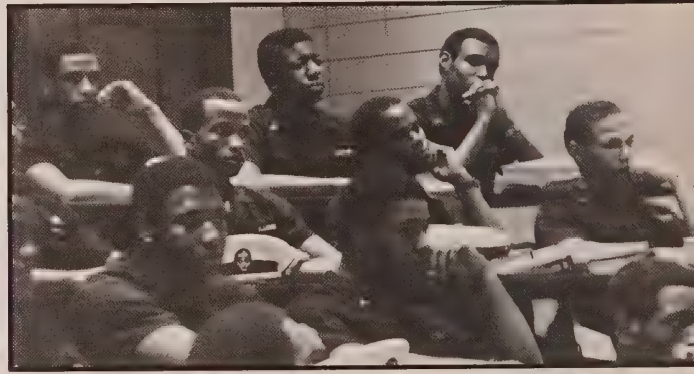
Foreign Affairs Conference

The 1981 Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference, entitled WORLD RESOURCE DIPLOMACY AND UNITED STATES FOREIGN POLICY, dealt with one of the most important issues of our time: How can the United States insure access to vitally needed resources in the years to come?

For the past twenty years the United States Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference has been an annual forum where exemplary students in political science, economics, and international relations have gathered to discuss topics of national and international scope. The themes selected for the conference have varied over a wide spectrum of political and international affairs, with the overall objective being to further the education of delegates. The conference is an academic forum which has been praised for its high standard of scholastic excellence and political awareness. Last year, over 200 delegates from 130 colleges across the nation participated in NAFAC. This year, about the same number and caliber of students attended.

The Navy Cheerleades work in conjunction with the Brigade Activities Committee to promote spirit within the Brigade. They cheered at pep rallies, team send-offs, varsity football games, 150 pound football games, and at Navy basketball games.

Cheerleaders



Black Studies Club

One of the major problems faced by minority students at the Naval Academy has been adjusting to the environment of the institution. Throughout the year, the Black Studies Club combined their efforts with the Candidate Guidance Office, the Human Relations Committee, and the Black Studies Committee to effectively counteract the problem. The club assisted the chain of command in identifying midshipmen in academic difficulty and encouraging these individuals to seek extra instruction. The Black Studies Club also stimulated interest and enhanced the understanding of the roots of black Americans by sponsoring distinguished speakers, artists, musicians, and entertainers. The roster of distinguished guests included Morgan State University Gospel Choir; Reverend Jones from Bethany Baptist Church, N. Y.; Olifunmilayo Dance Troupe from Baltimore, MD; Mr. Al Bumbry and Mr. Elrod Hendricks from the Baltimore Orioles; Mr. David Brown and his Musical Production; and the Harlem Boys Choir.

Each of these prominent black artists highlighted and contributed various positive attributes of the black culture to the brigade of midshipmen. This year the Black Studies Club successfully achieved their goal of uniting midshipmen from varied backgrounds and easing their assimilation into the Brigade.

Sport Parachute Club

The Naval Academy Sport Parachute Club is one of the Academy's most popular and exciting extracurriculars. The club is unique among ECA's in that its members participate in an activity that is not only an internationally recognized competitive sport, but in one that is also a valuable military skill.

The Sport Parachute Club competes annually in the Tri-Service Academy Parachute Competition, the National Collegiate Parachuting Championships, and the West Point Invitational Parachute Meet. The competitions are in addition to the club's more enjoyable function of serving as the Naval Academy's airborne ambassadors at local carnivals, festivals, and sporting events.

The club's officer representative is Lt. Fred Bauer and the president was Midshipman Mike Kennedy, '81.

Military Parachute Club

The Log

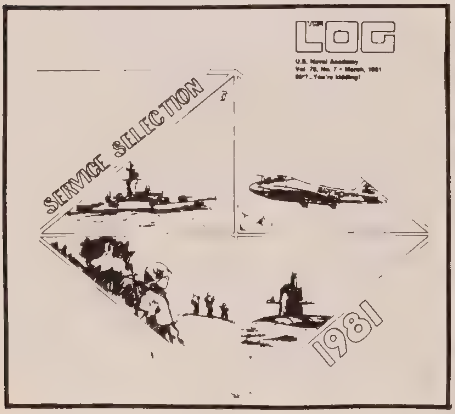
Under editor Walter Edward Carter, Jr. the *Log* magazine has seen its finest two years ever. Not only has the *Log* eclipsed all previous years, but also far outclassed its counterparts at Army and Air Force.

The *Lot* staff worked hard this year to produce excellent material. The Art Department, coedited by Doug Weatherford and Rock Gawne, was solid this year with humor from Ward Carroll, Chris Borcik, Bob Crigger, Ray Husa, and the old veteran Jerry Carson. There was also some outrageously bad art from the multi-talented Snircus.

Humor was always the *Log's* strong point and the decayed brains of Dennis Murphy and Bob Womer created some really memorable literary monstrosities. The hard-hitting Sports Department was led by John Paul who kept the Brigade on the inside track with Navy Sports.

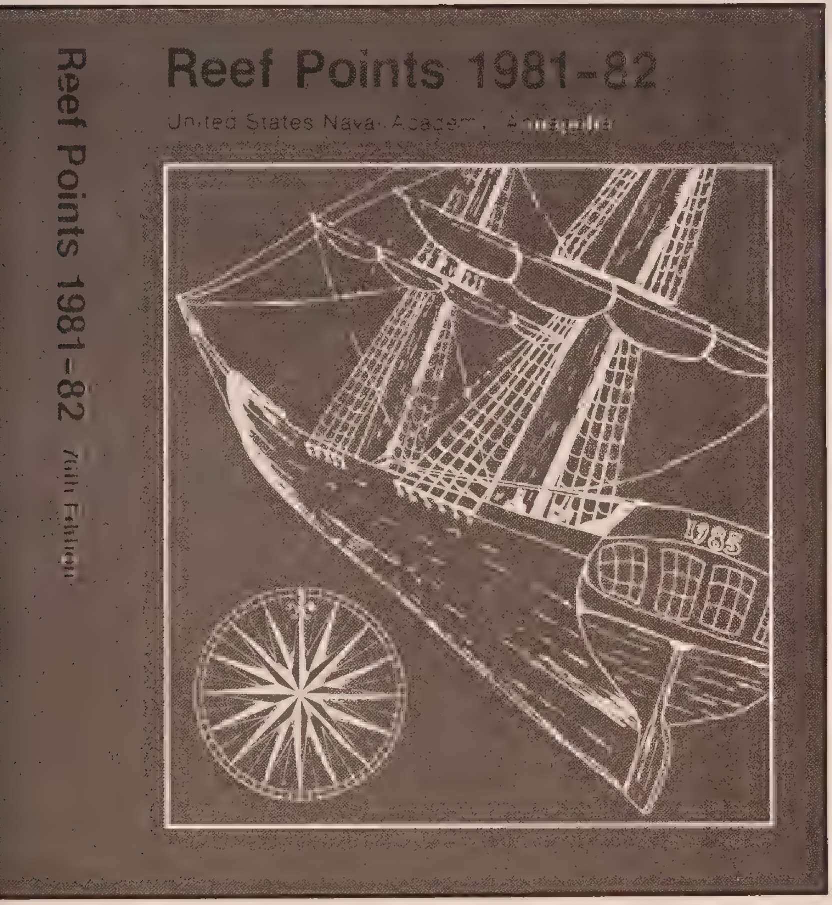
Photography was handled by Don Hudson and Circulation was ruled with a strong arm by Bob Schulze.

This year's *Log* kept the Brigade going with the right attitude and proper outlook on Navy life. Hopefully, it made life a little easier for all midshipmen.


THE LOG
U.S. Naval Academy
Vol. 70, No. 7 • March, 1981
SERVICE SELECTION
1981

THE LOG
U.S. Naval Academy
Vol. 70, No. 9 & 10 • May, 19
Double Issue—$1.70
Special Commissioning Week Issue!

Reef Points/Trident Calendar



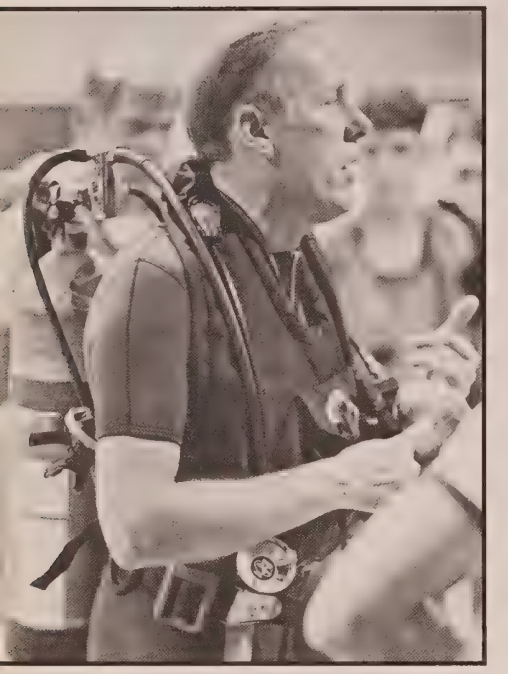
Reef Points, the handbook of the Brigade of Midshipmen, is revised and amended annually by the *Reef Points* staff. Often referred to as the "Plebe's Bible," *Reef Points* is one of the most hated objects of Plebe Summer. Few midshipmen look at *Reef Points* after Parents' Weekend their plebe year. Yet this publication contains much important and useful information about the Naval Academy and the Navy. In addition to being a Plebe Indoctrination tool, the book provides an insider's view of the Academy for parents and friends of midshipmen. *Reef Points* contains the history of the Academy as well as information about sports, extracurricular activities, and other areas of Academy life.

Probably the most seen calendar in a midshipman's room is the Trident. Edited by midshipmen, the Trident is a collection of photos and cartoons which are keyed to the seasons and events of the year. The 1981 Tident had a gold (mustard) cover and the usual pages for each week of the year. Photography for the calendar is solicited from the Brigade and also photographers for the *Lucky Bag* and *Log.* Cartoons appear for each week to help mids laugh and help make the week go faster.

Scuba Club

The USNA Scuba Club is dedicated to promoting SCUBA diving within the Brigade of Midshipmen. Primarily a recreational activity, diving furthers the mission of the Academy by providing an activity that graduates can pursue throughout their careers. Consequently, the bulk of the Club's activity is directed toward organizing and teaching Basic Scuba classes. Approximately three hundred midshipmen receive their Basic Scuba Qualification Cards annually from the Club. The culmination of the course is an open water qualification dive. Successful completion of the course earns a Scuba certification sanctioned by the National Association of Underwater Instructors (NAUI).

In addition to qualifying interested midshipmen in Scuba diving, the Club serves experienced divers too. The Club itself functions as the only organized group of divers within the Brigade, allowing dive-oriented activities with a minimum of effort. Qualified divers may also borrow club owned SCUBA gear and purchase equipment at substantially reduced prices at the Club store in Bancroft Hall. The club offers courses on a periodic basis for qualified divers to advance their skills, leading to an instructor's qualification if desired.



During the fall semester, the Basic Scuba class prepared eighty midshipmen for their qualification dive. Another class of eighty completed the basic classroom and pool instruction in the first weeks of the spring semester, in preparation for the annual Club pilgrimage to the colorful reefs and sunny beaches of Key Largo, Florida, during spring leave.

The high point of club activity during the year, the Florida trip provides an opportunity for novice divers to receive their open water qualification in warm, clear water. Experienced divers can experience some of the world's best diving at minimal cost. Camping, diving, and cookouts make the week a very enjoyable one for all.

Bridge Club

The Big Brother/Big Sister club is a voluntary service for single parent children between the ages of eight and sixteen in the Annapolis area. Members of the club provide an adult figure for the children and provide role models for them. Most important, however, is the need for the Big Brother/Sister to be sensitive to the child's needs while acting as a confidant and friend.

The club offers monthly festivities to help the children meet each other and take advantage of the many services within the Academy. Some of the parties held during the year were bowling, ice skating, Christmas Sundaes, Halloween, a film fest, and a pizza party. In the spring a trip to King's Dominion and a picnic were held.

The club provides a community service that benefits not only community members but midshipmen. It allows the mids to help needy children while accomplishing their main mission: having fun.

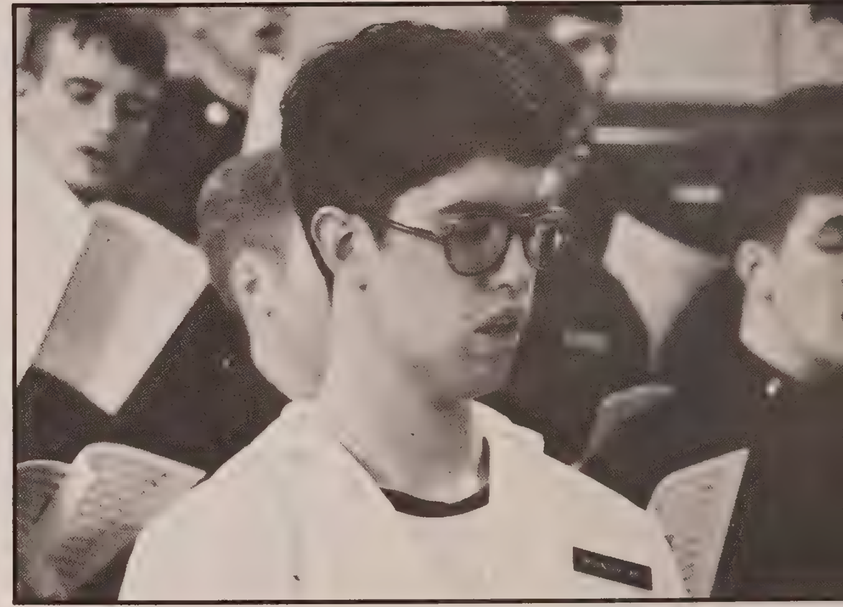
Big Brothers and Sisters

The Protestant Chapel Choir is one of three choirs that sing every Sunday morning in the Naval Academy Chapel. The group is approximately 80 members strong, and is the only choir consisting solely of men. Most people recognize it as the choir which sits in front of the Chapel for the Protestant service. The main purpose of the Chapel Choir is to provide musical leadership for the Protestant services each Sunday. This is done through the singing of hymns and prepared anthems during the services.

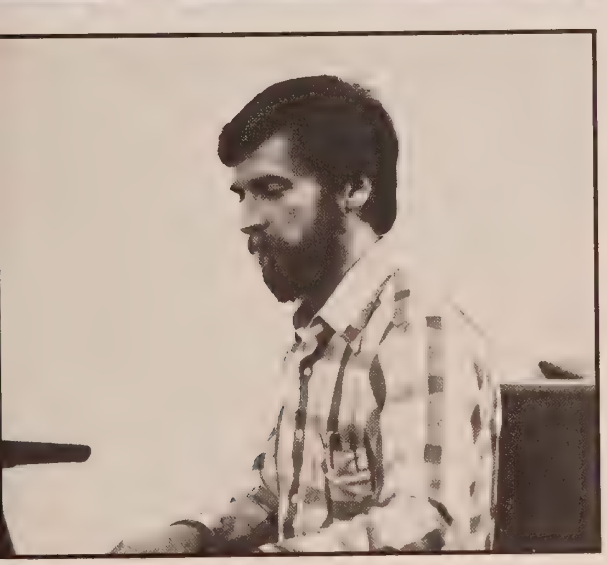
In addition to singing in the Chapel, the Choir travels two or three weekends per year to various cities on the East Coast to provide music for church services and to represent the Naval Academy. The Choir has sung at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian church in New York City, St. David's Episcopal Church in the Philadelphia area following the Army-Navy game, and the River Road Baptist Church in Richmond, Va. The Choir also sings Sunday afternoon services in the Baltimore - Washington area.

The highlight of each year for the Choir is the annual presentation of Handel's Messiah. The combined choirs of the Naval Academy and Hood College perform this beautiful work of art each Christmas season before full houses at both schools. This year the Protestant Chapel Choir combined with the Goucher College Choir to perform the Easter section of the Messiah.

The Chapel Choir, under the fine direction of Mr. Barry Talley, performs a variety of sacred music throughout the year. The Choir's repertoire includes traditional men's arrangements from the classical English, French, and German Renaissance and Baroque periods, as well as traditional Russian arrangements, American spirituals and hymns, and more modern sacred material.



Choirs



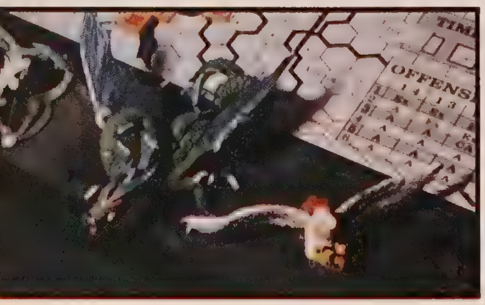
Military Studies Club

One of the lesser known extracurricular activities at the Naval Academy is the Military Studies Association. The MSA, or as it is more commonly called the Wargamer's Club, is an activity which seeks to enhance the professional knowledge of midshipmen through conflict simulation.

Members of the MSA have access to a large amount of club owned gaming equipment to help pursue their hobby. They may use either commercial games which recreate famous military campaigns of the past, present, and even the possible future, or they may choose from the huge assortment of miniatures and form their own scenarios on the club's sand table.

The MSA does not confine its activities to club members. Every spring the MSA hosts NAVCON, a wargamer's convention which invites wargaming clubs from the area as well as local merchants to gather together to trade ideas and experiences while enjoying their hobby. In addition the MSA attempts a yearly pilgrimage to West Point to match wits with its Army rival.

The Military Studies Association is a unique activity which enhances professional development while at the same time having fun, learning from the past by recreating it, and often changing the outcome. Let's see now, suppose the South had won the Civil War . . .



Art and Print Club

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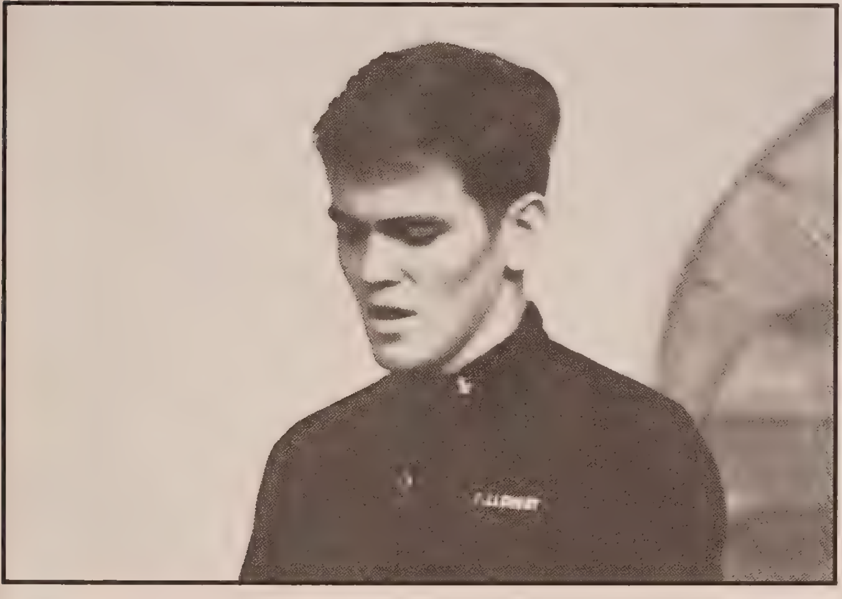
USNA '82

Officers' Christian Fellowship



The Officers' Christian Fellowship seeks to exhalt the Lord Jesus Christ through the fellowship, encouragement, and training of Christian officers so they may be equipped to minister to all ranks in the Armed Forces. This national organization provides a common base of Christian fellowship and ministry throughout the Armed Services. Here at the Naval Academy there are a variety of exciting activities open to midshipmen and officers.

Annual activities are the Labor Day Conference, the Army-Navy Banquet, the Army-Navy winter sports party, and the Graduation Banquet. These are times of meeting new people, sharing Christian faith, and growing in spiritual way.

The weekly OCF meetings provide midshipmen with the opportunity for regular fellowship, worship, and Christian teaching. However, the most effective areas of ministry are small company bible studies led by midshipmen. The OCF offers guidelines and encouragement in establishing these studies. Organized semester long studies called "equipping groups" are also provided which cover many of the foundation stones of Christian life.

The OCF offers weekly times of fun filled activities which include afternoon of touch football, picnics and hayrides, post football game parties, Saturday night pillow fights and games, and even a good ole Christmas tree decorating.

With a new senior marine officer and new officer representative, the Semper Fidelis Society attempted to get more involved in bringing different aspects of the Marine Corps to its members. The primary task this year was to get the society doing more than in the past. This was accomplished by training the members in rappelling techniques, how to fire and care for the M-16, and various lectures on MOS's, career opportunities in the Corps, and the view of the Corps by three senior non-commissioned officers.

Semper Fidelis Society is a club that is oriented toward the Marine Corps and helping those in the Brigade interested in the Marine Corps to learn more about it.

Semper Fidelis

STATES
MARINE
CORPS

History Club

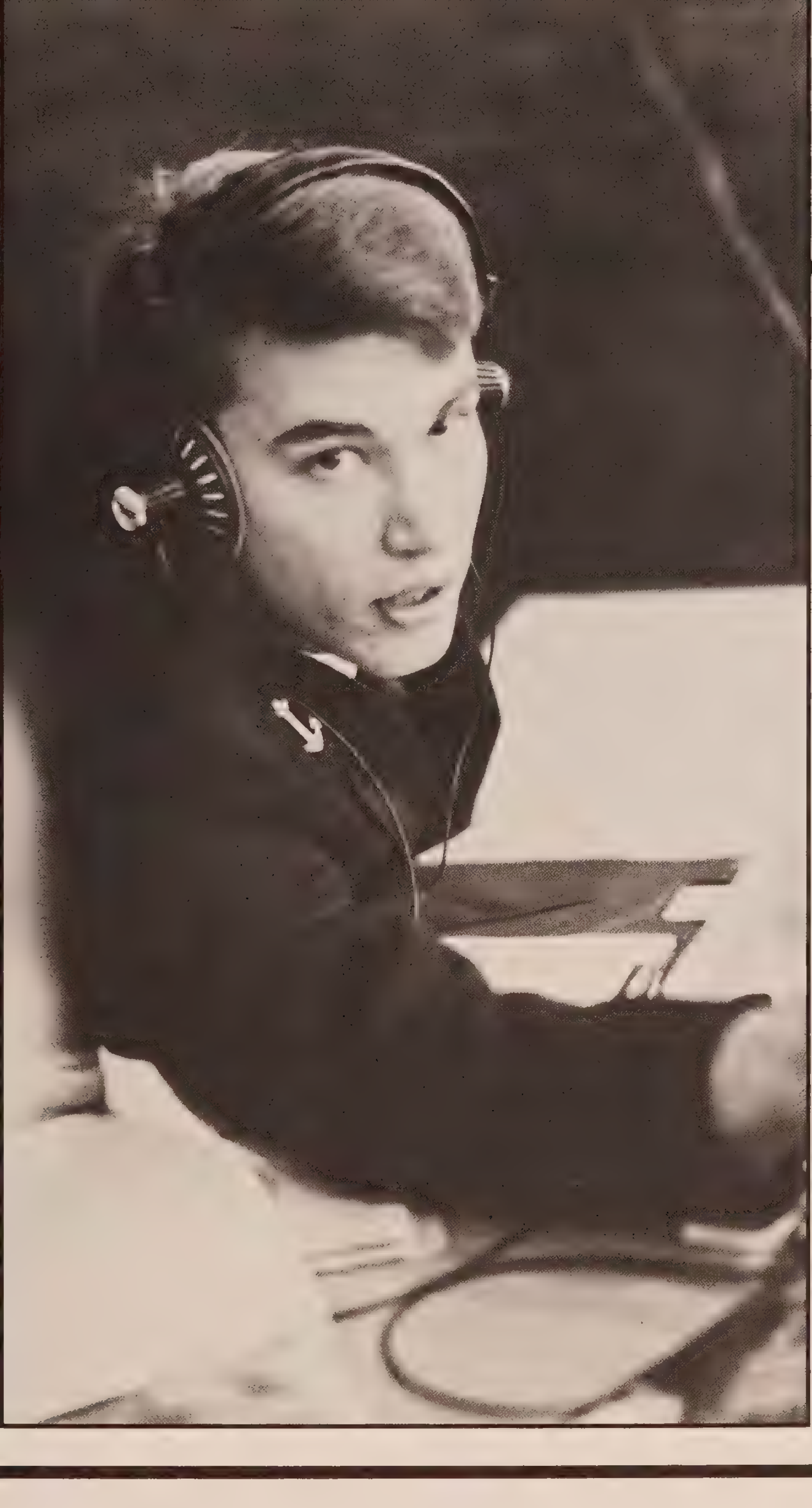
Boasting a membership of over 500 midshipmen, the History Club is one of the largest and most successful extracurricular activities at the Naval Academy. The primary goal of the Club is to enhance the study of history through methods other than those found in the classroom. This involves bringing in occasional guest lecturers, showing historical movies, publishing a newsletter for distribution within the Brigade, and making field trips to historical sites in the area.

Throughout the year the History Club sponsored a total of eight guest speakers. Well-known historians such as Allan Millett, author of *Semper Fidelis: History of the United States Marine Corps,* and Dr. Russell Wood, Professor of Latin American History at Johns Hopkins University, spoke at the Academy to club members. Former Ohio State Football Coach and amateur historian, Woody Hayes entertained and informed the midshipmen on the "Battle of Midway." The lecturers spoke on topics ranging from life onboard the doomed German battleship "Bismarck" to the origins of the space program.

Every Sunday afternoon during the academic year the History Club showed a movie for any interested midshipmen. Such movies as *Patton, The Lion in Winter,* and *Mutiny on the Bounty* were shown as part of the series. Dealing with historical topics, the movies provided an entertaining way to learn more about various aspects of history that were presented, and more than likely forgotten in the classroom.

The most successful venture of the Club this year was a field trip taken during the first semester to several Civil War battle sites. The group visited Bull Run, Antietam, Harper's Ferry, and Gettysburg, with Associate Professor Symonds providing in-depth explanations of the battles associated with each location.

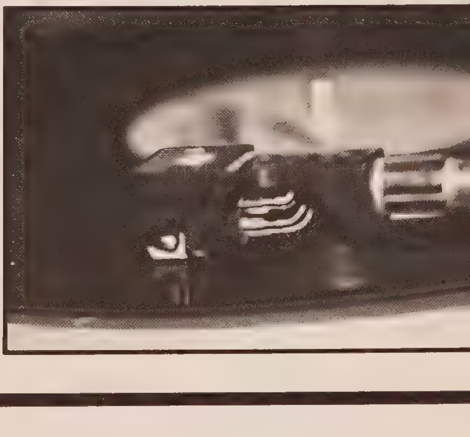
Midshipman First Class Eric Stagliano was this year's President of the History Club. Midshipman Second Class Lang Reese was the Vice President while Midshipman Second Class Rick Dempsey served as its Secretary.



WRNV

Radio station WRNV undertook the difficult task of renovation in 1980-81. With the help of the administration and especially the Alumni Association, WRNV was able to purchase badly needed materials and pieces of equipment, including a new transmitter to replace the aging one previously used.

With the unending enthusiasm and aid of Assistant Station Manager Paul Limbacher, the job ran smoothly. Chief Engineer Bill Cheney and his assistants were continually tested to the limits of their electrical ability for the task of rewiring the station. Programming Director Tom Hartline worked at great length to prepare a consistent and acceptable show format. Music Director Mark Mervine, with the assistance of Jeff Creswell, worked diligently to completely reorganize WRNV's extensive record library. First Lt. Bill Patterson along with Rick Greene and the help of many others were able to rebuild the radio station from the ground up. Business Manager Brett Peloquin and Business Secretary Lil Ramirez were instrumental in acquiring the funds needed to accomplish this extensive project.



The Brigade Social Affairs Committee is responsible for the organization of many of the social events held during the year. Working with the Social Director, Mrs. Baysinger, the BSAC organized the successful formal balls held in the fall, winter, and spring. Other events were the International Ball in the Spring, '81 Night, the Army-Navy Informal, the Army-Navy Festivities, and the weekend hops.

Fifteenth Annual
... International Ball ...

B. S. A. C.

Women's Glee Club

Bowling Club

Bowling season runs from October to March. Two twelve team leagues with representation from all four classes competed on Monday and Wednesday nights. The leagues competed with a handicapping system so that everyone played on a relatively equal basis.

The club supports an intercollegiate traveling team that bowls against local colleges. Tryouts for the team are held annually. Four bowlers returned from last year's team to join six new starters.

The team was strong this year competing against tougher competition. After winning first place in their intercollegiate league last year, the team looked forward to another successful season. However, the team was not that fortunate as the D. C. Intercollegiate League folded. The team pursued their own schedule playing new teams for the first time.

The first two matches against Howard University and Catonsville Community College were easy victories. The next match was dropped to Howard due to poor bowling. The next two matches were lost to Essex Community College and Maryland. After rebounding from their slump with a win against Catonsville in their sixth match, the team lost again to Essex.

Their most important match was the annual Inter-Service Academy Tournament at West Point. Both the Merchant Marine Academy and Army were opponents. One of the team's strongest efforts of the year gave Navy a victory over Merchant Marine but a loss to Army.

Pep Band

The U.S. Naval Academy Pep Band is an organization composed of midshipmen dedicated to promoting spirit within the Brigade through music. The band is open to midshipmen of all classes who are willing to volunteer their free time on weekends and selected weekdays to practice and provide support for Navy athletics. Among the band's list of performances are: Navy football, basketball, and lacrosse games, pep rallies, Navy team send-offs to away games, the Alumni Banquet (Homecoming Weekend), and the Maryland Seafood Festival. The Pep Band travels to several sports contests outside Maryland to provide participating Navy teams the support and spirit they deserve while offering the members of the band the opportunity to travel. Additionally, the Pep Band serves to promote relations between the community and the U.S. Naval Academy.

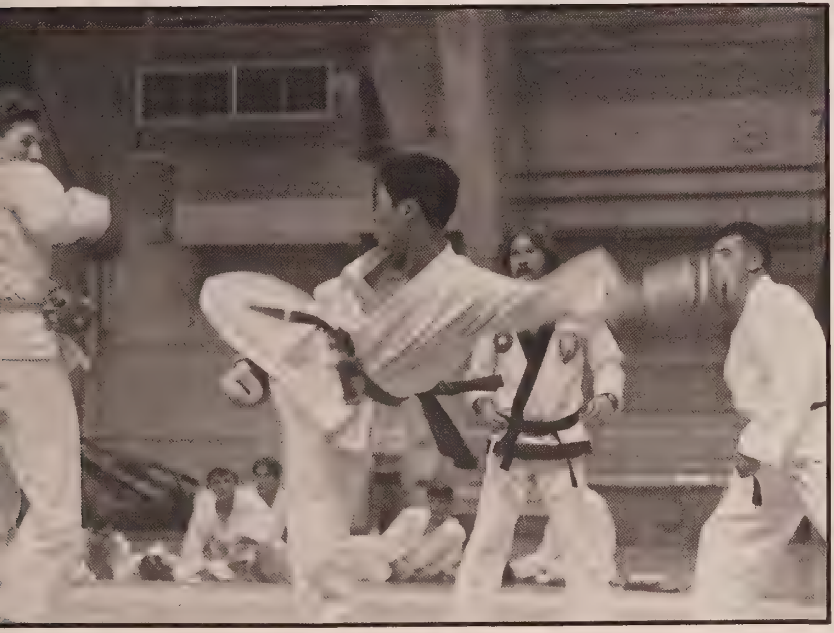
The 1980-81 Pep Band was under the direction of Midshipman Mark Rodgers of Atlanta, Ga., Midshipman Artie Platt of Atlanta, Ga., and Midshipman Keith Ayres.

The USNA Karate Club is an ECA in which several dedicated mids train in the ancient martial art of Tang Soo Do. The master instructor of the club, Mr. Abby Bartlinski, a fourth degree black belt of this art, comes to the academy weekly to instruct midshipmen.

During the week the Karate Club holds organized workouts daily. These workouts are often very demanding. All midshipmen that participate in the Karate Club do so in their spare time except for two to six members who are allowed to miss intramurals for the purpose of instructing junior belts. During these workouts members train in fighting, self defense techniques, and kata (forms).

The Karate Club also participates in five to eight open tournaments during the school year. Members usually do well in these meets with Navy taking home their share of the trophies. This year marks the first year in which the club will compete at the intercollegiate level on a regular basis. The most exciting of the competitions of the past year was the Service Academy Karate Tournament in which Navy fought Army and the Merchant Marine Academy. There have been two of these tournaments in the past with Navy and Army tied at one victory apiece in the series. The 1980 competition was by far the most exciting yet; hard fighting and grueling competition made each match a battle. Led by Dave Spangler '81, the club president, the Karate Club succeeded in defeating Army and Merchant Marine bringing the series total to 2-1-0.

Karate Club



N4642V
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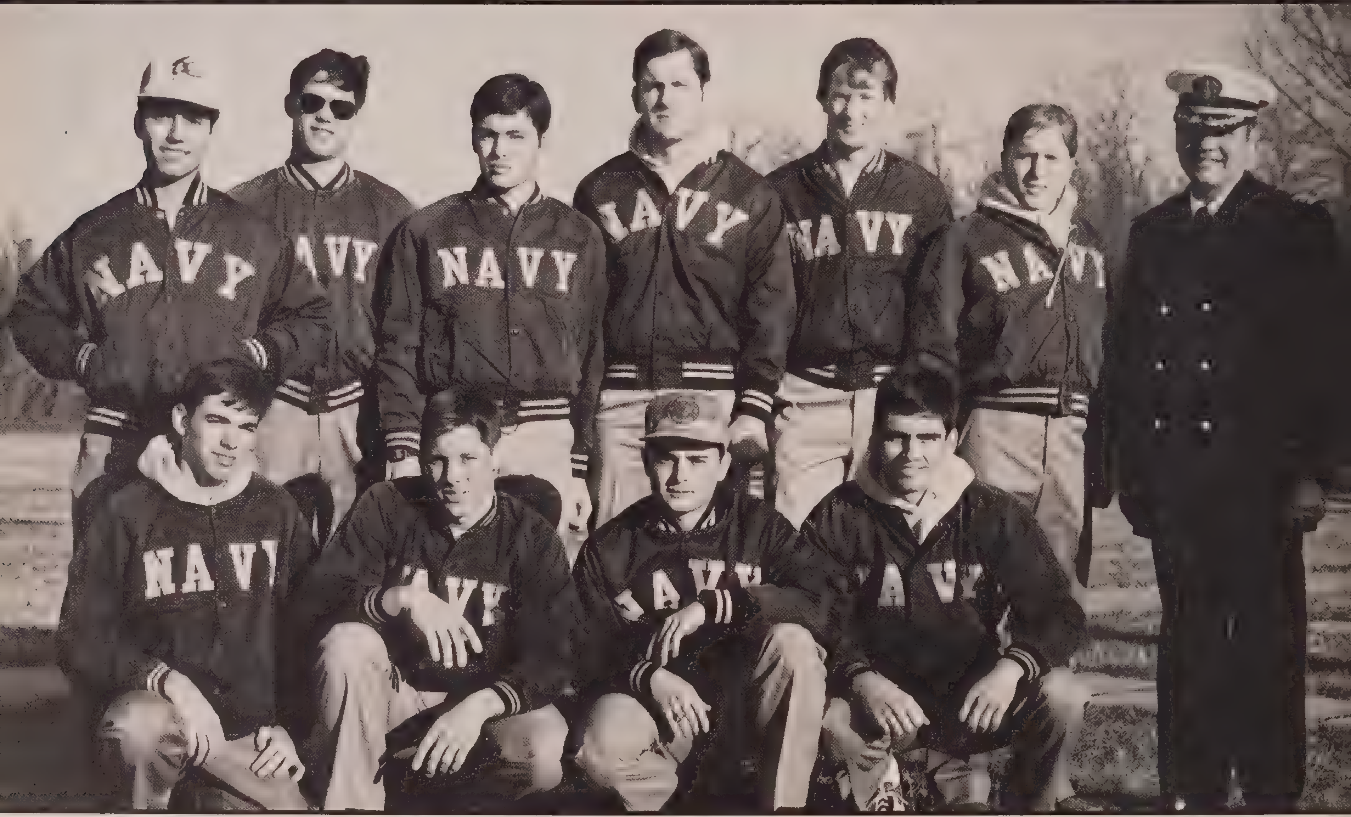
Skeet and Trap Club



The USNA Skeet and Trap Club, which has just completed its fourth year, continues to represent the Brigade at intercollegiate, as well as local, shoots. Though only totalling twelve members, the Club maintains the high standards expected of any Navy team. Competing on all levels, the Club made an impressive showing at the National Skeet Championships held in Peoria, Illinois, in 1978 and 1979. In the former year, a young Navy team placed seventh in a field of twenty-four teams. Navy has also been well-represented at the Eastern Regional Skeet and Trap Championships held yearly in Merrimac, New Hampshire. Last year Navy placed third at regionals against such rivals as Army, Yale, Dartmouth, and New Hampshire College, the host club.

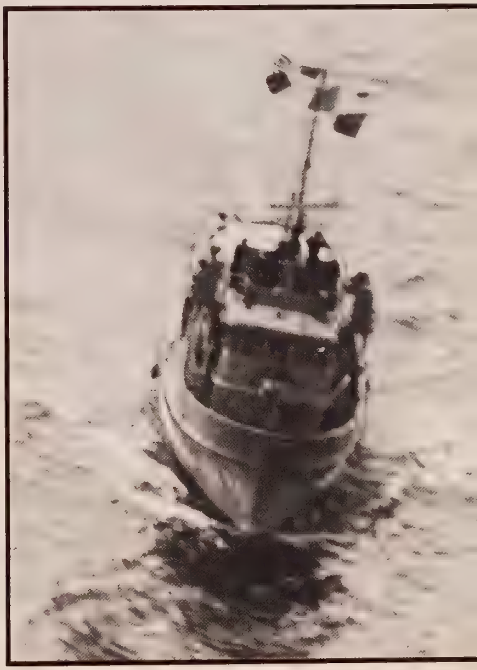
Although not the most visible of Navy teams, across the Severn River at the Naval Station shots fill the air and targets break (usually), as the team practices year 'round on its new field. Benefitting from the expert guidance of its Officer Representative, Cdr. Neil Koglowski, average scores continue to climb. The team expects all but two of its 1980-81 squad to return next year.

Astronomy Club

The Astronomy Club is affiliated with the Physics Department and though many of its members major in physics, only an interest in astronomy is required. The club serves as a vehicle for its members to use otherwise unavailable equipment to pursue interests in astronomy. The main instrument of the astronomy club is the Physics Department's sixteen inch telescope on the roof of Michelson Hall. The telescope is available to the club members qualified in its use. Also available are a variety of smaller, portable telescopes and a lab to refurbish these instruments.

Besides telescope astronomy, the club focuses on other areas of interest, including guest speakers and field trips to expose its members to the various fields in astronomy. Other activities include midshipmen-taught lessons on various topics as well as the continual qualification of members on the large telescope. With the new lab space, interests in telescope construction can also be pursued. Thus, the club serves as an outlet for serious amateurs or just weekend observers.

YP Squadron

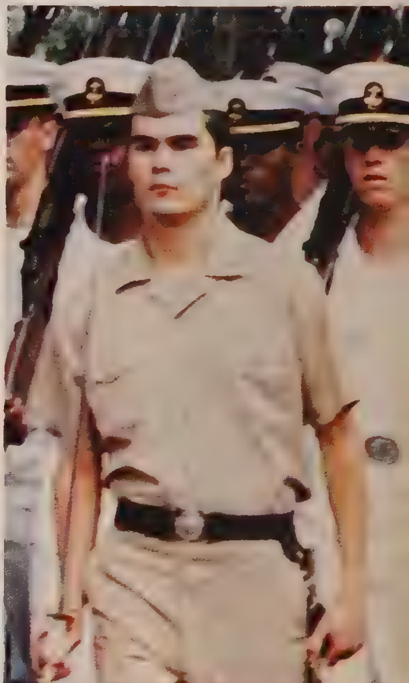


BRIGADE OF

The Year

INDUCTION DAY

PLEBE SUMMER

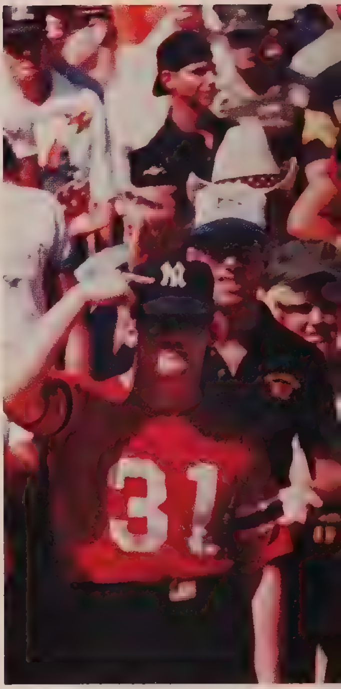


HEAD

MARCH ONS

SPELL OUTS

PEP RALLIES



THE MIDSHIPMEN
OF THE
UNITED STATES
NAVAL ACADEMY
HOUSTON
Panasonic
Prudential
11:24

FOOTBALL GAMES

FALL PARADES

12

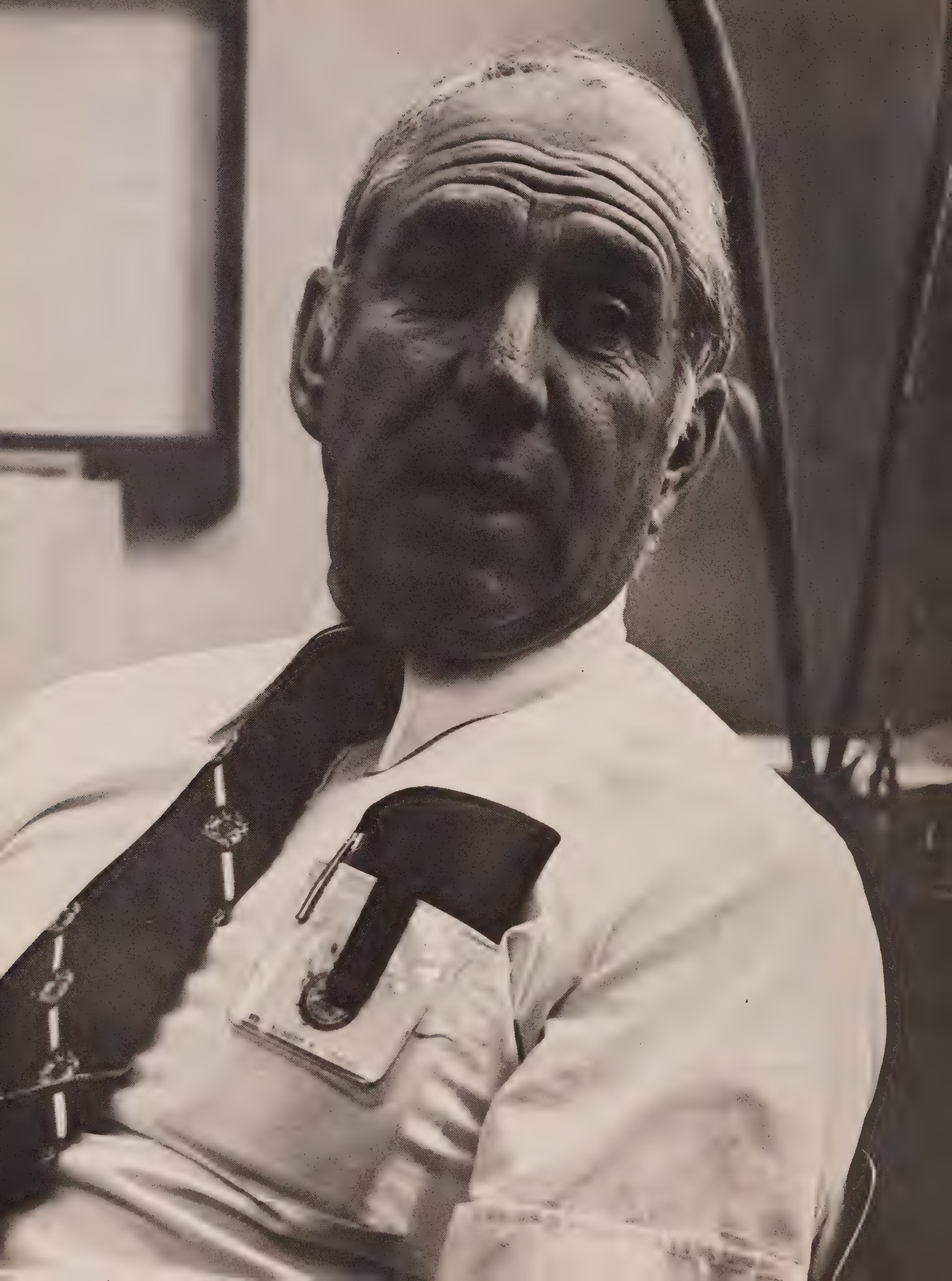
TIGERS
HELL

ARMY - NAVY

TAILGATERS

SUCKE

HALL LIFE



Fall Academics

MAHAN HALL

LEJEUNE HALL

35
14
USNA
48

Intramurals

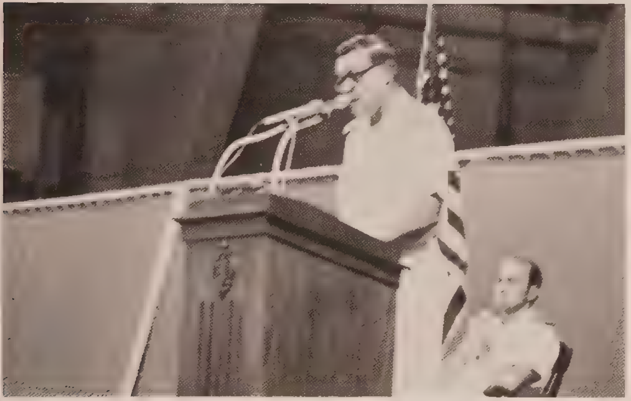
3
10
13
USNA
63

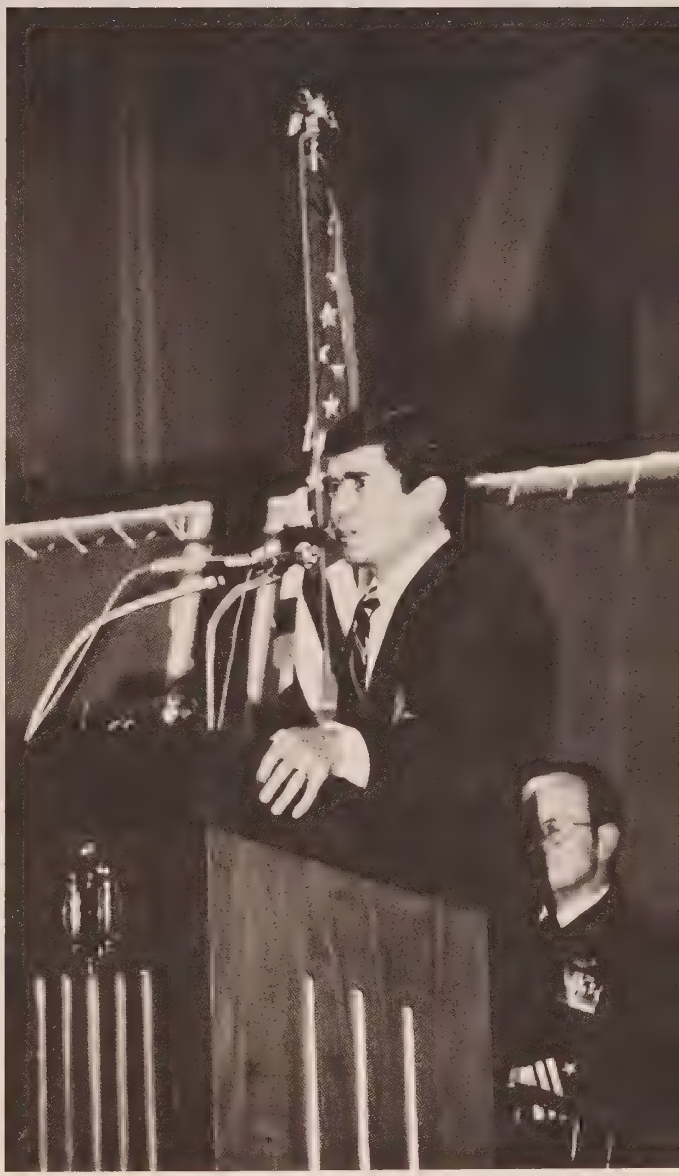
USNA
66

USNA
13

40
24

Forrestal Lectures





LOW PRESSURE

HALLOWEEN

HAVING A DISCO
bulletin boards
TRACY
FEED
MFBP
MFP

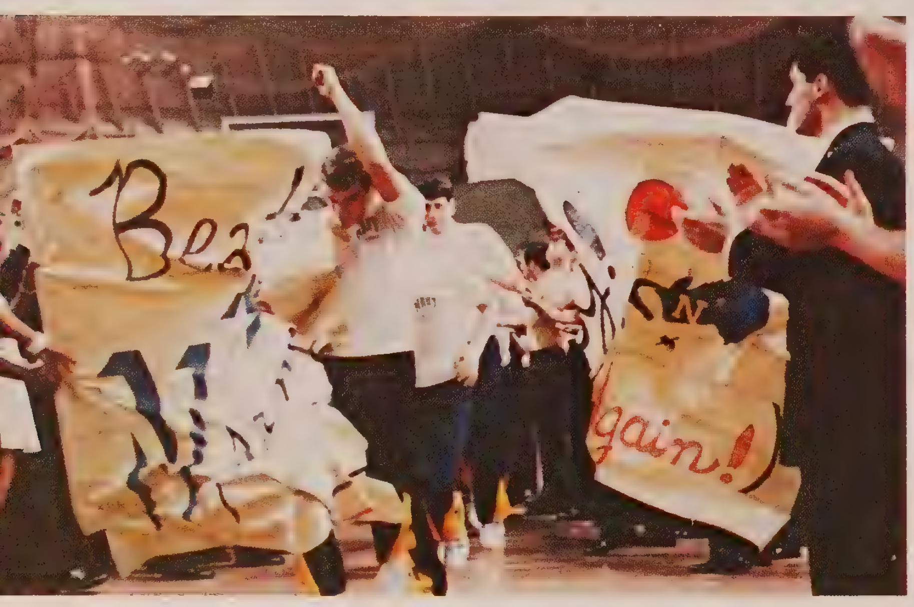
T.J.
HERE
LONG
NAVY

Dahlgren Hall

Formal Hops

DAHLGREN HALL

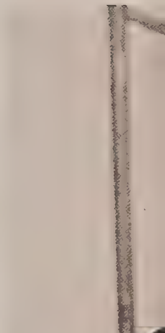
Beat
N
Army!
N
(Again!)



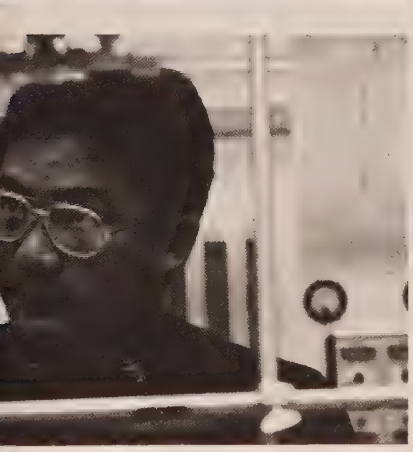
Bea
N
gain!)

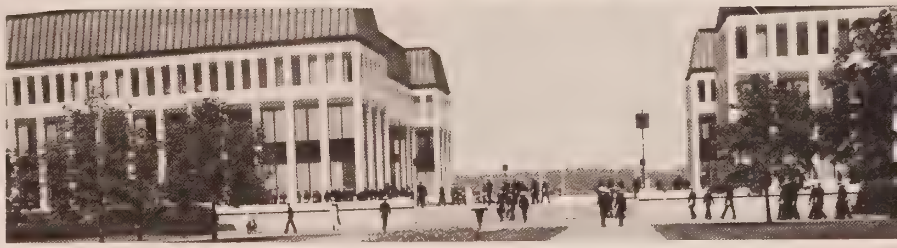
20

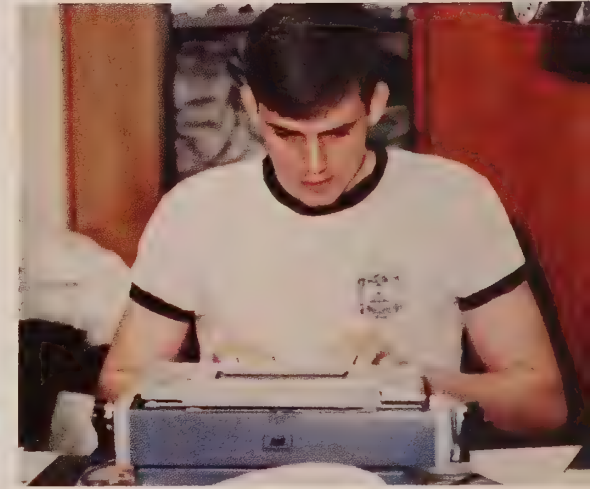
BASKETBALL



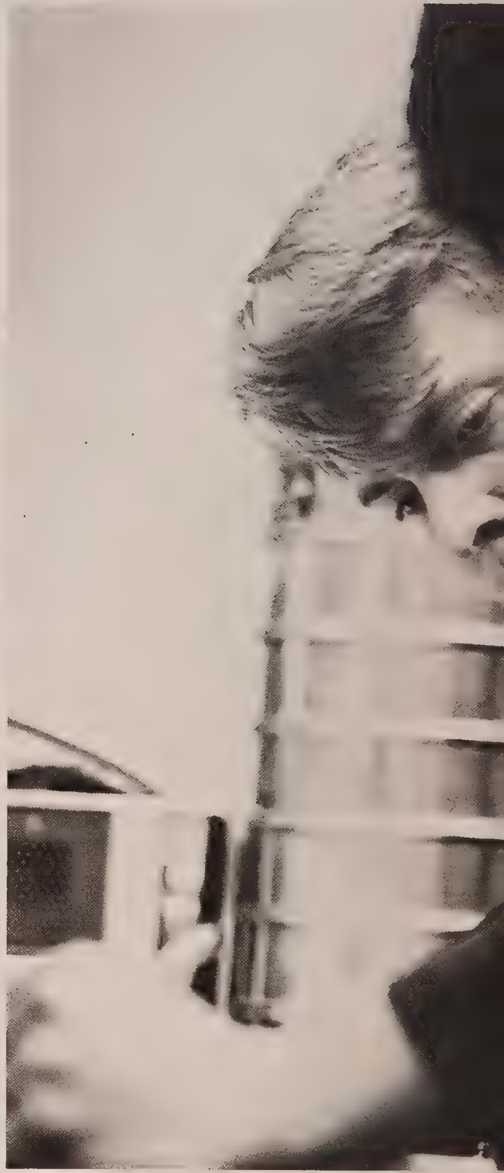
Winter Academics

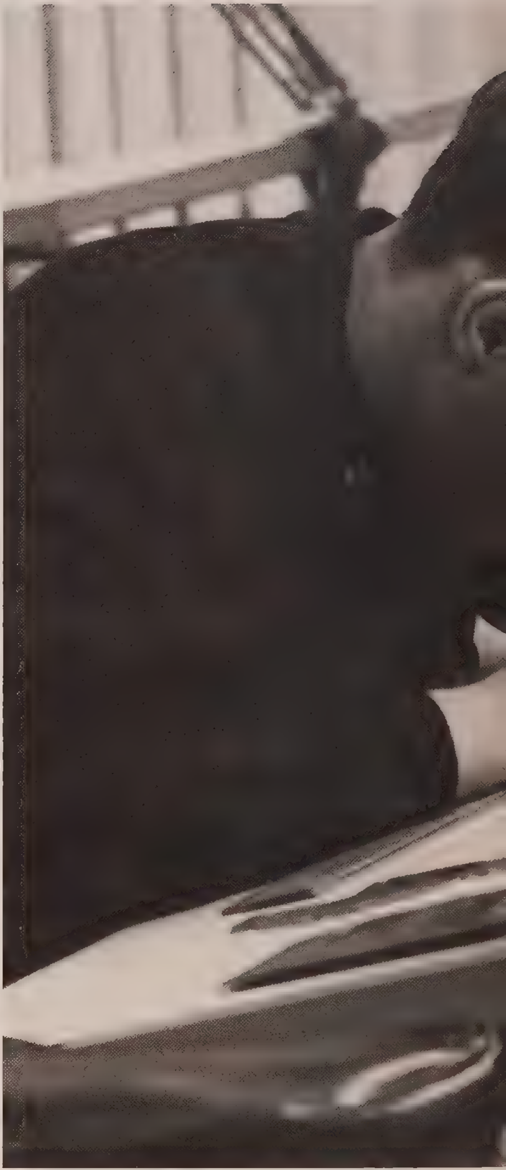


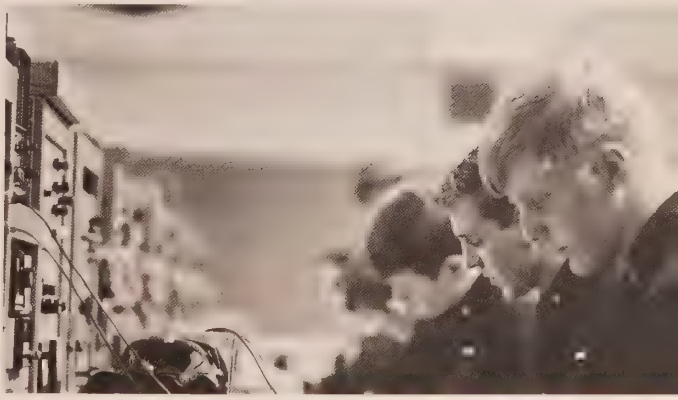




SINGER

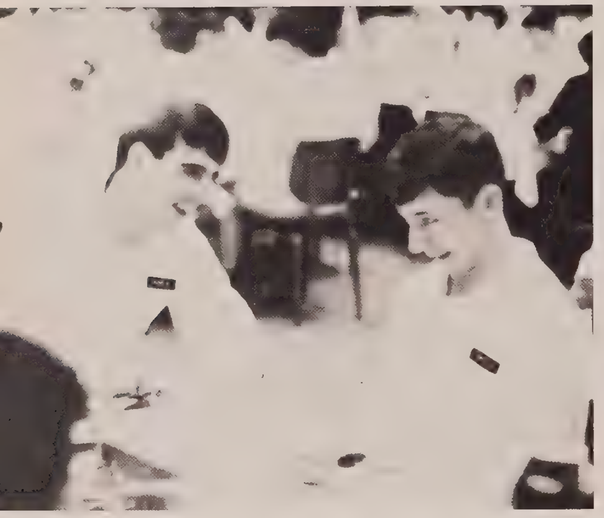






THE YARD FROM ABOVE

OYSTER SHUCKING



KING HALL

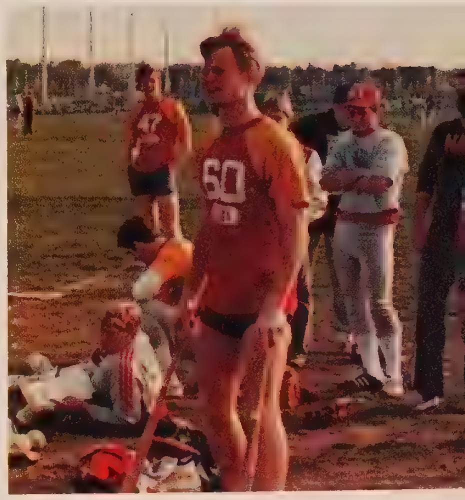
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY MIDSHIPMEN'S MESS
SCIENTIA
PASTEURIZED
HOMOGENIZED
MILK

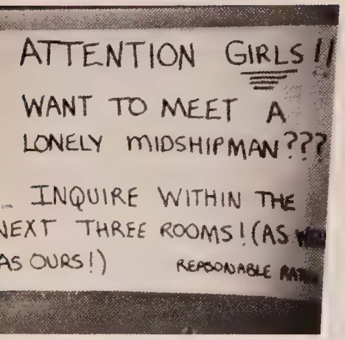
TOSS

WINTER IN THE YARD

SPRING PARADES

SPRING INTRAMURALS





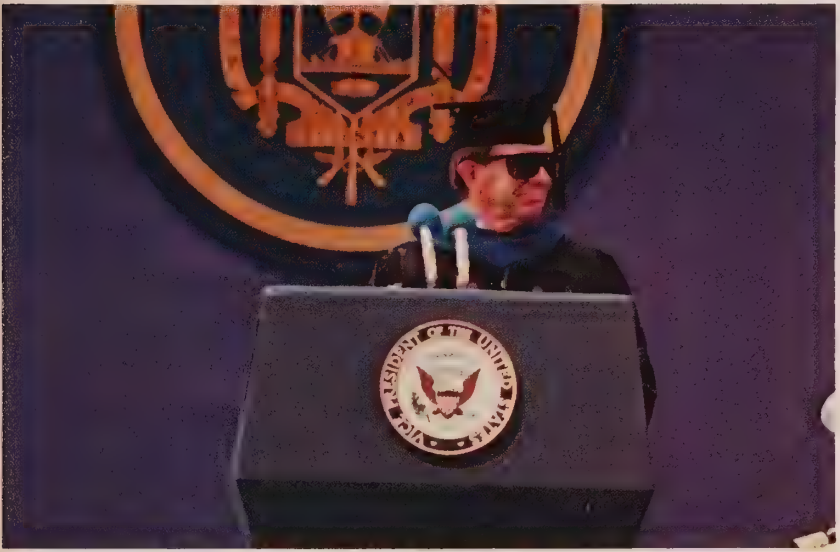
ATTENTION GIRLS!!
WANT TO MEET A
LONELY MIDSHIPMAN???
INQUIRE WITHIN THE
NEXT THREE ROOMS! (AS
AS OURS!)
REASONABLE

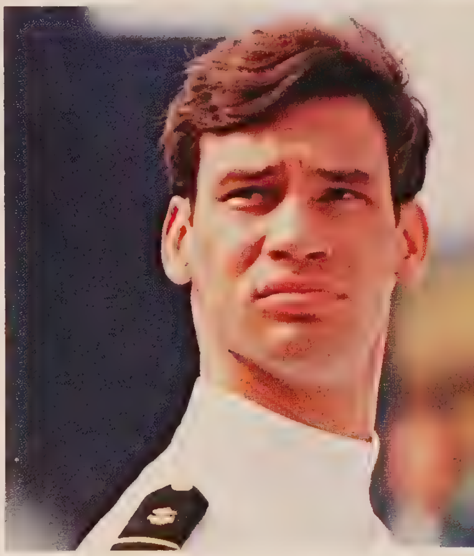
NAVY GIRLS

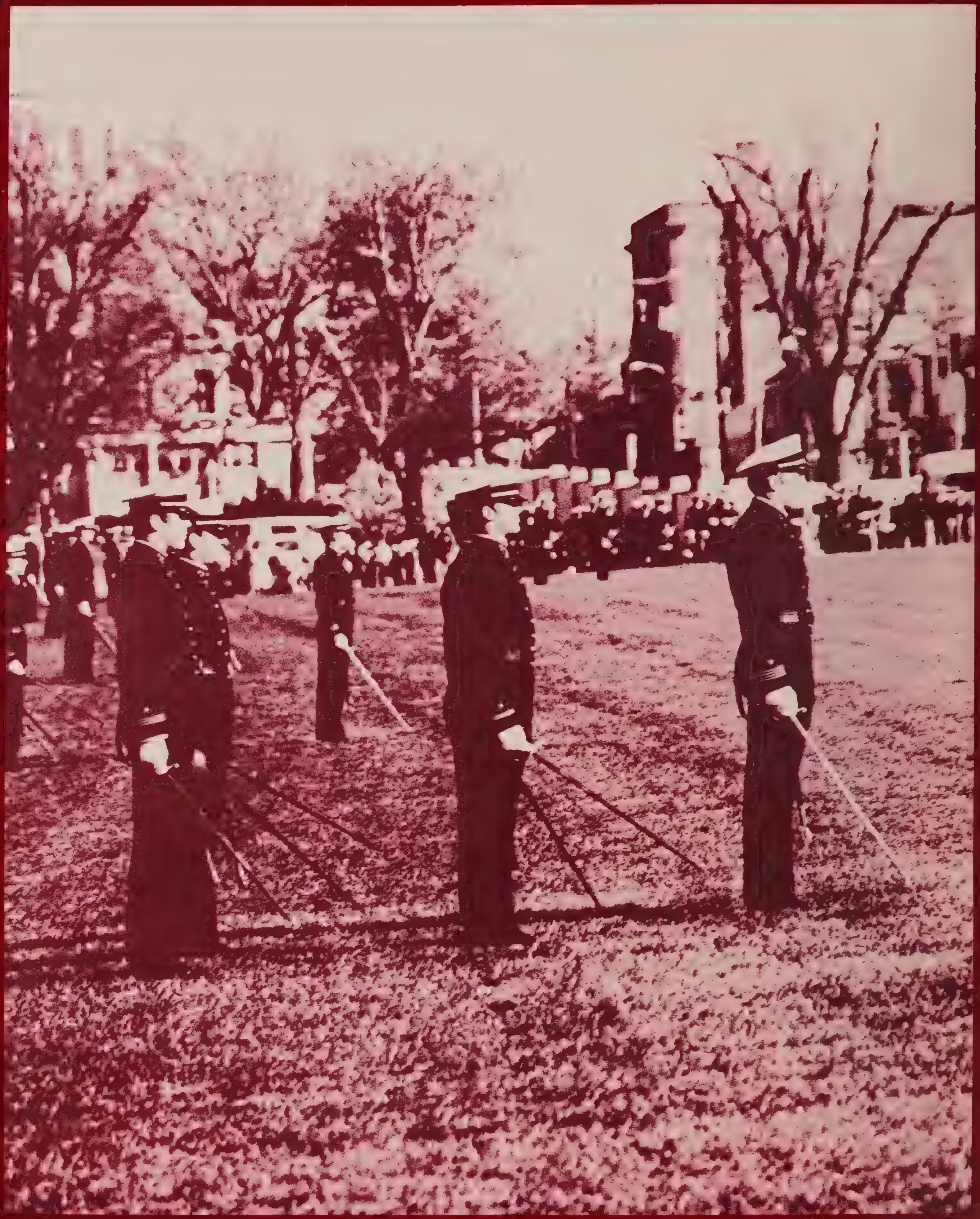
DEDICATION PARADE

COLOR PARADE

GRADUATION







THE BRIGADE

BATTALION

FIRST

Lcol John Lecornu, USMC
ENCS Fred L. Dickinson, USN

SECOND

Cdr Robert I. Soupiset, USN
FTCM Jesse L. Sandle, USN

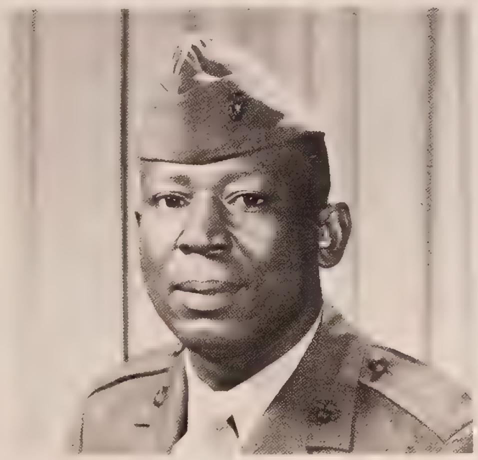
THIRD

Cdr Alfred L. Cheaure, USN
GMCS John M. Davis, USN

OFFICERS/BEA'S

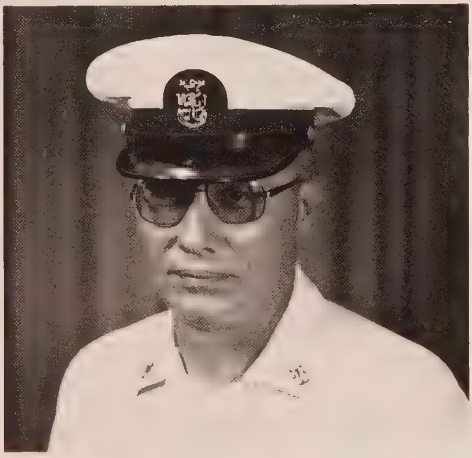
FOURTH

Cdr Paul E. Galanti, USN
QMCS (SS) James R. Kennedy, USN



FIFTH

Cdr Robert P. Onorati, USN
MSGT Victor M. Palmore, USMC



SIXTH

Cdr Victor A. Karcher, USN
FTCM Ronald M. Rabey, USN

BRIGADE STAFF

1ST SET

Cdr	Brett Jett
Sub Cdr	Wendy Lawrence
Ops	Ken Voorhees
Adj	John Butala
Admin	Patricia Lasell
1st Lt	Todd Malloy
Supply	K. C. O'Conner

2ND SET

Cdr	Joe Arango
Sub Cdr	Louis Cooper
Ops	Albert Nagao
Adj	Marv Hopkins
Admin	Mike Mahre
1st Lt	Bill Crenshaw
Supply	Carl Spataro
MIS	John Davis
Drill	Chip Cravaack

DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

First Set: Cdr. Joe Lynch; Sub Cdr. Joan Skellenger; CAO Dave Rich; Supply Don Ross

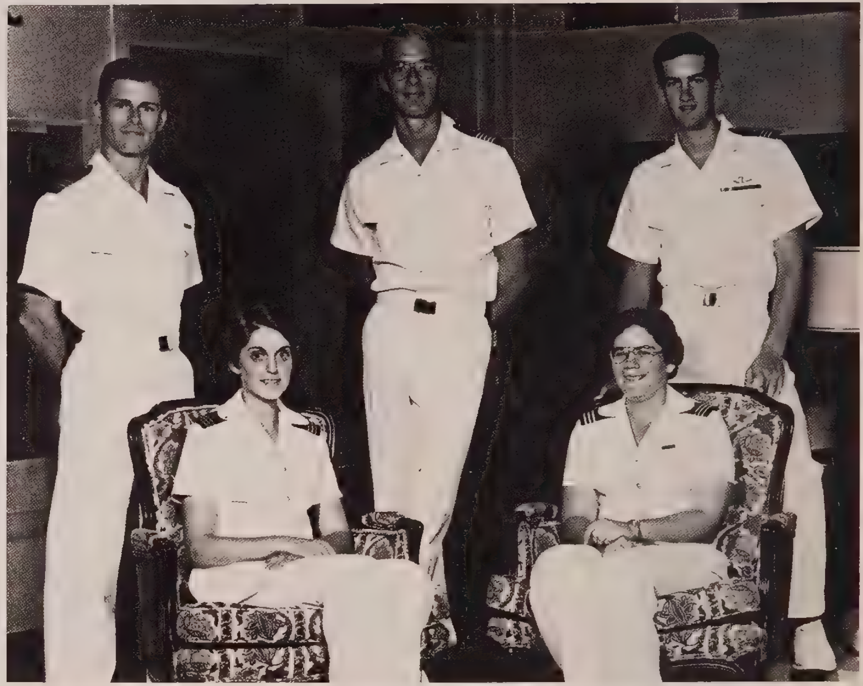
Second Set: Cdr. Dick Manski; Sub Cdr. Jeff Gonzales; CAO Dave Lane; Supply Tom Hartline

HONOR COMMITTEE

Chairman: Jim Speirs
Vice Chairman: Dave Wagner
Secretary: John Hart
Investigations: Pete Riester
Coordinator: Matt Carr

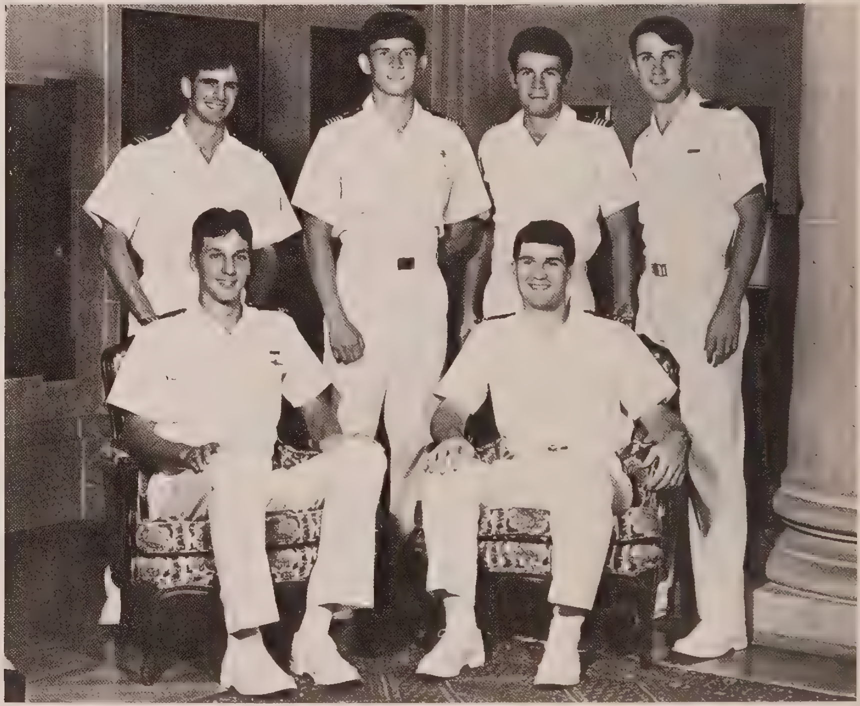
REGIMENTAL

1ST SET



FIRST REGIMENT

Cdr	Robert MacMillan
Sub Cdr	Dave Fuquea
Ops	Renee Pietruszka
Adj	Jolene Young
Admin	Todd Coker
Supply	Steve Baker



SECOND REGIMENT

Cdr	Rob Niewoehner
Sub Cdr	Tim MacGregor
Ops	Ken Walker
Adj	Eric Stagliano
Admin	Ed Tucholski
Supply	Chris Willy

STAFFS

2ND SET

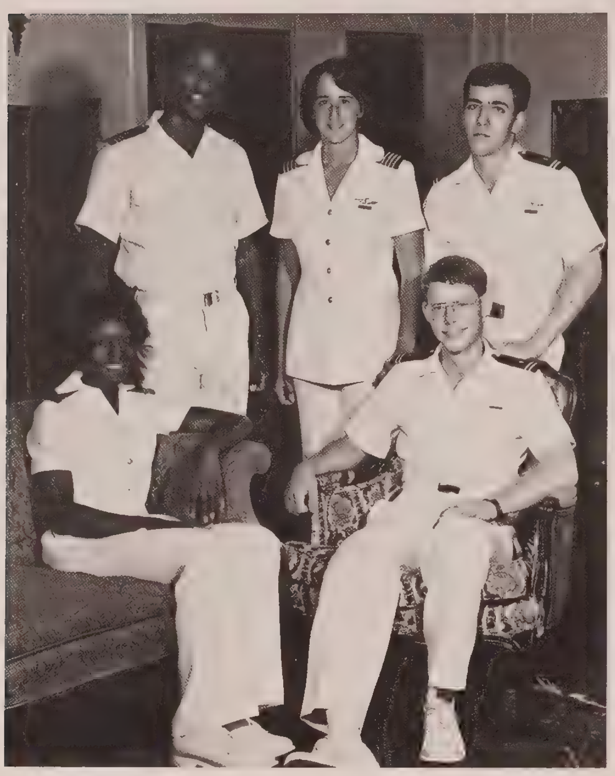
FIRST REGIMENT

Cdr	Gene Sedy
Sub Cdr	Dan McGarvey
Ops	Randy Ball
Adj	Ron Hawkins
Admin	Kathleen Cooper
Supply	Gary Becker

SECOND REGIMENT

Cdr	Jim Rice
Sub Cdr	Dave Marquet
Ops	Brad Rex
Adj	Keith Bowman
Admin	Jim Stewart
Supply	Jeff Asher

BATTALION STAFFS



FIRST BATTALION

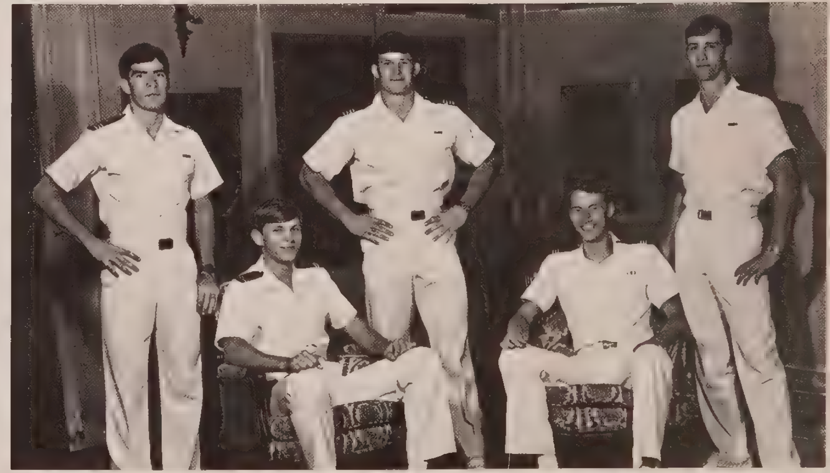
Cdr	Lisa Cicchini
Sub Cdr	Shelton Redden
Adj	Andrew Ratliff
Adm	Jerry Carson
Supply	Guin Mines

THIRD BATTALION

Cdr	Bob Ravener
Sub Cdr	John Keenan
Adj	Pete Achor
Supply	John Giffin

SECOND BATTALION

Cdr	J. Roland Huss
Sub Cdr	Brad Hahn
Ops	Bill Lewis
Admin	Walt Paulson
Supply	Bill Bensinger



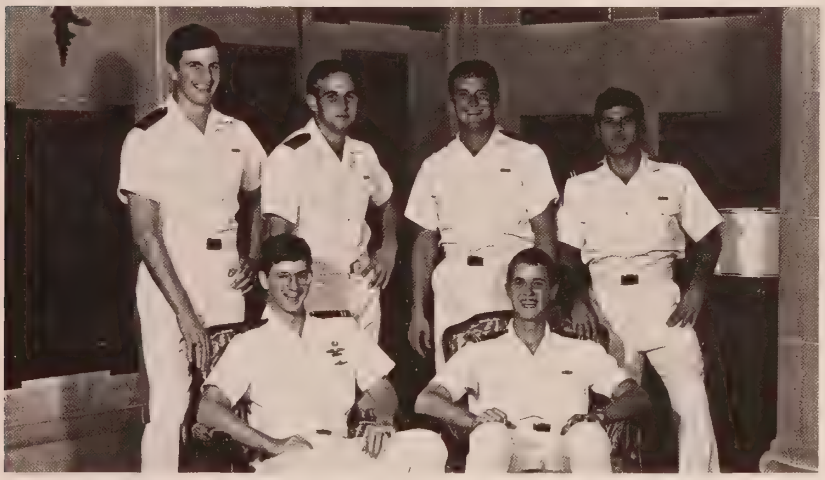
FIRST SET

FOURTH BATTALION

Cdr	J. D. Messinger
Sub Cdr	Bruce Curry
Ops	Paul James
Adj	Jay Grafton
Admin	Sue Miller
Supply	Peg Metzger

FIFTH BATTALION

Cdr	Dean Fish
Sub Cdr	Chris Vagts
Ops	Lloyd Philpot
Adj	Doug Johnston
Admin	Scott Hubal
Supply	Fred Lee



SIXTH BATTALION

Cdr	Bob Fisher
Sub Cdr	Greg Fine
Ops	Milt Stretton
Adj	Pat Smith
Admin	C. D. Wright
Supply	Andy Foerster

BATTALION STAFFS

FIRST BATTALION

Cdr	Ed Carmany
Sub Cdr	Terry Huxel
Ops	George Davis
Adj	Richard Oldham
Admin	Nick Vrevich
Supply	Jeff Styron

SECOND BATTALION

Cdr	Tim Disher
Sub Cdr	Conrad Doak
Ops	Mark McCormick
Adj	Lee Smith
Admin	Dave Norris
Supply	Jim Jones

THIRD BATTALION

Cdr	Rich Racine
Sub Cdr	Glenn Ziegler
Ops	Rob Shafer
Adj	Scott Sutherland
Admin	Bill Wencl
Supply	Jim Heffernan

SECOND SET

FOURTH BATTALION

Cdr	Chuch French
Sub Cdr	Stu Swetland
Ops	Dave Lannetti
Adj	Victor McCree
Admin	Carl Cramb
Supply	Diane Durban

FIFTH BATTALION

Cdr	Brad Bellis
Sub Cdr	Cary Jones
Ops	Mori Nixon
Adj	Mark Middleton
Admin	Mark Rodgers
Supply	Craig Larrew

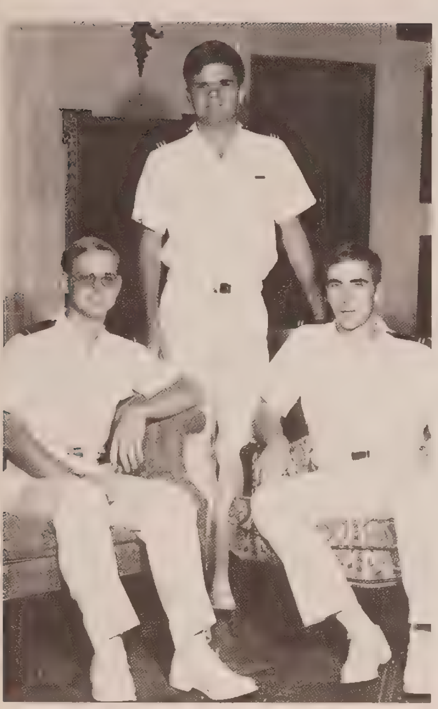
SIXTH BATTALION

Cdr	Jim Galanie
Sub Cdr	Alan Scott
Ops	Matt Paggi
Adj	Don Galaska
Admin	Mike McGinty
Supply	Steve Eastburg

1ST COMPANY

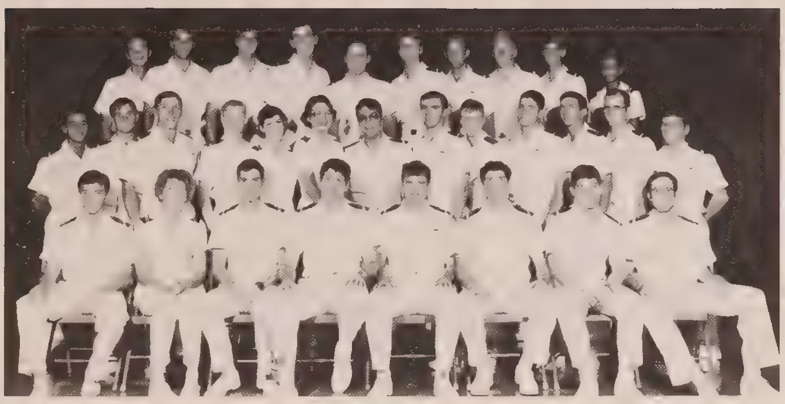
Lt. D. C. Curtis, USN

BRIGADE CHAMPS
BUS

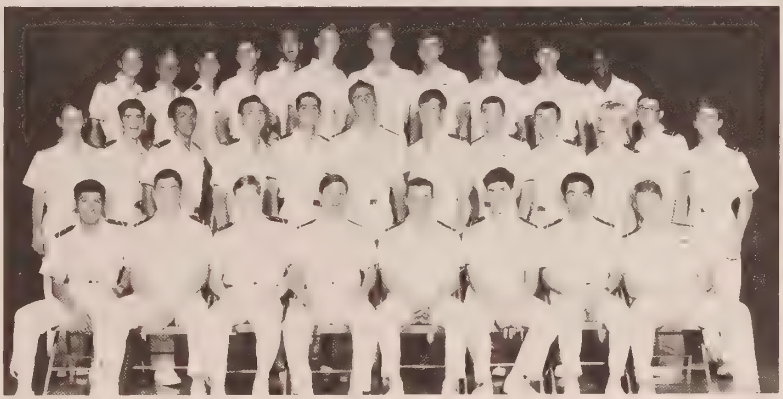


First Set: Co. Cdr. S. Bailey; CAO R. Marsh; Co. Sub Cdr. J. McMurtry.

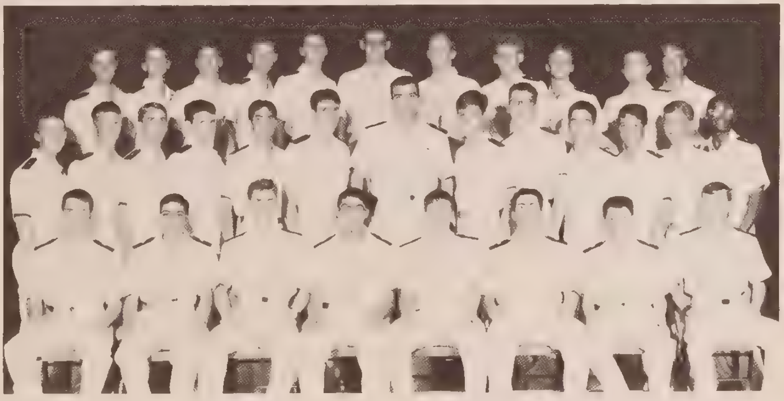
Second Set: Co. Cdr. D. Beydler; Co Adj. D. Quattrini; Co. Sub Cdr. R. Schultze.



Front: J. Higgins, T. Riggs, R. Breckinridge, W. Morris, T. Krese, G. French, T. Benedict, G. Robilard; Row 2: J. Fierro, E. Chapman, H. Hendrickson, K. Murray, D. Esposito, P. Kocornik, T. Kennedy, R. Clyborne, D. Grim, L. Weber, M. Tabert, T. Kiser, N. Zendle; Row 3: T. Galpin, D. Andrews, C. Hardin, W. Schmidlin, M. Foster, J. Criswell, G. Forster, D. Ruff, W. McCormack, A. Gray. Not pictured: P. Krug, P. Urey, M. Rouser, W. Morales.



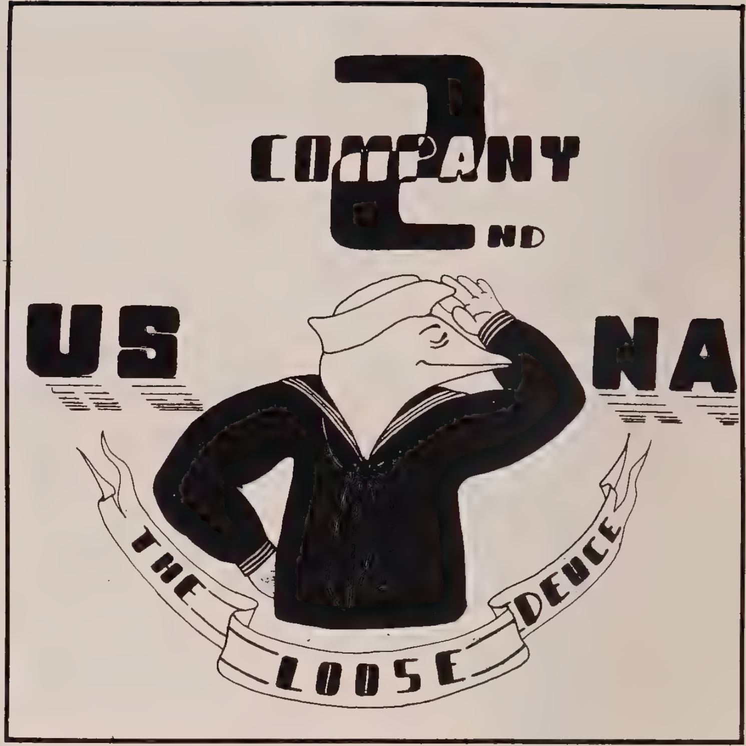
Front: J. Flores, J. Houfek, L. Powell, S. Cratty, B. Dunleavy, J. Dempsey, K. Ikeda, P. Acton; Row 2: M. Gorenflo, R. Baker, K. Keys, B. Chastenet, J. Llarena, J. Gordon, K. Settlemeyer, G. Smith, K. Phillips, D. Bevington, K. Hymes, J. McLoughlin; Row 3: T. Hodgson, E. Disher, P. Heim, B. Costello, B. Girrier, B. Hodges, B. Breuil, T. Board, W. Guthrie, B. Hicks, J. Clark.

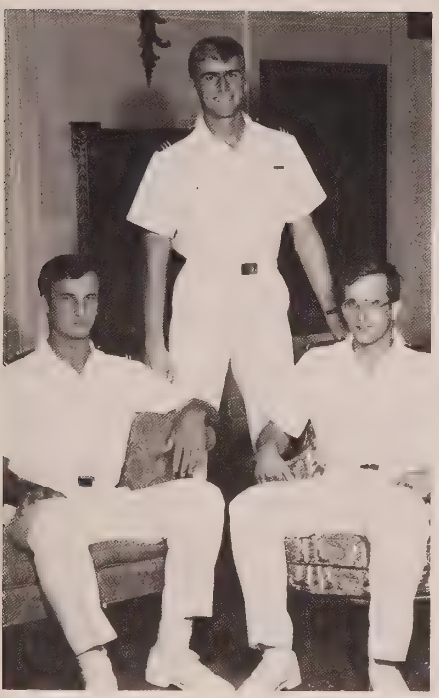


Front: R. Steinberg, D. Selas, N. Larson, C. Chen, M. Krems, M. McDowell, R. Johnson, A. Hoolinsworth, G. Romero, A. Golatta, M. Mueller, L. Carr, S. Noreika, K. Burke, G. Schulin; Row 2: K. Hart, C. Fish, C. Karnbach, L. Holtkamp, P. Buckley, C. Kizzee; Row 3: J. Vann, K. Griffith, M. McGivney, L. Ondrey, J. Konicki, B. Ratcliff, L. Beese, S. Fairman, J. Hamm, J. Underwood, C. Bertolett.

2ND COMPANY

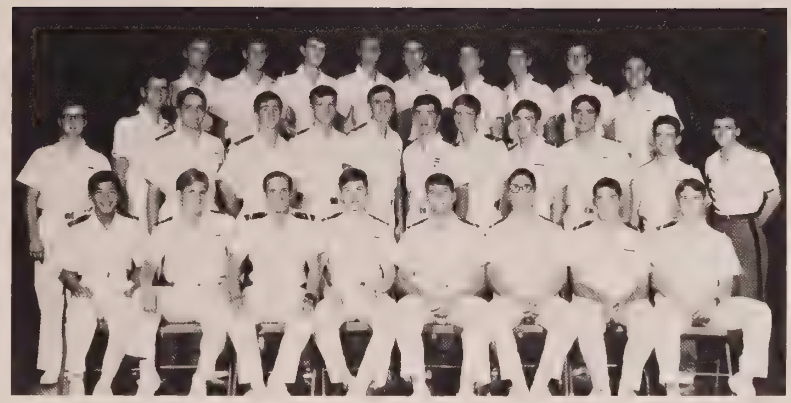
Lt. M. W. Kohring, USN


2
COMPANY
ND
US
NA
THE
LOOSE
DEUCE

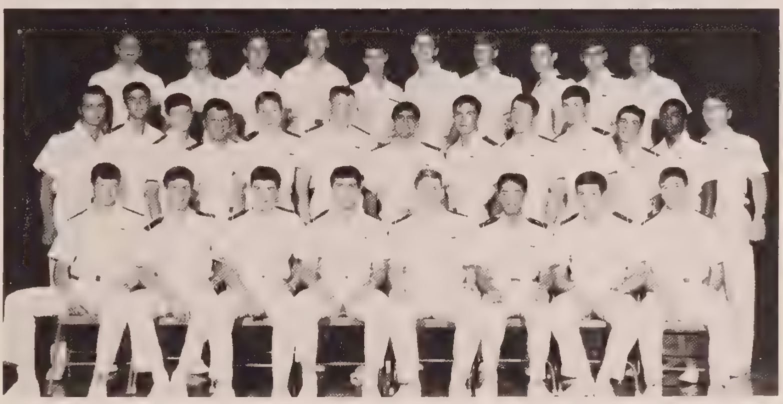


First Set: Co. Cdr. M. Yandell; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Trumbore; CAO T. Studwell.

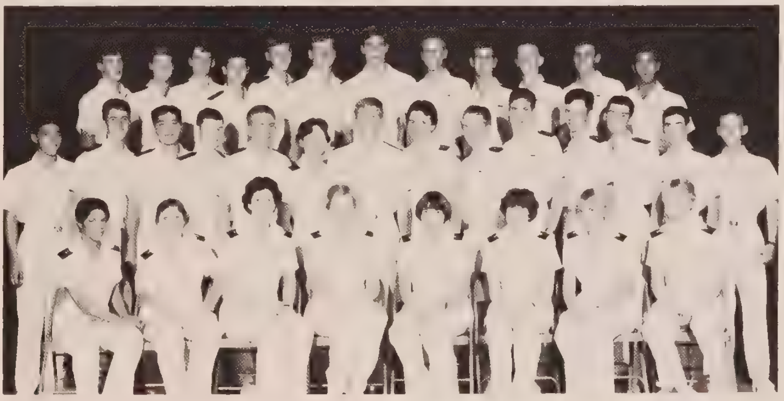
Second Set: Co. Sub. Cdr. T. Griffith, CAO J. King; Co. Cdr. J. Upchurch.



Front: R. Low, B. Centero, B. Kovak, B. Hazenbuck, C. Knudson, R. Bradford, J. McCaffery, S. Larson; Row 2: D. Studt, C. Klentzman, D. Schmick, K. Perry, G. Lahr, G. Wittman, B. Vargo, T. Guerrasio, A. Fuller, M. Williams, J. Cherra, S. Townsend; Row 3: S. Kingston, V. Lamolinara, J. Vance, R. Daniel, B. Adrion, C. King, G. Hansen, J. Lenehan, G. Sanelala.



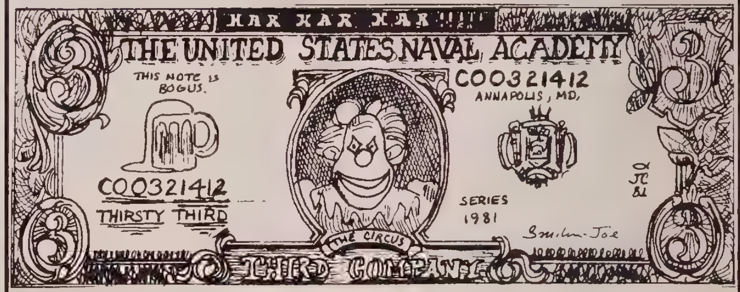
Front: D. Schlaepfer, J. Dace, S. Herrman, A. Silver, M. Vermillion, B. Espe, G. Whitbeck, J. Mokris; Row 2: J. Croce, M. Simmons, S. Kennedy, W. Molano, C. Kiergan, T. Herndon, R. Piroumian, M. Quinlan, C. Walter, D. Jensen, J. Covelli, T. Thames, D. Haas; Row 3: N. Davidson, M. Ryan, D. Streit, A. Parra, D. Casmey, J. Hults, E. Yotz, J. Haggerty, A. Gallop, E. Edwards.



Front: H. Carrington, P. Lynch, H. Stahley, S. Price, G. Dinicolo, K. Eaves, K. Standard, S. Borden; Row 2: J. Galicia, J. Amerine, M. Yu, T. Goff, K. Peters, A. Thomas, C. Swift, L. Schumacher, E. Cook, H. Hoffman, C. Kowalczuk, D. Schmidt, J. Brennan, G. Lancaster; Row 3: P. Brannigan, B. Jones, D. Eldredge, M. Desens, S. Woessner, P. Ossald, R. Pagel, D. Stender, J. Weingold, K. Anderson, J. Wharton, E. Figueras.

3RD COMPANY

Lt. R. W. Johnson, USN


HAR HAR HAR!!!!
THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY
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THIRSTY THIRD
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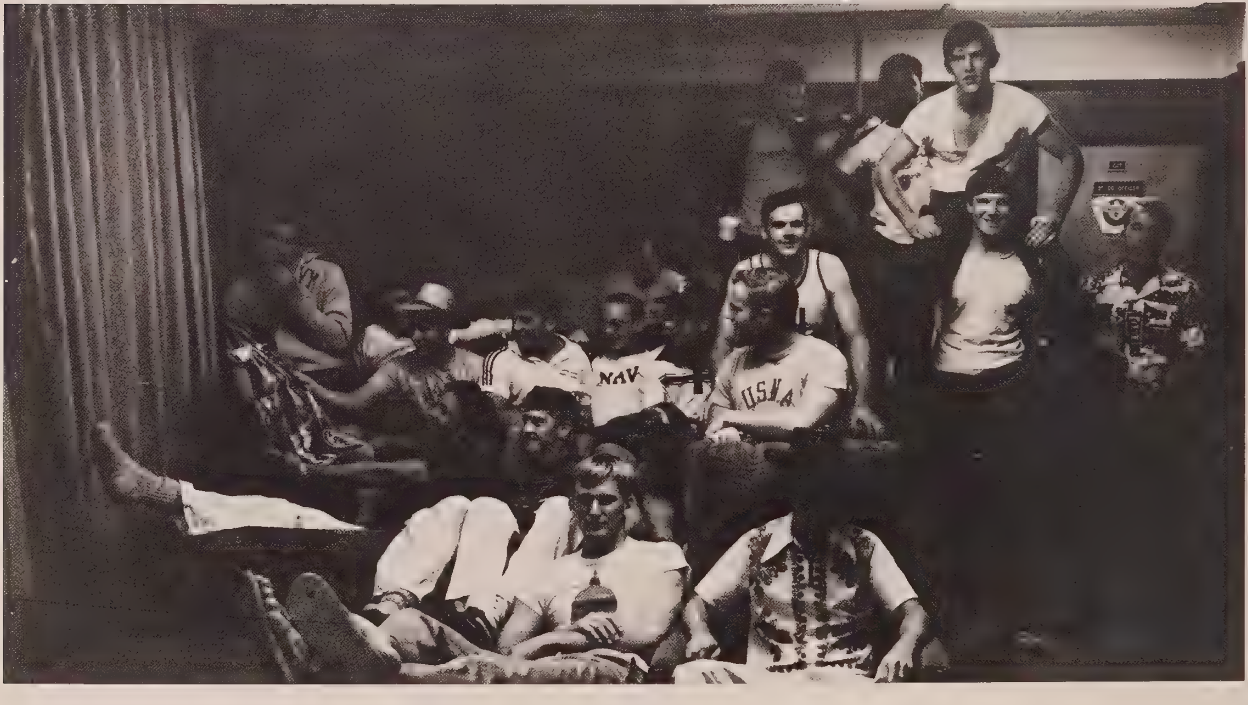
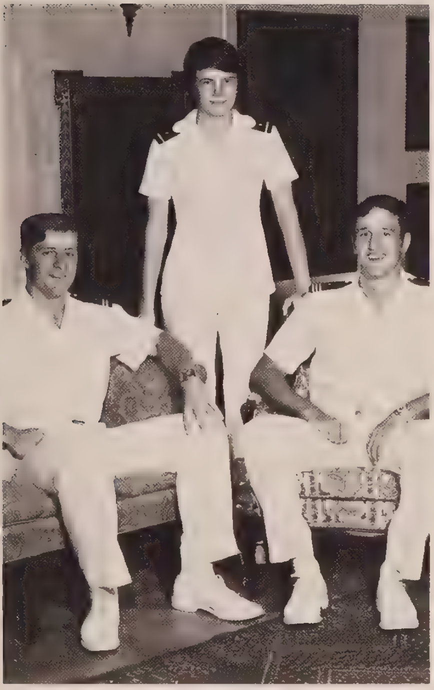
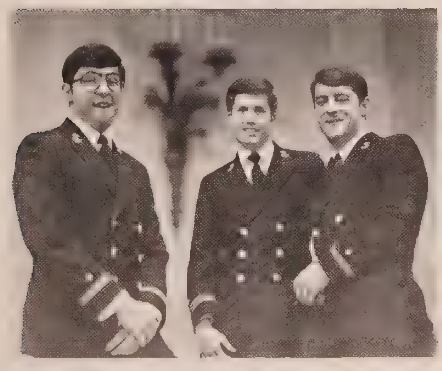
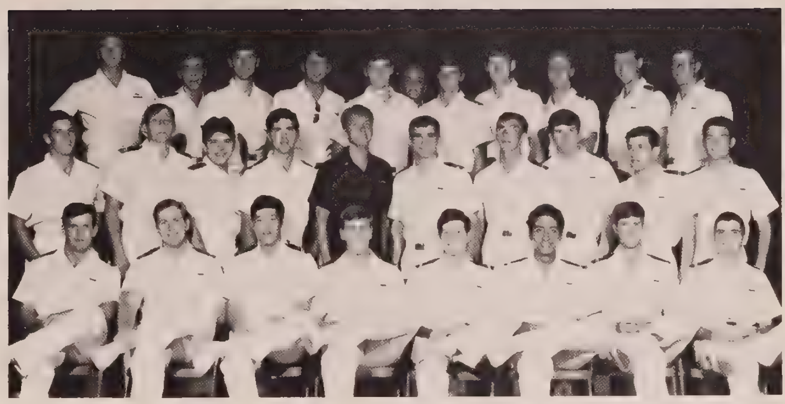




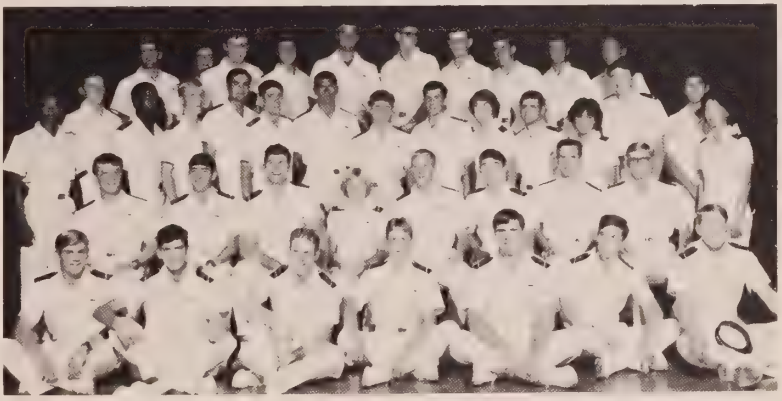
First Set: Co. Sub Cdr. John Parkinson; Co. Cdr. Willy Hilarides; CAO Jane Vanzyl.



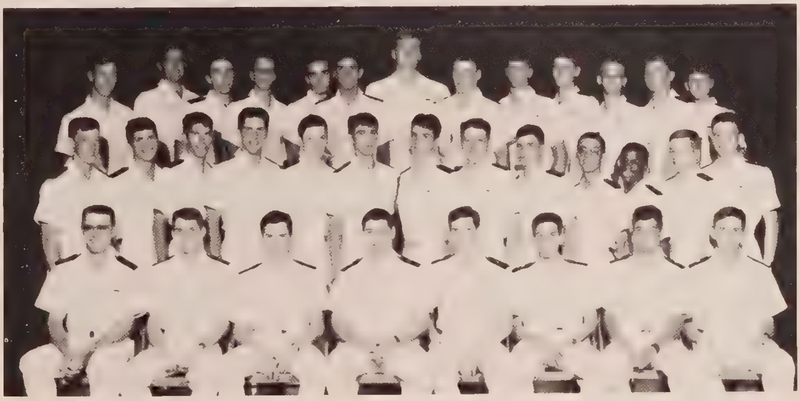
Second Set: Co. Sub Cdr. George Nagy; Co. Cdr. Mike Mara; Co. Adj. John Parkinson.



Front: J. Knight, A. Davitt, D. Yamasaki, P. Peyton, T. Cosgrove, M. Loa, R. Smith, G. Rowe; Row 2: C. Chico, J. Jurceka, R. Dimas, S. Surko, G. Giddings, J. Wilson, E. Reinke, G. Bonsall, A. Davis, T. Logue; Row 3: B. Dudley, R. Sturgell, T. Tkac, J. Hatten, E. Delaney, J. Head, R. Julius, B. Schmickley, D. Culbertson, S. Engelhardt, T. Sparks.

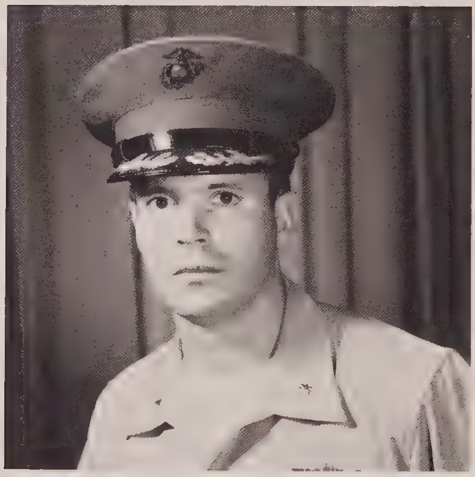


Front: M. Arnold, A. Basile, B. Kiddoo, W. Grant, I. Hokaj, F. Halliwell, K. Fancher; Row 2: M. Schaeffer, J. McKinley, M. Wallace, L. Thompson, G. Olson, W. Mysinger, R. Graham, D. Radi; Row 3: D. Beard, F. Frantz, D. Lakins, J. Farrell, J. Pandya, J. Heavner, P. Hunt, P. Henkel, M. Wilson, P. Allinger, M. Stanton, E. Glass, J. Scruggs, J. Reich, A. Furtner; Row 4: P. Olivier, L. Shipper, F. Bowers, R. Harris, D. Molthen, D. Jenkins, E. Powell, W. Leitzau, L. Vonier, P. Fan.

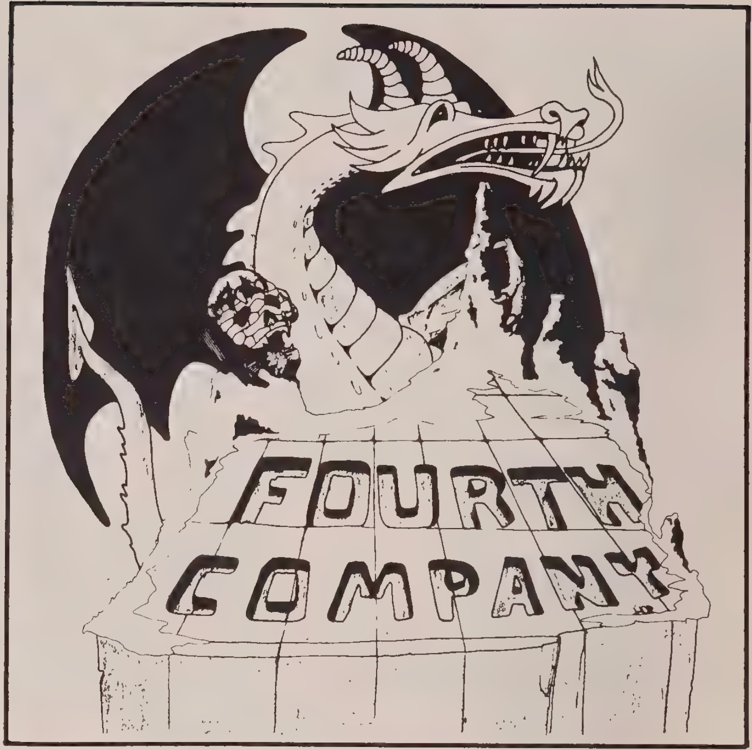


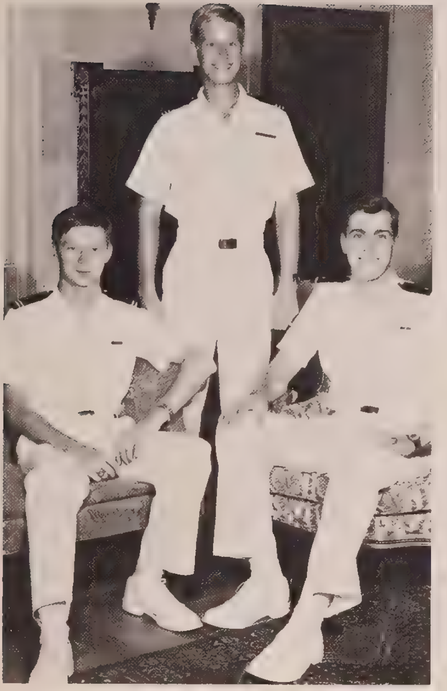
Front: A. Marang, D. Forney, M. Fairley, R. McGarrity, M. Pease, R. Ulloa, J. Stamos, B. Bond; Row 2: T. Gehan, A. Casimes, M. Kutelmack, M. Murphy, P. Walsh, R. McBride, T. Scott, T. Mosher, J. Nowell, F. Turner, D. Smith, R. Beach, G. Pease; Row 3: C. Richmond, K. Jennings, J. Fusto, E. Fox, M. Wilson, R. Medina, R. Clark, M. Hile, B. Muilenburg, G. Shultz, P. Rabun, C. Donnelly, G. Watson.

4TH COMPANY



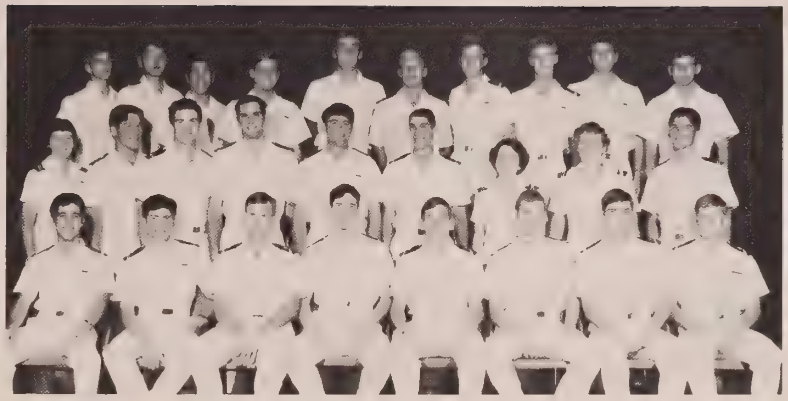
Major J. R. Lasher, USMC


FOURTH
COMPANY

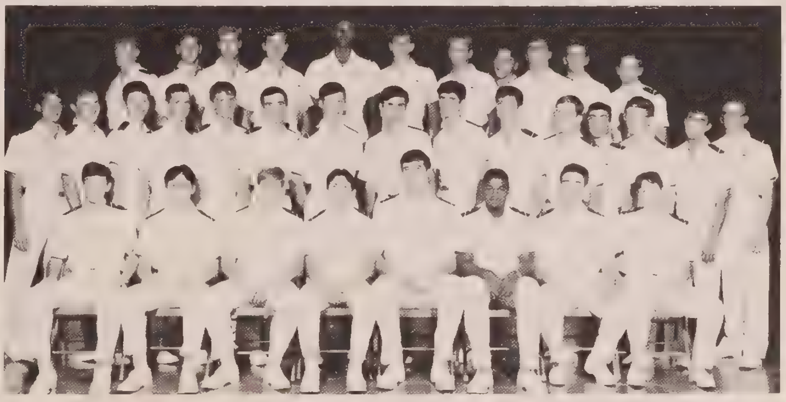


First Set: Co. Cdr. P. Ims; Co. Sub Cdr. S. Howe; CAO A. Haugh.

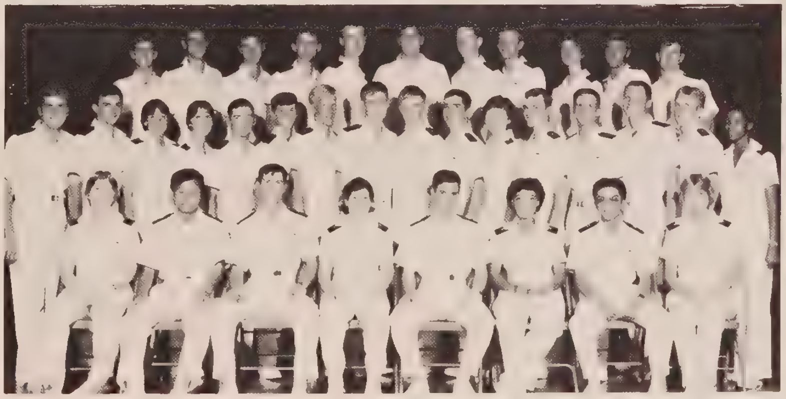
Second Set: Co. Cdr. J. Kessel; Co. Adj. J. Gerding; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Haugh.



Front: M. Stammer, M. Jordan, J. Bullock, J. Lingar, J. Heibel, B. Claypool, B. Mackenzie, B. Underwood; Row 2: J. Sullivan, B. Riso, F. Rodgers, D. Dinkins, P. Gill, S. Wechsler, B. Fitzgerald, P. Pitkin, J. Buglewicz; Row 3: H. Jentz, M. Yonehiro, I. Debate, J. Vargo, C. Borowski, D. Clements, H. Schneider, B. Browning, T. Brown, M. Oleghowski.



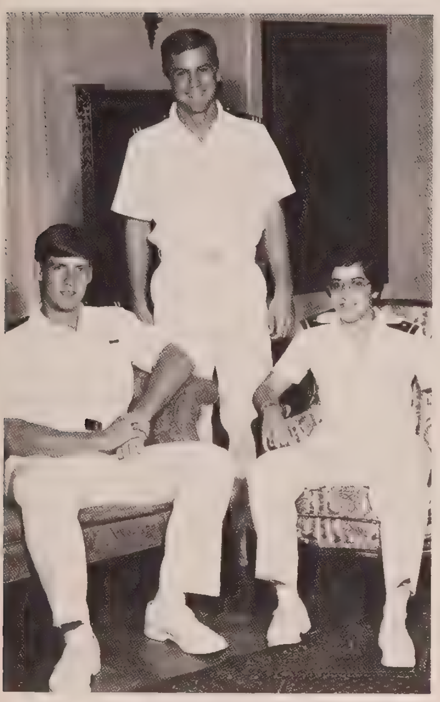
Front: M. Hellmann, A. Bai, L. Pyle, G. Rivas, F. Watt, R. Moore, B. Foley, D. Nestor; Row 2: J. Murray, K. Honeker, J. Currer, R. Boggs, G. Manley, E. Sullivan, S. Olevnik, E. Peterson, S. Trainor, F. Free, V. Tisdale, R. Rivera, G. Wells, C. Voightsberger, J. Baehr; Row 3: J. Schoppy, M. Thurman, R. Ness, M. Green, H. Hundley, B. Gambrill, K. Zoubar, A. Moron, F. Morneau, J. Canny, D. Hopkins.



Front: S. Pfeiffer, S. Oh, J. Dorbin, S. Saxton, T. Stubbs, B. Baker, L. Hiponia, R. Christopherson; Row 2: A. Manning, J. Conklin, K. Holderied, P. Futcher, J. Modney, T. Ransom, J. Westerbeke, D. Zevotek, M. Thompson, T. Thompson, C. Eppers, T. Mortensen, D. Schmode, D. Mitchell, J. Fellowes, M. Flaggs; Row 3: R. Syring, R. Rabuse, M. Eves, S. Griffin, G. Everling, B. Murphy, G. Debode, K. Blum, V. Wall, K. Braithwaite, T. Quigley.

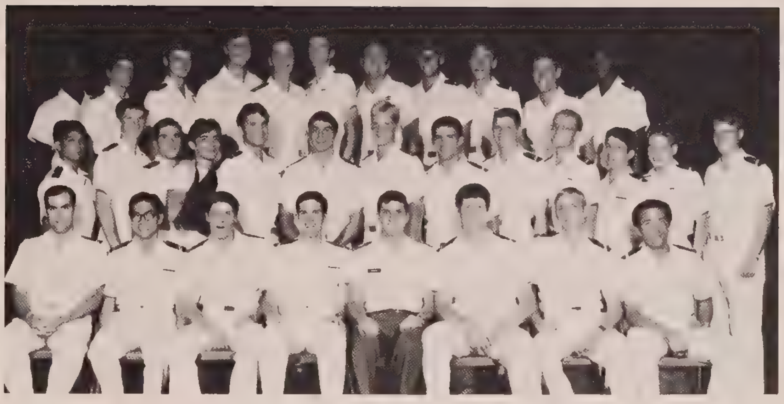
5TH COMPANY

Lcdr. G. Z. Berry, USN

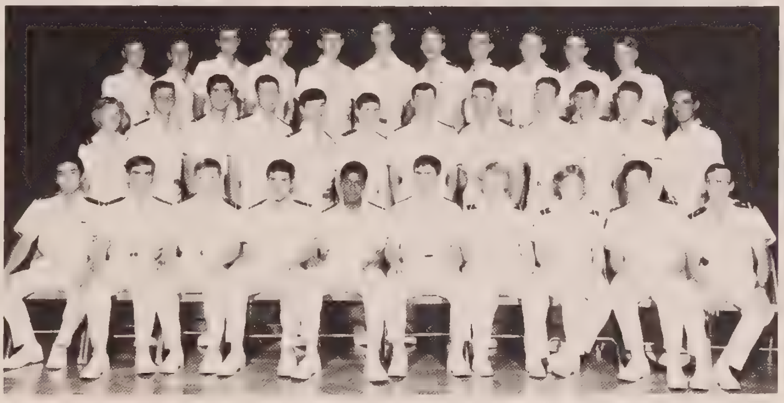


First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Reynolds; Co. Sub Cdr. K. Hauer; CAO S. White.

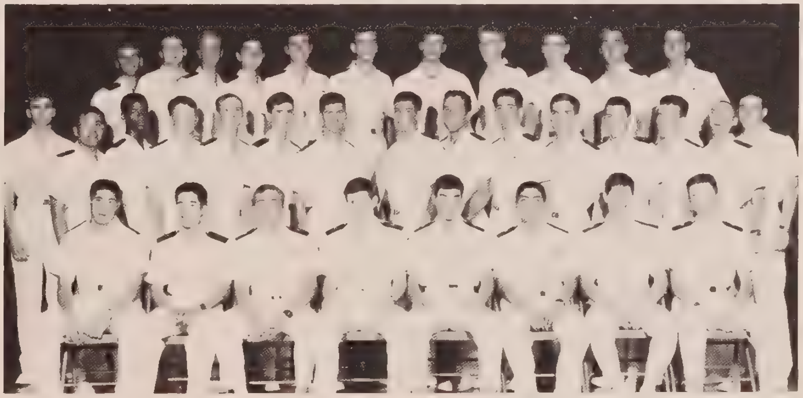
Second Set: Co. Sub. Cdr. P. Roane; Co. Adj. S. White; Co. Cdr. M. McGuire



Front: S. Iborg, E. Harter, M. Klunder, S. Watson, P. Mansoor, T. Boggs, M. Cochrane, A. Bates; Row 2: C. Yamashita, M. Rennie, L. Mosier, C. Kirby, R. Sansone, S. Depetris, S. Buss, P. Dour, D. Tracy, C. Craun, R. Reed, A. Platt, F. Reese; Row 3: T. Ferrell, D. Mitchell, E. Hackett, B. Moore, D. Leader, J. Righter, B. Bush, M. Russiello, K. Delvalle, T. Watkins, O. Batchlor.



Front: V. Mercado, J. Frye, J. Riegel, R. Wehman, R. Martin, B. Hinkley, K. Bruzas, D. Pellette, D. Gwilliam, D. Scott; Row 2: H. Wolfangel, J. Cerasoulo, J. Beaman, B. Laroche, T. Jewell, J. Lovering, G. Butler, J. Newell, S. Freeman, M. Philbrook, R. Clyborne, J. Cooney; Row 3: B. Dammeier, P. Ellis, J. Harding, M. Ott, S. McDavid, T. Rexrode, D. Anderson, G. Dupont, J. Miller, D. Bliesner, M. Walsh.

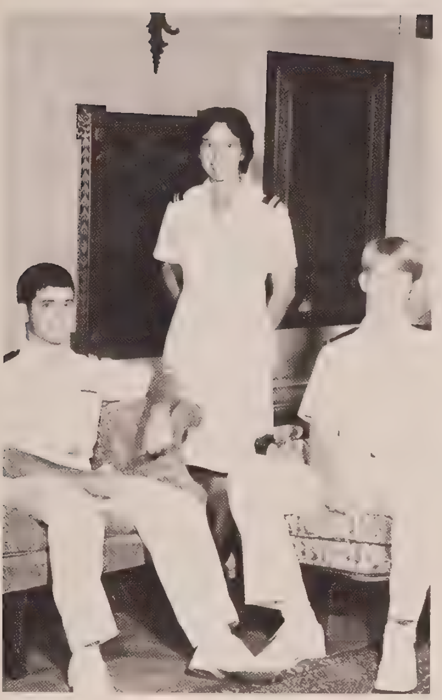


Front: R. Queipo, G. Otis, J. Bishop, J. Morris, S. Kushino, R. Gonzales, A. Graziano, D. Cassidy; Row 2: R. Silva, T. McSwain, C. Saunders, J. Glaeser, J. Abbot, C. Coucoules, T. Huff, P. McDevitt, M. Mohr, R. King, D. Neely, J. Herron, S. Berninger, J. Cook; Row 3: C. Micheal, D. Dugan, P. Byers, R. Speer, D. Davis, A. Abramson, D. Goings, T. Marnane, P. Dallman, D. Keihl, D. Harris.

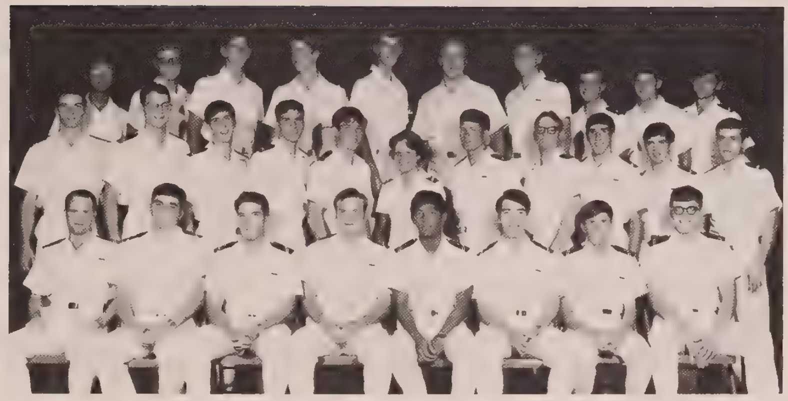
6TH COMPANY

Lt. J. R. Seaburg, USN

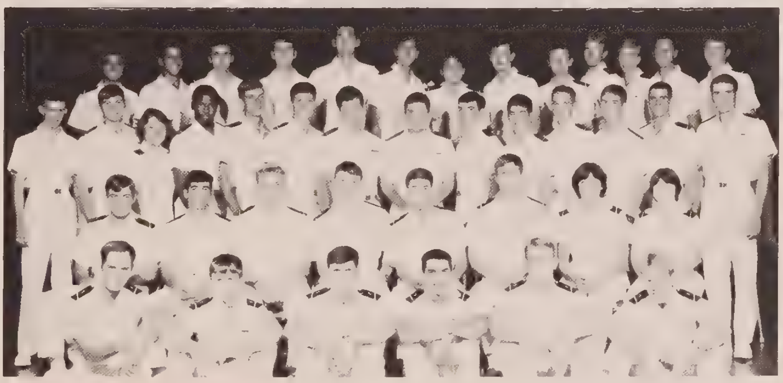
6
SIXTH
CO.
USNA
6



First Set: Co. Sub Cdr. L. Ramirez; Co. Cdr. C. Frank, CAO S. Smith.

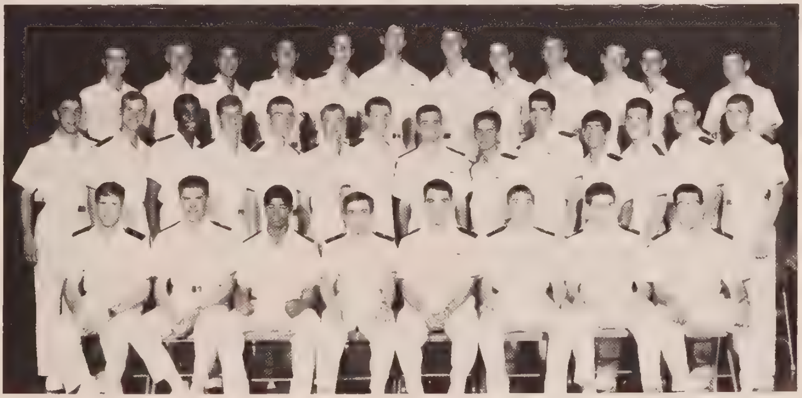


Front: J. Kelly, B. Cheney, P. Limbacher, E. Petzrick, N. Davis, G. Clifton, J. Wassink, D. Zeise; Row 2: M. Miller, E. Larson, S. Steeves, F. Koye, B. Kearley, E. McLean, J. Judge, G. Anderson, J. Viniotis, M. Quercia, P. Strait; Row 3: E. Manzano, A. Dobler, H. Larsen, R. Wimmer, P. Friedrichs, S. Hooper, P. Davidson, S. Gatanis, D. Clopp, M. Cissel.



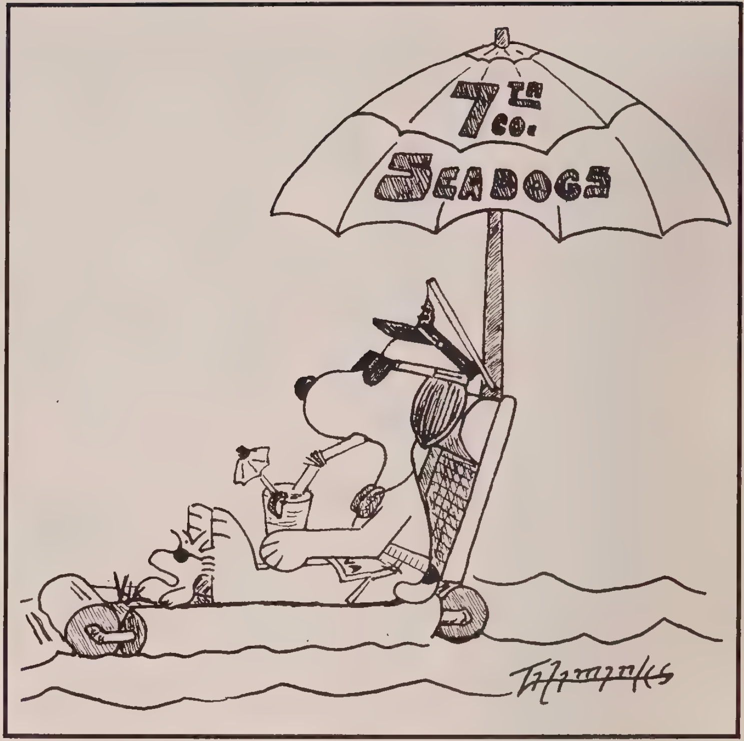
Front: W. Smith, M. Zimmerman, C. Piersall, M. Seaver, K. Anderson, D. Krall; Row 2: B. Collins, J. Stagliano, R. Page, L. McCombs, J. Hille, J. Krepps, C. Killmeyer, C. Walker; Row 3: B. Omberg, J. Drake, C. Sink, D. Davis, F. Ressel, E. Reuter, R. Gilbeau, J. Tofalo, E. Sax, C. St. George, F. Gallo, J. Benner, A. Macyko, W. Smith; Row 4: P. Manibo, E. Roane, D. Forney, S. Herrington, T. Thompson, P. Skalniak, G. Schmidt, J. Fleming, D. Kelley, D. Montgomery, M. Koval, A. Ross, D. Linton.

Second Set: Co. Adj. K. Mahosky; Co. Sub Cdr. T. Gavin; Co. Cdr. B. Peloquin.

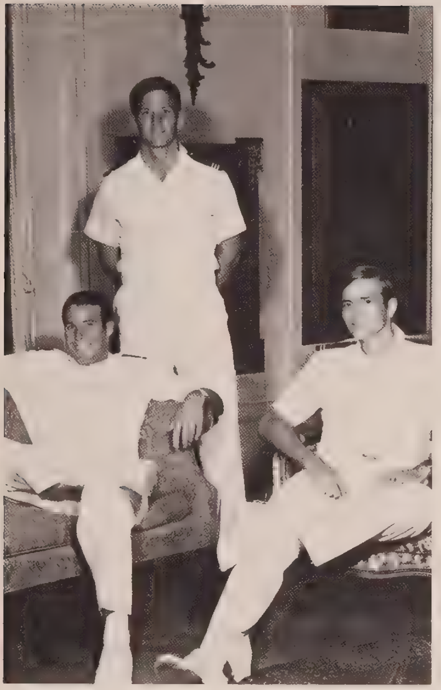


Front: S. Brawley, E. Wills, J. Wilson, T. Lutton, A. Daverede, T. Goaly, M. Devin, D. Adamus; Row 2: C. Garbelotti, S. Hilferty, R. Nixon, G. Mesora, P. Kolbas, G. Carpenter, K. Powell, J. Jorgensen, M. Marron, R. Gustafson, P. Vallejo, M. Cameron, P. Mayer, J. Osullivan; Row 3: D. Boucher, T. McIntyre, M. Martinez, M. Massee, J. Thein, B. Poynter, S. Randolph, D. Dacruz, G. English, P. Strance, D. Burg, T. Miller.

7TH COMPANY


7th Co.
Seadogs

Lt. J. J. Higbee, USN

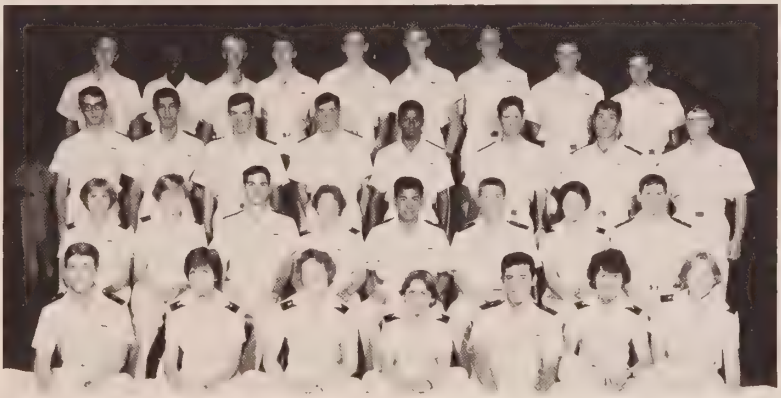


First Set: Co. Cdr. C. Morrison; CAO J. Welch; Co. Sub Cdr. D. Warren.

Second Set: Co. Adj. T. Hellman; Co. Sub Cdr. S. Whitfield; Co. Cdr. G. Henning.

Front: J. Blackburn, M. Hundley; Row 2: M. Staib, J. Tondu, J. Hynes, C. Henry, B. Duncan, W. Beach, J. Treadway, G. Zanti; Row 3: S. Robertson, T. Van Petten, M. Bateman, J. Bright, M. Rice, S. Whitson, T. Schauder, R. Savich, K. Hagmann, D. Waldman; Row 4: B. Swanson, D. Dingman, R. Perkins, B. Bonner, J. Rouse, P. King, J. Kennedy, P. McGehee, J. Brooks.

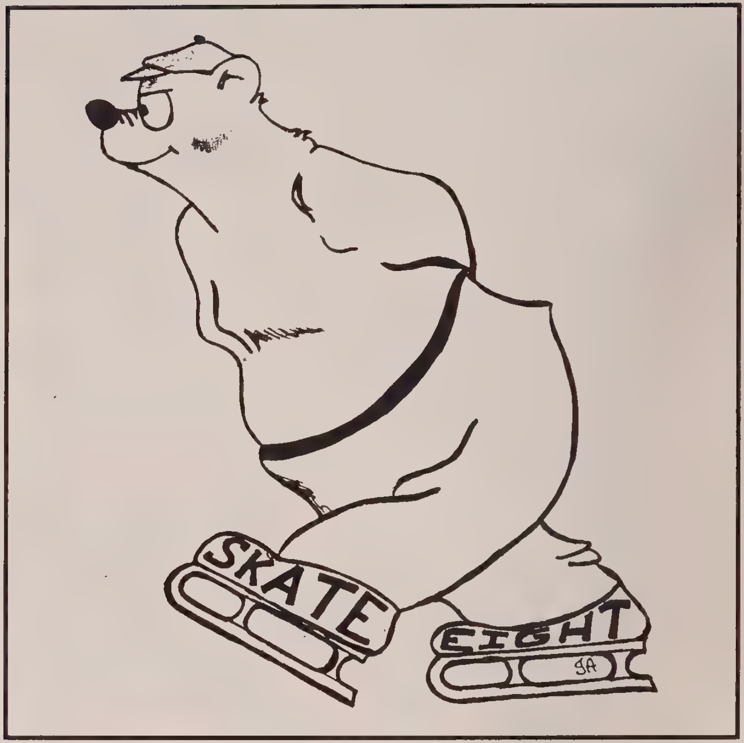
Front: L. Bryla, T. Callaghan, S. Prato, N. Fillipone, P. Savage, D. Dixon, M. Powell; Row 2: M. Hellstern, L. Koeller, B. Corcoran, D. Schroeder, M. Gubenski, J. Adreano, S. Savery, J. Rupp, D. Magness; Row 3: C. Weber, D. Vicini, M. Hinton, S. Warner, J. Wolley, S. Brummett, J. Armstrong, G. McCarthy, P. Greenway, C. Rivera, D. Karson, S. Gogue; Row 4: M. Neff, T. Rodgers, D. Owen, T. McReynolds, B. Fields, H. Tillman, B. Arowson, M. Krechel, V. Genco.



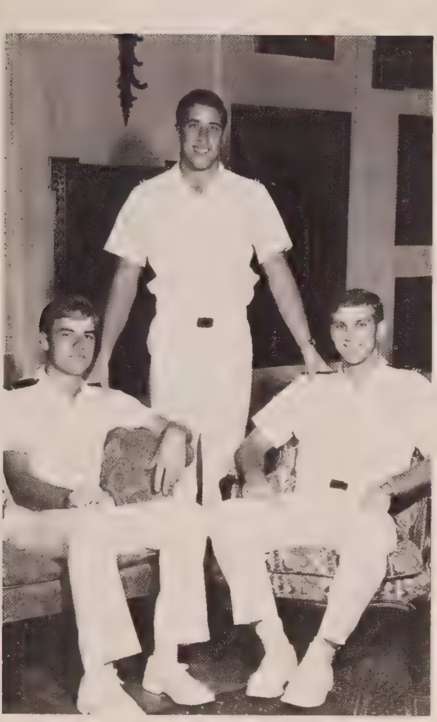
Front: B. Comstock, M. Rawhouser, D. Wuestenberg, K. Murray, A. Litton, M. Green, A. Webster; Row 2: R. Beagle, V. Forehand, R. Krause, L. Nesta, K. Kumangai, G. Gurbach, R. Wix, G. Murphy, Row 3: M. Davis, J. Augustine, J. McCormick, J. Weber, C. Manning, S. Chesson, S. Clemency, T. Horn; Row 4: S. Vogel, T. Walton, R. Brown, B. Flock, J. Schofield, G. Butler, D. Borrebach, A. Ponseigo, W. Beil.

8TH COMPANY

Lt. G. C. Gilmore, USN

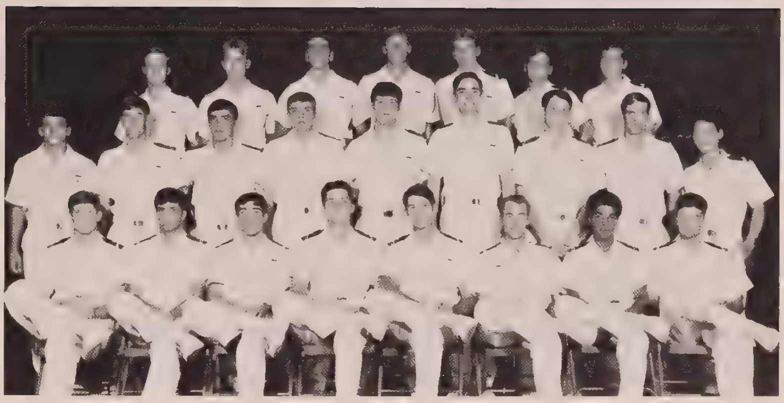


SKATE
EIGHT
JA

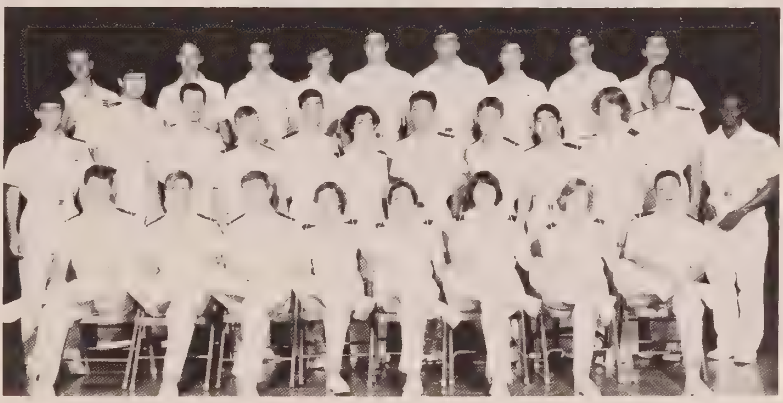


First Set: Co. Sub Cdr. R. Grimm; CAO D. Gilliland, Co. Cdr. F. Caldwell.

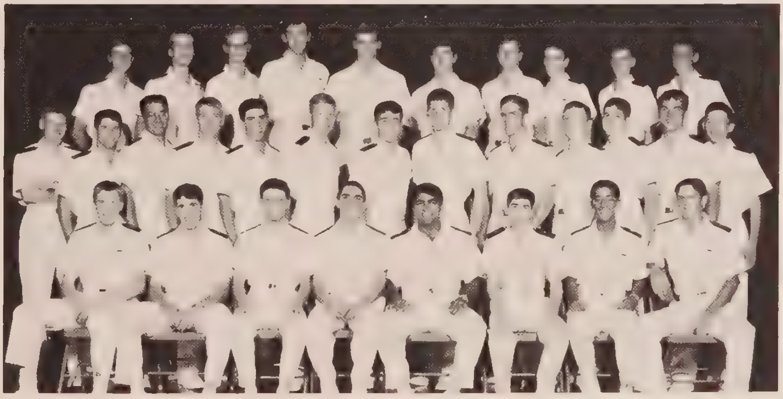
Second Set: Co. Adj. J. Snevely; Co. Sub Cdr. S. Ferrell; Co. Cdr. J. Foggo.



Front: M. Morris, D. Fillion, F. Valente, J. Korn, J. Yohe, C. Castanien, M. McLeod, S. Blankman; Row 2: A. Shelter, R. Gentry, C. Ryniewicz, M. Horton, M. Dapas, R. Ward, A. Harper, M. Richardson, J. Akiyama; Row 3: S. Cooksey, J. Sands, B. Weiner, S. Acalin, J. Mauro, L. Meier, J. Plude.



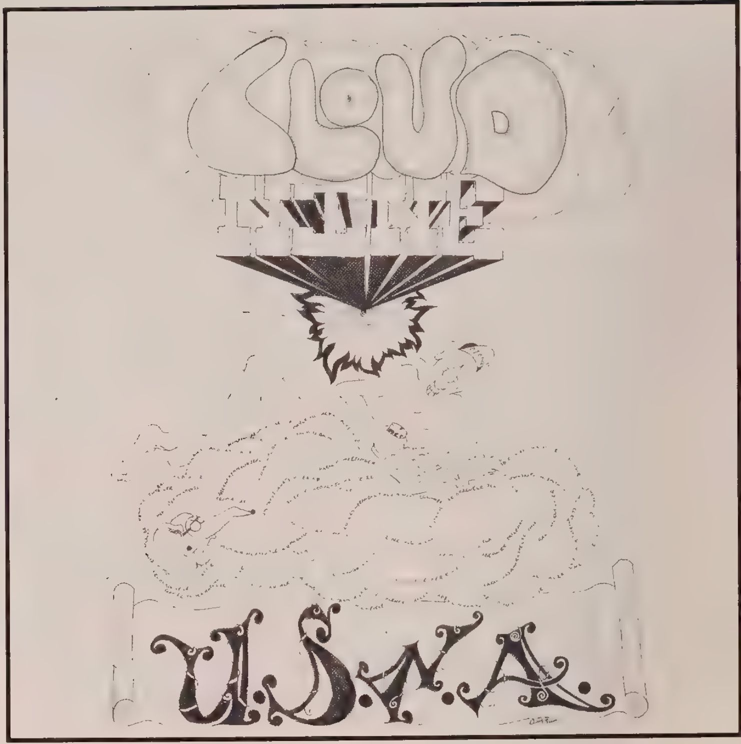
Front: T. Dacey, D. Clause, C. O'Brien, N. Ingerson, L. Bolan, S. Prieto, K. Williams, M. Chavez; Row 2: L. Bartee, G. Summerfield, M. Breen, B. Schurman, M. Zap, K. Lui, P. Shankland, S. Oda, K. Owens, J. Wilson, A. Scissum; Row 3: G. Woodruff, M. Cart, D. Wadsworth, R. Guseman, J. Holland, J. Loper, G. Lester, S. Thoreson, J. Weis.

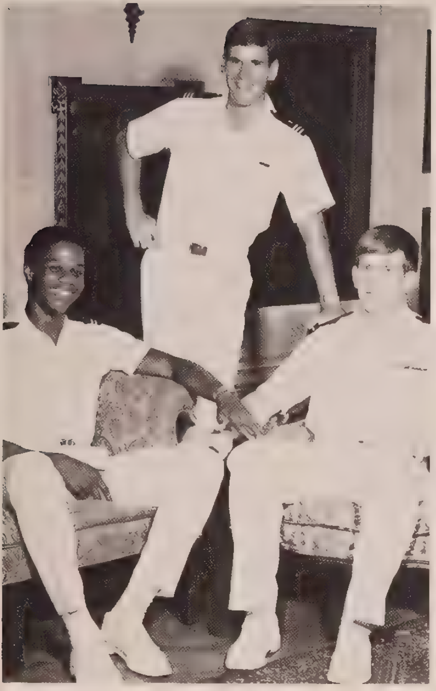


Front: M. Newman, J. Pagano, A. Farrell, M. Chimiak, T. Dito, P. Gonzalez, J. Smith, G. Wilson; Row 2: D. Myre, S. Kirschner, A. Ponturiero, S. Bovington, P. Lluy, W. Guerrero, D. Benson, A. Stuart, K. Belcher, S. Eash, T. Ivan, E. Oswald, A. Lopez; Row 3: J. Gelinne, C. Melcher, T. Green, R. Babicz, R. Olsen, D. Wilkes, B. Krueger, M. Waldschmidt, E. Renda, S. Smith.

9TH COMPANY

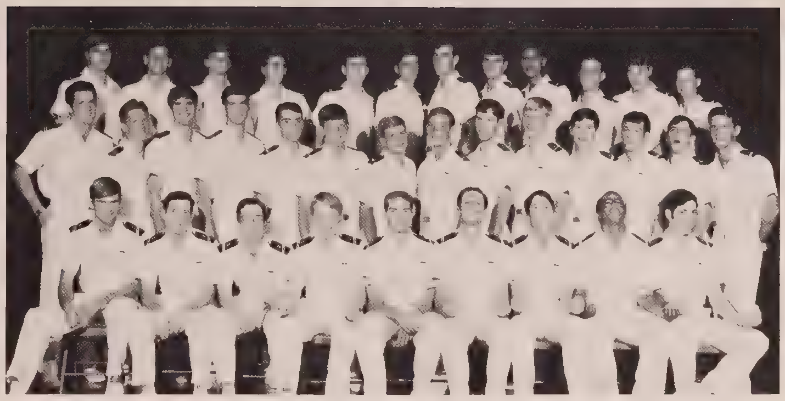
Lt. H. E. Yeiser, USN


CLOUD
NINE
U.S.N.A.

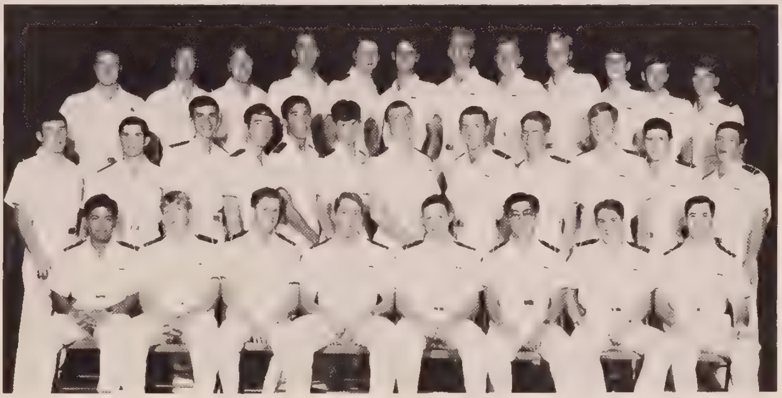


First Set: Co. Cdr. M. Vanbrocklin; Co. Sub Cdr. S. Abernathy; Co. Adj. M. Behl.

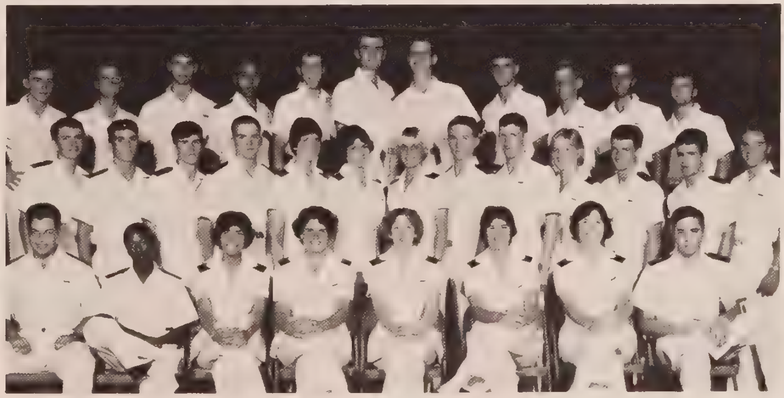
Second Set: Co. Sub Cdr. R. Scott; Co. Adj. R. Welch; Co. Cdr. J. Hamill.



Front: P. Skopowski, T. Powers, T. Bertch, R. Rayermann, T. Anderson, T. Stank, P. Donoher, D. Flowers, G. Loureiro; Row 2: M. Lockett, R. Fisher, T. King, W. Hintze, K. Horsfield, D. Simpson, W. Thayer, G. Bean, W. Hubler, D. Groters, K. Reilly, R. Greene, D. Lema, J. Oziminowicz; Row 3: G. Thomas, J. Roberts, P. Pfabe, K. Sweeney, E. Kugel, M. Murdter, R. Smith, G. Montesi, R. Velez, R. Luehrsen, G. Taggart, T. Meteler.



Front: J. Marañá, C. Holden, T. Crompton, C. Montross, K. Hymers, D. Eguchi, B. Hart, C. Ballister; Row 2: L. McAllister, M. Brown, P. Vujica, F. Lukenbill, C. Colon, E. Feege, B. Eikenberg, J. Rivas, P. Wilkerson, S. Watson, J. Weaver, J. Harding; Row 3: B. Bigger, M. Hapeman, C. Husa, J. Boddiford, T. Smith, B. Ostrom, E. Kaniut, S. Lever, M. Johnson, P. Gamerdinger, R. Williams, J. Johnson.



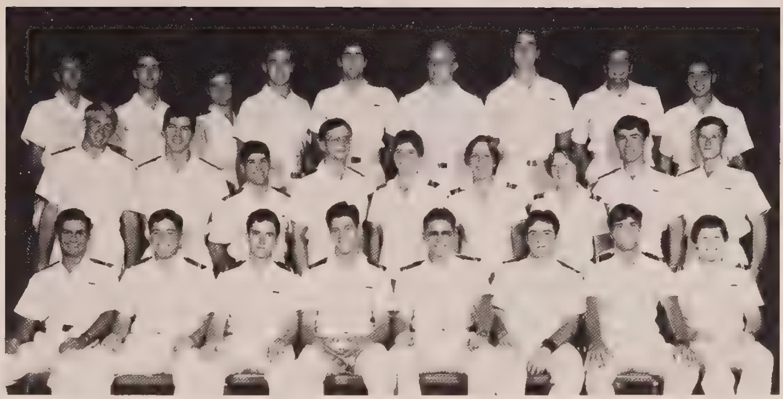
Front: A. Samora, D. Hudson, N. Hithe, G. Haberlin, D. Sheppard, C. Justice, J. Taverna, M. Sakaniwa; Row 2: N. Adams, B. Rowe, M. Nevins, G. Waters, P. Merril, J. Chinn, K. Englehart, T. Sperry, R. Farrel, A. McManus, R. Everist, R. Hammett; Row 3: G. Catlin, R. Heath, L. Naeyaert, F. Ramirez, D. Roper, L. Quinn, J. Champagne, R. Paulk, M. Quigley, M. Strano, P. Kubesh.

10TH COMPANY

Lcdr. M. J. Cochrane, USN

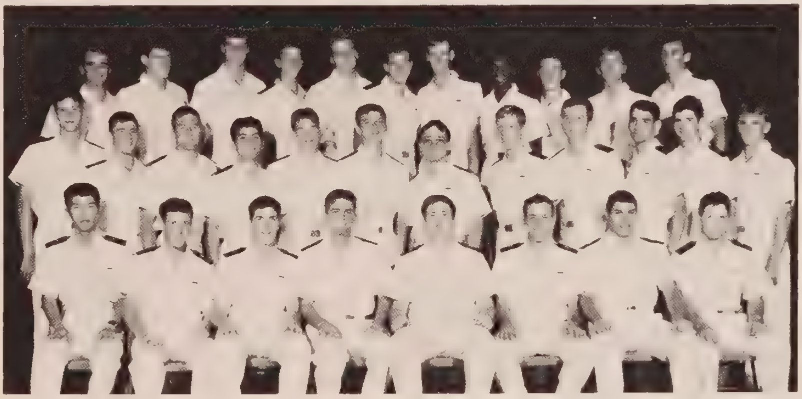
First Set: Co. Cdr. C. Pierson; Co. Adj. P. Austen, Co. Sub Cdr. B. Barlow.

Second Set: Co. Cdr. J. Suggs; Co. Sub Cdr. K. Waidelich; Co. Adj. R. Jaramillo.



Front: N. Covelli, T. Richie, L. Reinhart, P. Shigley, J. Joynson, F. Gorman, D. Spoerl, M. Sesbeau; Row 2: R. Bohner, J. Onate, E. Matacotta, K. Mabon, S. Steen, J. Curry, S. Hittle, R. Heagy, C. Garland; Row 3: T. Bacci, R. English, K. McGuire, S. Cochran, E. Cataldo, M. Crum, B. Brennan, J. Direnzo, P. Perez.

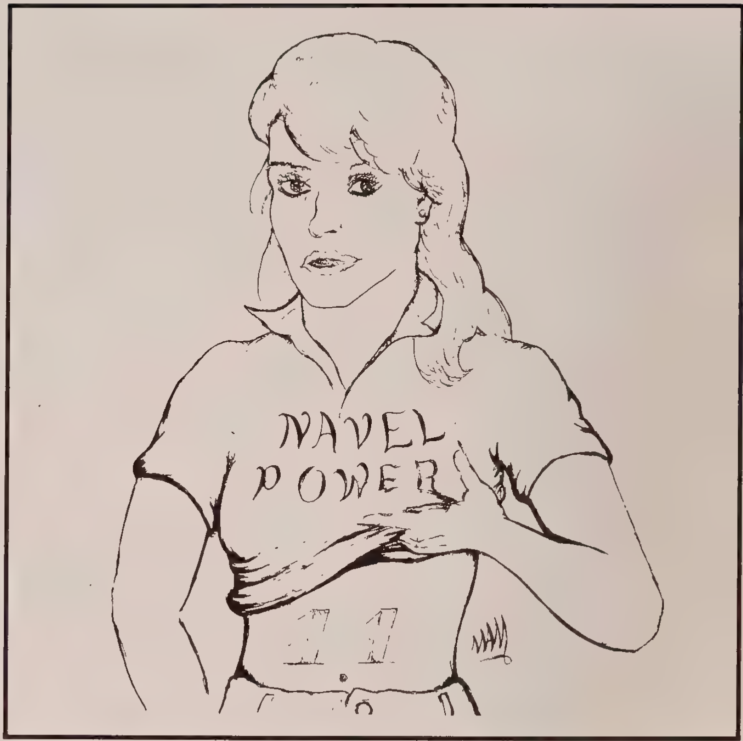
Front: S. Fiedler, G. Murray, D. Groff, G. Smith, L. Tragua, D. Struble, Row 2: M. Dumlao, B. Posey, J. Creed, R. Linnekin, P. Marshall, M. Kamyszek, M. Carlson, R. Rusnak; Row 3: G. Dalley, M. Donner, V. Makovitck, A. Caldwell, J. Jockel, D. Greenberg, J. Gori, L. Shonenberg, P. Rockswold, C. Landrum, J. Peterson, S. Bondura, J. Boyle, B. Hooper; Row 4: M. Nicholson, P. Dionne, T. Casey, T. Garcia, J. Vidal, T. Haslach, P. Bouffard, S. Johnson, B. Flannery, S. Baer, M. Mahan, L. McIlvene.



Front: W. Lee, M. Plaisance, G. Kearney, C. Dukes, S. Szymanski, S. Chachula, R. Fernandez, J. Karrmann; Row 2: R. Melland, N. Freeman, M. Ehlers, G. Gonzales, J. Zwirner, J. Dunson, J. Fijalkowski, M. Parsons, J. Mongan, J. Escobar, S. Ceraolo, A. Hein; Row 3: M. Cedrun, J. Oberle, M. Guyll, W. McMasters, R. Pierce, S. Shepherd, T. Pence, G. Peoples, J. Pasternak, M. Miller, G. Marvil.

11TH COMPANY

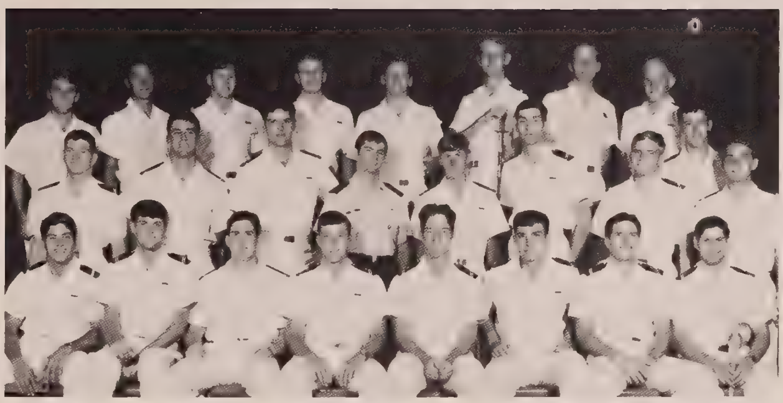
Major M. J. Williams, USMC



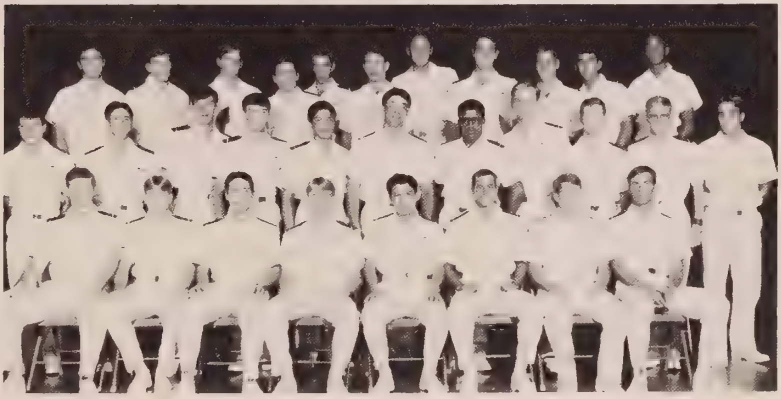
NAVEL POWER
11

First Set: Co. Cdr. P. Bailey; Co. Sub Cdr. W. Moran; Co. Adj. M. Dotson

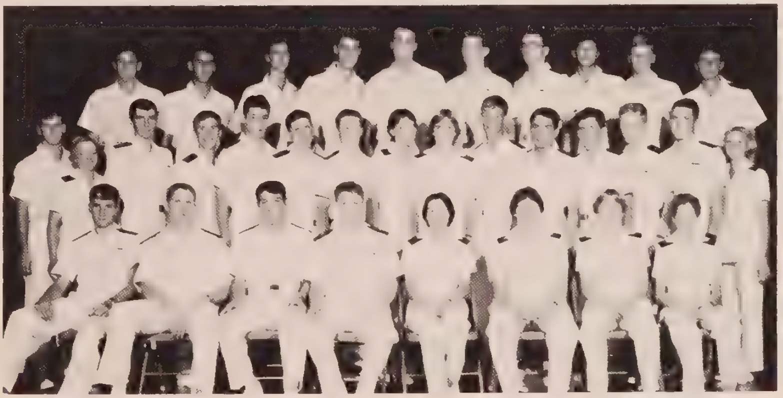
Second Set: Co. Cdr. D. Judy; Co. Sub Cdr. B. Lewis; Co. Adj. J. Nicholson.



Front: R. Deluca, C. Newman, P. Healy, R. Blythe, W. Ault, C. Smith, B. Conners, M. Fierro; Row 2: R. Rice, J. Ratkovich, M. Russell, R. Deuber, T. Clemons, N. Rantz, M. Keating, R. Langford, D. Bosnic; Row 3: K. Thorne, M. Wetherell, R. Miles, D. Price, P. Goodman, F. Abell, T. Manganaro, J. Volkoff. Missing: D. Dunbar, C. McGurk, J. Cerasuolo, C. Toner.

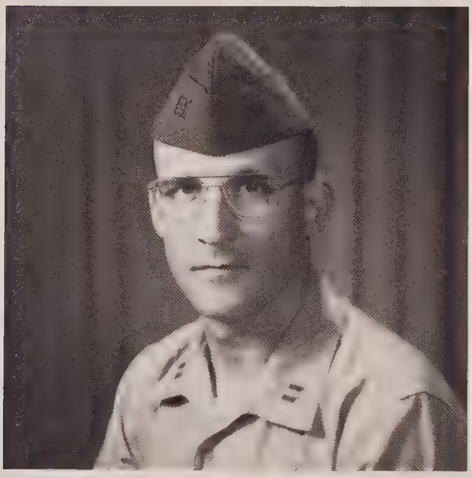


Front: D. Fisher, B. Wehner, M. Radice, R. Schott, J. Segura, J. Anderson, J. Johanneson, J. Rose; Row 2: D. Barland, D. Renner, J. McGovern, K. Fitzpatrick, V. Washington, L. Hayward, J. Darden, K. Wilson, J. Hudson, K. Kelly, S. Kienne; Row 3: T. VanGunten, M. Rohrbach, M. Rafter, P. Webb, T. Matthews, P. Becker, E. Takesuye, D. Needham, C. McDonald, M. Heitkemper, J. Battle; Missing: J. Lett, C. Faller.

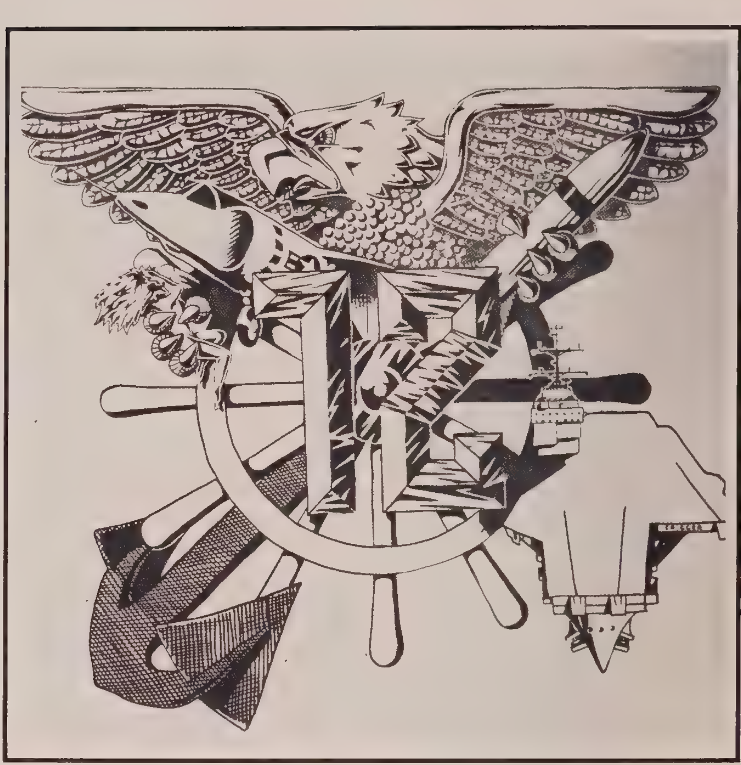


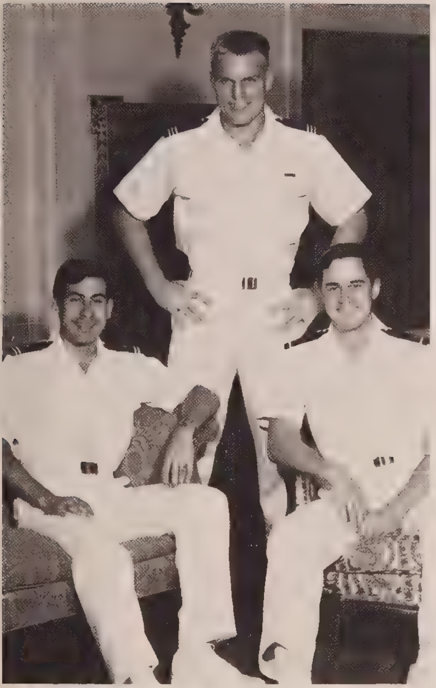
Front: J. Ziemian, G. Moulton, B. Casteneda, D. Aumuller, J. Giron, R. Lewis, C. Gromek, G. Bressler; Row 2: M. Porter, D. Holloway, M. McLean, D. Stevens, M. Petrosino, P. Higgins, W. Stevens, D. Smith, K. Jones, M. Matteo, B. Intoy, A. Munoz, T. Williamson, J. Sylvester, S. VanVoorst; Row 3: D. Karabin, R. Haddad, G. Crabtree, T. Hastings, M. Lester, H. Schroeder, T. Ploeger, T. Baker, T. Collins, T. Bowman.

12TH COMPANY



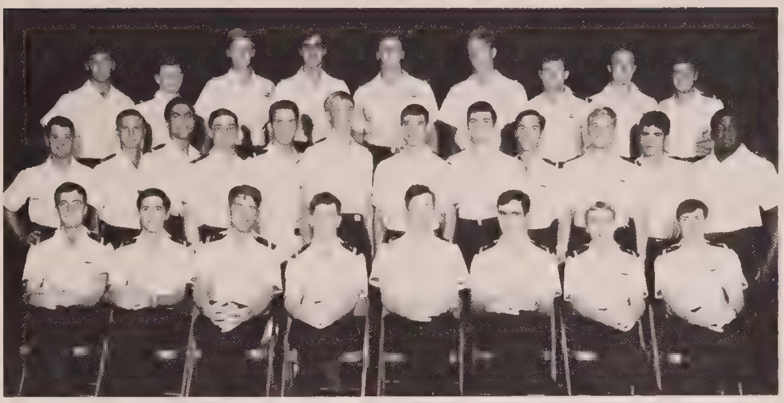
Capt. T. Hannigan, USMC



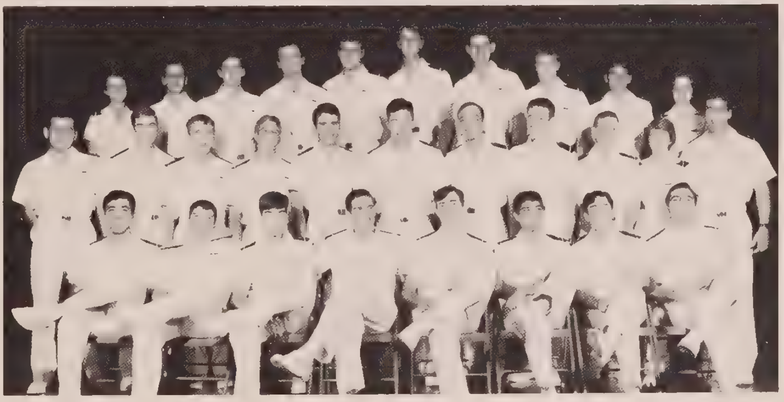


First Set: Co. Cdr. B. Foreman; Co. Sub Cdr. S. Camacho; Co. Adj. M. Baumgartner.

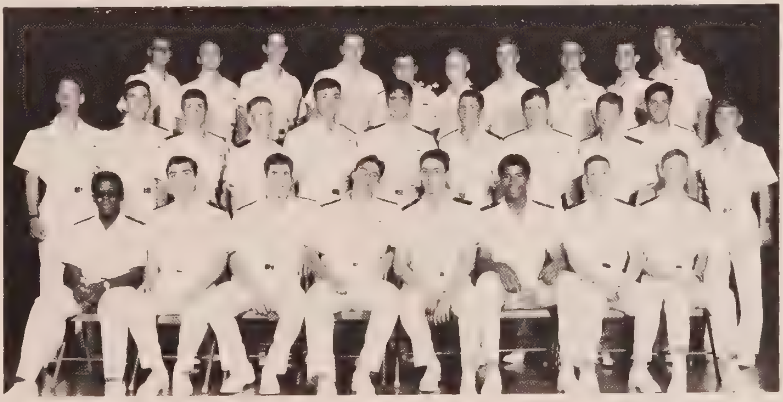
Second Set: Co. Cdr. S. Finn; Co. Sub Cdr. T. Perotti; Co. Adj. R. Leblanc.



Front: J. Goetz, M. Muenzhuber, D. Pine, W. Patterson, P. Holden, R. Vogel, S. Hemmelgarn, A. Carmack; Row 2: T. Brog, R. Hendry, W. Butts, P. Dreher, D. Nordman, T. Reese, J. Riegert, M. Walley, J. Weidman, L. Brasher, C. Deizcue, E. Meyers; Row 3: R. Nicklas, T. Garrison, J. Miller, P. Botero, S. Irwin, D. Belt, L. Cates, D. Moss, G. Thomson.



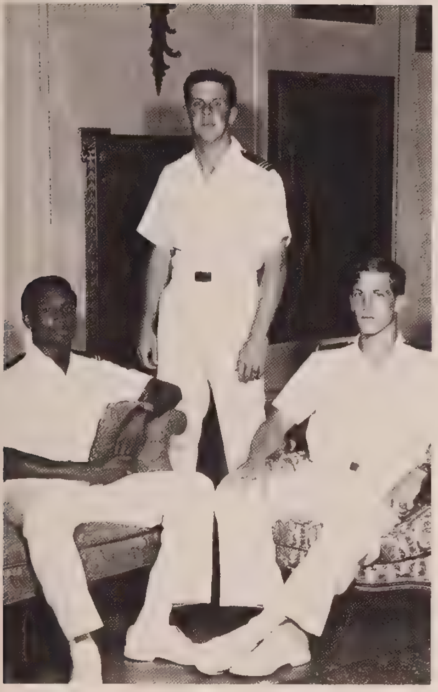
Front: J. Duran, J. Miller, B. Budal, W. Dobbratz, W. Oxx, P. Coronado, B. Marin, J. Flatley; Row 2: S. Deangelis, S. Larsen, T. Edwards, M. Coyan, R. Torres, J. Monahan, M. Oravec, P. Mckenney, R. Crigger, S. Oldahm, J. Shoemake; Row 3: M. Kellogg, D. Snyder, T. Tarquinio, J. Evans, J. Emery, J. Whitesides, M. Barbour, D. Hinderliter, D. Beemer, M. Gideon; Missing: C. Bresnahan.



Front: R. Adger, F. Carothers, E. Dunn, E. Panico, R. Lawrence, S. Skinner, C. Hobaugh, D. Reudi; Row 2: G. Vandenburg, C. Kirchten, D. Conkey, B. Keller, H. Summerfield, D. Ditton, T. Schaefer, R. Gradel, H. Riedel, P. Alicea, R. Shibe; Row 3: D. Siled, J. Funk, C. Cusumano, A. Jaegers, S. Gravini, J. Hasbrouck, E. Baker, K. Koehler, P. Barr, R. Oakenell.

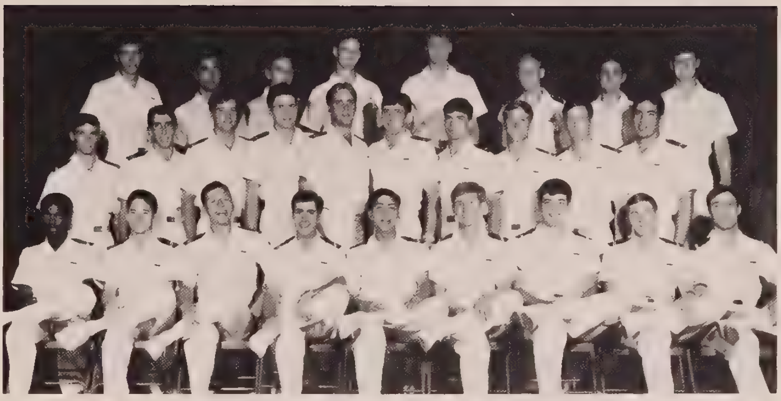
13TH COMPANY

Capt. C. W. Noto, USMC

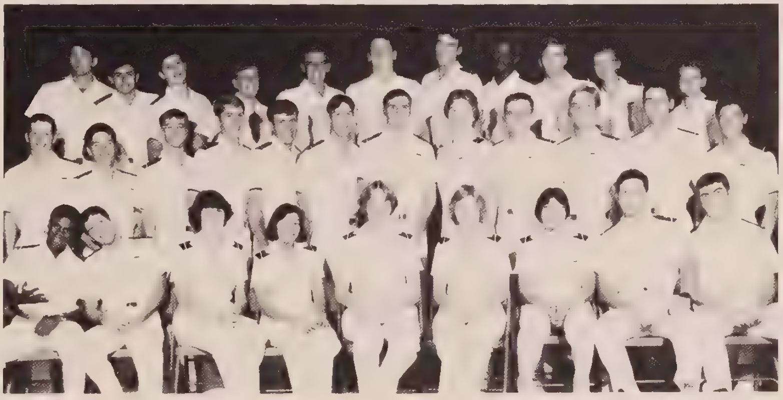


First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Bender; Co. Sub Cdr. A. Herrod; Co. Adj. R. Shafer.

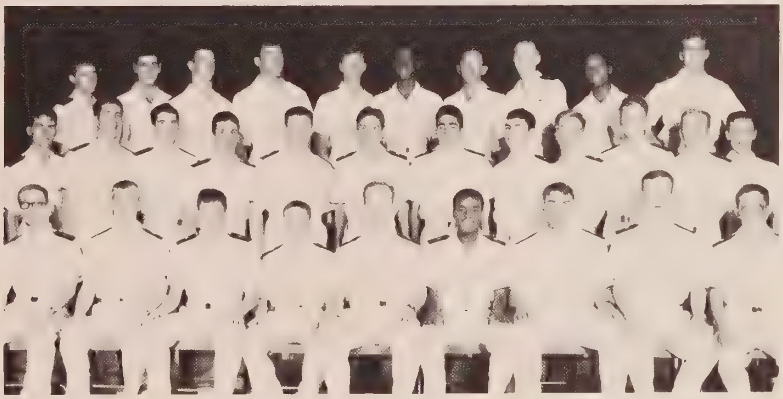
Second Set: Co. Cdr. K. Hopkins; Co. Sub Cdr. L. Green; Co. Adj. M. Mykityshyn.



Front: K. Carodine, D. Samples, M. Sharpe, M. Ginda, R. Robledo, B. Hughes, S. Rapp, B. Donnahoo, P. Jaszczyszyn; Row 2: P. Hayes, T. Thomas, C. Tamblyn, R. Samolovitch, J. Hansen, J. Cleary, B. Gawne, C. Scott, J. Hippler, J. Rardin; Row 3: T. Thiede, J. Vazquez, T. Hughes, T. Whalen, J. Mueller, R. Civilikas, P. Eichelberger, D. Brady.



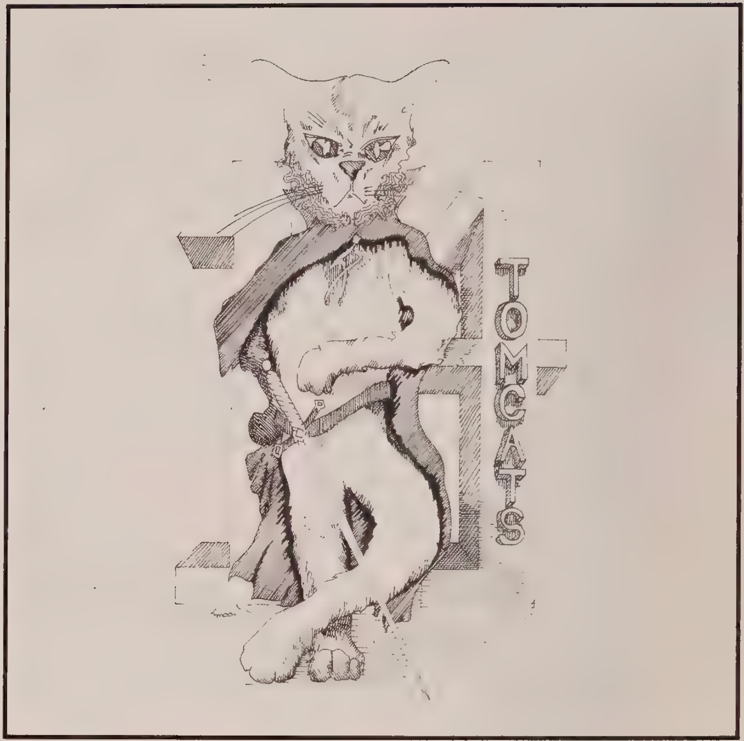
Front: J. Finley, R. Lago, E. Lynch, A. Carcueva, J. Eberhardt, J. Ward, T. Sherman, W. Weinert, L. Boyle; Row 2: J. Lupro, D. Yoder, J. Wiltenmuth, G. Hardy, L. O'Connor, M. Needleman, A. Ross, C. Dolyniuk, D. Snyder, A. Smith, J. Hooks, G. Rusch; Row 3: T. Bennett, C. Galluzzo, D. Phaneuf, E. Pyne, L. Young, M. McMahon, D. Sasser, M. Barclift, M. Feely, T. Evans, P. Holland.

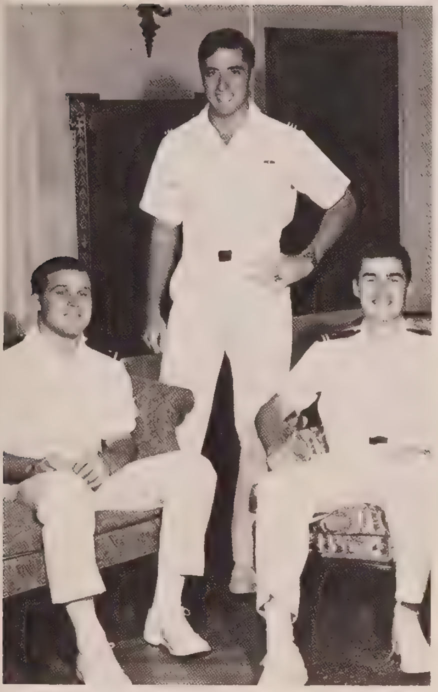


Front: M. Fallot, B. Martin, J. Martinez, J. Zaun, J. Laughlin, J. Taylor, M. Pagnanelli, R. Matts, T. Williams; Row 2: P. Johnson, D. Bunker, P. Lawver, D. Etkins, L. Lesslie, J. McCreary, J. Giangiuli, M. Murray, T. Busmire, M. Brodowicz, C. Noah, H. Lasell; Row 3: J. Ringle, C. Hatcher, K. Olsen, J. Scannell, S. Spooner, K. Howard, F. Sutton, P. Wojtkeiwicz, D. Parrish, M. Deppe.

14TH COMPANY

Lt. R. A. Davis, USN

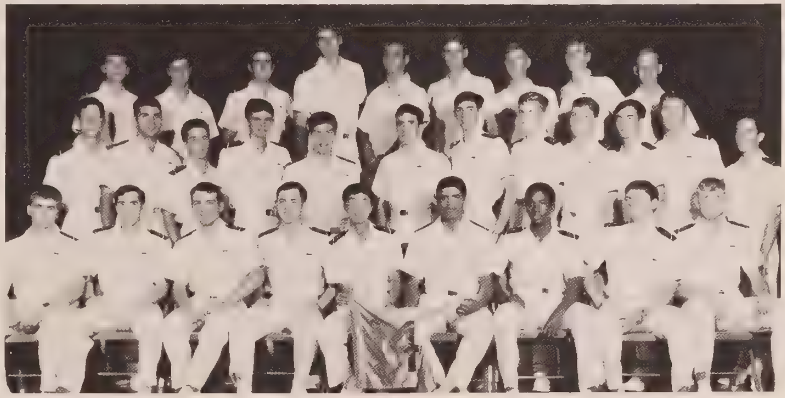




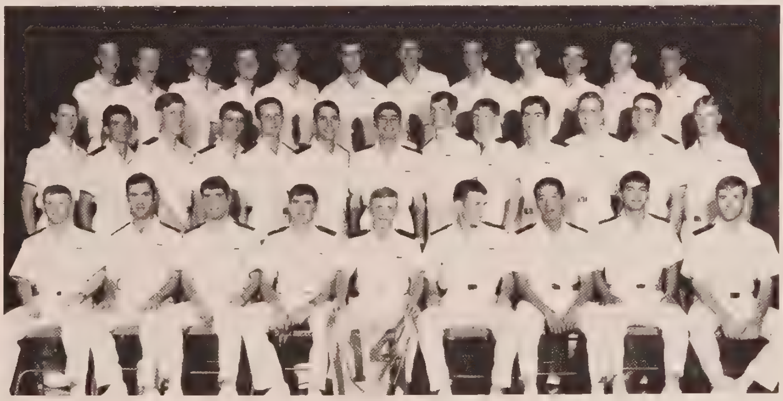
First Set: Co. Cdr. P. Perri; CAO B. Kenny; Co. Sub Cdr. P. Loughlin.

Second Set: CAO D. Perry; Co. Sub Cdr. D. Hill; Co. Cdr. G. Nosal.

L. Gandee, K. Dabrowski, T. Parry, W. Brennan, R. Peterson, M. Cortese, B. Moody, G. Elmendorf, P. Cole; Row 2: S. Stroud, R. Soule, J. Shatto, B. Rempe, D. Land, S. Jones, K. Khol, T. Crombie; Row 3: E. Otton, W. Popovich, M. Bannister, R. Schumacher, P. Denham, R. Janicke.

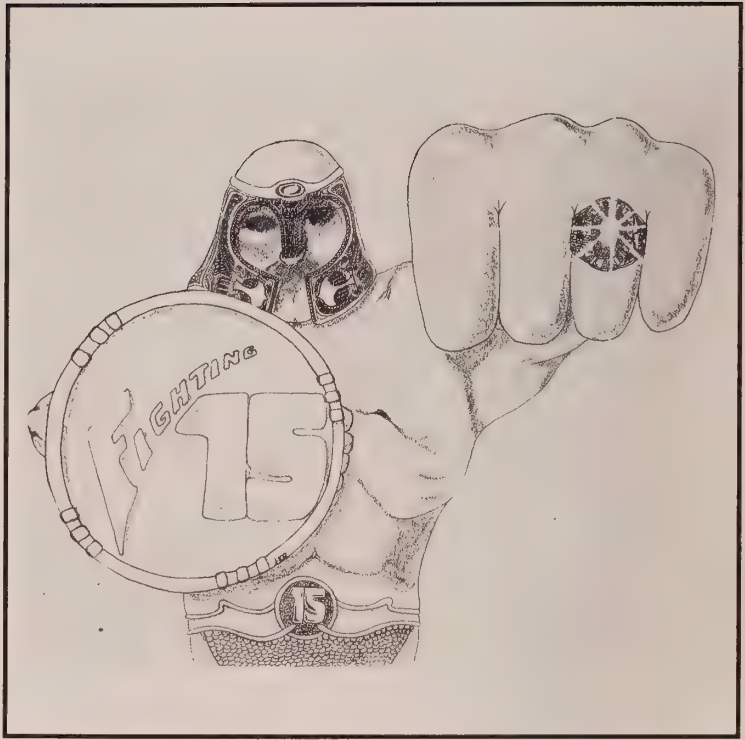


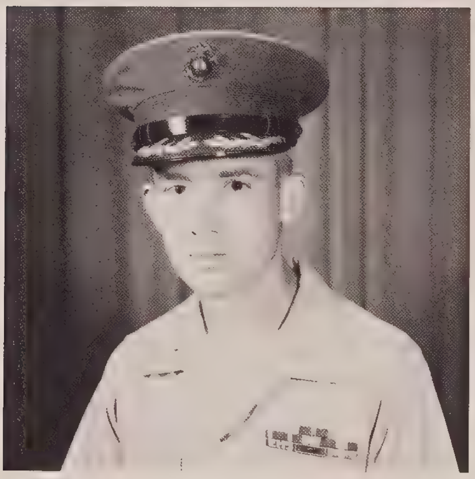
Front: B. Scales, J. O'Leary, J. Spruill, R. Elder, J. Yuen, J. Crockett, T. Brannon, G. Zuschlag, W. Larson; Row 2: C. Sink, K. Papp, T . Vindich, R. Jentoff, J. Guiliano, J. McGill, R. Wise, J. Smith, C. Williams, M. Hopgood, T. Kraft, J. Soto; Row 3: M. Pearl, C. Murch, T. Dalpini, E. Brill, F. Blundetto, M. Ray, S. Nordel, J. Dobbins, J. Hoffman.



Front: P. Erickson, M. Balon, S. Sesker, R. Frondillo, A. Bierbrauer, J. Hemmen, A. Quintong, R. Miranda, B. Drummond; Row 2: M. McCracken, P. Beaumont, J. Fluhart, J. Cordle, P. Poulock, H. Clay, A. Coomber, D. Ulisnik, D. Halain, R. Campbell, G. Smith, S. Coulter, C. Tettelbach; Row 3: R. Bower, J. Murray, M. Duorak, T. Smith, M. Lyons, G. Dimitrow, R. Laufer, M. Openshaw, T. Dalton, J. Willson, B. Murtha, K. Dixon.

15TH COMPANY

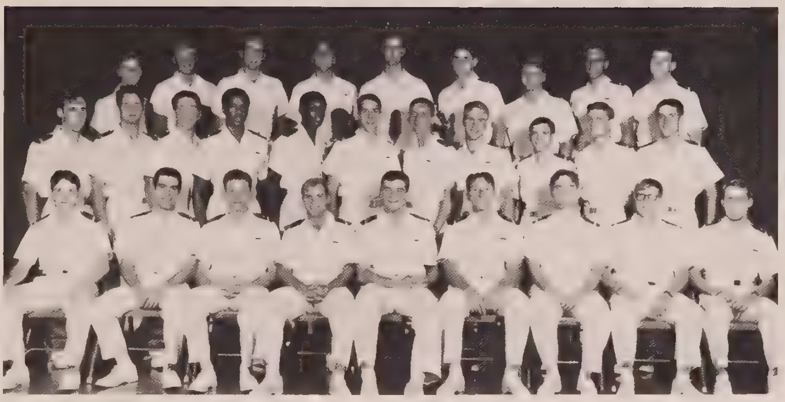

FIGHTING
15
15



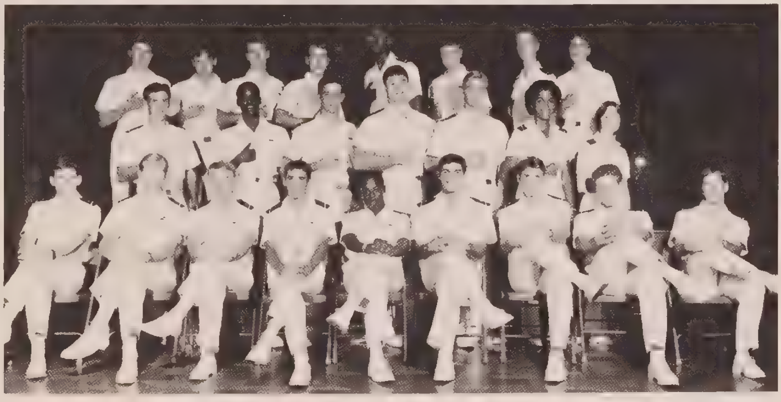
Major D. M. Mize, USMC

First Set: Co. Cdr. N. McQuade; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Nowak, CAO G. Becker.

Second Set: Co. Adj. W. Akana; Co. Sub Cdr. A. Swoope, Co. Cdr. M. Manazir.



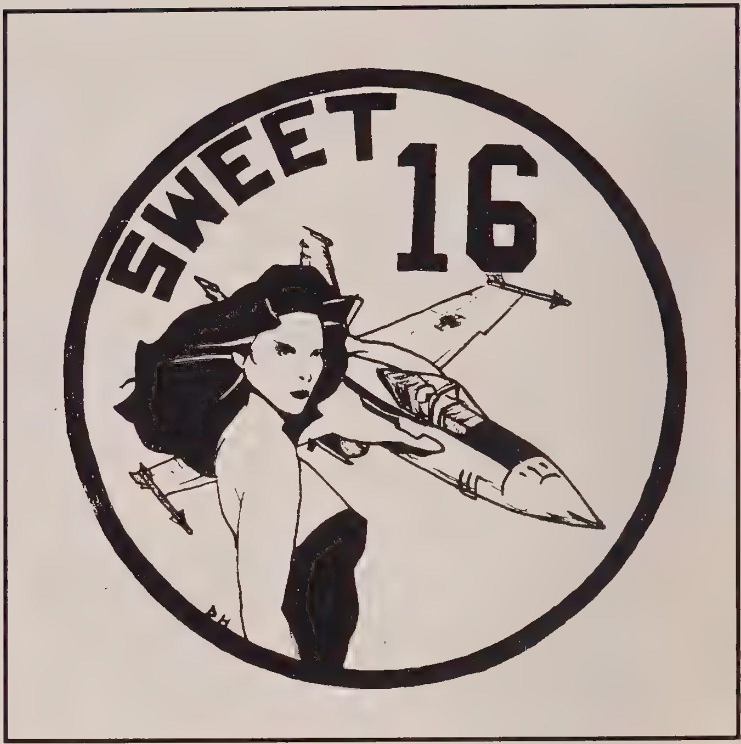
Front: P. Madden, J. McDonnell, T. Canoll, T. Mortonson, J. Vergelli, K. Wilhelm, B. Ruby, S. Barton, J. Spear; Row 2: J. Colasito, T. Hord, A. Wilson, W. Rogers, D. Palmer, S. Somnitz, H. Atkins, P. Schilke, M. Crowley, J. Kenna, D. Cunningham; Row 3: D. Miller, C. Gepford, T. Moran, E. Murillo, P. Reno, J. Connerton, M. Case, M. Chenaie, J. Degenfelder.



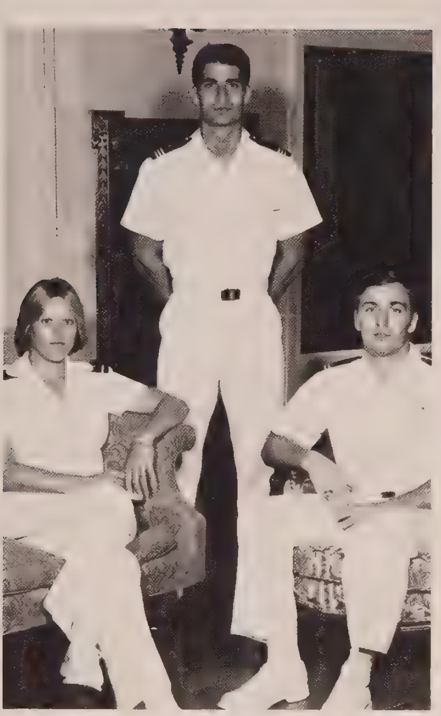
Front: M. Mohlkenbuhr, H. Smith, D. Jones, D. Hicks, E. Jackson, R. Padro, J. Stewart, K. Parton, W. Conrad; Row 2: B. McHugh, L. Smith, B. Jacobi, J. Forti, R. Haskins, Y. Williams, K. Podolak; Row 3: T. Bailey, M. Coughlin, M. Woods, S. Hubeli, W. Tyree, L. Ruggiero, R. Taylor, P. Mahosky.

Front: R. Wach, L. Grammar, P. Abbott, N. Miller; Row 2: T. Mariano, L. Seutter, M. Kirby, J. Prokopiak, J. Nowicki, N. Quick, H. Weimann, J. Schmitz, K. Cregge; Row 3: S. McGinty, F. Koprucu, S. Bowman, P. Springer, B. Clark, J. So, R. Czechowski, D. Nedry, T. Kasprzak, G. Murray, C. Sternberg, D. Lamade, J. Schmitt, T. Kymn; Row 4: R. Budicin, T. Wise, R. Cassetta, S. Bates, K. Knapper, T. Pickerill, A. Gomez, D. Terwilliger, P. Dobbs, W. Prieto.

16TH COMPANY

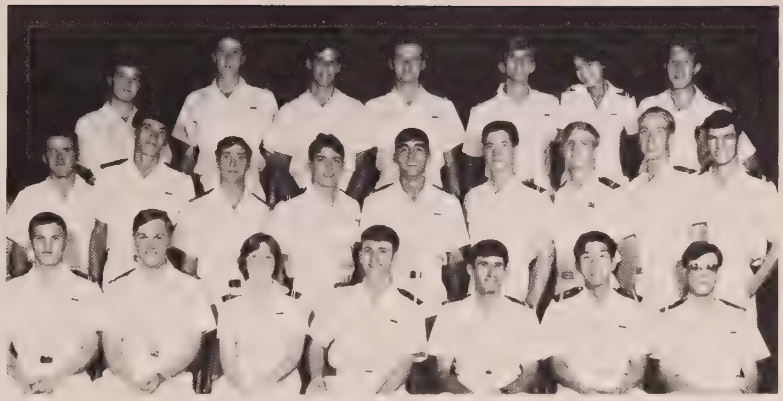


Lt. W. J. Donovan, USN

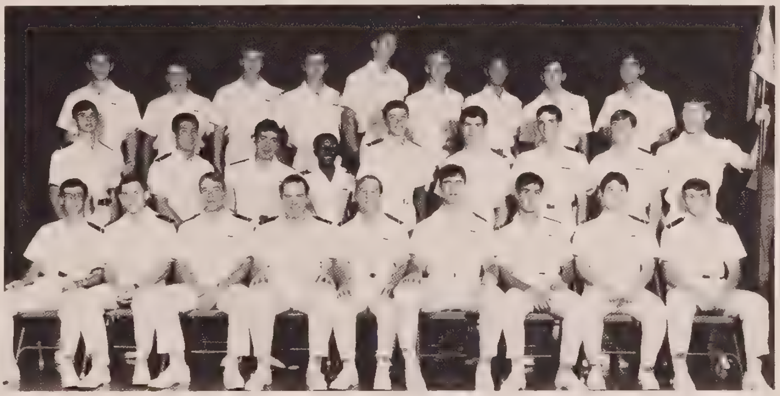


First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Wall; CAO K. Hire; Co. Sub Cdr. G. Slyman.

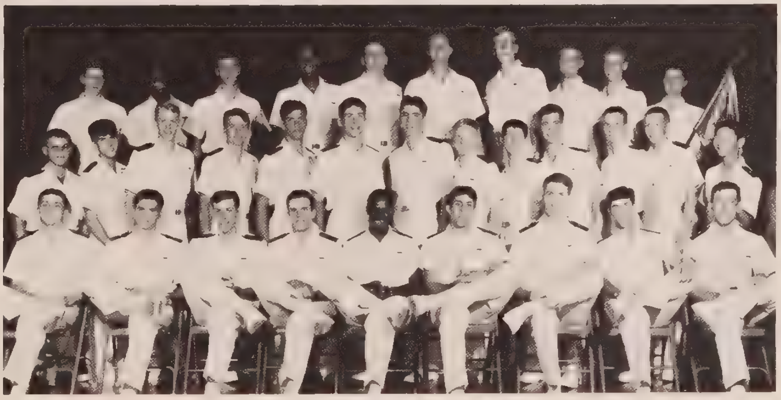
Second Set: Co. Sub Cdr. R. Adams; Co. Adj. L. Miklos; Co. Cdr. R. Lovdahl.



Front: M. Stresemann, W. Cooper, C. Ellis, W. Bartram, G. Patton, R. Kasamoto, A. Grecco; Row 2: R. Hunt, J. Bugbee, J. Davidson, D. Clark, W. Stackhouse, F. Coetzee, E. Wottan, E. Sawtelle, T. Millard; Row 3: T. Hipschman, S. Golay, L. Parkhurst, R. Craft, S. Heid, D. Furlan, T. Buterbaugh.



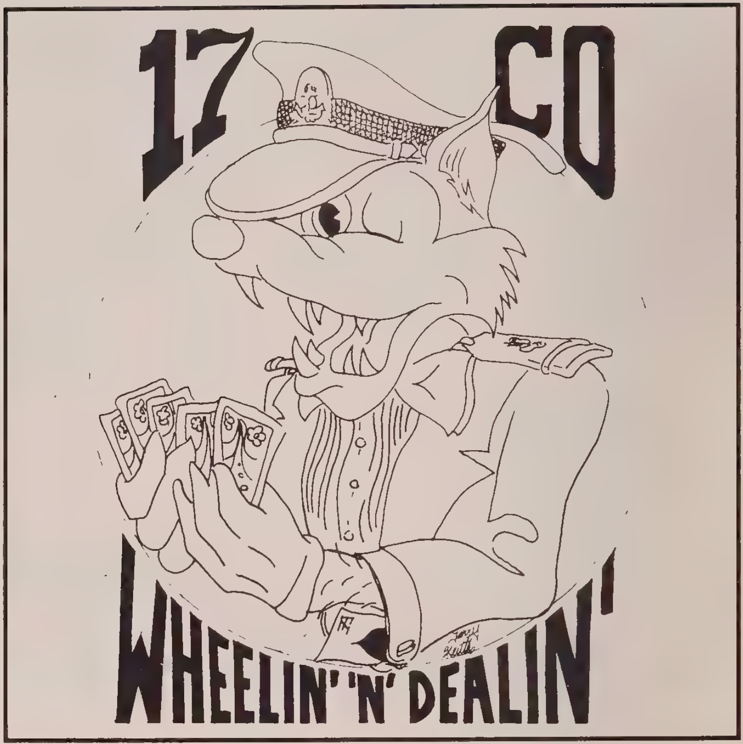
Front: M. Newell, D. Clague, T. Murphy, T. Carey, P. McKenna, R. Robinson, R. Festa, M. Salviato, P. Sawyer; Row 2: W. Ferris, M. Claps, N. Almodovar, C. Alexander, A. Grace, C. Bevilacqua, G. Harrington, J. Stuber, D. Dober; Row 3: B. Favara, D. Dickenson, C. Johnson, J. Fears, T. Frakes, R. Greer, M. Labrador, J. Sherrard, S. Boracchia.



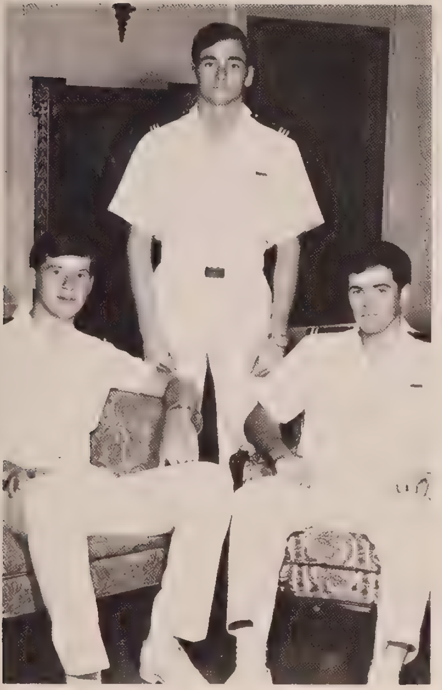
Front: R. Gorman, M. Patterson, M. Edwards, J. Hartman, S. Neal, K. Jagiello, W. Heys, J. Aquilino, A. Meurer; Row 2: D. Baker, S. Roskey, A. Sharp, D. Osen, W. Mazanec, R. Stephens, E. Dennin, D. Miller, M. Johns, S. Lanier, J. Doyle, M. Chase, J. Katz; Row 3: A. Smith, R. McDonald, H. Matlosz, J. Kimbrew, J. Foster, W. Sanders, K. Mann, J. Beimer, C. Collins, D. Nenna.

17TH COMPANY

Lt. L. Foster, USN


17 CO
WHEELIN' 'N' DEALIN'

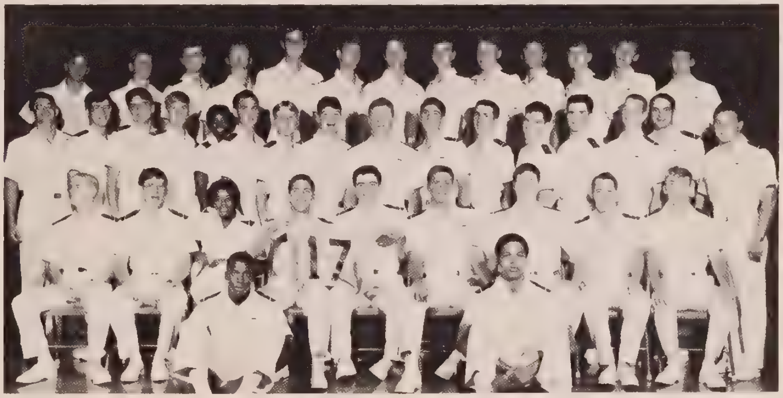
SEVENTEENTH
LONELY HEARTS
COMPANY



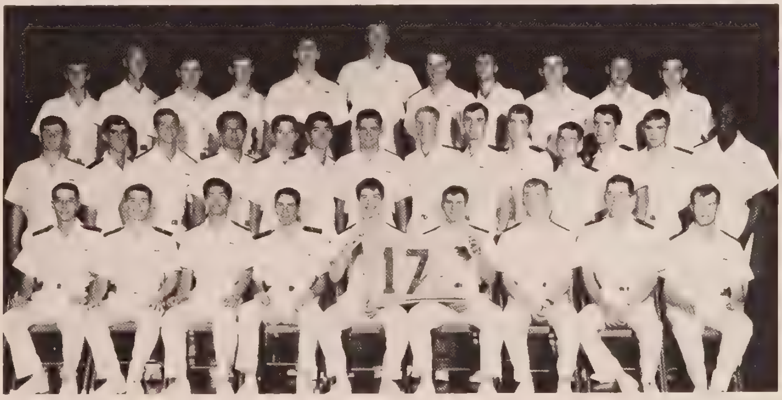
First Set: Co. Cdr. R. Kramer; Co. Sub Cdr. M. Gross; CAO J. Heffernan.

Second Set: Co. Cdr. B. Coval; Co. Sub Cdr. M. Harber; Co. Adj. J. Crowell.

Front: C. Uffman, A. Wilde, B. Bushong, T. Page, D. Wells, P. Ortiz, P. Tissue, D. Dixon, B. Crutchfield; Row 2: C. Calhoun, A. McColl, V. Rodriguez, S. Pollard, W. Hall, M. Ullrich, G. Parsons, M. Tarango, D. Wehrenberg, J. Russell, G. Fisher; Row 3: C. Miller, T. Glasson, M. Smith, G. Upright, T. Jackson, C. Jaenichen, P. Sherman, J. Capstaff, L. Edgerly, D. Johnson.



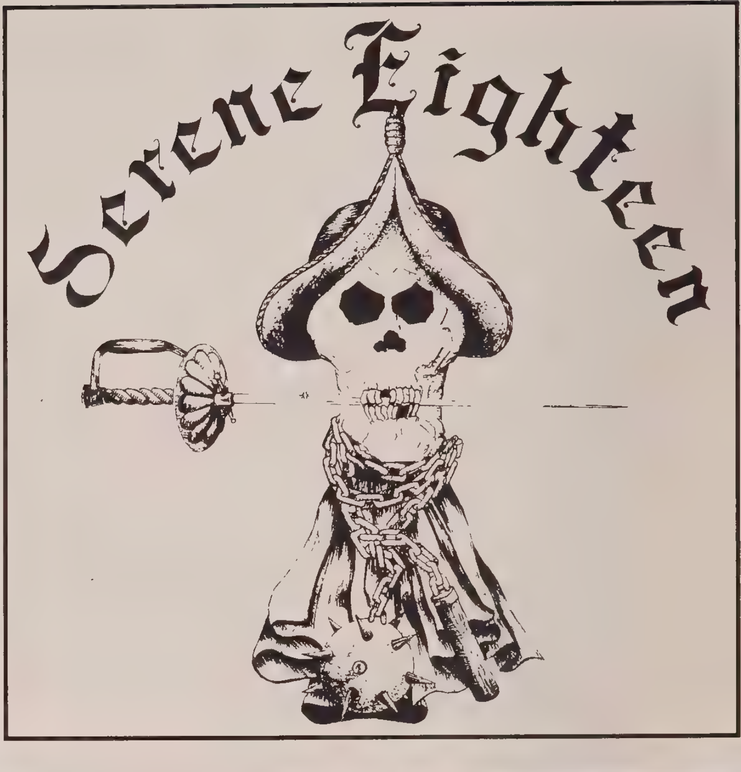
Front: C. Pietras, G. Haines, G. Hester, G. Pretty, T. Kieth, B. Mathews, C. Loria, S. Jackson, J. Mason, B. Kolva, J. Clark; Row 2: D. Nameroff, J. Mathers, D. Ellsworth, W. McCool, S. Harris, M. Crosby, M. Hagerott, J. Fletcher, S. Occonor, S. Steeves, K. Menz, S. Bubier, B. Campbell, O. Chase, J. McKeon, F. Shaffer; Row 3: B. Baldochi, D. Rydholm, E. Becker, J. Swenson, B. Riegal, B. Flaskerud, B. Chapleski, R. Mahr, J. Esper, D. Roberts, C. Walker, M. Johnston, E. Baldwin.



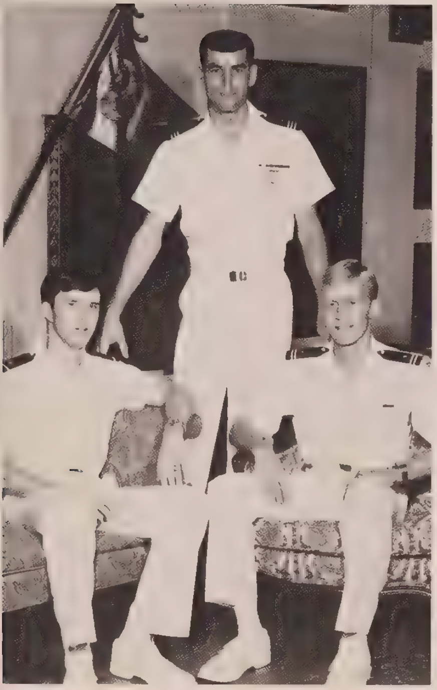
Front: D. Lihani, J. Lerchbacker, M. J. Biron, W. Freeman, D. Forehand, R. Sichler, G. Swain, C. Selbrede, R. Gundlach; Row 2: J. Moulton, M. Prusinski, D. Anderson, V. Gabion, B. Witte, J. Pasola, R. Myers, W. Faucher, M. Salach, D. McClary, L. Barker, D. Berko, J. Lindsey, B. McKinney; Row 3: M. Robinson, R. Rowsey, P. Harkey, K. Whalen, B. Weidenhammer, C. Maurer, B. Harrison, J. Heiss, M. McLaughlin, G. Zimmer, T. Miller.

18TH COMPANY

Lcdr. S. L. Christensen, USN

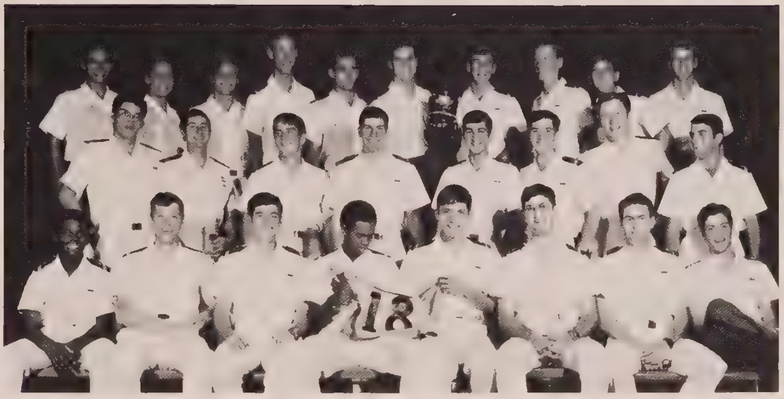


Serene Eighteen



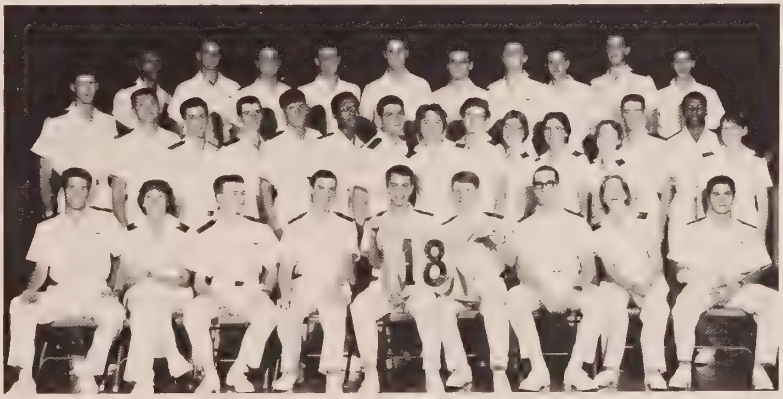
First Set: Co. Cdr. E. Bingham; Co. Sub Cdr. B. Perry; CAO G. Coons.

Second Set: Co. Cdr. G. Coons; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Kaiser; CAO T. Carney.



Front: W. Gay, J. Wendell, S. Lowery, C. Wiggins, L. Barker, M. Murphy, P. Conlon, S. Buc; Row 2: R. Iral, D. Williams, T. Remley, G. Butter, P. Ferrell, C. Lefon, J. Hogan, P. O'Donnell; Row 3: M. Rids, E. Dawson, D. Lenker, S. Goertzen, P. Valinske, M. Pucciariello, R. Luscinski, M. Maze, R. Stein, M. Maxwell.

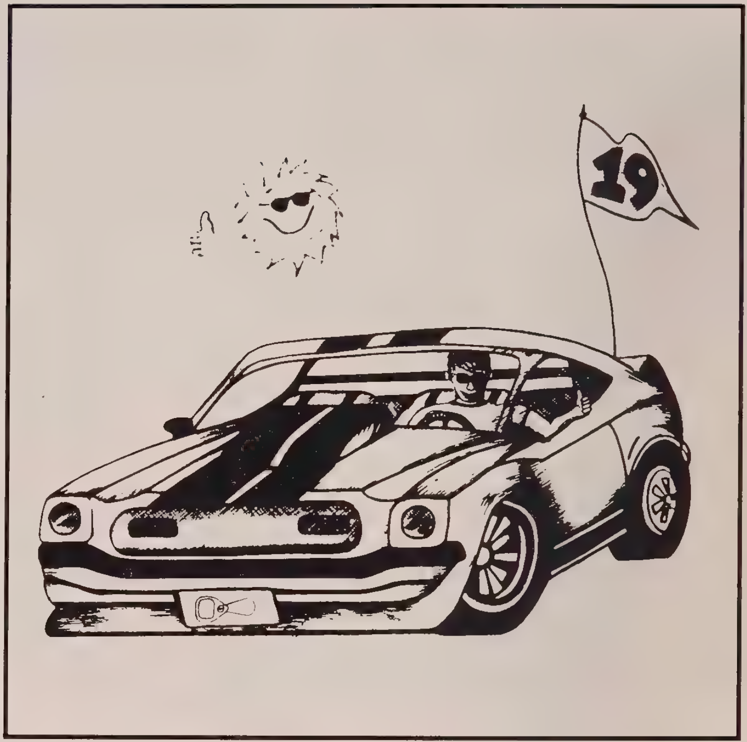
Front: G. Kessler, A. Goehrig, G. Brandquist, M. Dellatto, D. Drehoff, L. Gill, S. Gabriszeski, M. Adams, P. Roach; Row 2: M. Byman, G. Santos, R. Convento, R. Hennelly, A. Laney, M. Resnick, E. Reintjes, M. Olson, W. Galinis, B. Moran, M. Kohrs, J. Gillespie, J. Blake, G. Miksch; Row 3: A. Colao, K. James, R. Woodford, S. Wickerson, G. Mayo, M. Shippee, M. Colpoys, D. McCall, M. Tammen, R. Waye.

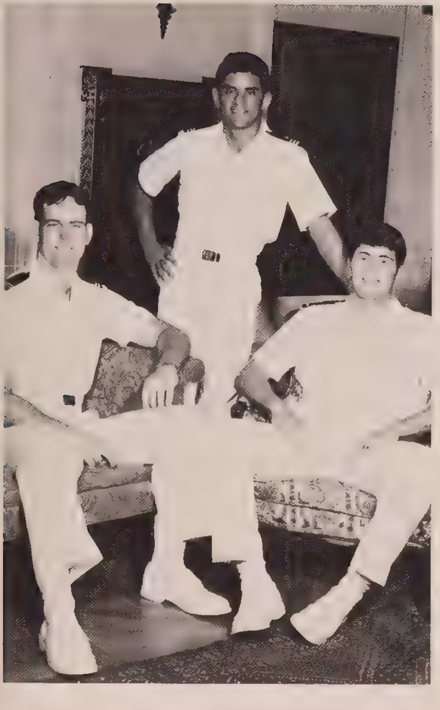


Front: D. Brumley, R. Bolster, R. Lee, B. Richardson, E. Wilson, K. Kilday, P. Cochran, G. Hatfield, B. Aiken; Row 2: G. Price, R. Sheldahl, D. Caldwell, G. Karpick, S. Orren, M. Shepherd, S. Talamantes, K. Comnick, M. Chipkevich, K. Winnering, H. Merk, E. Boudreau, D. Cooper, K. Darden, A. Tolg; Row 3: R. Sexton, D. Callaghan, T. Downing, D. Poster, M. O'Brien, L. Clark, K. Tirman, K. Fitzpatrick, S. Hedges, D. Spinuzzi.

19TH COMPANY

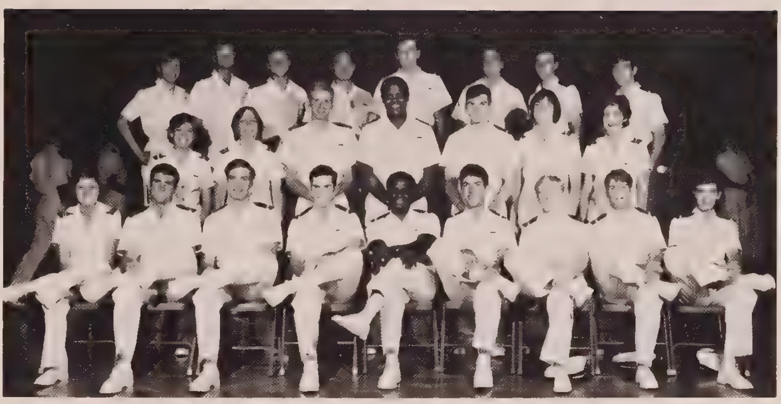
Major S. E. Mayer, USMC





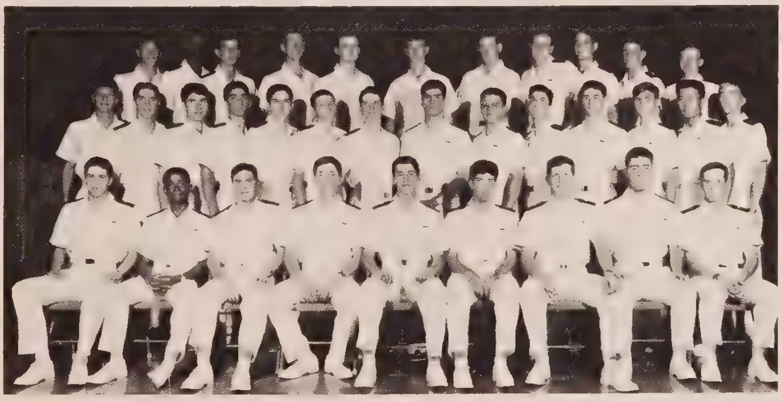
First Set: Co. Cdr. M. Giorgione; Co Sub Cdr. J. Burgess; CAO B. Matheny.

Second Set: Co. Cdr. P. Bushong; Co Sub Cdr. C. Felker; Co. Adj. L. Rampp.



Front: R. Whitney, J. Price, M. Jantzen, M. Moury, W. Nobles, M. Luciano, R. Chew, S. Wilson, W. Boeh; Row 2: J. Pottey, M. Bittel, D. Bergin, E. Goodson, W. Swinton, S. Duffy, L. Stegman; Row 3: A. York, P. Sauve, R. Bethmann, H. Yee, D. Dickinson, G. Gardner, M. Gordon, C. Perry.

Front: B. Alcala, E. Forney, B. Ramsey, J. Amy, B. Gahn, G. Miller, P. Siegrist, C. Butler, D. DeBarry; Row 2: L. Zahm, B. Russell, C. Sitarski, B. Shoemaker, D. Weaver, A. Powell, F. Randazzo, C. Gallegher, S. Bell, L. Comerford, T. Mahoney, U. Porier, K. Kornchuck, T. Wrice, B. Belcher, T. Wood; Row 3: E. Moss, T. Kalfas, D. Bogden, M. Treadwell, D. Cullison; Row 4: D. Saba, B. McGee, M. Kendus, A. Wilding, M. Melillio, T. Corcoran, S. Marr, T. Cheamitru, A. Hofley, C. Mulry, R. Papp.

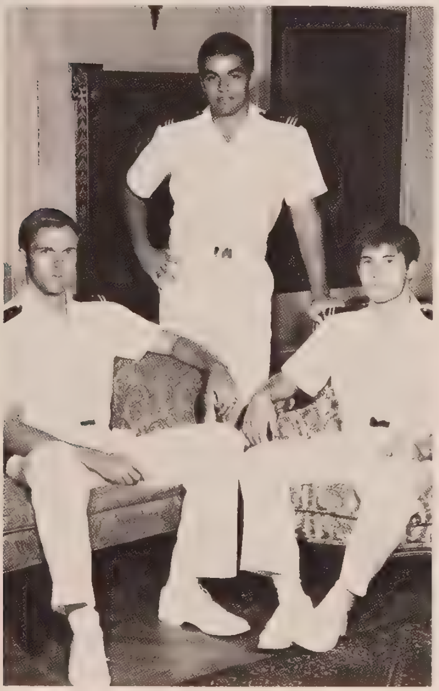


Front: M. Purcell, J. Brown, M. Stolarski, R. Sawyer, D. Hall, M. Wallace, L. Ellis, P. Gawreszewski, G. Williams; Row 2: J. Quint, M. Jacobson, K. Winkle, W. Blue, W. Elliot, S. Atkin, K. Brandquist, A. Mauro, C. Hamner, D. Gellene, S. Vogelsang, P. Arends, N. Enriquez, S. Rasplicka; Row 3: R. Hollenbeck, L. Price, S. McArthur, C. Cox, S. Williams, D. Vandershoot, M. Granier, D. Burns, A. Hale, T. McMahon, G. Navin.

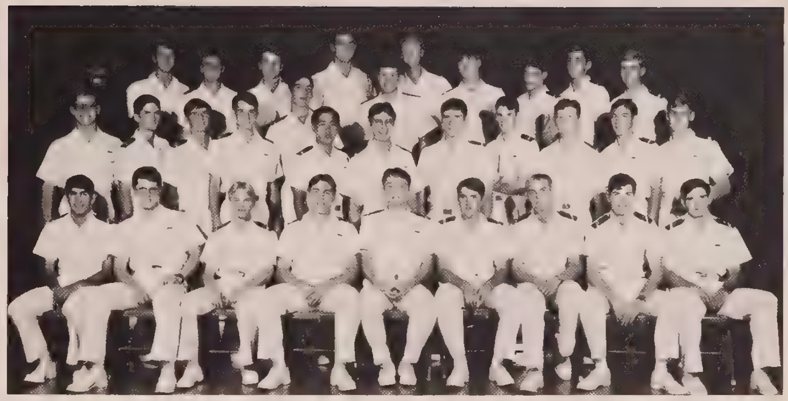
20TH COMPANY

Lt. F. W. Bergman, USN

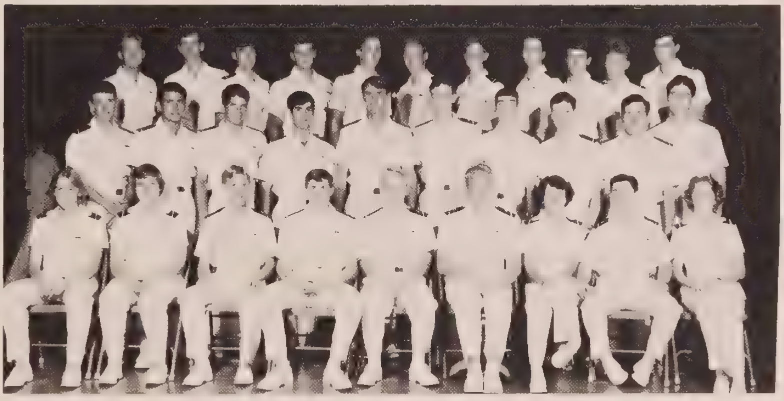
First Set: Co. Cdr. R. Jones; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Papageorge; Co. Adj. D. Thomas.



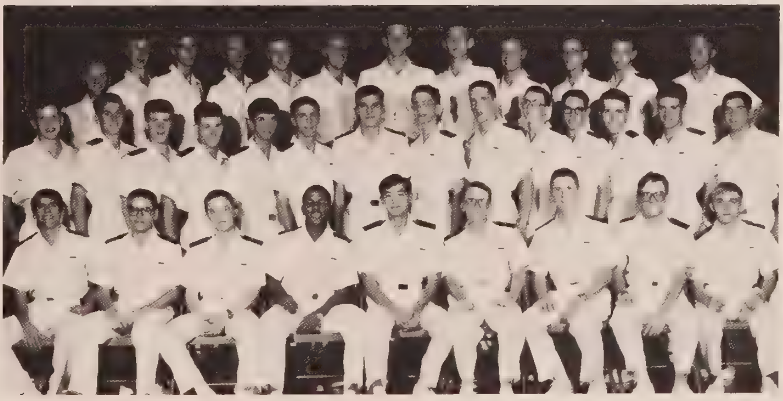
Second Set: Co. Cdr. K. Butler; Co. Sub Cdr. D. Pashkevich; Co. Adj. R. Skillen.



Front: J. Taschetta, W. Druce, R. Vandagriff, R. Caswell, J. Carpenter, D. Jones, D. Manwarring, R. Robichaud, D. Lowe; Row 2: J. Welter, J. Clifton, J. Doherty, D. Miller, E. Yee, M. Golightly, S. Weaver, L. Balk. B. Lee, P. Perez-Vergara, D. Kemper; Row 3: C. Powers, J. McCarty, K. Smith, M. Bakotic, W. Rice, M. Lopresto, C. Kineke, R. Reifsnyder, J. Cramer, P. Nikitas, S. Johnson.

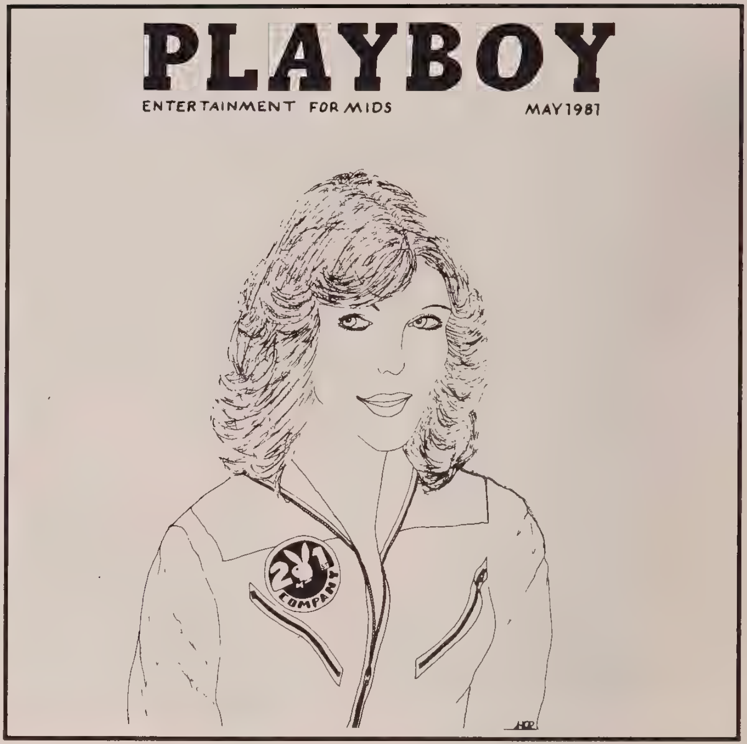


Front: N. Schiavetta, L. Thomas, J. Mulligan, D. Holcomb, J. Howland, R. Matthiae, C. Gaul, P. Ditullio, L. Hinkley; Row 2: R. Fuchs, T. Fernan, M. Foley, C. Bush, R. Hayes, K. Levins, J. Benson, S. Murphy, M. Skidmore, S. Wirsching, J. Hunter; Row 3: D. Mason, C. Deltoro, J. Yantis, D. Diorio, R. Moore, M. Kanakis, J. Raynolds, R. Jordan, J. Garrova, R. Guest.

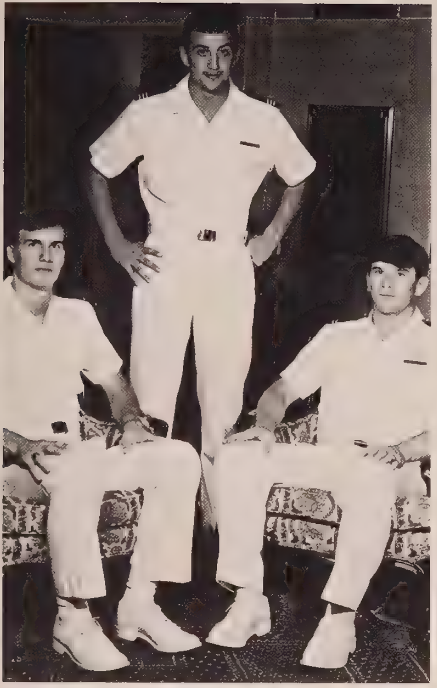


Front: M. Lopez, R. Espinosa, M. McCarthy, W. Hosch, C. Tuey, G. Shore, T. Rogers, R. Cox, R. Wiegart, Row 2: K. Peckenpaugh, A. Heyward, J. Johnson, M. Dobbs, M. Avila, W. Belt, M. Garcia, T. Wing, W. Good, D. Churchill, D. Ratte, C. Bagwell, J. Hannan, T. Deitz; Row 3: C. Fredrick, D. Booth, J. Bowie, H. Porter, G. Heruth, A. Grosskurth, K. Scott, T. Cuff, T. Nolan, E. McCauley, T. Meadows, S. Ripley.

21ST COMPANY


PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MIDS
MAY 1981
21 COMPANY

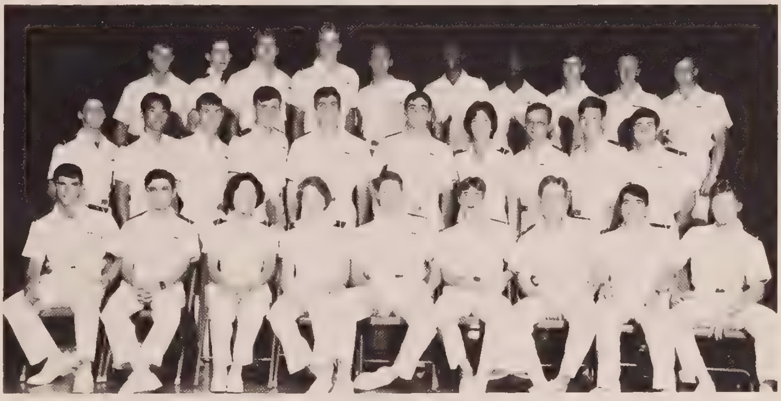
Lt. D. R. Northam, USN



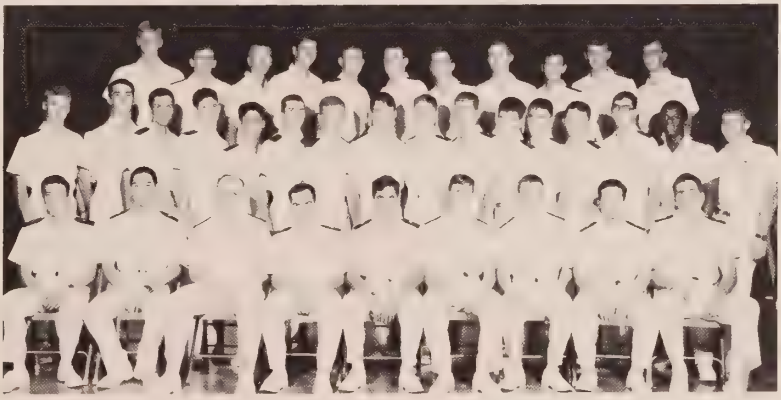
First Set: Co. Cdr. G. Zitterkopf; CAO M. Johnson; Co. Sub Cdr. T. Collins.

Second Set: Co. Cdr. R. Durkopf; Co. Sub Cdr. T. Moore; Co. Adj. M. McCloskey.

Front: R. Snyder, M. Overby, J. Sotelo, J. Settele, J. Amick, L. Pate, R. Conley, A. Smith, J. Lang; Row 2: G. Snyder, R. Heller, F. Lopez, B. Bybee, T. White, D. McElheny, W. Carroll, J. Kurtz, R. Rasmussen, R. Dempsey, S. Niskanen; Row 3: C. Anderson, R. Ayuso, B. Grady, P. Haglich, R. Parson, C. Smith, R. Hubbard, R. Fricker.



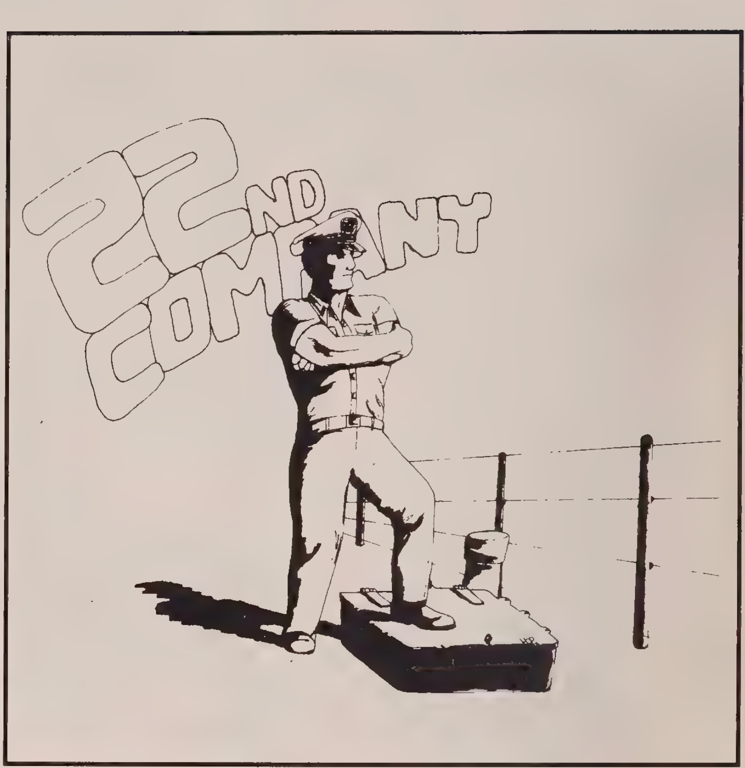
Front: J. Mullen, L. Hovind, T. Ishikawa, R. Voor, P. Froede, W. Mattingly, T. Burt, B. Murphy, T. Boynton; Row 2: G. Ellard, F. Calle, L. McCollum, J. Nielsin, J. Wilcox, R. Brooks, E. Ryder, S. Gross, J. Nolan, W. Gott; Row 3: E. Lester, B. Sheppard, S. Shatynski, T. Batzler, P. Fanta, J. Williams, D. Gaston, M. Gallagher, F. Blankemeyer, M. Price.

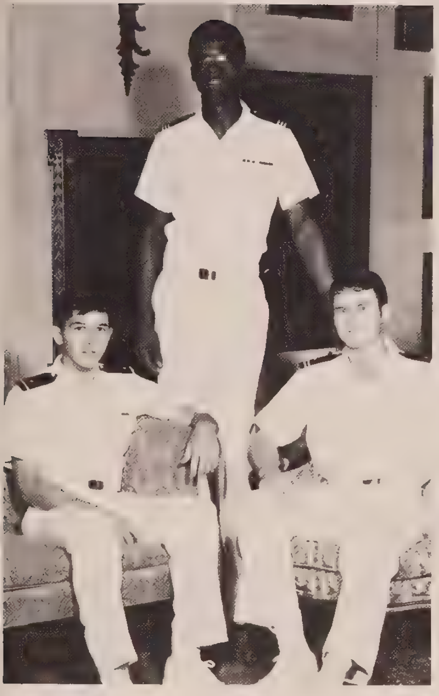


Front: J. Stefanko, J. Tajiri, J. Hoke, W. Mergen, A. Menendez, J. Clark, K. Wagoner, R. Collazzo, C. Lynch; Row 2: M. Vermaat, J. Montgomery, J. Albergo, D. Suriano, J. Roquebert, J. Deal, G. Carlson, J. Lazeunick, N. Palmiotto, R. Ernst, L. Atmistead, J. Hartman, C. Martini, P. Mullenhard, F. Fegan, D. Kowalick; Row 3: D. Adams, S. Turner, S. Newman, B. Kocher, S. Spearing, S. Gordon, T. Luke, A. Laing, J. Morrison, D. Griffin, M. Jelepis.

22ND COMPANY

Major J. D. Jewell, USMC

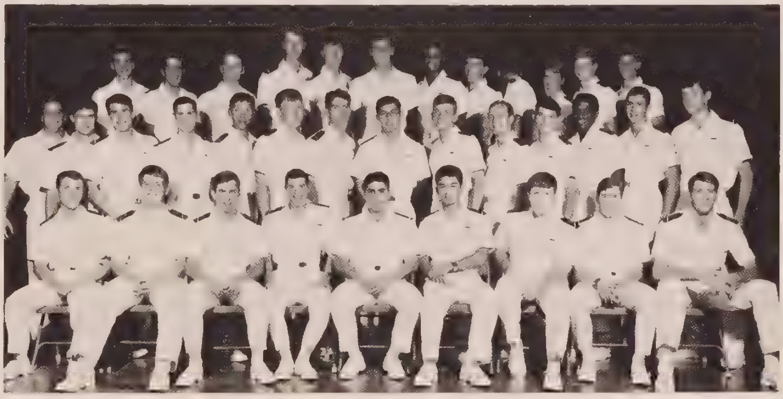

22ND COMPANY



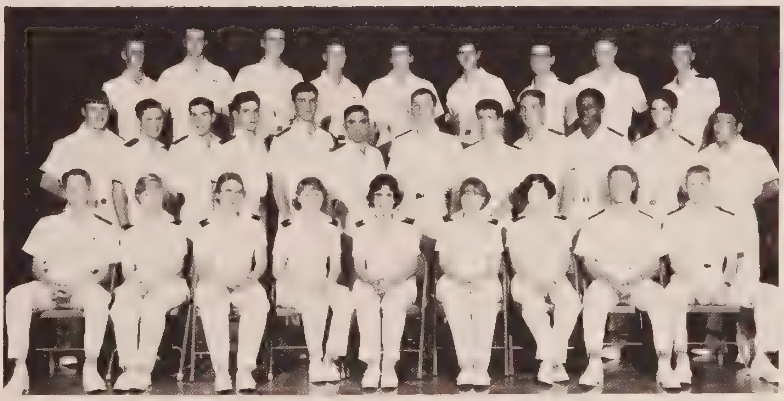
First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Reaves; Co. Adj. C. Chavez; Co. Sub Cdr. R. Harned.

Second Set: Co. Sub Cdr. S. Fortunato; Co. Adj. C. Jacob; Co. Cdr. J. Gulliver.

Front: B. Bille, P. Kessenich, D. Halladay, B. Kennington, D. Silvius, G. Lawler, K. Miller, B. Arnold, B. Guest; Row 2: G. Dovalgo, T. Ellison, B. Juarez, M. Frost, P. Borror, T. Parker, J. Lamison, J. Binhlam, M. Brewer, N. Marcantonio; Row 3: E. Maszewski, E. Carroll, M. Hardy, G. Diaz, C. Lester, D. Howe, P. Schilling, T. Aruffo, E. Jasion, G. Tyson, C. Bielik.

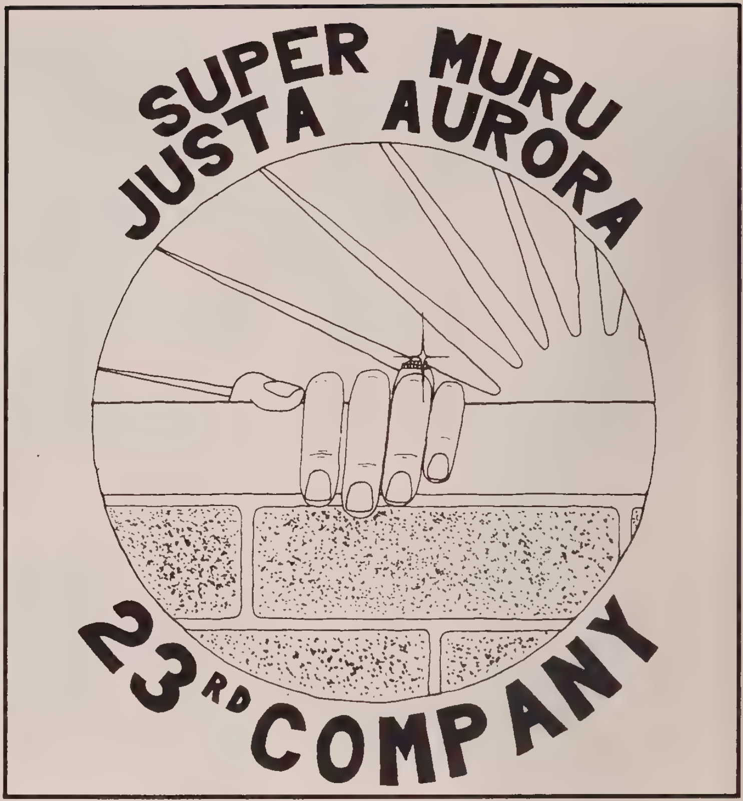


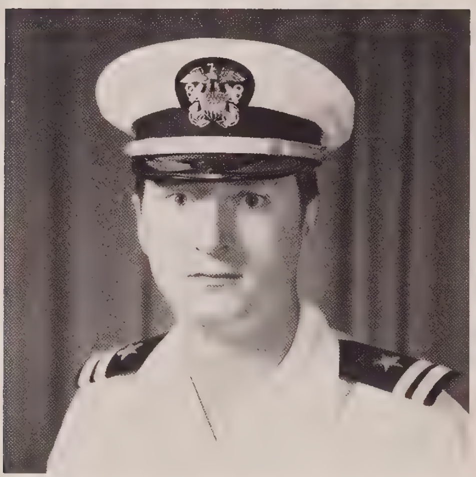
Front: R. Black, K. Spafford, K. Hancock, J. Sweeney, A. Sanchez, J. Ruiz, T. Hausfeld, W. Tyon, M. Manzelli; Row 2: P. McCool, B. Cianella, S. Bartkowski, K. Switzer, J. Brzostek, M. Lemay, E. Colville, J. Nail, B. Antonio, J. Hallin, D. Ball, F. McNeil, T. Nicholas, G. Rossano; Row 3: D. Hintze, T. Vaughan, G. Walborn, K. Beatty, K. Wilson, E. Logue, K. Miller, J. Beatty, R. Wood, K. Smith, J. Houser, D. Fuhrman.



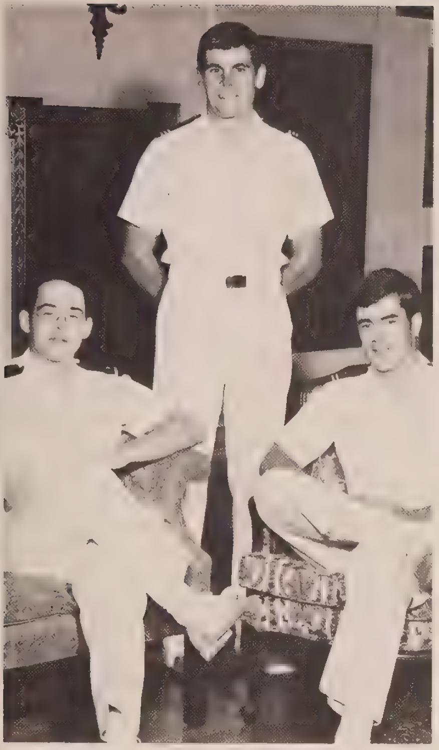
Front: S. Blau, S. Wright, D. Hardin, S. Honan, R. Barrish, S. Soleng, K. Farnett, E. Rice, C. Chaffee; Row 2: J. McConnell, J. Wilcox, M. Quinn, D. Teclaw, D. Marti, E. Flores, B. McIlvaine, J. Sawitsky, K. Kircher, C. Davis, J. Riley, M. Macias; Row 3: T. Leach, J. Judy, P. Willette, K. Everill, S. Campbell, M. Chapman, D. Merino, D. Juba, J. Pollack.

23RD COMPANY


SUPER MURU
JUSTA AURORA
23RD COMPANY

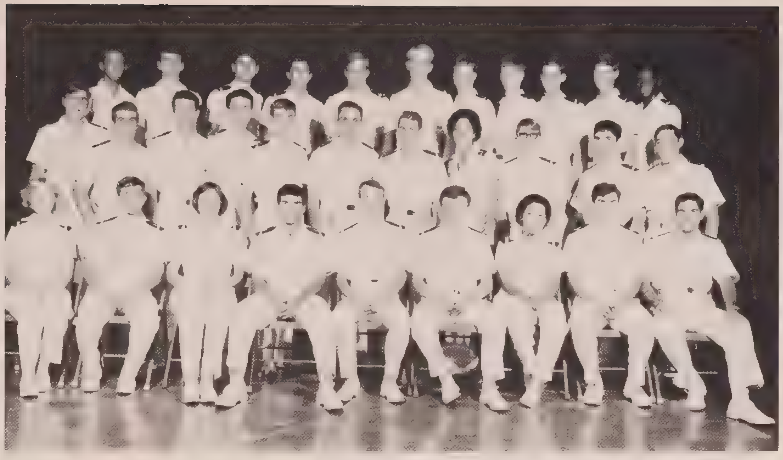


Lt. S. A. O'Brien, USN

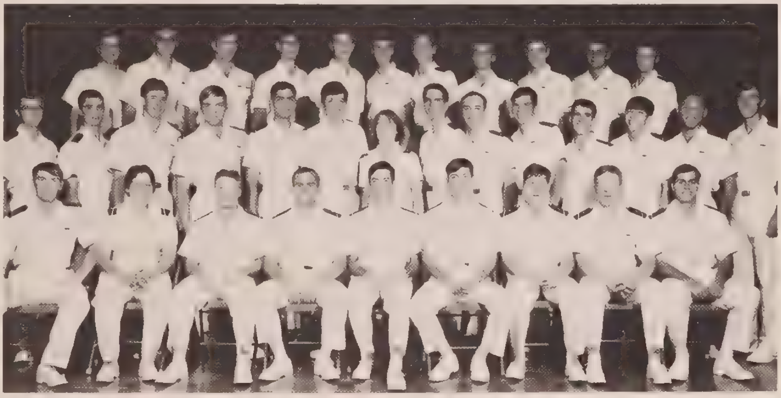


First Set: Co. Cdr. M. Connally; CAO S. Swetland; Co. Sub Cdr. M. Rounds.

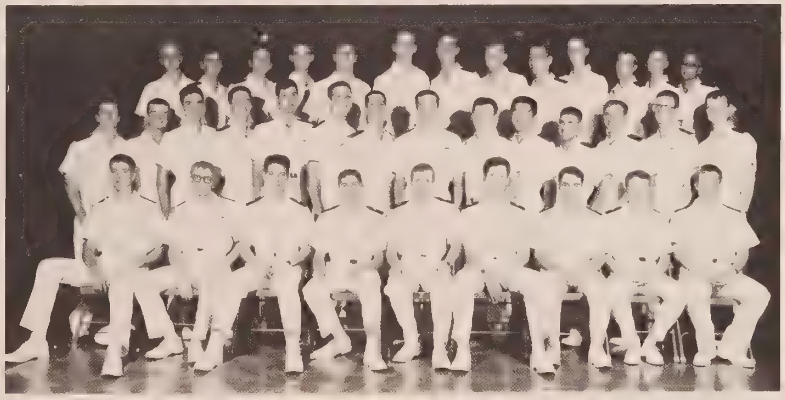
Second Set: Co. Sub Cdr. M. Garza; CAO L. Siddall, Co. Cdr. R. Roberts.



Front: P. Hartzell, L. Venturelli, C. Coulter, M. Valore, G. Brown, J. Kane, M. Howard, J. Doughty, M. Mooshagian; Row 2: J. Steele, T. Watson, S. Gilbert, D. Noble, C. Miller, R. Wood, D. Maconi, C. Musso, E. Van Houe, B. Jones, C. Murphy; Row 3: M. Malcolm, D. Lee, S. Vasina, T. Malkasian, S. Mank, M. Taylor, B. Neveras, G. Neveras, D. Grassetti, D. Morben, D. Bennett.

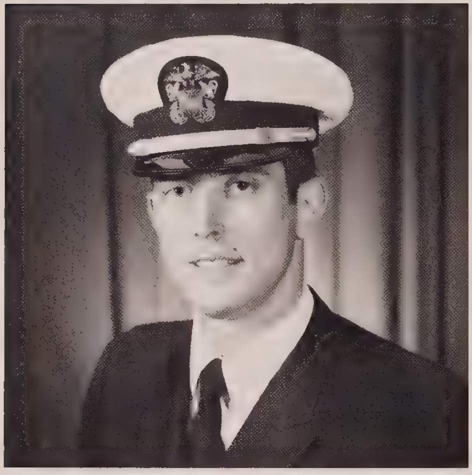


Front: M. Arnold, P. Horine, J. Scanlan, K. Kammerer, T. Spriesterbach, R. Herd, M. Ploof, R. Hans, M. Huffman; Row 2: D. Sneddon, R. Corolla, W. Lewis, S. Miller, W. Farach, K. Newmayer, L. Petrone, J. Hoch, R. Giles, P. Boyne, A. Mangan, T. Bonnet, W. Anderson, C. Ray. Row 3: M. Worley, J. Detjen, S. Sundt, K. Talbert, D. Johnson, T. Rebhorn, P. Coggins, M. Watson, R. Emmons, M. Silva, W. Stacia.



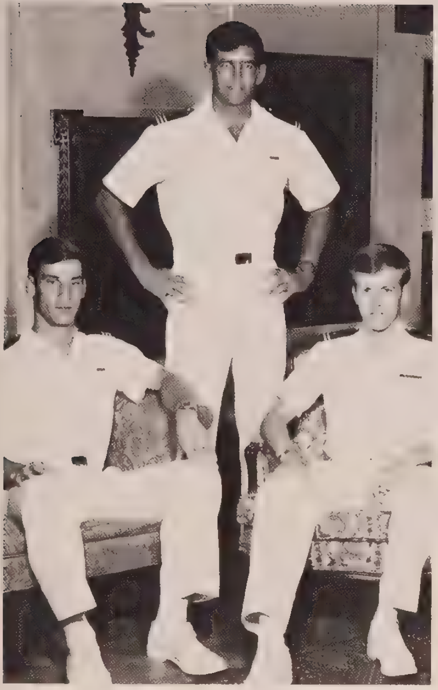
Front: J. Goff, G. Hook, H. Gilreath, J. Collins, D. Wallace, R. Des Marais, B. Allman, M. Baker, J. Leanhart; Row 2: J. McGregor, R. Newton, R. McCabe, P. Esch, J. Bishop, M. McCann, G. Carradini, E. Elkin, L. Dion, B. Chun, K. Astrup, J. Cunningham, R. Sichau, T. Smith; Row 3: J. Ridge, D. Sanchez, J. Lamontagne, M. Miller, S. Ridder, R. Dohoda, F. Crespo, D. Martens, J. Sauer, G. Frey, G. Quist, S. Cochran, W. Wilson.

24TH COMPANY



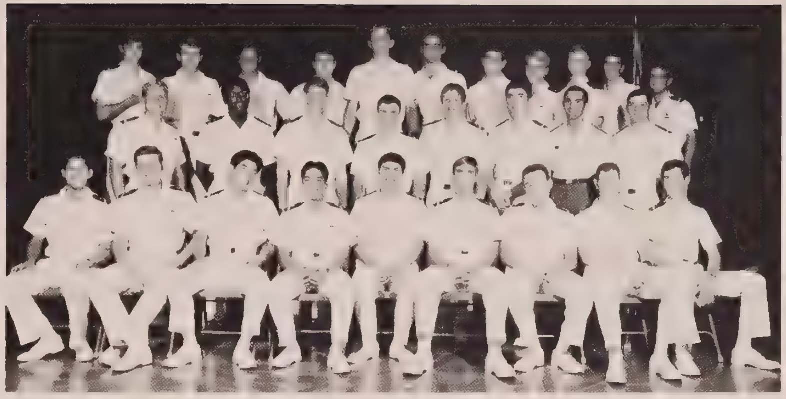
Lt. R. M. Eichelberger, USN

24
THE ONLY
COMPANY
WITH A ROCK
HARD CORE

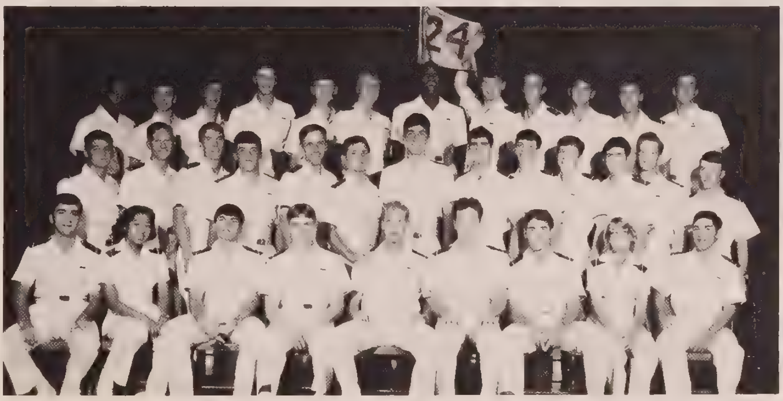


First Set: Co. Cdr. M. Hawley; Co. Sub Cdr. S. Steckler; Co. Adj. D. DeGroff.

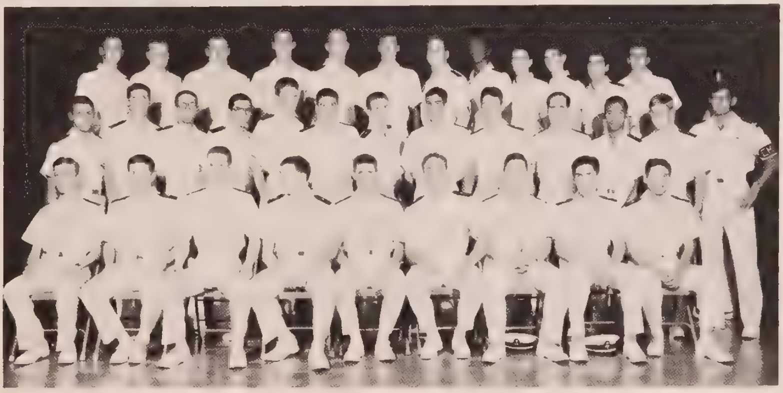
Second Set: Co. Adj. T. Carlson; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Murphy; Co. Cdr. T. Hiltz.



Front: S. Negus, A. Palowitch, J. Sakai, A. Salinoong, B. Prokop, B. Rowe, V. Casada, C. Collins, G. Drynurst; Row 2: J. Somplasky, R. Watson, K. White, K. Brown, J. Krafty, R. Jamison, P. Adams, G. Eisman; Row 3: M. Shields, M. Hunter, M. Ford, B. Kapcio, G. Sherrill, J. Mossbrucker, M. Quillin, T. Rowden, T. Padden, R. Simon, F. Lopez. Not Pictured: D. Stultz, F. Kelly.

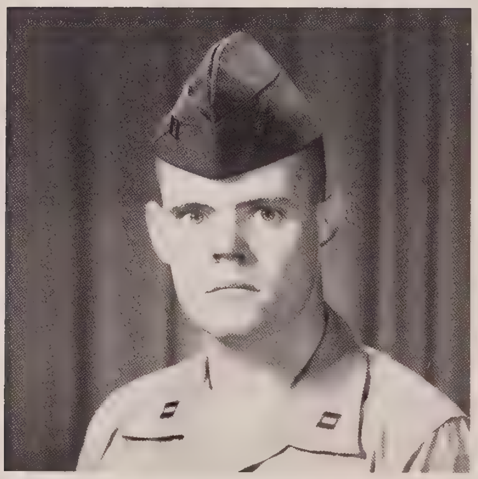


Front: A. Maraovi, V. Villaneueva, B. Kulick, R. Gross, M. Stapleton, V. McAneney, B. Bianchi, S. Smola, M. Rachall; Row 2: D. Brady, T. Criger, B. Woods, J. Rubin, M. Lavoie, D. Evans, M. Alevizos, G. Bergman, E. Schendell, J. Nelson, M. Quartiere, D. Ogram, W. Weir, K. Hale, D. Barnhurst, C. Sen, A. Readen, B. Herzog, W. Mickle, L. Williams, T. Bostock, S. Buck, W. Fairchild, D. Smith, J. Korn.

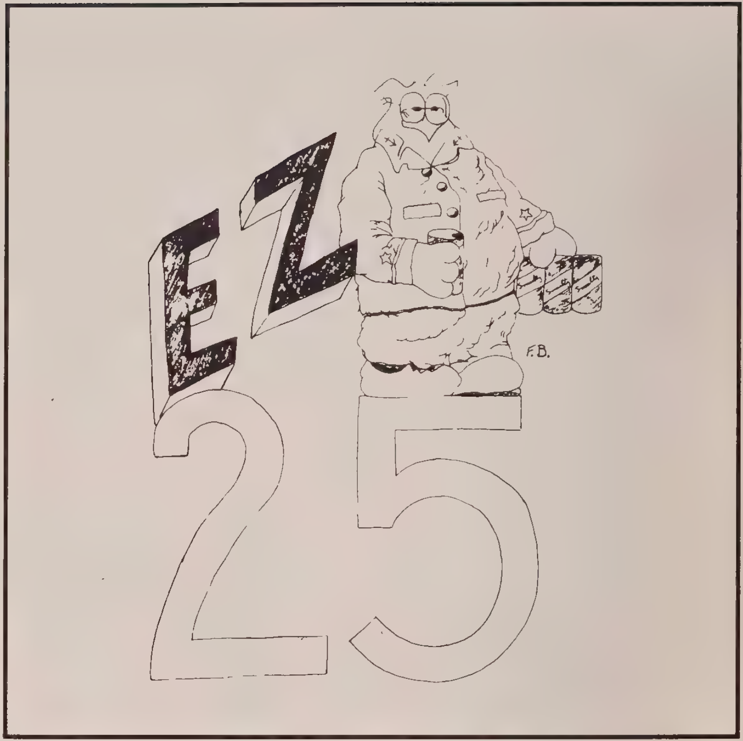


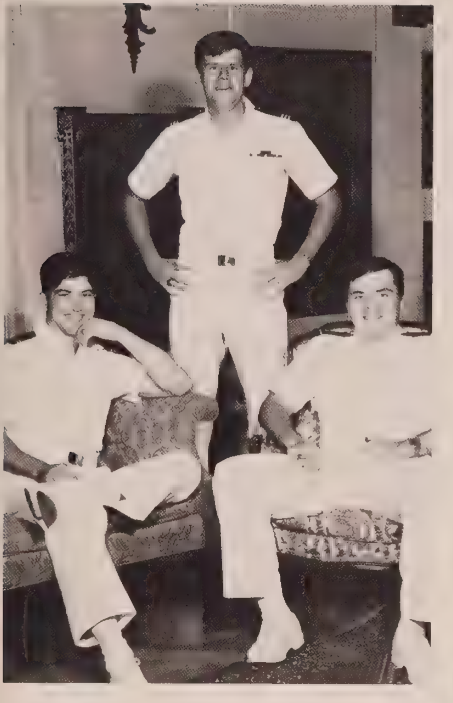
Front: B. Lipphardt, G. Crabtree, D. Petitt, A. Saccavino, J. Daniel, S. Allen, L. Ryan, J. Lyon, J. Graham; Row 2: M. Heaphy, R. Kametz, T. Manley, R. Fox, M. Hagan, J. Pendola, C. Decker, B. Wrzeszcz, J. Coogan, M. McCutcheon, C. Brown, G. David, B. Dick; Row 3: D. Abell, B. Canaday, N. Smith, G. Stahl, S. Peters, B. Doyle, G. Herlong, L. Gaines, C. Schwenker, W. Wright, P. Desjardins, D. Gattuso.

25TH COMPANY



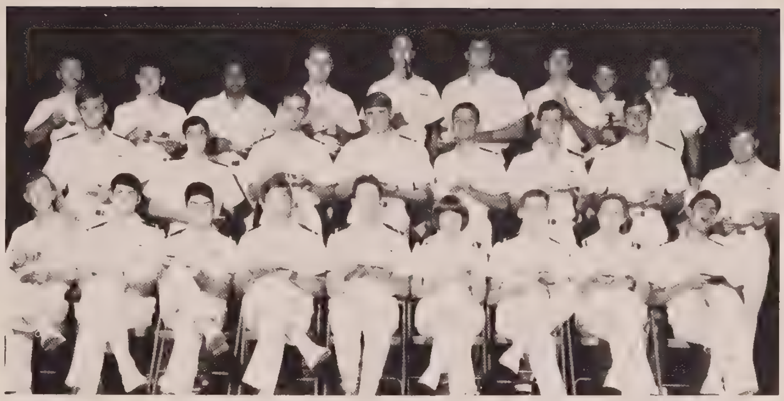
Capt. E. D. Eaton, USMC



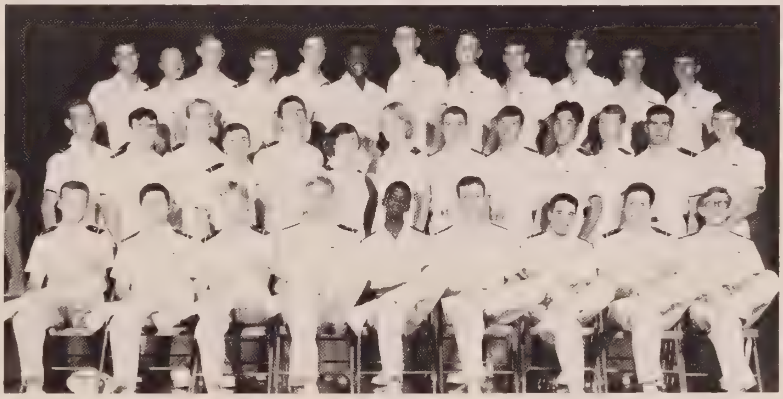


First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Hafey; Co. Sub Cdr. F. Harrison; CAO J. Nault.

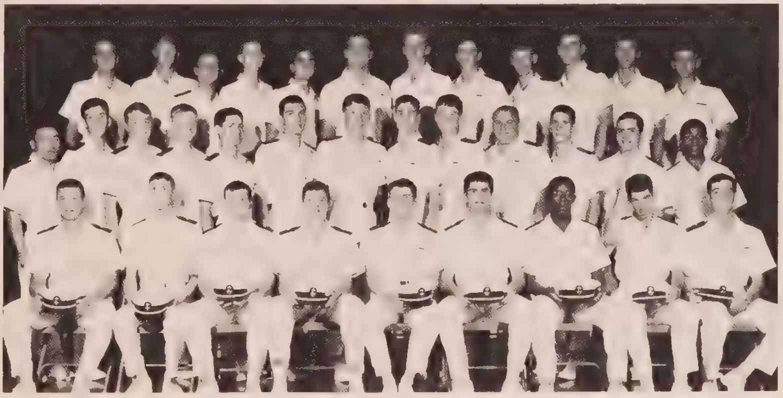
Second Set: Co. Cdr. T. Doyle; Co. Sub Cdr. D. Woods; Co. Adj. D. Ricks.



Front: F. Byers, B. O'Friel, W. Samoluk, W. Dawson, J. Webb, J. Reeves, J. Campbell, J. Powell, W. Cogan; Row 2: R. Ives, G. Tracy, K. Kunkel, S. Jung, E. Dachowski, B. Lindsey, R. Rountree, M. Overby; Row 3: R. Greene, B. Kyllo, V. Hayes, F. Bourassa, R. Franklin, K. Boring, W. Meier, P. Patch, D. Crothers.

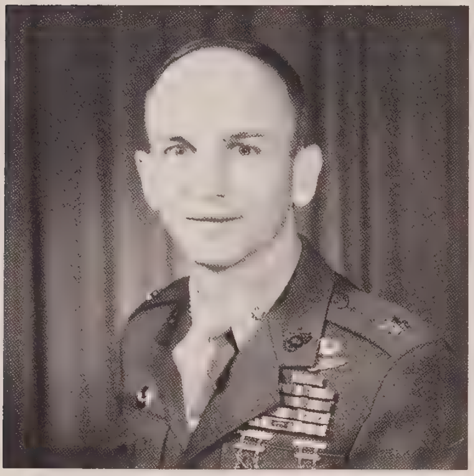


Front: M. Beall, D. Walter, J. South, C. Kelly, M. Edmonson, C. Conners, D. Rubin, P. Kirwan, M. Davis; Row 2: J. Butler, L. Molloy, K. Jones, J. Rowland, J. King, K. Brown, J. Daane, K. McCarthy, K. Peterson, S. Wu, D. Bartholomew, M. Eddy, D. Pearson; Row 3: A. Dunn, J. Giessner, G. Reeves, J. Ebert, T. Carrigan, W. Hicks, D. Smith, D. Hahne, D. Brooks, W. Stevens, J. Miller, K. Heimerl.

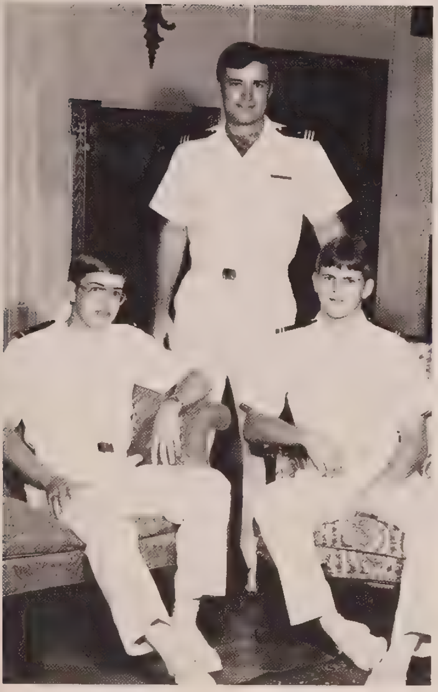


Front: J. Keepers, M. Gerhardt, P. Bernard, G. Pregel, P. Joseph, K. Belland, J. Andrews, W. Hudak, R. Muldoon; Row 2: P. Nakamura, D. Landess, B. Hawley, V. Pratt, J. Vargas, R. Mize, J. Weiress, J. Wilhelm, G. Thomas, S. Nelson, E. Rosen, P. Bollinger, D. Newhouse; Row 3: M. Fillis, B. Butler, B. Stolley, R. Stubblefield, J. Young, P. Tracy, B. Wittick, N. Rich, R. Stowe, B. Goodrow, R. Leonard, L. Dahl.

26TH COMPANY

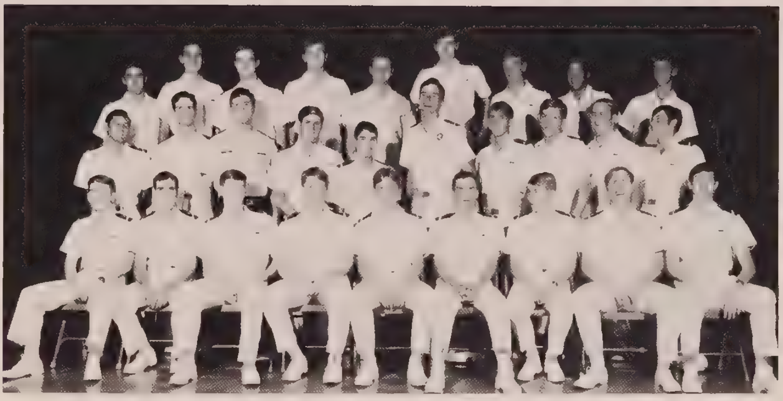


Major G. L. Parks, USMC

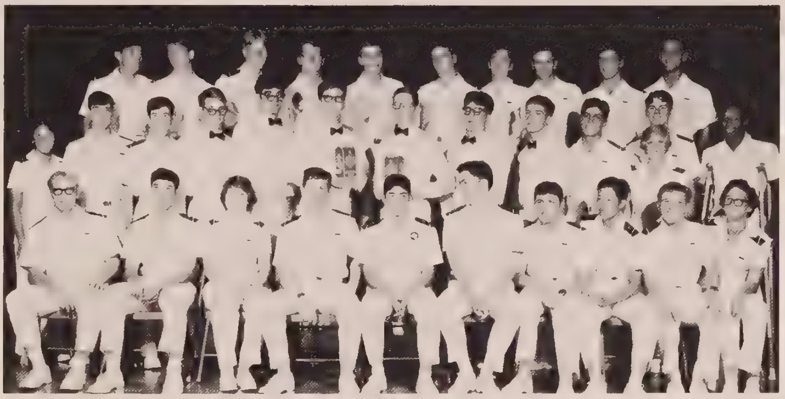


First Set: Co. Cdr. L. Goff; CAO G. Eide; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Brandt.

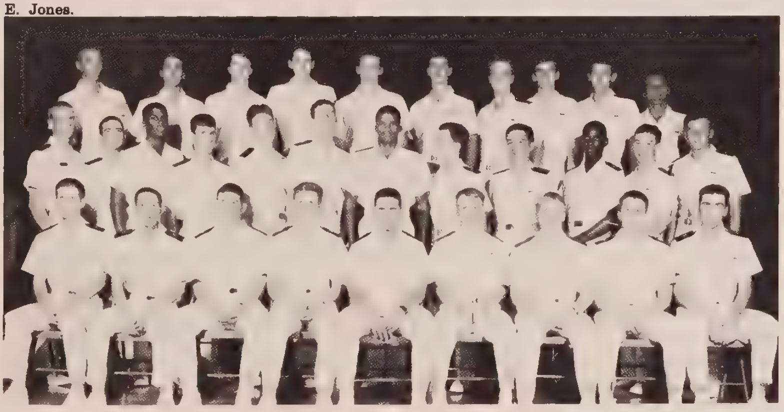
Second Set: Co. Adj. S. Brown; Co. Sub Cdr. H. Neiman; C. Cdr. B. Salmon.



Front: W. Davis, R. Deloach, D. Baudhuin, T. Allis, M. Snyder, G. Cook, D. Dittmer, J. Coatney, J. Bell; Row 2: C. Segura, R. Armknecht, S. Billian, S. Brown, J. Gallo, C. Whalley, C. Shulz, S. Dahlquist, R. Delong, D. Slowikowski; Row 3: R. Ungaro, D. Parrott, J. McGraw, H. Wykoff, D. Kowalski, J. Sanders, M. Jackson, J. McClain, J. Richardson.



Front: A. Vazquez, D. Kuhlman, M. Gregorich, R. Rodriguez, J. McQuade, J. Reilly, M. Theberge, G. Cerezo, T. Connally, B. Bell; Row 2: K. Mulvaney, F. Jones, J. Depp, B. O'Hara, R. Bingham, D. Yeatman, J. McPherson, J. Montgomery, G. Zingler, F. Martin, P. Cooper, J. Pasch, T. Mitchell; Row 3: L. Gianotti, A. McKee, R. Savacool, L. Smith, C. Jones, E. Burnette, M. Nundt, J. Yates, P. Amoe, E. Jones.

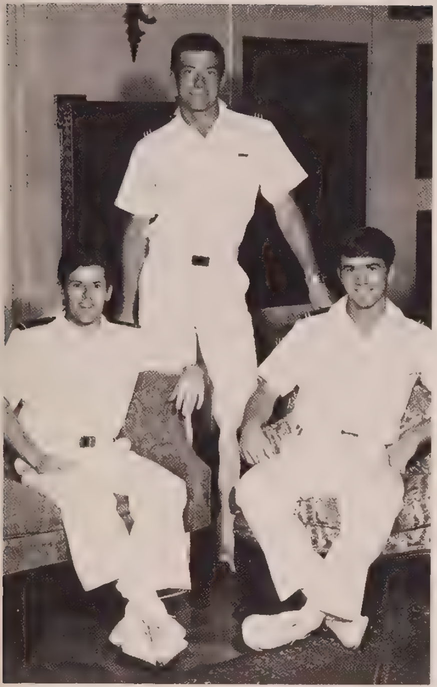


Front: J. Bournes, J. Graves, J. Meador, M. Flynn, E. Gardner, C. Dickerson, D. Johnson, R. Stevick, R. Burger; Row 2: E. Byrne, J. Waugh, L. Marshall, G. Crump, J. Hirst, G. Douglas, R. Curbeam, W. Doyle, P. Roe, C. Chambers, J. Stewart, J. Oleson; Row 3: J. Grabarek, C. Sonderman, G. Brand, M. Ogara, T. Quinn, D. Sousa, L. Cline, J. Adams, M. Connor, R. Vasquez.

27TH COMPANY

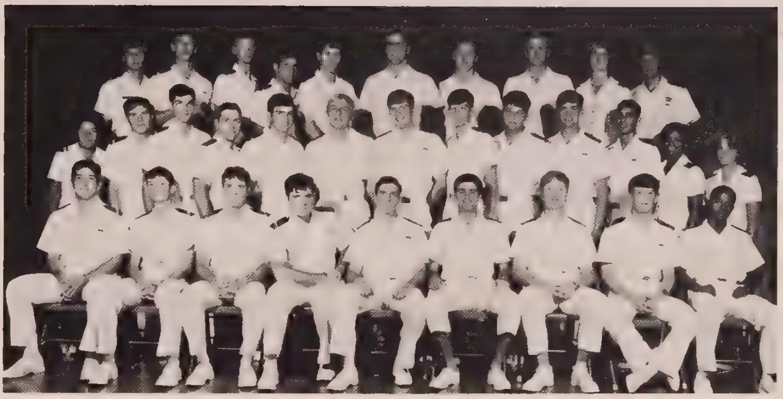
81
EX SCIENTIA TRIDENS
USNA
27

Lcdr. L. W. Hewett, USN

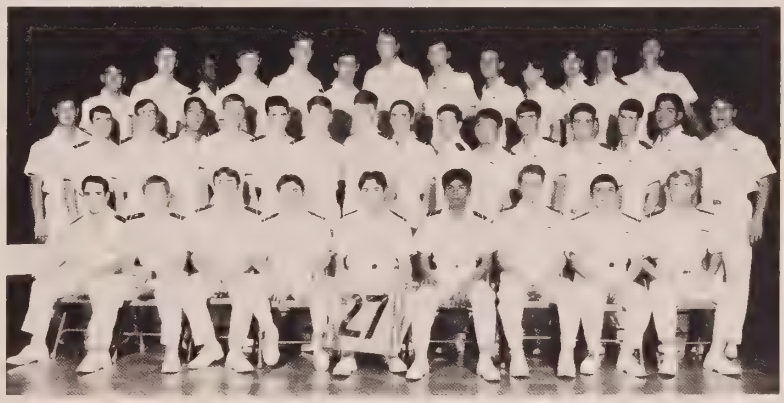


First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Fisher; CAO S. Moran; Co. Sub Cdr. T. Prince.

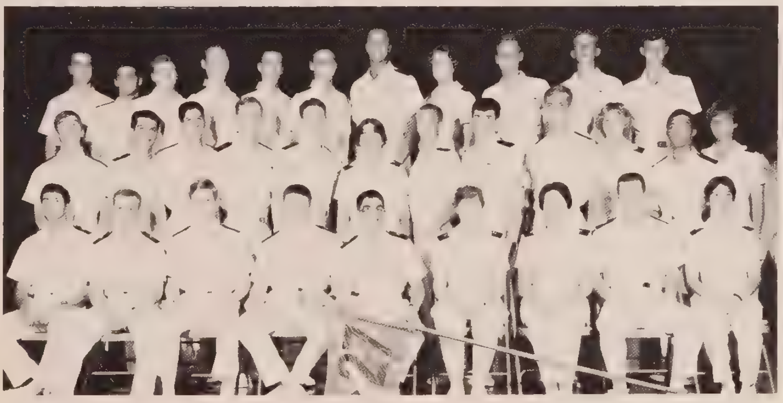
Second Set: Co. Sub Cdr. B. Douglas; CAO S. Reese, Co. Cdr. J. Maguire.



Front: D. Ringel, P. Gamble, M. Guenther, B. Graham, B. Pedley, M. Criswell, M. Stahl, D. LaRochelle, M. Johnston; Row 2: J. Leisch, J. Bell, S. Johnson, G. Souser, S. Vanhouten, L. Mokan, K. Harvey, J. Byrd, K. Varnum, J. Mahon, A. Ruiz, D. Hazzard, V. Kurtz; Row 3: M. Wakeman, K. Ayres, J. Vandenberghe, T. Dietz, L. Burley, C. Hagan, D. Fitzgerald, F. Lowery, B. Nester, F. Pursel. Not Pictured: L. McKenney, B. Vaughn.

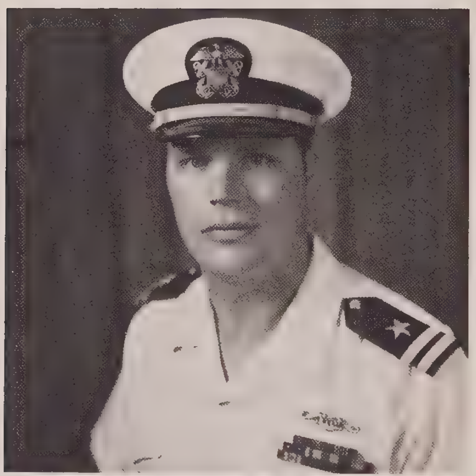


Front: E. Solar, R. Woodson, M. Young, D. Halling, M. Porcello, H. Atienza, C. Gibson, S. Mills, M. Chromczak; Row 2: P. Raimondo, R. Paisley, D. Waugh, A. McCoy, R. Beekman, J. Edgerly, B. Bissenas, P. Adams, E. McNamara, J. Kenney, S. Young, D. Reis, D. Heiken, R. Zapata, D. Sellers, M. Belton; Row 3: M. Schoonmaker, B. Schulz, R. Robinson, G. Anderson, M. Leland, R. Hartman, J. Grzeskiewicz, B. Dabbs, S. Kramer, M. Blask, D. Johnson, P. McGuire, T. Preble.



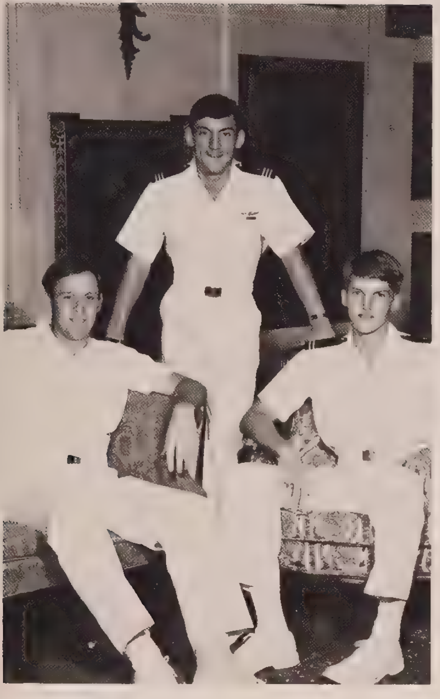
Front: W. Karditzas, L. Moore, M. Ohlhaver, E. Fippinger, M. Damask, J. Lochner, K. Malloy, J. King, L. Young; Row 2: S. Walton, J. Rodriguez, J. Fogerty, D. Sands, M. Nichols, L. Bricketto, D. Moore, S. Monahan, H. Murdock, M. Helinski, E. Navardo, R. Smith; Row 3: H. Nelson, J. Arnoso, E. Harnage, R. Daly, A. Nichols, R. McClafferty, J. Bass, E. McGirvin, B. Gass, M. Sullivan, T. Daselar.

28th Company



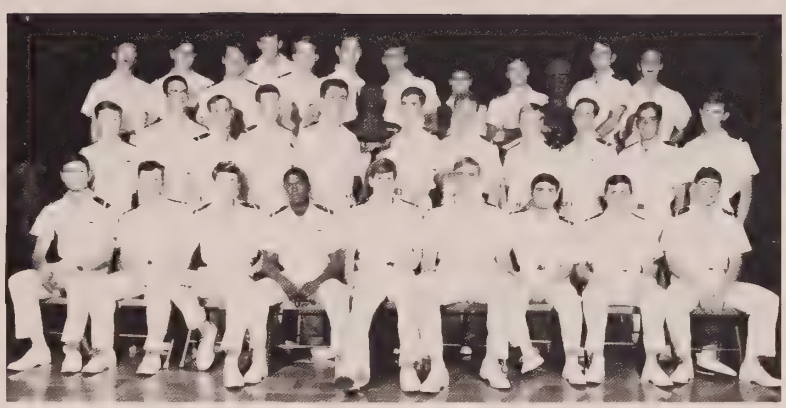
Lt. D. M. McCall, USN

ROAD TRIP
28

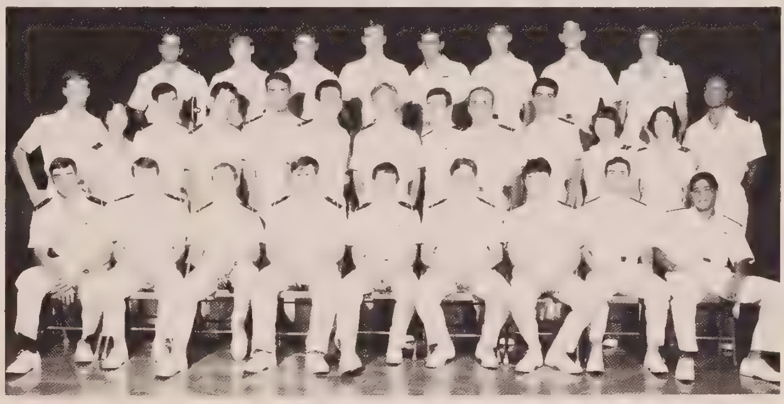


First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Brusoski; CAO B. Perry; Co. Sub Cdr. G. Rogers.

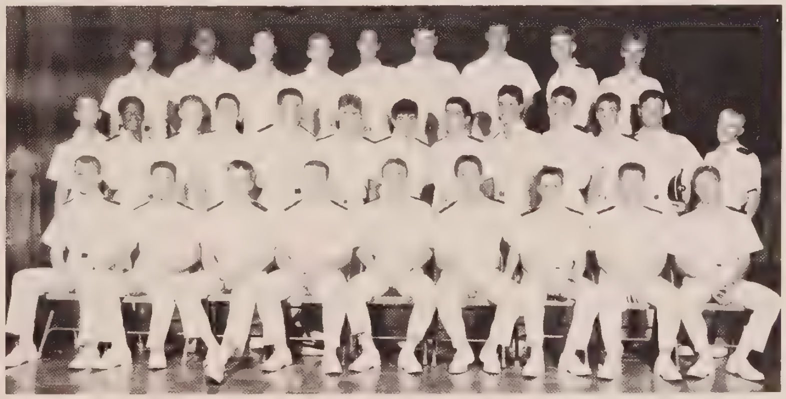
Second Set: Co. Adj. S. Forsyth; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Cronauer; Co. Cdr. B. Standley.



Front: M. Harper, P. Johnson, M. Williams, A. Williams, B. Moylan, P. Bingham, D. Omeara, A. Logsdon, G. Bensinger; Row 2: V. Drouillard, P. Ewing, W. Blanding, D. Martin, P. Morrissette, D. Murray, K. Boreen, B. Fell, T. Harrington, W. Derr, D. Gneiser; Row 3: R. Johnson, T. Reinert, J. Teate, R. Russell, W. Gideon, R. Kiser, C. Cechak, M. Cwick, R. Alderson, J. Daly, K. Carkhuff.



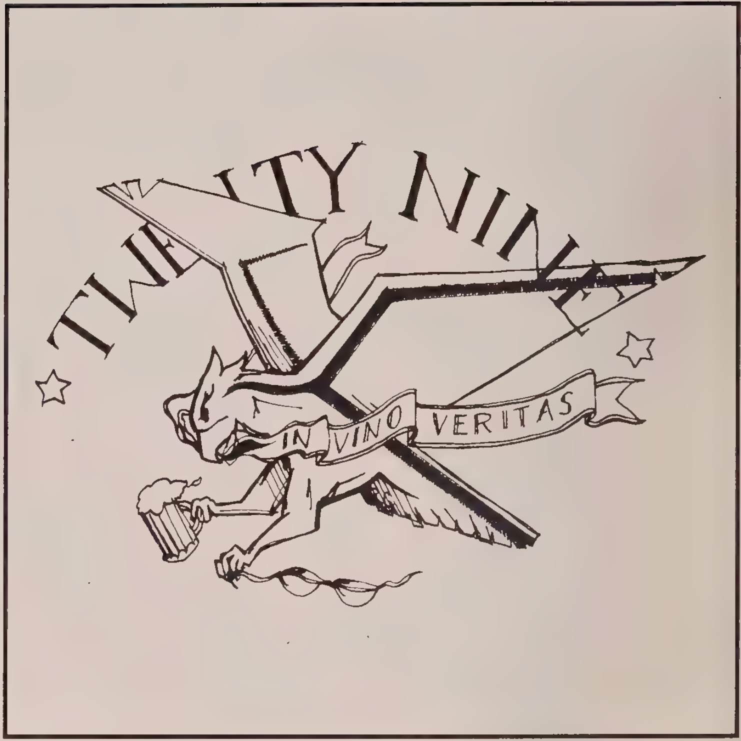
Front: J. Wood, K. Johnson, R. Shawhan, E. Harkom, K. D'Aurizio, M. Gubosh, W. Liston, W. Nobles, K. Bedell; Row 2: R. Whelan, L. Tarr, R. Wileman, J. Rector, C. Rice, J. Davis, J. Hall, F. Henderson, C. Henkel, B. Loyola, C. Bowling, C. Canby, G. Carter; Row 3: G. Moller, D. Emerson, K. Hauer, A. Griffith, D. Brogan, K. Byron, H. Frank, A. Smith.



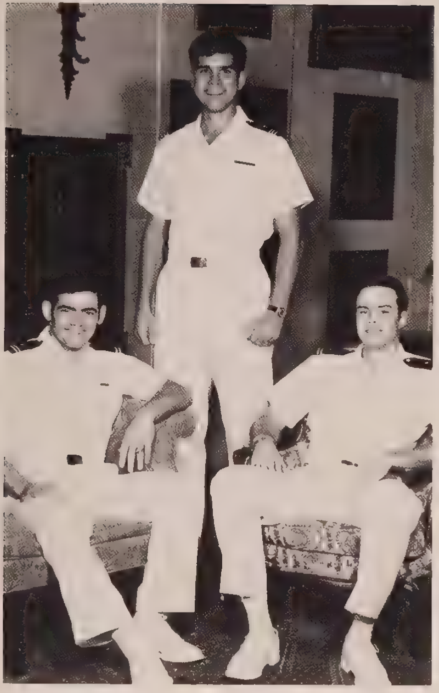
Front: D. Marr, J. Intintolo, R. Garland, M. Mullen, J. Wasko, J. Fitzpatrick, T. Wertz, A. Pulliam, M. Vowell; Row 2: T. Johnson, J. Howard, W. Dempsey, T. Callahan, J. Dickson, C. Fricker, M. Clark, D. Marin, G. Marcum, D. Depman, R. Eason, A. Galsgaard, J. Ennis; Row 3: T. Bruner, T. Andrews, W. Stephens, S. Dirito, G. Sterling, J. Schlegel, M. Rahn, A. McLean, M. Cebulski.

29TH COMPANY

Lt. J. M. Elliker, USN

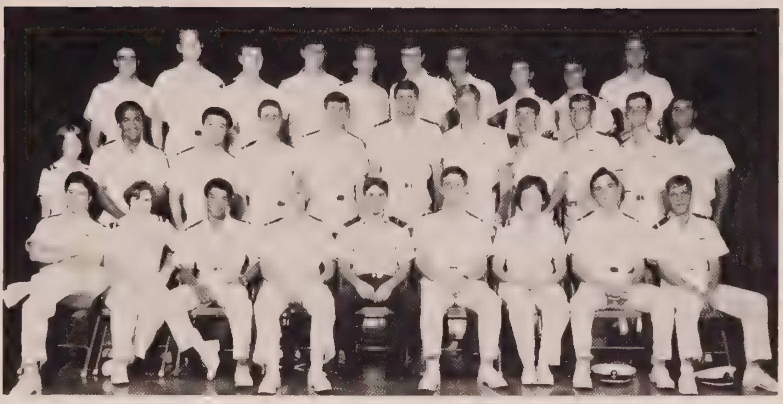

TWENTY NINE
IN VINO VERITAS

CANADA OR BUST
FLY AIR CANADA



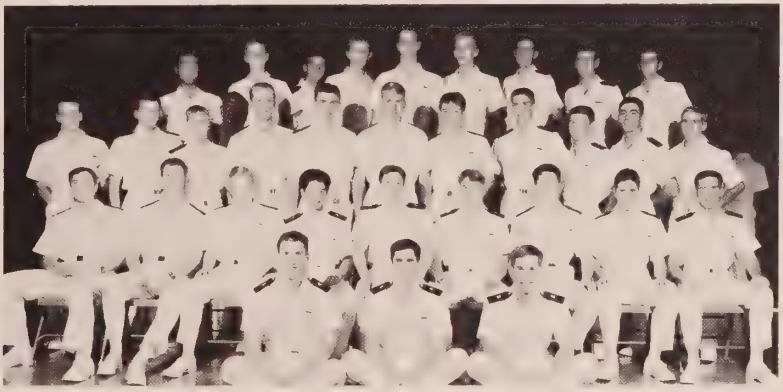
First Set: Co. Cdr. M. Schanvel; Co. Sub Cdr. R. Craft; Co. Adj. J. Gallagher.

Second Set: Co. Sub Cdr. B. Gawboy; Co. Adj. M. Stolzenberg; Co. Cdr. M. Rascona.



Front: M. Bustos, M. Johnson, J. Carey, K. Johnson, R. Guessfero, P. Owen, K. Bustle, W. Lang, J. Hornick; Row 2: M. Lamble, N. Winbush, W. Dougherty, E. Ekovich, J. Myers, B. Hood, J. Hardison, J. Ratter, C. Seitz, G. Suhrer; Row 3: T. Holland, K. Baugh, G. Chamberlain, D. Abrashoff, G. Papajadou; Row 3: L. Bishop, D. Burnes, R. Baker, P. Hunter, D. Sinnett.

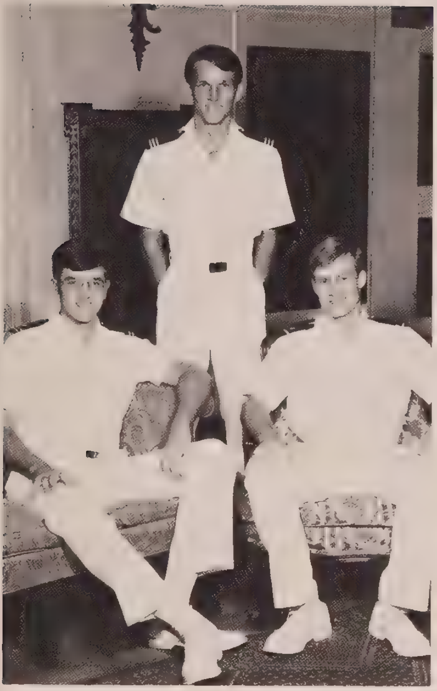
Front: I. Bressler, J. Hart, E. Miranda, T. Looke, C. Baniewicz, J. Cade, C. Youngblood, C. Coon, B. Larson; Row 2: D. Braswell, M. Keating, M. Dowd, W. Smith, A. Vegel, N. Yang, H. Dorman, M. Lafreniere, L. Bumbaca, R. Bartlett, R. Moran, J. Leary, P. Corwin; Row 3: C. Lucas, S. Culpepper, J. Stephenson, W. Freitag, A. Plewniak, J. Coles, N. Doerry, C. Mueller, M. Hamilton, L. Dibler, Y. Hoffner.



Front: M. Midas, M. Groody, D. Fisher; Row 2: W. Few, J. Scholl, J. Paul, C. Chun, B. Wallace, D. Alber, J. Morrow, G. Zanka, M. Stys; Row 3: T. Ray, R. Goins, M. McGee, R. Simmons, T. Nolen, E. Meyer, J. Churbuck, D. Kriete, T. Summers, C. Deleon, W. Taft; Row 4: E. Domingo, R. Holcomb, J. Parillo, W. Orton, J. Miller, W. Paulson, R. Wilhelm, C. Brunger, V. Martinez.

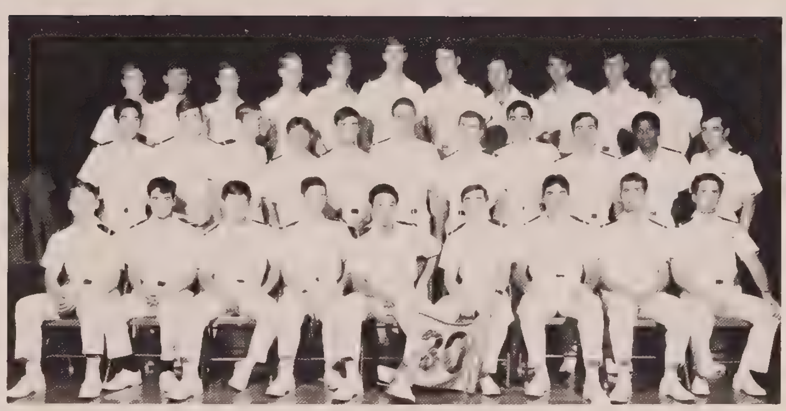
30TH COMPANY

Lt. G. S. Murashige, USN



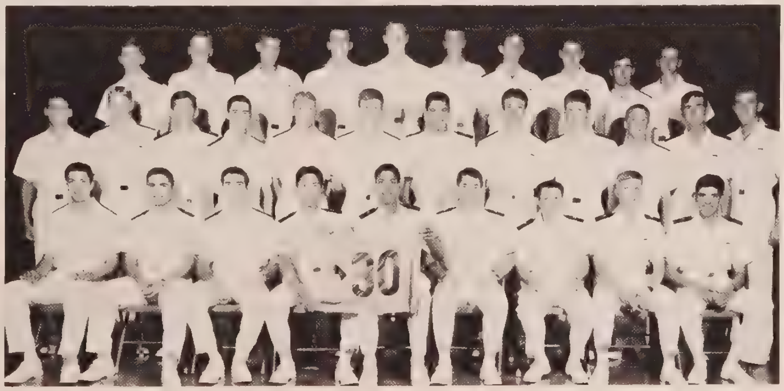
First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Dickman; Co. Sub Cdr. M. Gallet; CAO P. Morgan.

Second Set: CAO G. Snyder; Co. Sub Cdr. M. Paulaitis, Co. Cdr. R. Vranicar.



Front: P. Friel, S. Epstein, G. Boigt, R. Reimer, R. Cheong, J. Firanzi, M. Scassero, L. Cohen, S. Corley; Row 2: C. Paul, P. Warker, R. Stoffa, R. Britt, R. Radcliffe, B. Oydna, S. Burris, W. Hammond, D. Dejarnette, W. Terrell, J. Ferrer; Row 3: S. Dietz, C. Ratte, R. Zimmerman, M. Fisher, W. Klansek, J. Hughes, J. Vena, K. Murphy, S. Parks, M. Wralstad, E. Thompson. Missing: P. Schulert, P. Yorio.

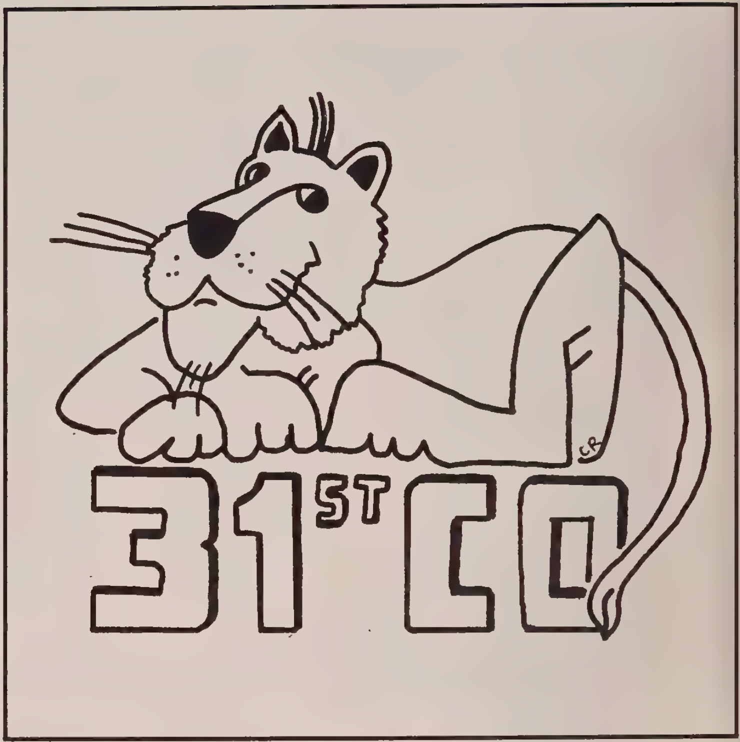
Front: M. Hull, C. Simkins, L. Yustak, S. Phillpott, R. Musico, L. Cowden, K. Wetterskog, D. Fowler, M. Daubner; Row 2: W. Crozier, F. Eissler, S. McGillen, H. Bond, A. Small, T. Thomas, M. Bowers, R. Hoffman, J. Dee, R. St. John, M. Klorig, P. Pritchard; Row 3: T. Luffy, J. Gardner, E. Borowicz, M. Murphy, D. Valaik, P. Puccetti, M. Ortega, J. Yourkowski, A. Tanski, T. McKavitt. Missing: J. Polk.

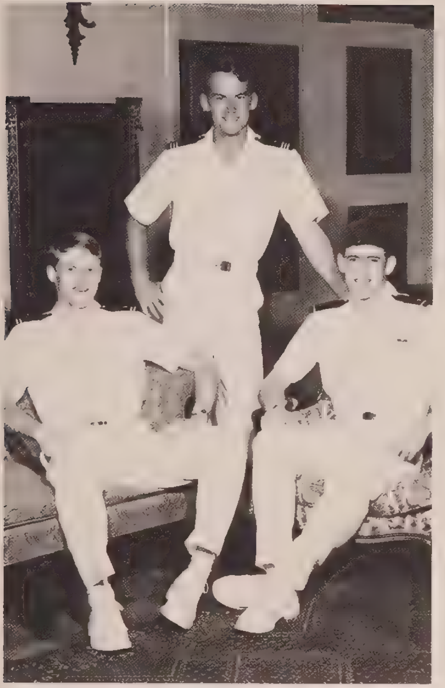


Front: S. Mohs, G. Alberto, M. Delmonte, N. Vinzon, G. Wayne, T. Jones, A. Slawson, J. Long, J. Lara; Row 2: D. Schleicher, S. Wright, M. Barranco, C. Hollingsworth, J. Przybyszewski, W. DeRoche, B. Caraveo, R. Olds, F. Adams, B. Sciolo, R. Broadston, K. Woltersdorf; Row 3: T. Gallagher, D. Denneny, M. Burgess, T. Birdsong, A. Lamson, D. Hoover, T. Beck, I. White, J. Casey, R. Inman.

31ST COMPANY

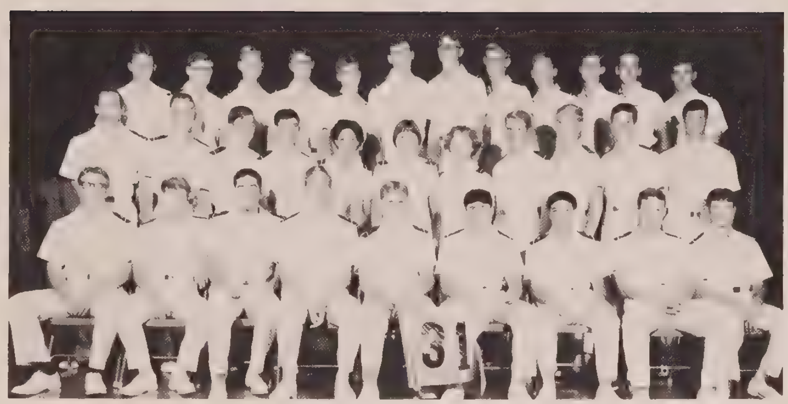
Lt. J. W. Baker, USN



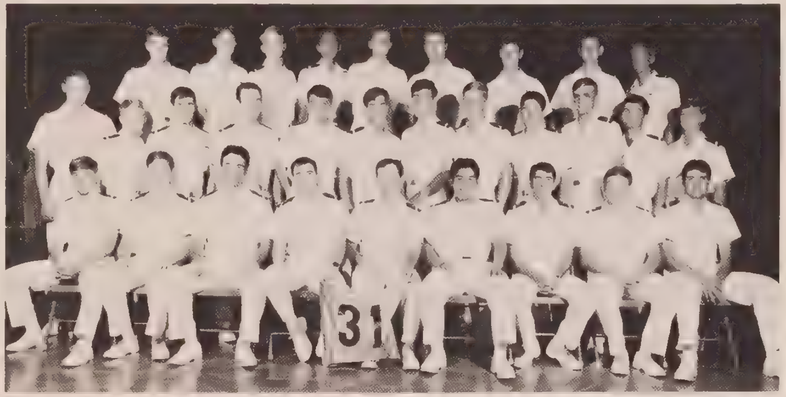


First Set: Co. Cdr. W. Johnson; Co. Sub Cdr. S. Kelety; CAO D. Carty.

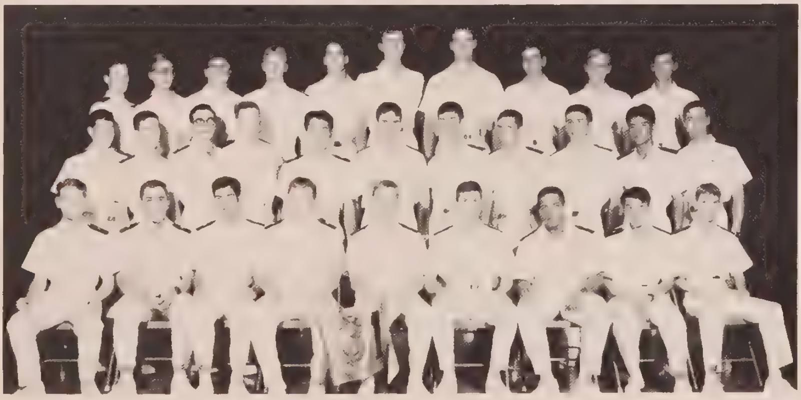
Second Set: Co. Adj. D. Soukup; Co. Sub Cdr. D. Dick; Co. Cdr. T. Gallo.



Front: M. Saunders, M. Jacobsen, W. Anderson, D. Mack, T. Towler, J. Malapit, D. Proulx, R. Merck, G. Whitney; Row 2: R. Patterson, S. Leftwich, P. Shaw, W. Walker, L. Kojm, T. Pasternak, D. Brosh, W. Laingen, J. Rainey, T. Stranske; Row 3: D. Jahrsdoefer, W. Fazekas, S. Jones, N. Villarin, M. Converse, J. Maloney, D. Smellow, M. Norton, D. Mewbourne.



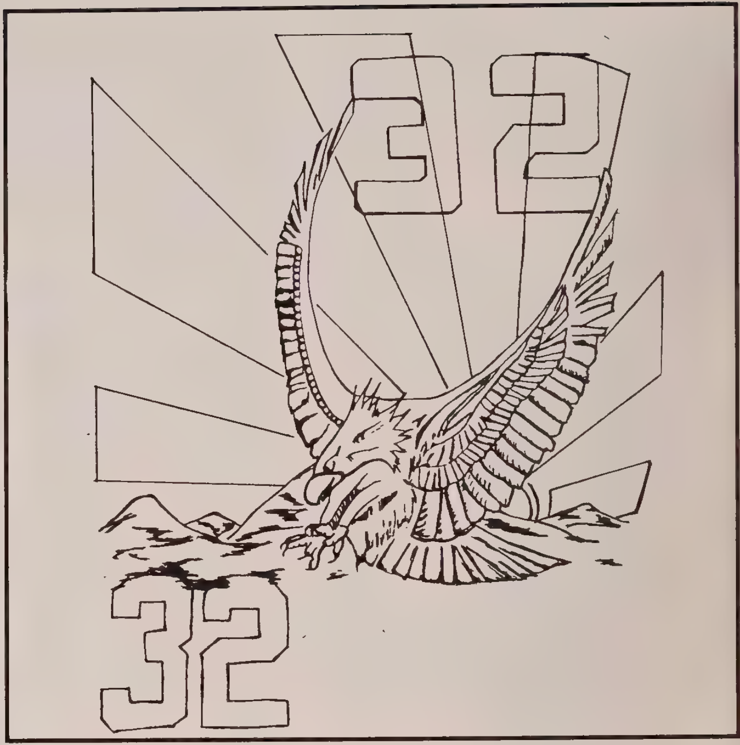
Front: C. Wagner, S. Laverntz, D. Roth, D. Karn, B. Taylor, S. Lewia, C. Lee, T. Lombardo, T. Jones; Row 2: F. Lastar, M. Vormbrocke, T. Stuart, D. Diorio, D. Garlington, M. Davis, B. Berman, S. Pollak, R. Sauer, S. Fischer, E. Ricketts; Row 3: E. Rahme, T. Sawyer, T. Davis, S. Ockerman, M. Thompson, R. Schieke, C. Russak, R. Gross, J. Bors, R. Barhite, N. Nicholson, A. Cassity.



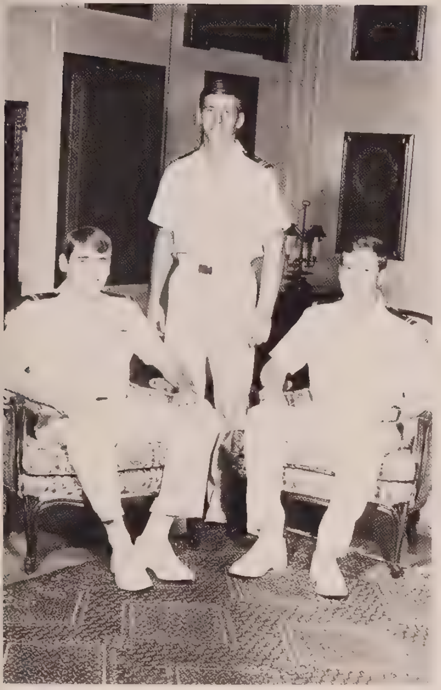
Front: M. Michard, K. Morris, M. Boulden, J. Reape, S. Thatcher, D. Yablunosky, E. Clayton, D. Jung, J. Steckel; Row 2: R. Peterson, T. Calabrese, K. Shaffrey, G. Krueger, J. Kan, T. Forrestal, P. Hogan, J. Wiggins, T. Draper, L. Gacusan, D. Shupinski; Row 3: N. Kinnon, P. Lengyel, T. Malogne, R. Romaine, C. Kilburn, J. Carroll, W. Butler, J. Lenda, L. Lewis, M. Potochniak.

32ND COMPANY

Major M. C. McClure, USMC

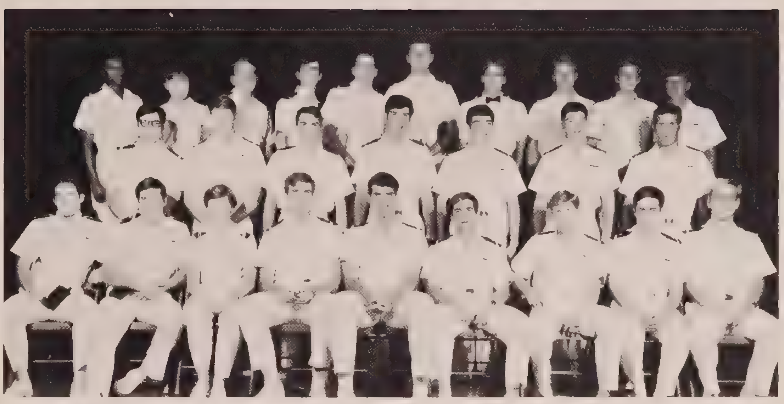


OF THE CLASS
OF 1940
MEMORIAL
FOUNTAIN
HOSE HOUNDS
HOSE HOUNDS
HOSE HOUNDS
RD

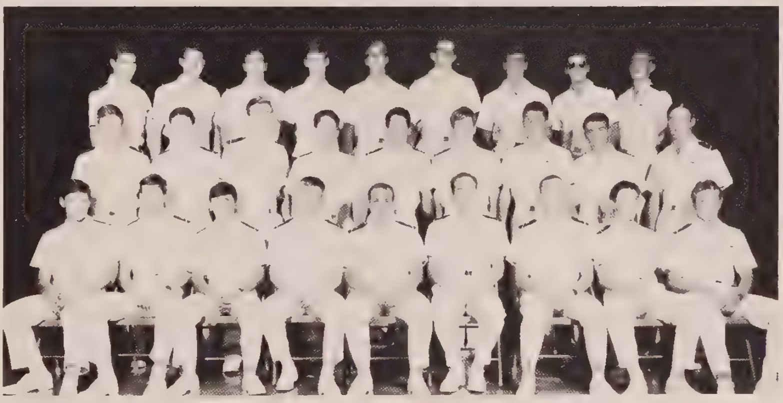


First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Roberts; Co. Sub Cdr. P. Carz; Co. Adj. M. Carucci

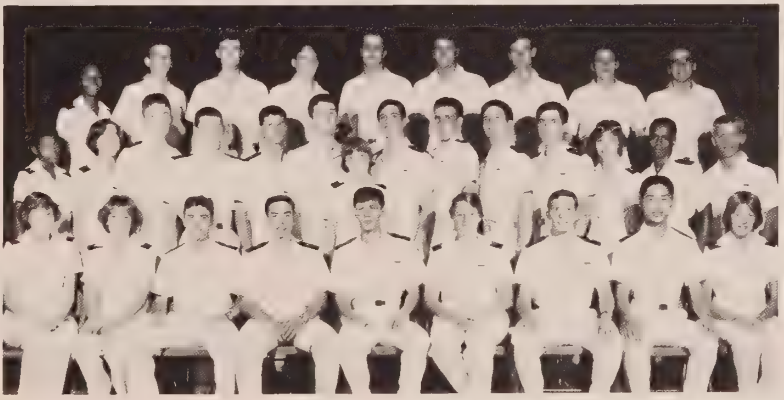
Second Set: Co. Adj. J. Stutz; Co. Sub Cdr. C. Voss; Co. Cdr. C. Stolle.



Front: J. Foley, M. Smack, C. Wilson, T. McDonnell, P. Riciotti, G. Landis, C. McGuire, R. Matthews; Row 2: D. Dunaway, R. Smith, B. Kloris, J. Fowles, E. McDaniel, S. Kenny, B. Grimm; Row 3: M. Banks, H. Dupont, G. Gunaerson, M. Poole, P. LaRolque, E. Sjoblom, S. Michaelson, D. Baragar, T. Crook, B. Daugherty.



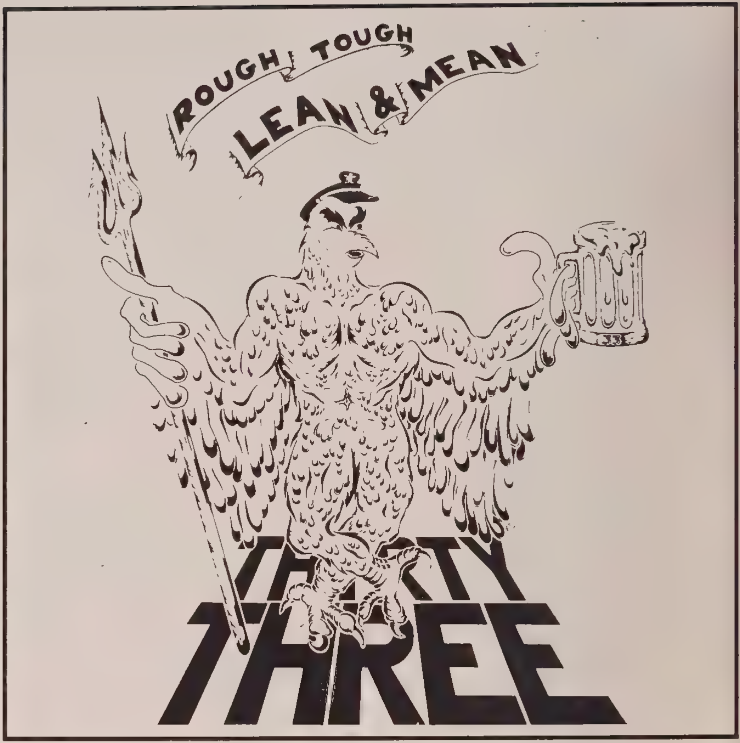
Front: J. Toyooka, E. Wheeler, F. Ramirez, J. Wright, B. Tolbert, B. Hymee, D. Head, S. Messer, K. Wauters; Row 2: K. Richeson, B. Ricketts, G. Stenstrom, T. Cunningham, J. Doyle, D. Nagle, J. Fisher, P. Alexander, E. Kirkley; Row 3: B. McGeorge, K. Ingalls, J. Murphy, S. Butts, M. Kalmbach, R. Crowers, J. Laufer, T. Deluca, J. Knudsey.

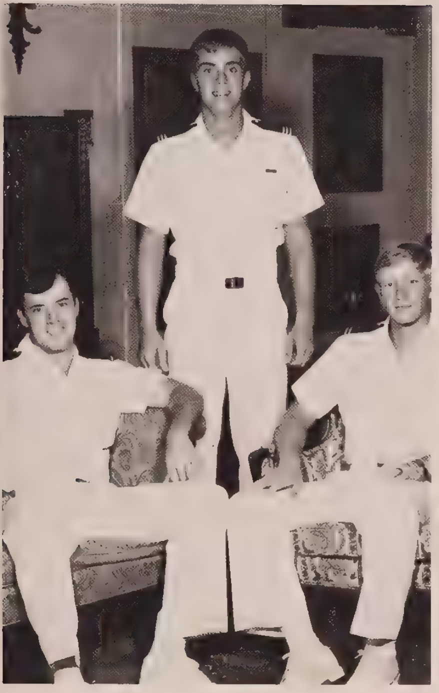


Front: K. King, N. Frost, L. Freeman, W. Sympson, D. Bateman, B. Bradley, M. Storto, W. Perez, C. Kerr; Row 2: J. Davis, A. Gillies, P. McCawley, C. McKenna, W. Watson, R. Russell, R. Kent, B. Degroff, S. McGann, L. Campbell, M. Decker, D. Peterson, D. Wright, W. Campbell; Row 3: C. Stephens, P. Hollinger, S. Porter, A. Duff, D. Thomas, M. Kalisch, H. Gibson, A. St. Pierre, W. Cebak.

33RD COMPANY

Lt. B. L. Kelly, USN


ROUGH TOUGH
LEAN & MEAN
33
THIRTY
THREE

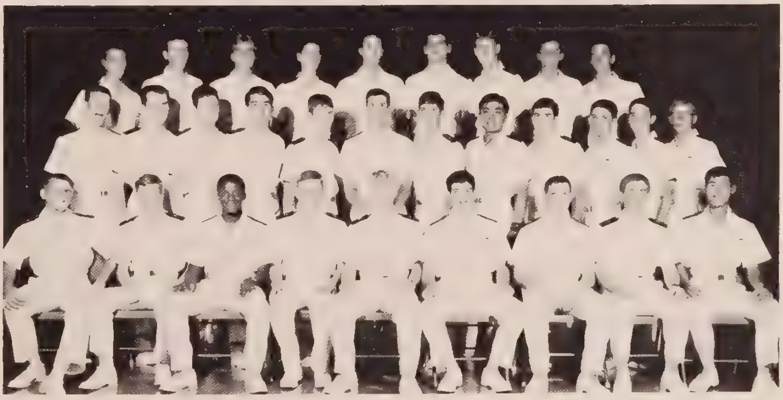


First Set: Co. Cdr. N. Fuchs; CAO K. O'Connell; Co. Sub Cdr. S. Kauffman.

Second Set: Co. Cdr. T. Dumbauld; Co. Sub Cdr. S. Bodkin; CAO K. Redfern.

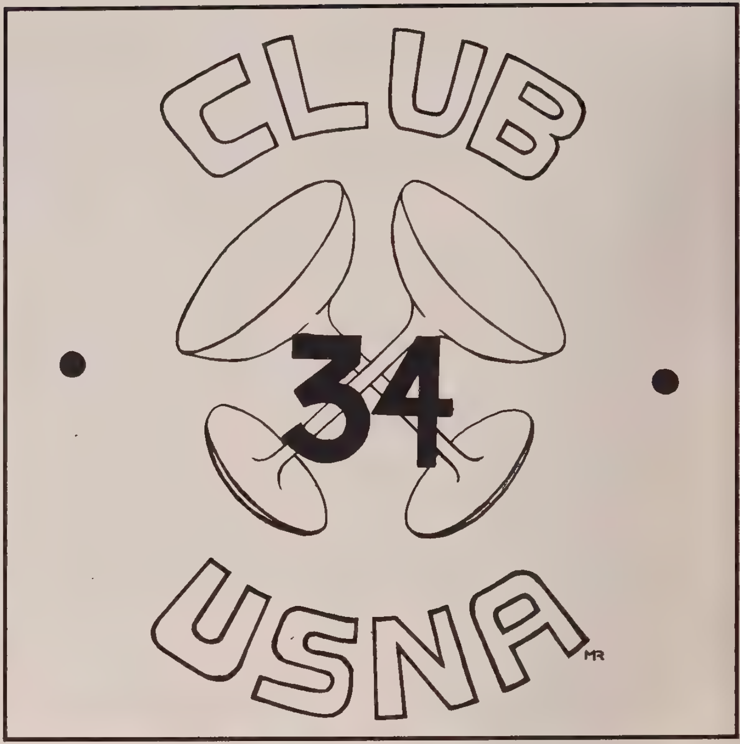
Front: J. Ohl, G. Dinardo, M. Roskind, A. Rodriguez, T. Scuccimarra, P. Brookes, M. Short, L. Schrider, D. Otte; Row 2: R. Bernal, T. Mascolo, K. Sonderman, M. Barth, J. Smith, K. Keenan, B. Hebert, L. Postenrieder, O. Spitz, E. Dahl, L. Nordvig, J. Harrison; Row 3: E. Werling, J. Philon, M. Maurer, A. Smythe, M. Morris, K. Clover, M. Ammons, J. Fernandes, B. Brittain, M. Koziel, T. Jordan, F. Gren, R. Horton, M. Heatherington.

Front: B. Fletcher, T. Harrigan, T. Hauge, A. Muna, F. Fittante-Barnes, H. Smith, P. Stitt, L. Mackay, S. Carroll; Row 2: D. Webster, M. Thompson, D. Fox, R. Hayes, T. Snyder, T. Boussom, R. Kamay, M. Isabelli, K. Carr, P. Morrison, K. Enriquez; Row 3: W. Mountford, W. Cusack, G. Soderstrom, B. Elkins, T. Sedlack, D. Kelln, P. Haynes, S. Devino, D. Carr, B. Jacobs.



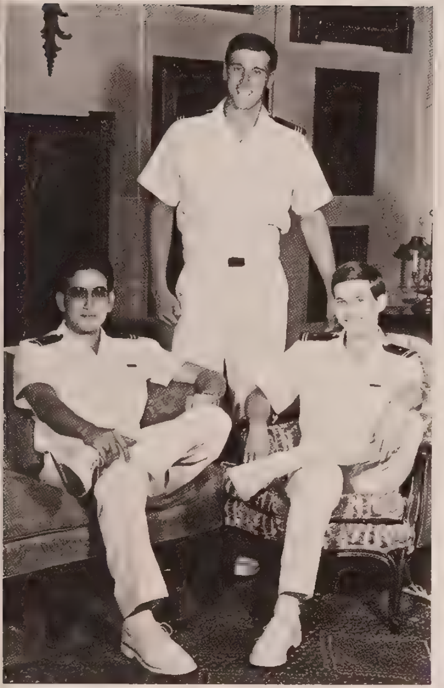
Front: G. Hoy, C. Rainey, S. Rasbury, V. Donlan, S. Young, A. Durso, L. Haynes, M. McKelvey, A. Alabata; Row 2: J. Harber, S. Sullivan, J. Amabile, J. Hinen, W. Frake, M. Sodeur, N. Buck, M. Pitpit, M. Rogers, D. Hansen, P. Muller, C. Cooper; Row 3: J. Vautier, M. Diantonio, K. McCallum, C. Haugen, W. O'Connell, J. Johnson, M. Collins, S. Lott, R. Hacker.

34TH COMPANY


CLUB
34
USNA
MR

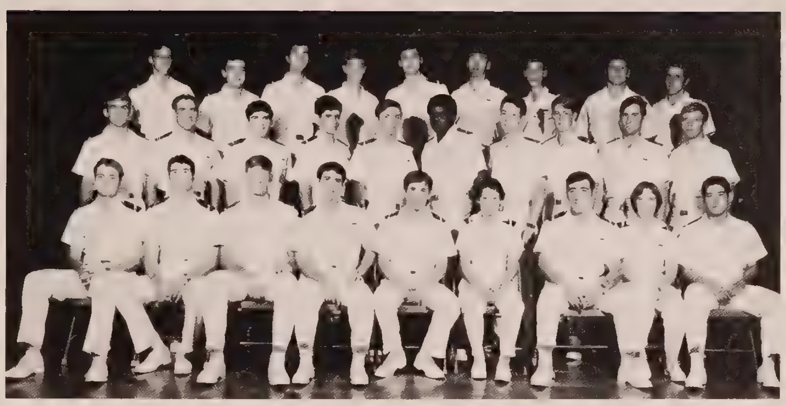
Lcdr. M. Frimenko, USN

WOMEN!
Lite
HCMA

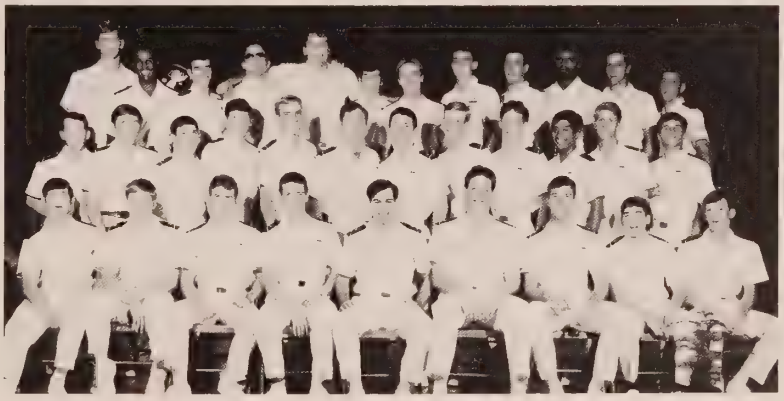


First Set: Co. Cdr. F. Landers; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Cantrell; CAO B. Page.

Second Set: Co. Adj. O. Workman; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Ahlgrimm; Co. Cdr. S. Hooper.



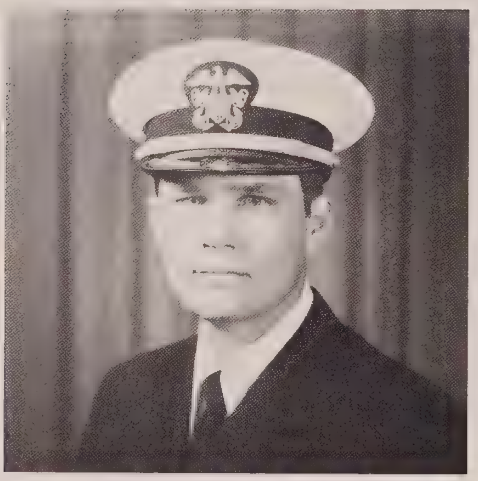
Front: R. Hine, G. Papajohn, K. Proctor, C. Carbott, J. McEnerney, C. Cassidy, K. Silvers, J. Misch, B. Palomo; Row 2: V. Pescatore, A. Wilkins, C. Morgan, J. Armas, A. Odom, S. Russ, P. Monger, B. Forbes, T. Brewer; Row 3: P. Gates, M. Rodriguez, G. Sears, J. Rasmussen, M. Chiarson, C. Borcik, C. Segura, J. Oldham, J. Ross.



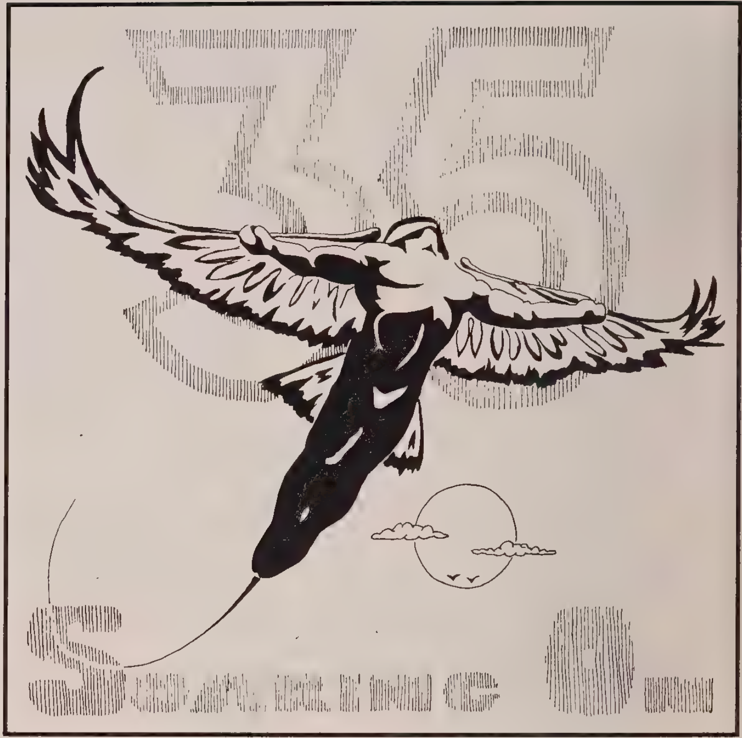
Front: M. Rodgers, O. Honors, T. Twomey, M. Russ, T. Picchini, J. Wood, D. Auiles, D. Weiner, A. Bowman; Row 2: J. Cortes, G. Hall, B. Donegan, G. Brunetti, R. Reichel, B. Ditzler, S. Rowan, R. Freeman, J. Boyenga, S. Simpliciano, C. Blow, W. Murray; Row 3: D. Foskett, M. Reed, P. Menninger, P. Ryan, P. Hungswell, J. Nangle, W. Sisler, J. Kalb, G. Hobson, T. Wallington, D. Bryant, B. Papadakis.

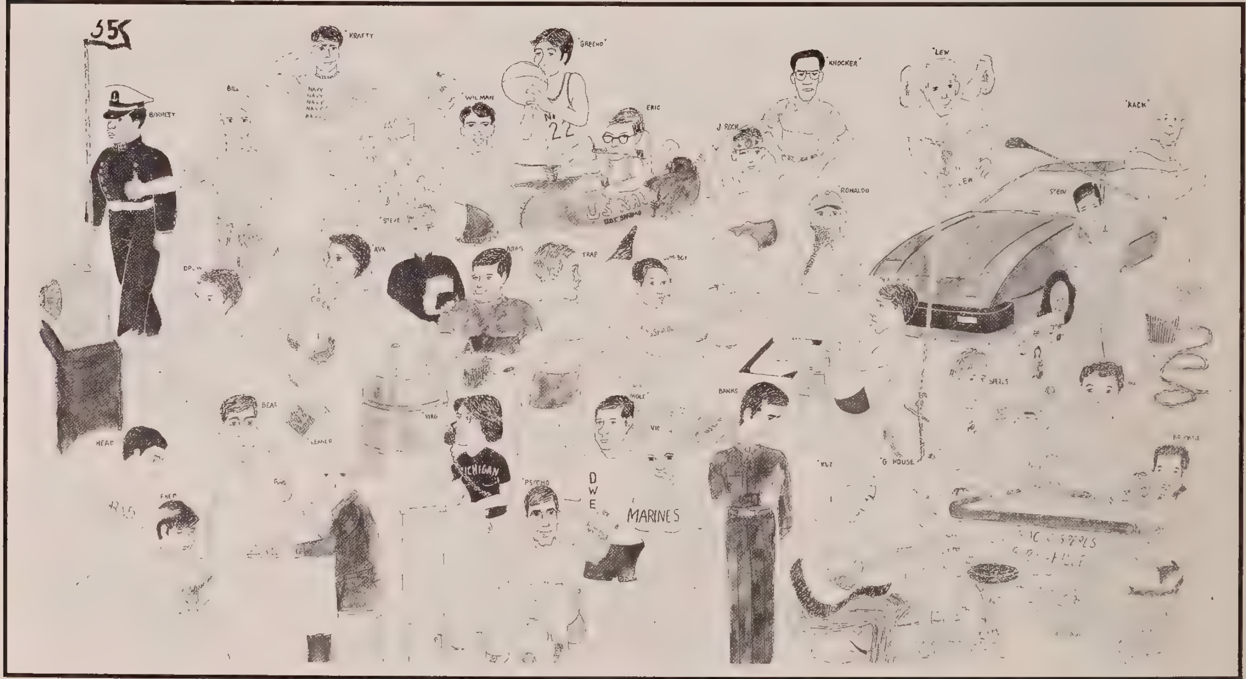
Front: K. Storey, K. Hays, C. Lindsay, A. Embestro, L. Stovall, V. D'Andrea, J. Rees, P. Horgan, J. Derdall, D. Gallaer, D. Stienol; Row 2: T. Fisher, D. Campbell, L. Crow, L. Law, D. Collins, B. Wujciak, G. Sims, N. Duffy, M. Gwin, J. Roberts, K. Hickman, D. Bankins; Row 3: H. Ward, M. Collins, G. Center, M. Spradlin, R. Tillery, D. Cooper, L. Pace, M. Stevens, S. Foulks, S. McGaugh.

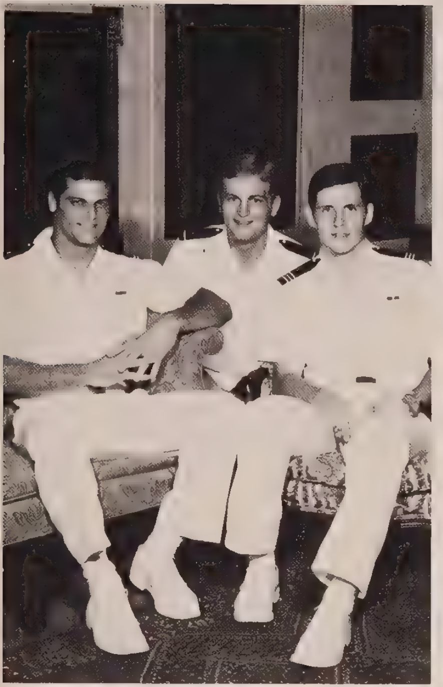
35TH COMPANY



Lcdr. F. B. Grubb, USN

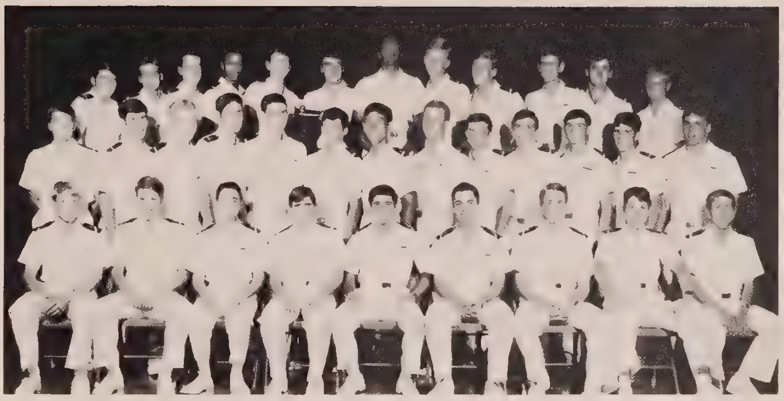



35
BARNEY
BILL
"KRAFTY"
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
WILMAN
"GREENO"
22
ERIC
U.S. NAVY
J. ROCK
"KNOCKER"
"LEW"
LEW
"KACK"
RONALDO
STEIN
"STEVE"
AVA
ARBS
TRAP
DREW
1
COCK
JIMBOY
SPELS
BEAR
VIRG
MOLE
BANKS
VIC
HEAD
LEANER
MICHIGAN
"PSYCHO"
D
W
E
MARINES
FRED
KUZ
"G HOUSE"

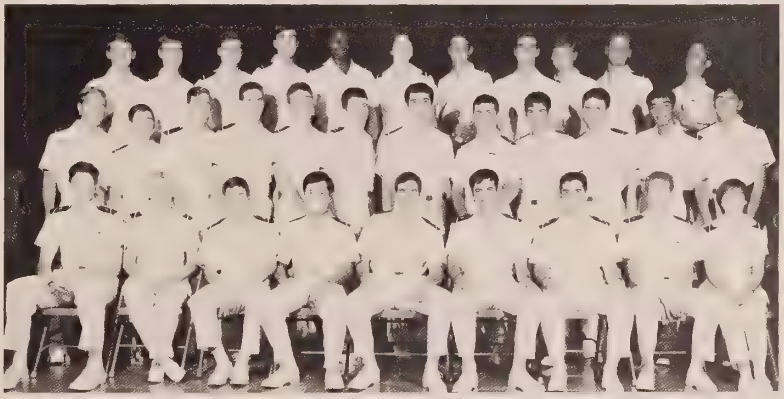


First Set: CAO J. Kuzmick; Co. Sub Cdr. R. Schrader; Co. Cdr. A. Kurta.

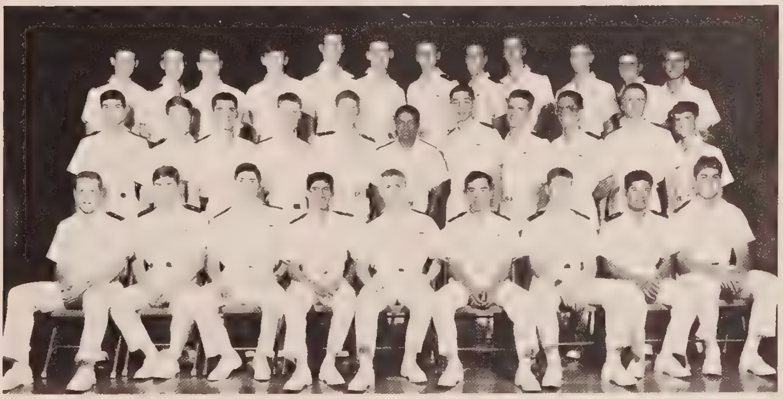
Second Set: Co. Adj. M. Sperling; Co. Sub Cdr. D. Weatherford; Co. Cdr. K. Fairbanks.



Front: M. Johnson, J. Donovan, E. Ritter, M. Mahoney, P. Salinas, W. Jeffries, M. Shoemaker, G. May, J. Krebes; Row 2: W. Johnson, K. Welty, M. Aylward, R. Hauke, P. Grosklags, M. McNellis, D. Hee, G. Blume, R. Evans, R. Lundquist, E. Campbell, M. Lusk, D. Galiyas; Row 3: E. Allen, C. Wanstall, M. Swartz, B. Baptiste, E. Dille, P. Hoffman, M. Simons, M. McClosky, S. Fehr, J. McHale, T. Brannen, K. Leidal.



Front: E. Dyson, B. Burr, E. Halpin, B. Hardesty, G. Ferris, G. Abitante, J. Boorujy, B. Page, V. Welch; Row 2: J. Huggins, M. Kubiniec, M. McKibben, T. Healey, S. Ireland, M. Smith, F. Vernet, S. Zotti, P. Ramicone, A. Loferski, K. Toy, L. Parrish; Row 3: R. Lantz, K. Boice, W. Williston, J. Sheehan, D. Outing, T. Rieger, J. McCormick, W. Hall, J. Snyder, J. Fahey, W. Daitch.

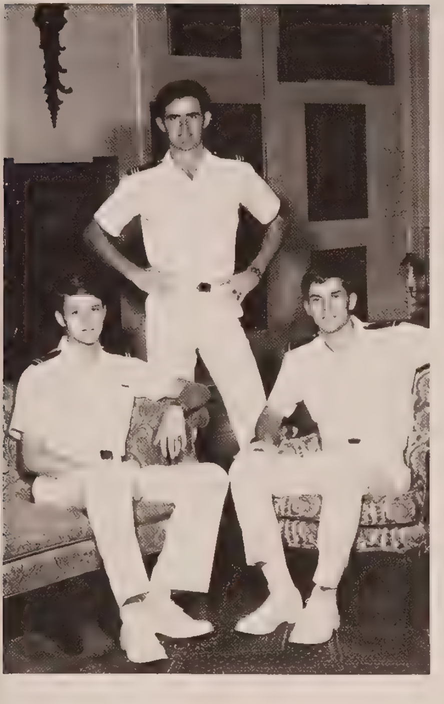


Front: D. Bomberger, D. Chase, L. Creevy, J. Jordan, M. Cannice, G. Marquez, M. Moran, B. Kumangai, T. Lockwood; Row 2: A. Vagwoni, D. Schmieley, L. Hamilton, G. Hazlett, M. Edson, W. Flax, A. Levitt, G. Howe, I. Rosa, W. Knudson, S. Starling; Row 3: C. Carlysle, J. Worman, J. Baldwin, S. Miller, S. Poindexter, C. Flood, D. Crisp, R. Beasley, R. Franke, C. Amiaga, C. Kramer, K. Thompson.

36TH COMPANY

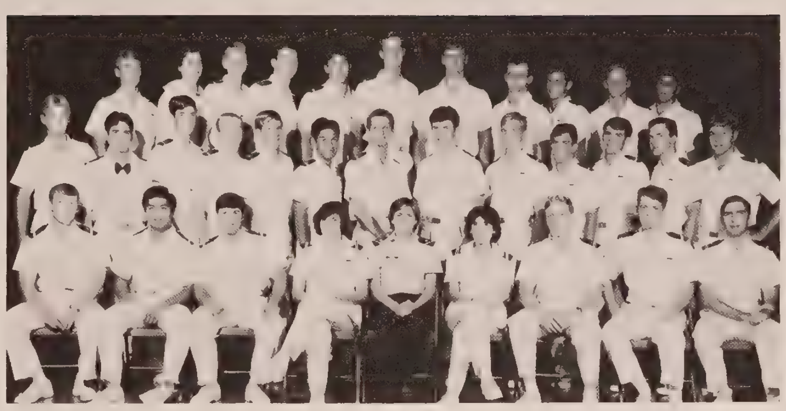
Nitty
Gritty
Dirt
Company
36
E.T.

Lcdr. R. L. Barrow, USN

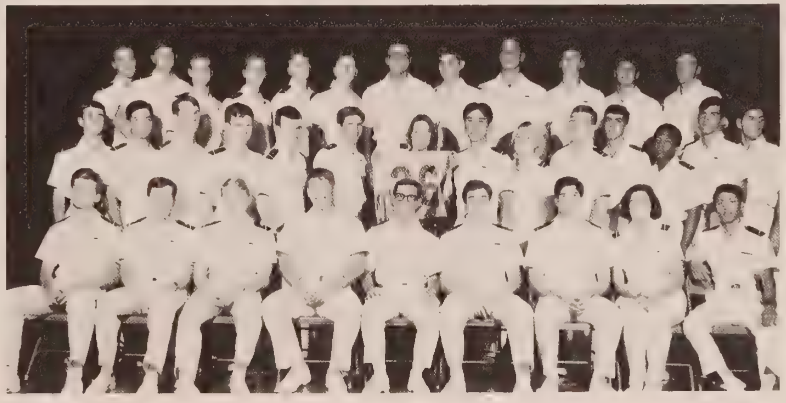


First Set: Co. Cdr. J. Schartung; Co. Sub Cdr. D. Branzell; CAO F. Knight.

Second Set: Co. Cdr. D. Lane; Co. Adj. B. Hegaman; Co. Sub Cdr. J. Calle.

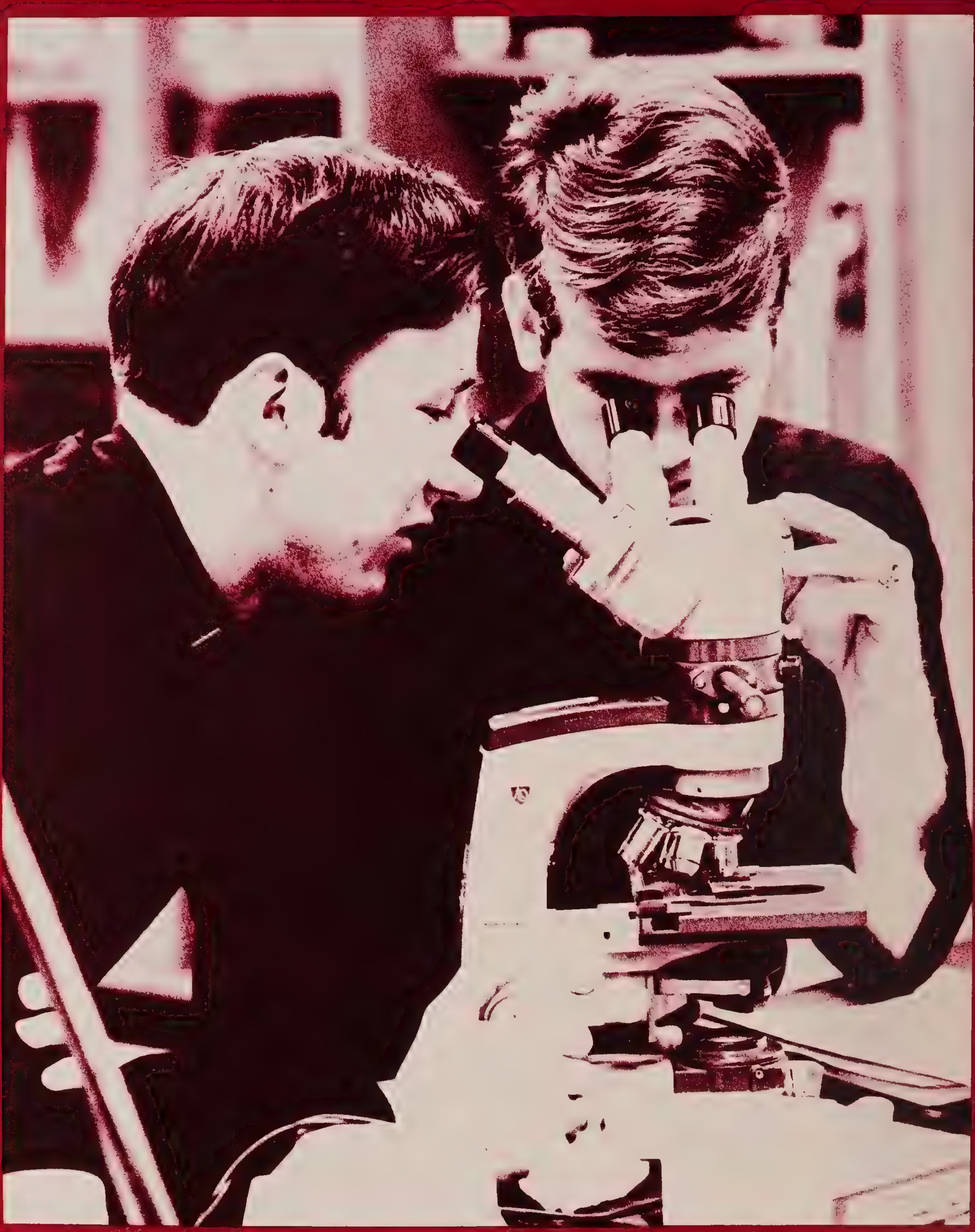


Front: J. Carroll, J. Anongos, S. Harris, D. Zink, J. Babineau, L. Cortez, B. Barnes, D. Baptist, R. Jackson; Row 2: M. Sims, J. Fritsce, T. Brown, C. Sprinkle, A. Wright, A. Camaisa, T. Varner, B. Richardson, K. Harms, D. Fuson, T. Ryan, T. Ray, K. Ehlers; Row 3: C. Leonard, K. Skeehan, M. Enright, K. McCarthy, K. Olson, C. Atmore, R. Mayer, R. Merg, M. Peters, B. Smith, J. Scuteri.



Front: T. Modly, J. Holley, R. Byrne, S. Whidden, W. Wilkins, C. Kiser, T. Maynard, N. Thompson, A. Mangliemot; Row 2: J. Hendricks, A. Taher, K. Herzog, C. Snell, D. Horgan, S. Anderson, C. Beck, R. Delrosario, M. Thompson, B. Pummill, S. Recca, K. Wilson, T. Harvey, R. Ventura; Row 3: S. Hiester, J. Bergen, M. Stone, S. Purvis, J. Rixey, R. Haberstick, C. Raines, M. Brown, M. Sagerholm, C. Morgan, A. Sauer, J. McHugh.

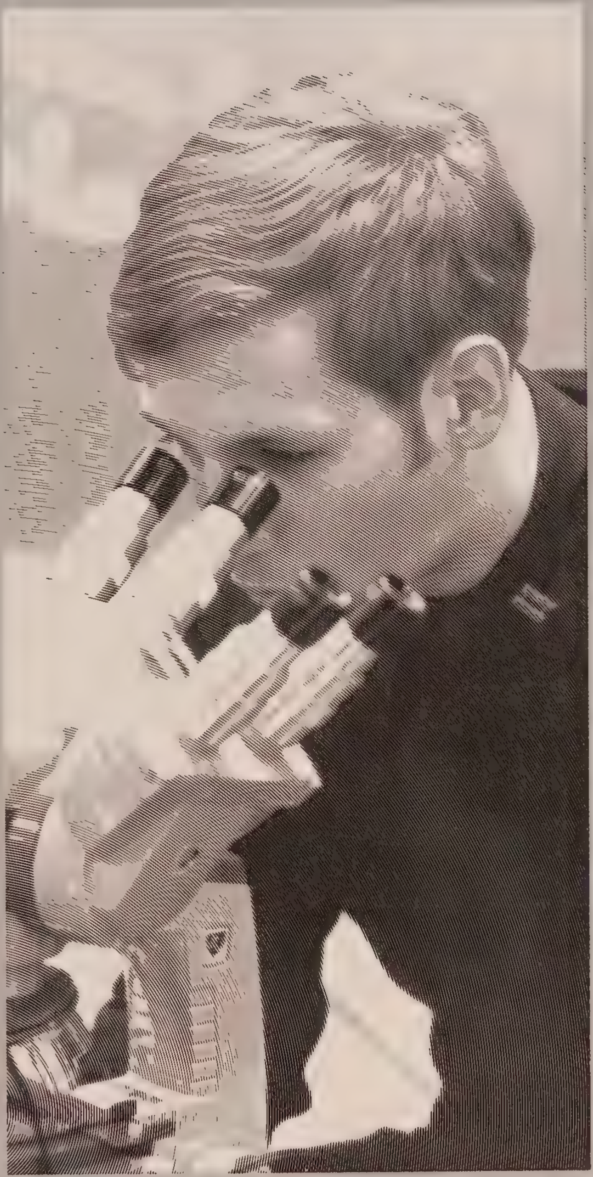
Front: S. Todd, G. Keller, J. McClellen, M. Kelly, C. Frasse, W. Mew, R. Armstrong, S. Peffers, G. Peters; Row 2: D. Brown, T. Owens, T. Evans, D. Stoddard, J. Bartkoski, H. Nepf, T. Goodlett, F. Andrews, D. Nicoson, T. St. Clair, B. Martin, A. Kim, T. Briggs; Row 3: T. Aguilar, B. Bandarra, T. Capasso, B. Mole, T. Menzel, R. Baker, A. Bigelow, S. Jones, M. Jones, P. Finney, C. Zublic, J. Weistroffer.

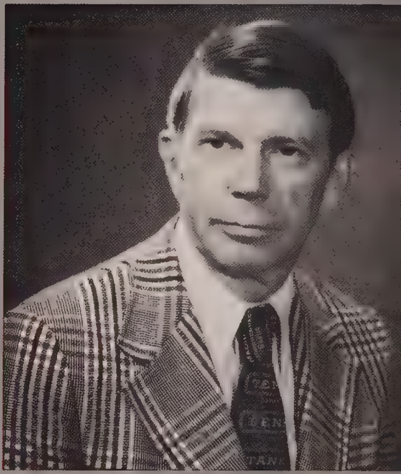


ACADEMICS

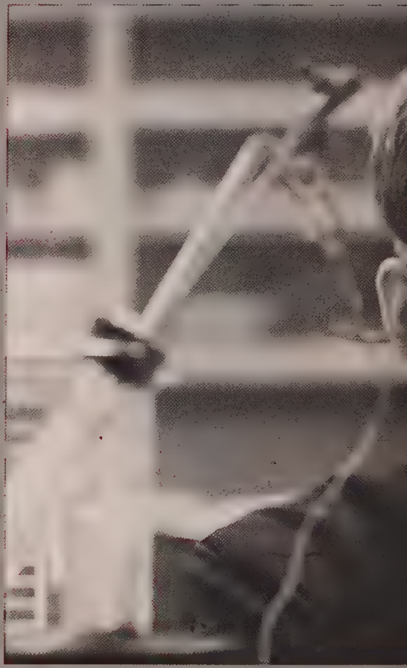
ACADEMICS

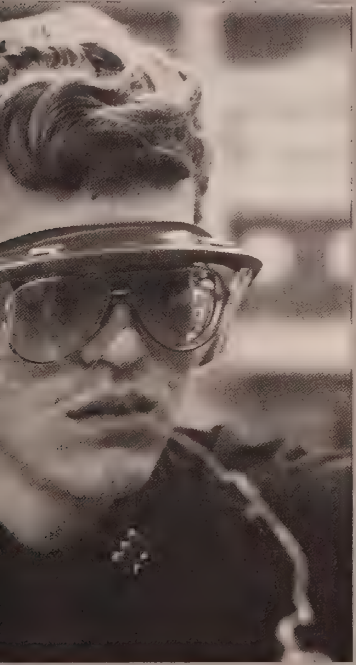
After four long years, academics end. Steam-wires-boats-rockets-dynes are all over. From the beginning of September until the middle of May, we're involved with classes. At any place besides the uncollege, that would be enough. But here it's mixed with formations, inspections, mandatory lectures, meetings, sports, and drill. We can't concentrate just on academics. But we're expected to pass, if not excel, all the same.



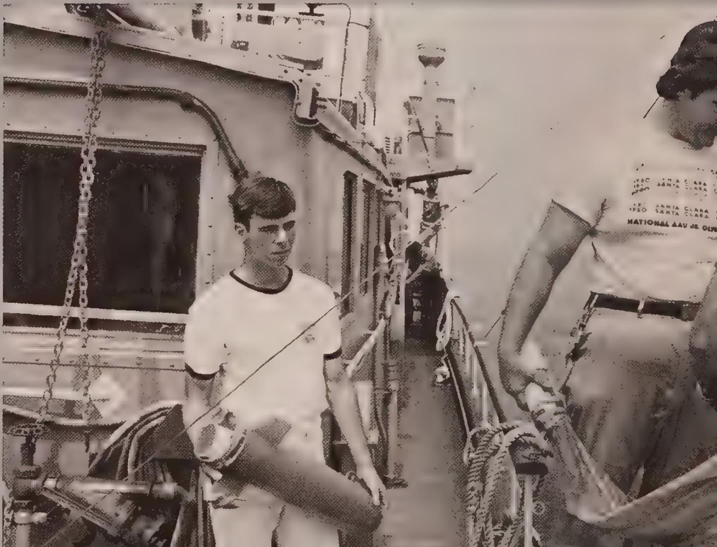


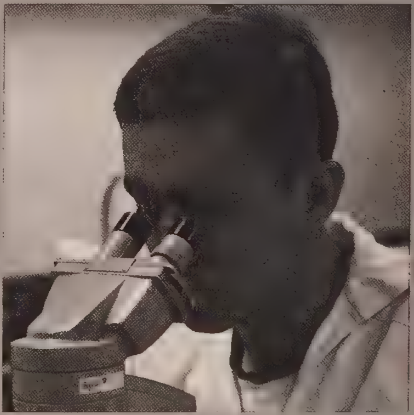
Academic Dean Bruce M. Davidson

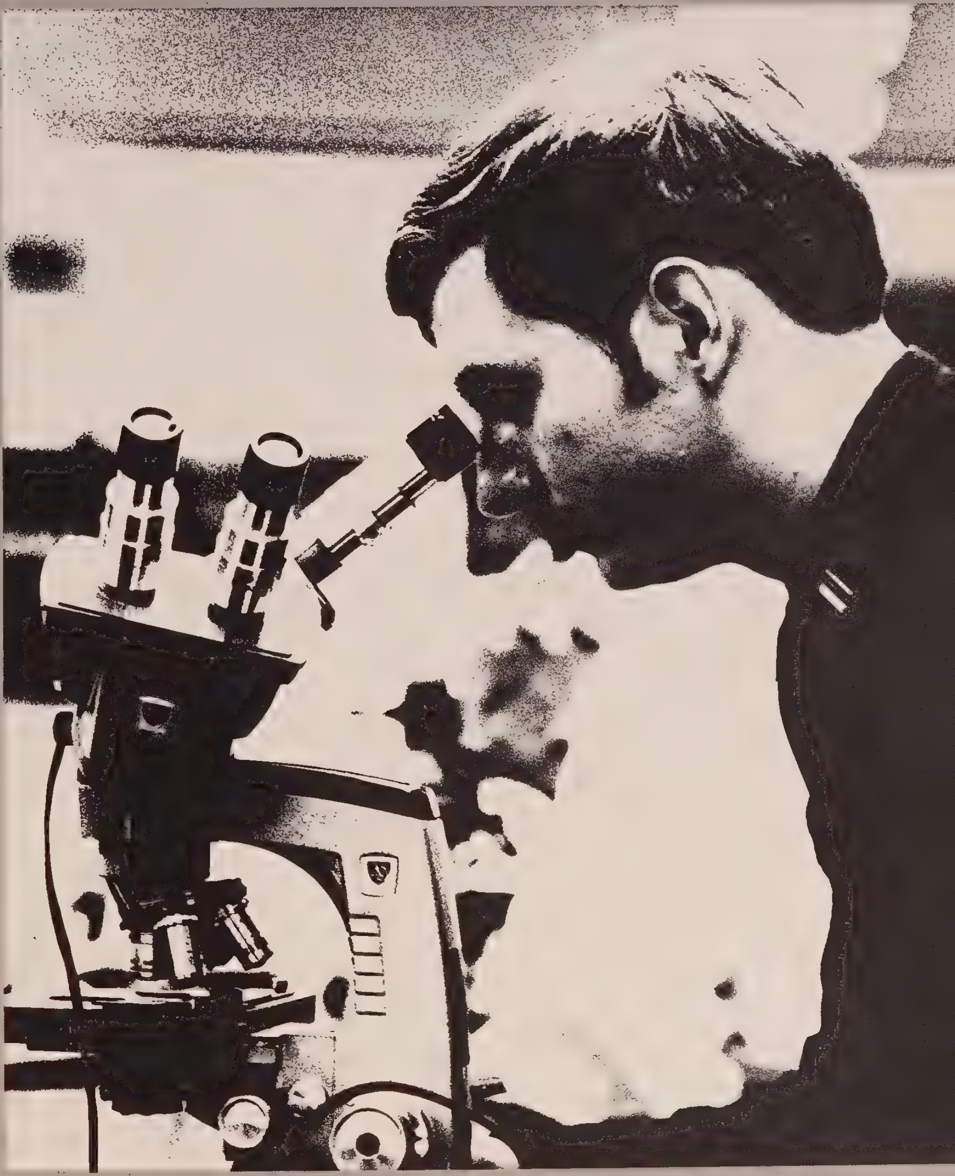


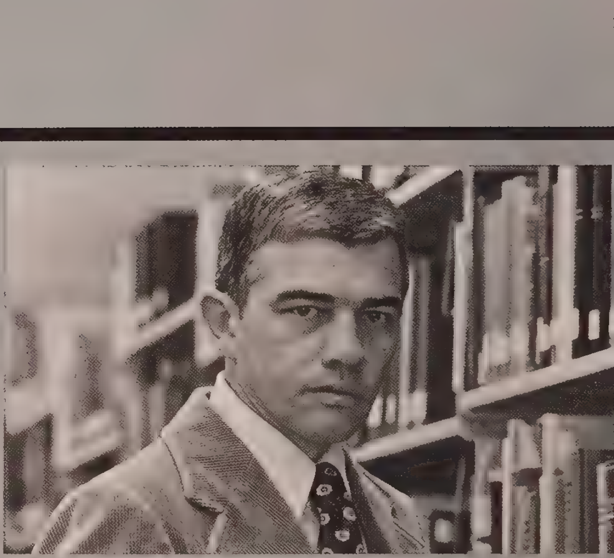


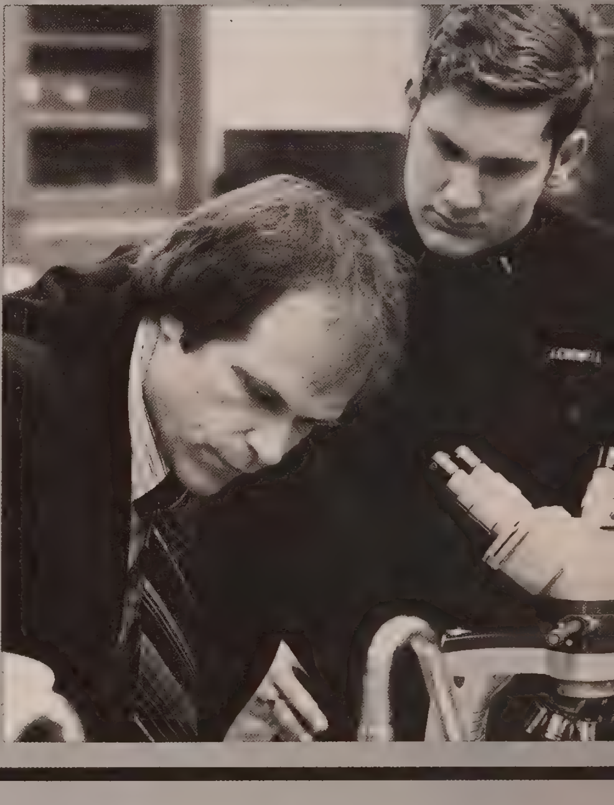
Academics are both the best friend and worst enemy of midshipmen. From the Naval Academy motto, "Ex Scientia Tridens," or "from knowledge, seapower," to the academy's stated mission, academics are important. History, English, engineering, physics, and economics all play a role in maintaining and building our navy. But there's always the threat of failing. During finals, the pressure is on to succeed. Mids scream at the top of their lungs out of their windows to release the tension and frustration that builds from day one of the semester. And when it's all over, you can lie back and say, "I did it!"

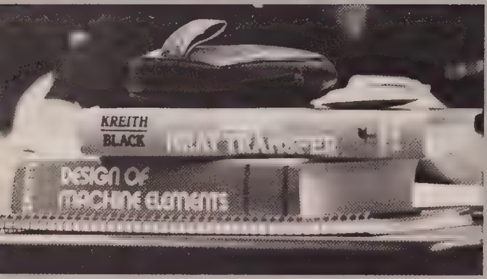


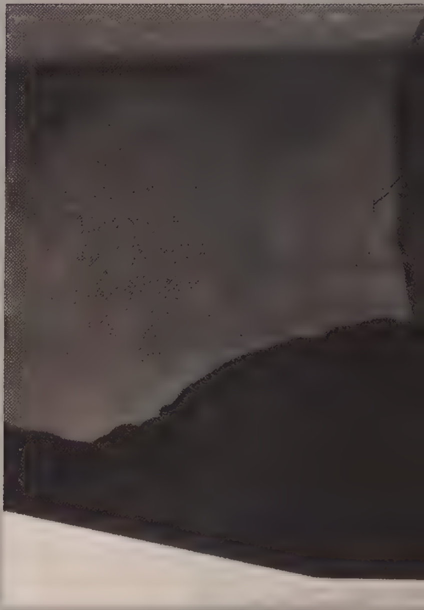


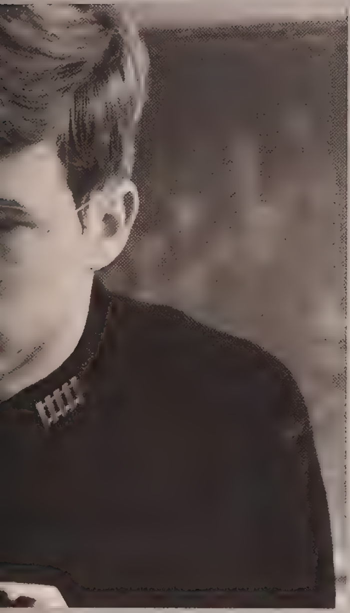


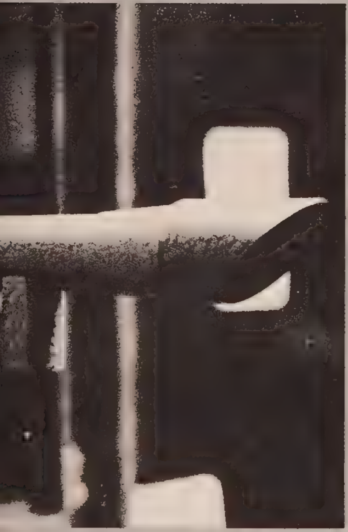


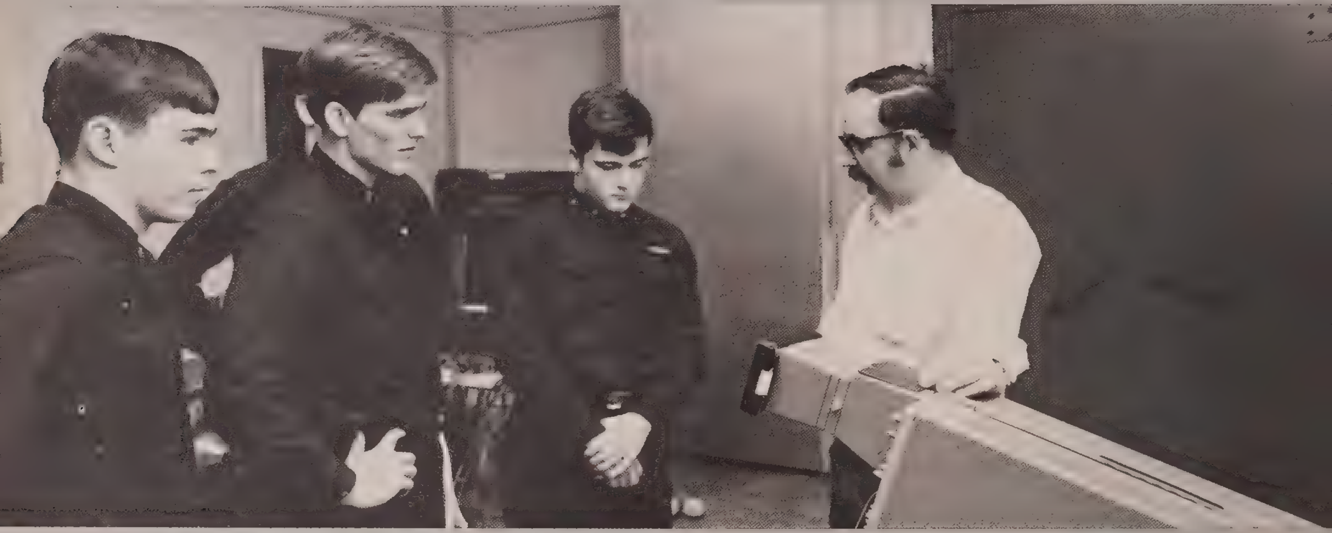


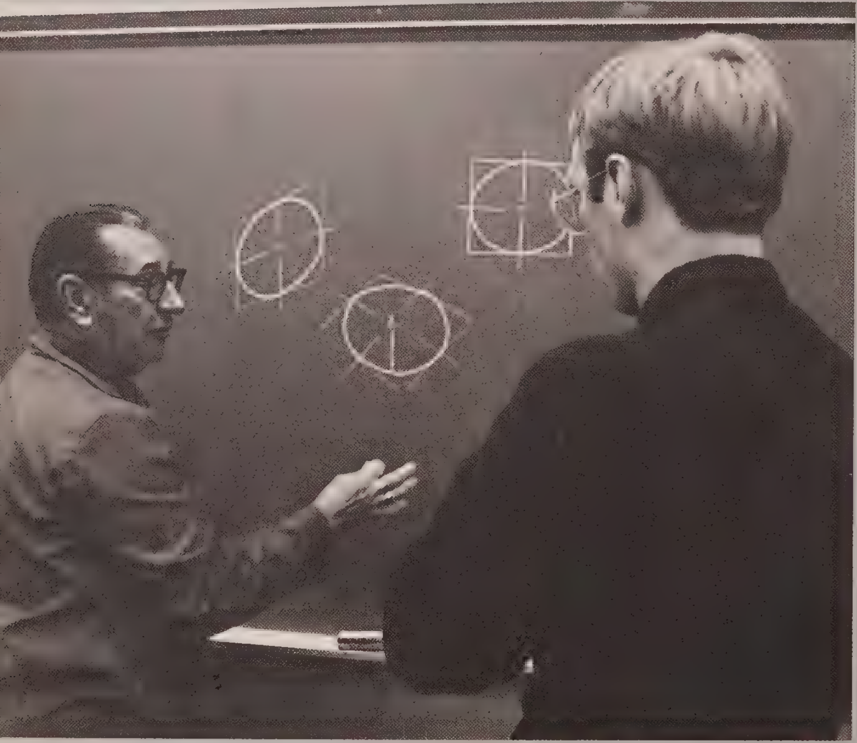

KREITH
BLACK
HEAT TRANSFER
DESIGN OF
MACHINE ELEMENTS



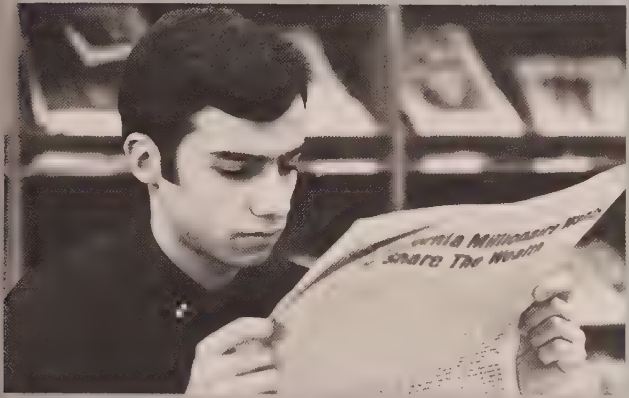


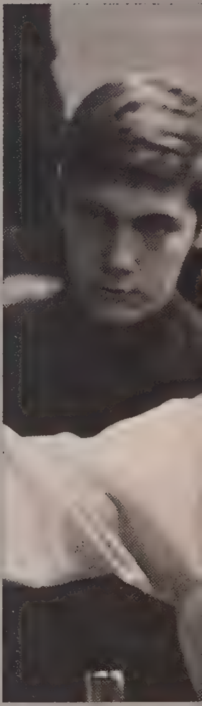


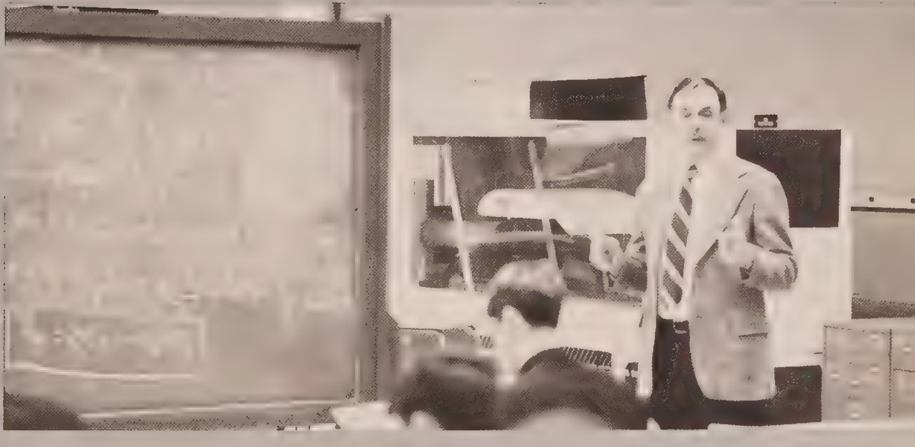


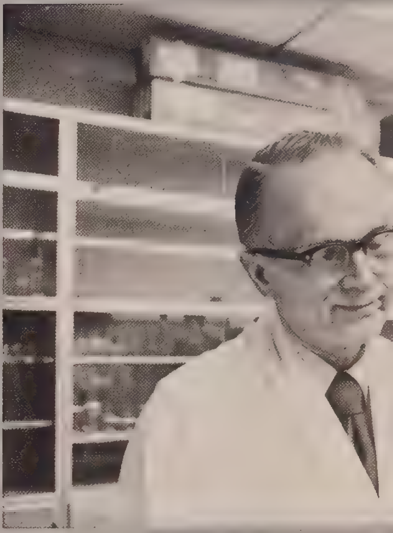


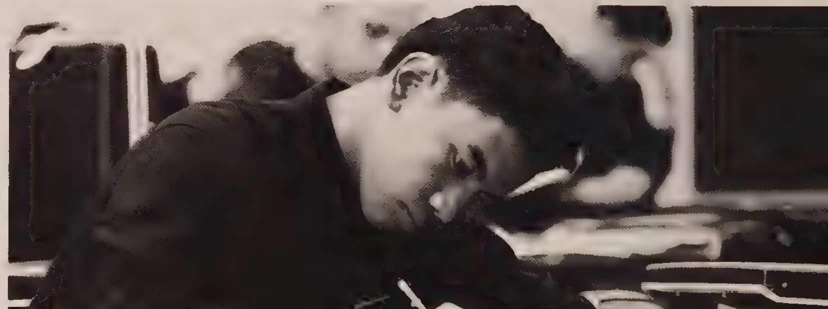
Annapolis is a good school. The faculty are top notch and seeing them in action proves it. How many times have you walked out of a prof's office a little semester and just a bit amazed that the man knows it all? Just sitting and talking with the profs makes one feel worthy. They care. And they come from everywhere. We have marines, aviators, nuclear engineers, JAG's, civilian professors and many other professionals. The perspective a midshipman gains is broad. The experience brought to us is vast. Perhaps no other school in the nation has such a diverse and dedicated faculty and staff as we have.

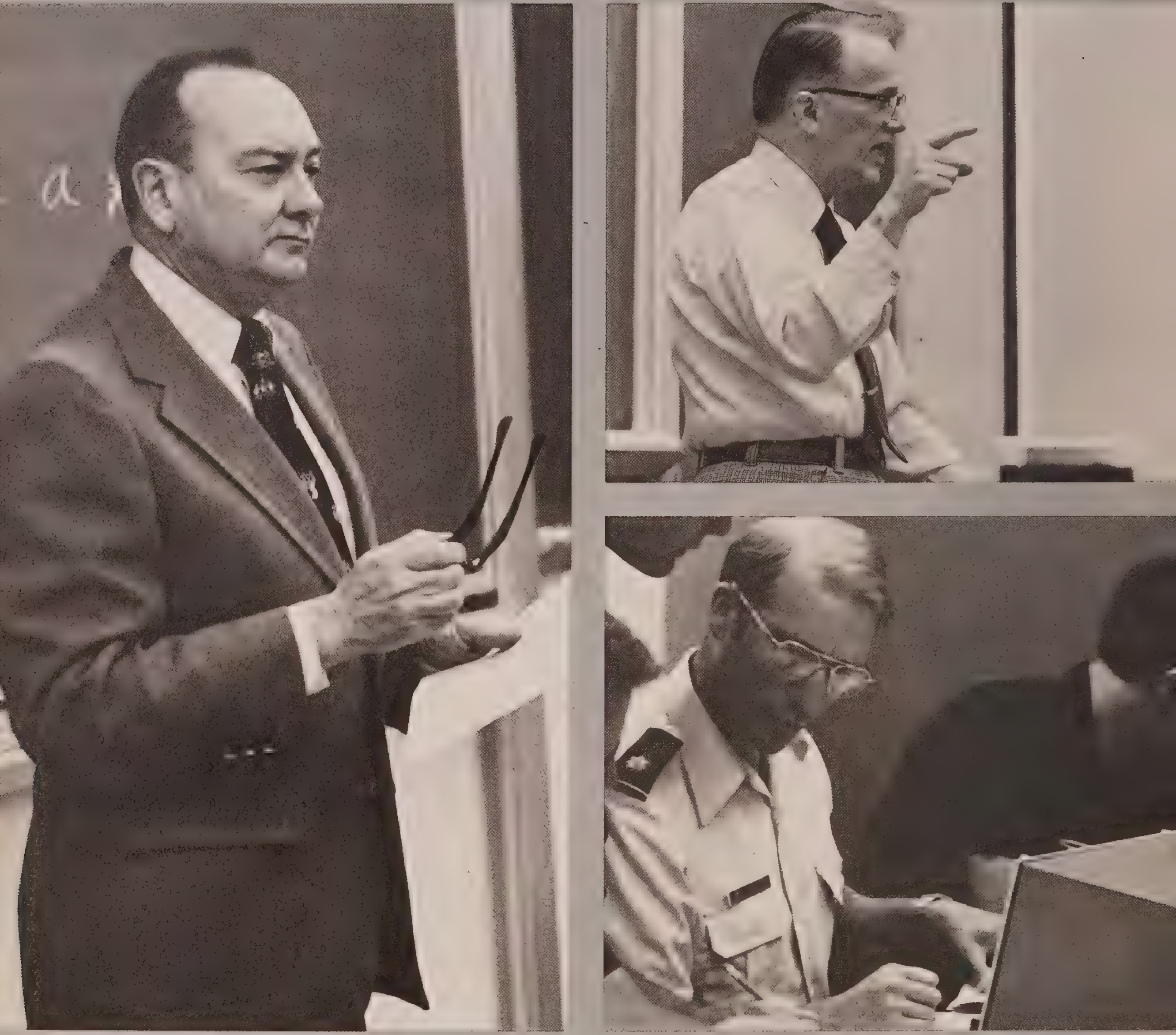

rnia Millionaire
Share The Wealth

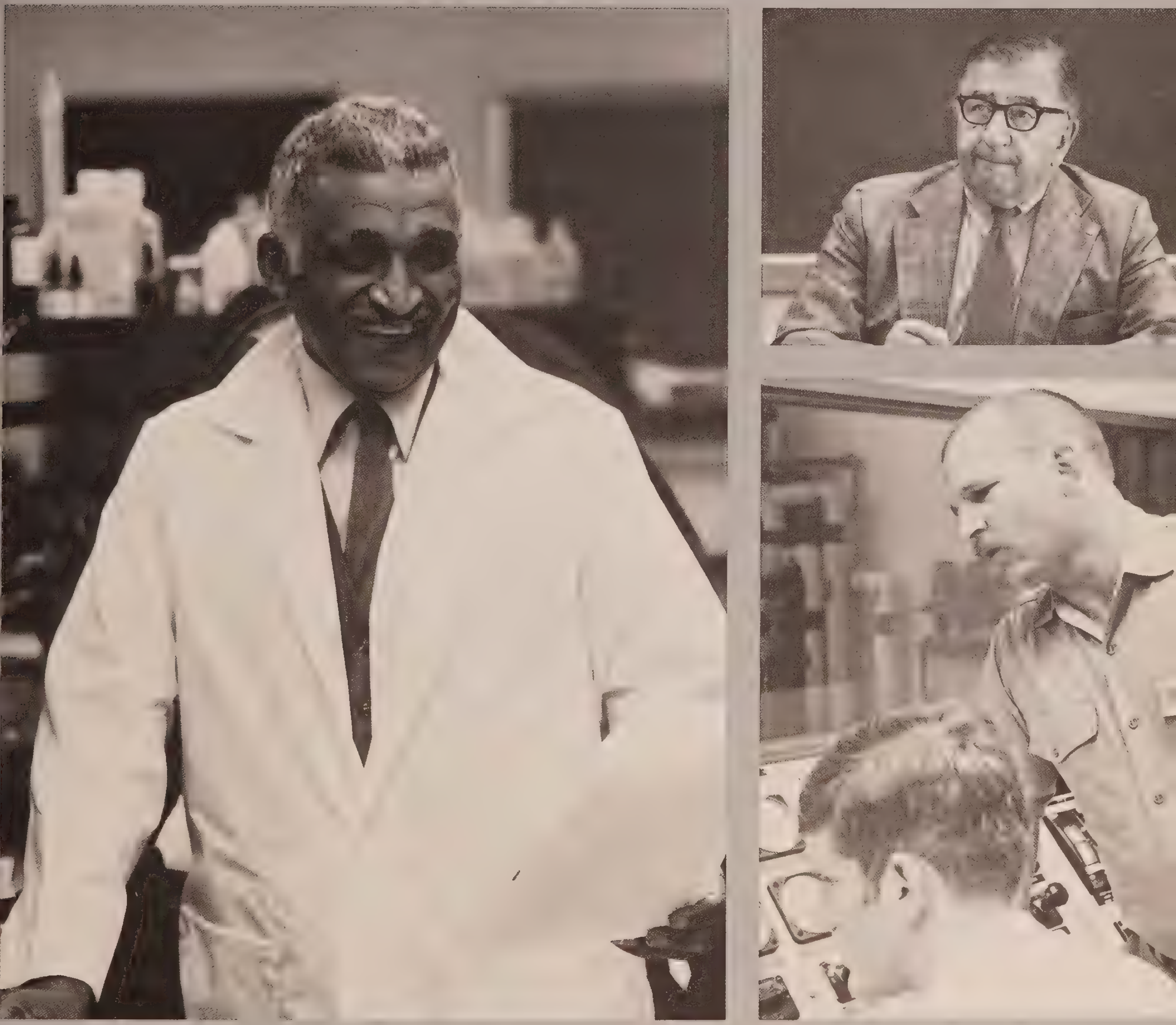


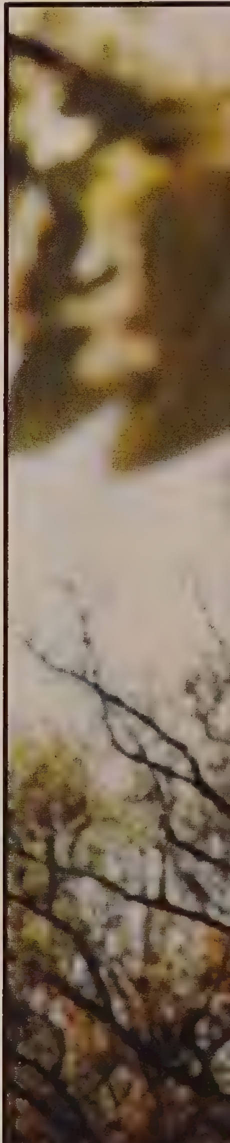


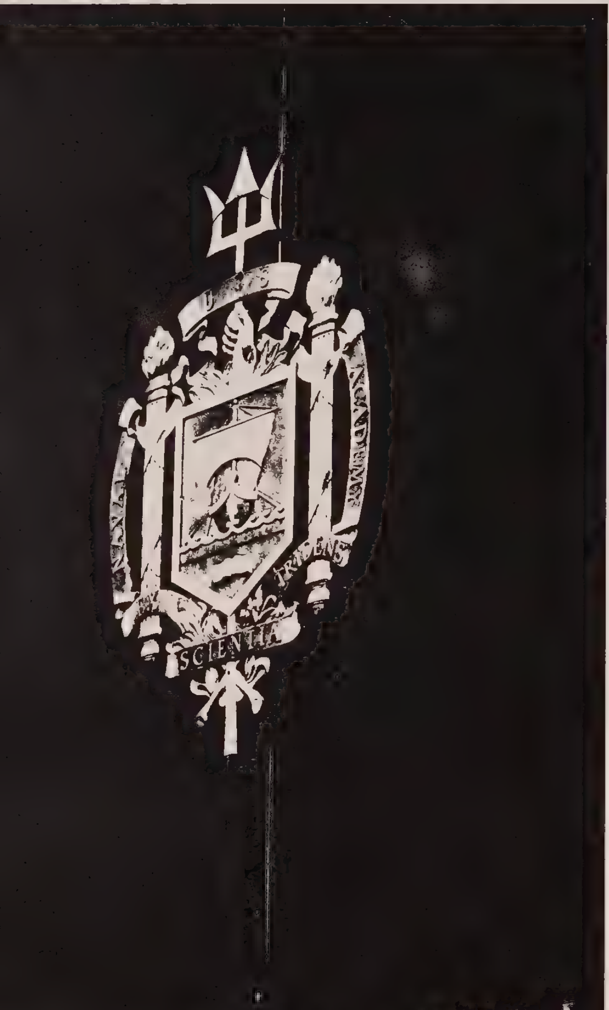








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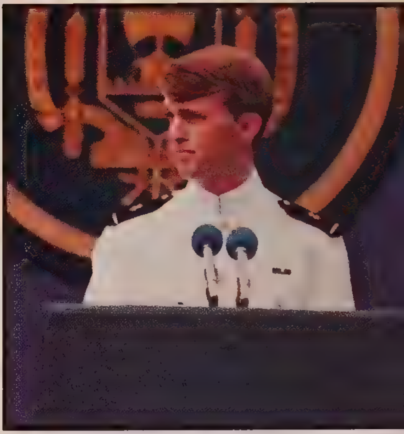

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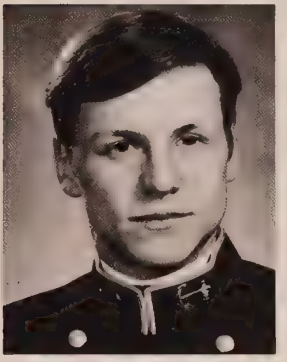
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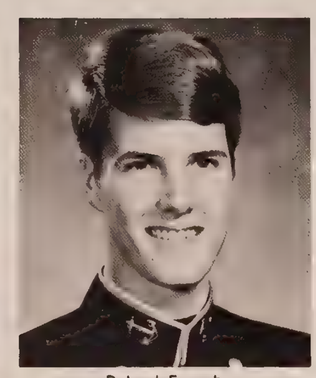
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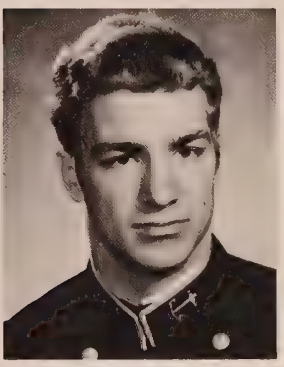
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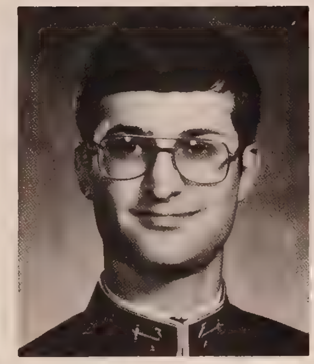
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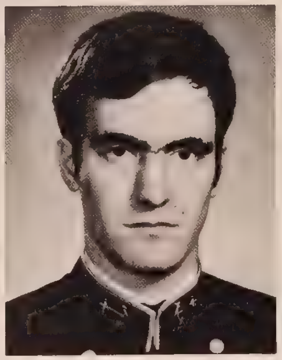
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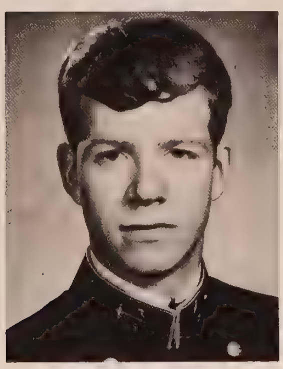
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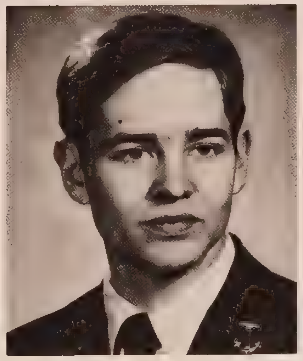
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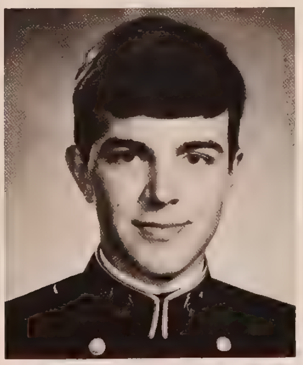
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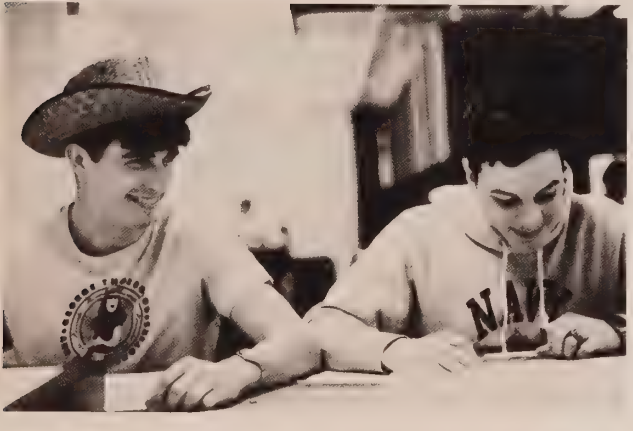

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There are so many people who contributed to the 1981 Lucky Bag that the staff could not mention everyone, however, there are some people whose help was invaluable.

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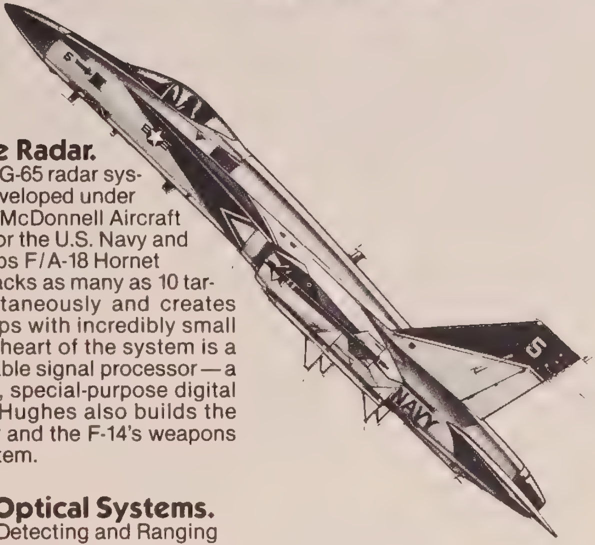
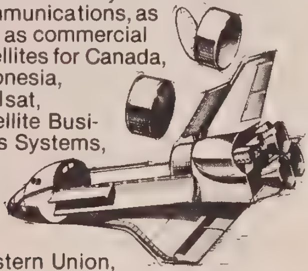
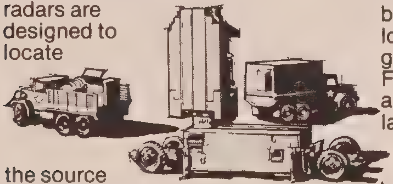


Spacecraft. Leasat, the first satellite designed specifically for launch from NASA's Space Shuttle, will provide worldwide telecommunications services to the U.S. Department of Defense beginning in 1982. Hughes also developed Marisat for Navy fleet communications, as well as commercial satellites for Canada, Indonesia, Intelsat, Satellite Business Systems, Western Union, and telephone companies. In addition, Hughes builds weather satellites and scientific spacecraft for NASA.

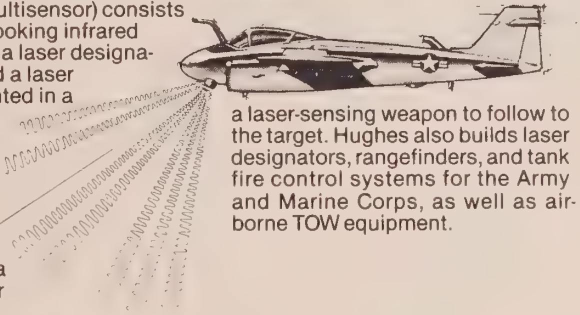


Defense Systems. The U.S. Army's Firefinder radars are designed to locate the source of enemy weapons fire. The AN/TPQ-36 was developed for mortar shells, the TPQ-37 for long-range artillery fire. Related Hughes programs include NATO's NADGE network, the Joint Surveillance System for North America, air defense systems, consoles, shipboard defense systems, sonar systems, and torpedo electronics.

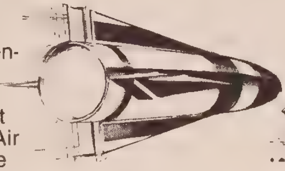


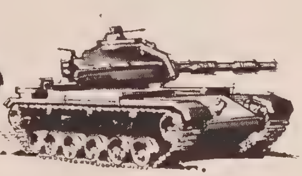
Airborne Radar. The AN/APG-65 radar system was developed under contract to McDonnell Aircraft Company for the U.S. Navy and Marine Corps F/A-18 Hornet fighter. It tracks as many as 10 targets simultaneously and creates ground maps with incredibly small detail. The heart of the system is a programmable signal processor — a high-speed, special-purpose digital computer. Hughes also builds the F-15's radar and the F-14's weapons control system.

Electro-Optical Systems. The TRAM Detecting and Ranging Set is carried by the U.S. Navy's A-6E Intruder. TRAM (Target Recognition Attack Multisensor) consists of a forward-looking infrared (FLIR) sensor, a laser designator-ranger, and a laser receiver mounted in a precision-stabilized turret. Once the bombardier locates a target on the FLIR, he aims and locks on a laser beam for a laser-sensing weapon to follow to the target. Hughes also builds laser designators, rangefinders, and tank fire control systems for the Army and Marine Corps, as well as airborne TOW equipment.



Missiles. The television-guided Maverick missile was built for the U.S. Air Force for use against ground targets like bunkers, tanks, and radar or missile sites. Two new guidance systems are being developed — an imaging infrared seeker and a laser-seeking system. Equally vital Hughes missile systems include Phoenix, TOW, and U.S. Roland.





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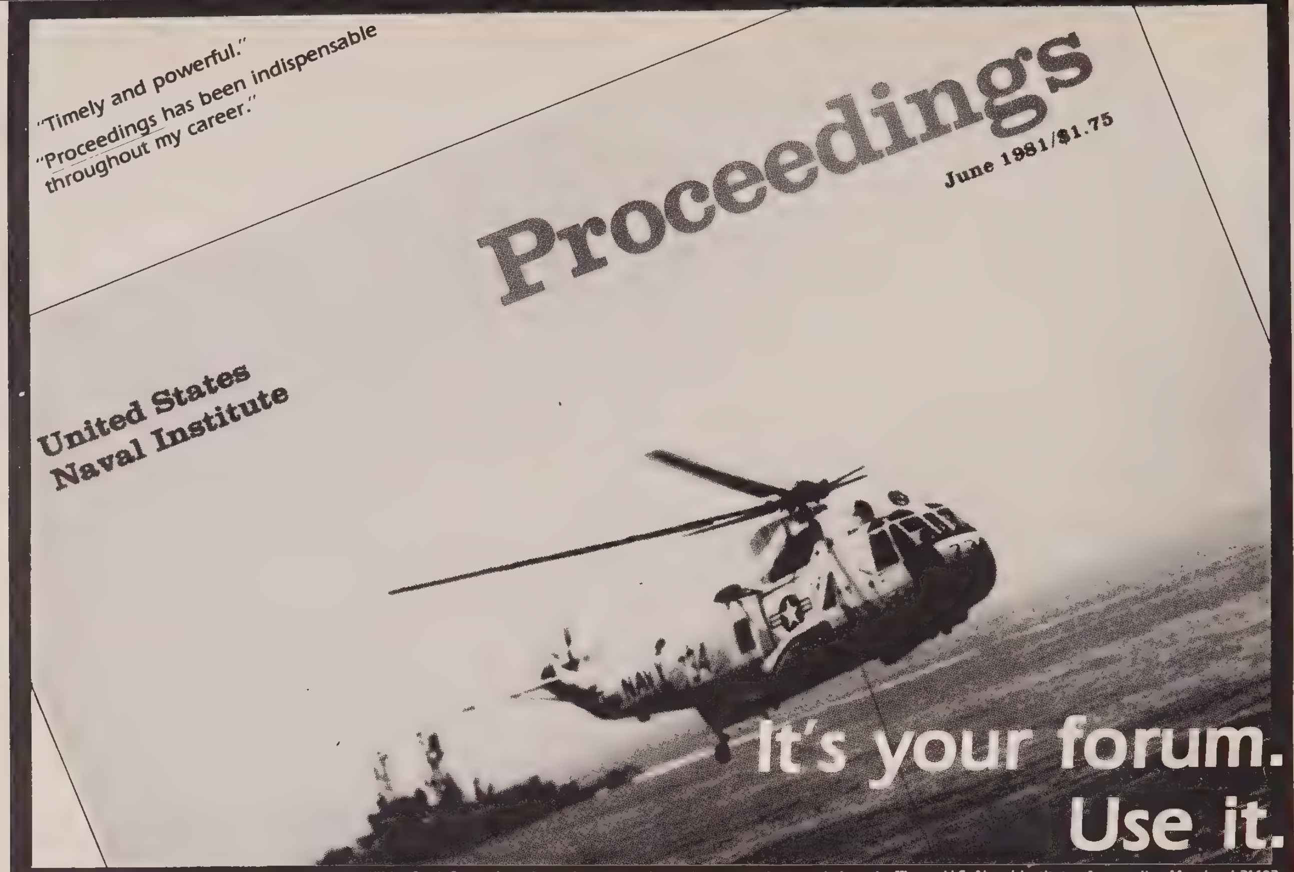
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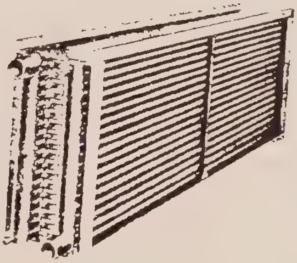

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Congratulations 14th Co. The Haugens.

To our Grandson, Chris Kuran, with loving pride on this special day, we wish life's richest blessings.

With immense pride, abundant love and enormous respect, we wish the Polish Prince success and fulfillment in the exciting years ahead. We'll always be your loyal subjects. Dad, Mom, and Melanie.

Congratulations to Chuck French for a job well done. We love you. Mom, Dad, Jeanne, Greg, and Cheryl.

Love and Congratulations to Jim Shannon. May calm seas, soft winds and God's love always be with you. Take care! Dad, Mom, Kevin, Rick, Maureen and Jerry.

Congrats Class of 81. Vaya Con Dios. The Van Baush Family.

To Ensign Kevin Haney '81 Congratulations on your graduation and acceptance into the noble profession of arms. God bless you and all of your classmates in the service of the Republic. Love Mom, Dad, John, Dennis, and Lori.

To the 33rd of '81 From the Boyces of '57 We've mightly enjoyed being a part of these great four years with all of you guys. It's gone all too fast for us if not for you. We admire your success and send our best regards to you as you join the fleet. Don't hesitate to pull a liberty with us anytime. Heyward and Ann Boyce

Mark, Many start, Fewer finish. You hung in. Mom & Pop are proud of you.

Congratulations to Richard (Mags) Magners, Mike (Fuji) Fagan and the rest of the gang in 22nd Co. From Schtakie and Michele.

With love, pride and admiration we congratulate Scott Sutherland. We have the distinct honor of being your Mom, Dad and Sister.
May the best you've ever seen
Be the worst you'll ever see;
May you aye be just as happy,
As we wish you now to be!

Congratulations 2/LT Mike Guinn, USMC. One big accomplishment on your road to many. Love, Mom & Dad.

Michael G. Kula Your Mother was very proud of you as we all are. Dad, Walter, James, Theresaann.

Congratulations Debbie Bauersfeld! All our love always, Mom and Dad.

John, Congratulations to you & our adopted sons, Dave & "Napoleon". May ourlove & The Lord travel with you always. Mom & Dad Keenan

Congratulations Ted Studwell, Love Mom, Dad, Ruth, Lois, Carl, Chris & Lynn

Matthew F. McLaughlin Congratulations from Mom, Dad, your five sisters and your four brothers. We saved the best for last.

Congratulations Daniel M. McElroy!
We're all proud of you.
God Bless you!
Navy Air-The Elite!!
Love, Mom, Dad, Terry, Princess, Erwin, Omar, and the rest of your friends and relatives

To Klink, Fuzz, the 25th and all those who made the Md.-Fla. run sail smooth. Fly high - the best is yet to come. Love Mom, Dad, Robin, Laura, Joanne, David, Richard, Kate, Karen, Billy and Yeags.

Dennis Sawyer, With Loving Pride, Congratulations! May God always be with you as you travel along life's pathway. We wish you and the class of 1981 smooth sailing in all of your future endeavors. We Love You! Mom, Dad, Barry and all of your loved ones . . . .
Congratulations! Rhonda and Billy.

With loving pride we congratulate Ensign Jeffery R. Gonzales may you always be God's co-pilot. God bless you. Love ya, Mom, Dad, Sandi.

To 2nd Lt. Mark Stolzenberg - USMC You've got the "RIGHT STUFF". Love, Space Mom & Old Man

To 29 Company, Class of '81
Let's party!
Love, Ma & Pa "Stolz"

Hurrah for you Steve Hampton! Hurrah for the 5th Co. too! Best wishes always All the family.

Congratulations Jeff Upchurch FOR A JOB WELL DONE Thanks for sharing these four years with us, and thanks 2nd Company (Marcos) for Army-Navy Weekend 1980. Love, Mom & Dad.

Congratulations to David Burton and 30th Company - From Mr. & Mrs. Burton and Ruthie

With heartfelt pride we salute you
Ensign Patrick Foster Seidel
We share your achievements and joy May you find success and happiness in all you do. We love you Pat!!!
Skip, Bobbi, Daddy and Moo.

Midshipman Howard M. Lock '81
31st Co. USNA
Annapolis, MD 21412

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Schonheit joins Mom, Dad, and Alan in congratulating our Dave.

Dear Son: Congrats! We knew you would make it! Thanks for all the blessings you have given us. Go Marines! Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and love to Mike Wilson from Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Mike Wilson on the sea of life may you always have smooth sailing. Love Aunt Billie and Nana.

Congratulations Trinora! Best Wishes in your future endeavors!

Good Luck Ensign James C. Maguire & Class of '81 Love Mom & Michael.

Congratulations to Jim Galanie and fellow 1981 graduates of 36th Co. From Mr. and Mrs. Charles Galanie, Val and John.

We knew you would make it in spite of swimming tests. Congratulations and Best Wishes to Jason L. Kessel for a long and happy Naval Career. Love Always, Mom and Dad.

BEAT ARMY! Ben, Leslie Hein-Tina too.

Congratulations to our Son Ensign E. A. Estrada. From Mom and Dad. Congratulations from your brothers and sisters; Ramon Estrada; Mr. and Mrs. Cris Estrada; Carmen and Sons; Mr. and Mrs. Salvador Rios; 2nd LT and Mrs. Albert Estrada USMC; and ET22SS Larry Estrada, USN.

God's Blessings to Eddy Schneider and Co. 22 from all The Schneiders.

To the youngest member of the 1981 class, welcome to the club! We are proud of you. Love, 06 and D7.

Richard L. Metheny, Jr. We Congratulate you with pride, honor, and much love. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Bruce Angell!
Fly Navy/Fly High!
Love always Dad, Mom, Didu & Gaga.

Best of luck to our Godchild Bruce Love Aunt Dot & Buckle My Jim.

Congratulations Ens Dave Robertson Thanks for a memorable four years and for being all that you are with love and pride.
Mom, Dad and Wendy.

Congratulations, Marine!
We are proud of you.
Mom, Dad, Lucas, Gregory, John.

Congratulations to John Dean for a job well done.
Love, Mom, Dad and Lynne.

Congrats Andy Dickinson, Navy's best hockey goalie. Love Mom, Dad, & J.

Congratulations Ensign Tim Burke. You did it your way. May you never lose sight of your dreams and, God willing, may all your dreams come true. We are so very proud of you. Love, Mother & Dad.

Congratulations
MIDN Russell Scott
Well Done
Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Ken Aiman 22nd Co 4 yrs behind you, a lifetime ahead. Didn't always agree but always believed. God speed and fly high always - We're so very proud of you Skip! Love Mom, Dad, Lynda, and Grandma, Brett and Button.

Congrats to Gary Bell and men of 36th from the Bells in Waldorf.

Well done Douglas Shawn Reese. May your life be as filled with joy as you have made ours. Love, Mom, Dad Cathy, Genal, Chris, Aimee, Emily.

God bless the Class of 81 and its Lax goalie. All our love, Patrick Mom, Dad, Mike, Matt, Peter, Mary, and Timmy Brannigan.

Congratulations Andy Ratliff as you graduate and wed Kathy. Family.

Congratulations for a job well done to Don, Debbie, Mary, Brent, Mayson and the entire Class of '81 From the Marrins.

Congratulations to John Bitman and the Class of '81. Wishing success in everything you do and happiness throughout your life. With all our love, Mom, Dad, David, Sazz, Nan, Relatives, and Friends.

To Bill and his Spring Crew of the 34th and 36th Co. Good luck and God bless you all. From The Nesselt Family.

Good Luck to the Class of 1981. Capt. and Mrs. Michael A. McBride.

Congratulations to Susan Alison Cowan for a job well done. We are all very proud of you, God speed and smooth sailing in the future. Love, Dad, Mom, and Ellen.

Pat Pepper:
Congratulations to a son who has given us much happiness and of whom we are very proud, Mom & Dad.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Henning

Congratulations Michael and the 8th Company. Well done! The Geoghegan Family.

Congratulations to John H. Beattie From your proud family - We love you.

Another goal successfully met. Congratulations Rod. Love, Mom, Dad, Andy, Ray & Becky.

Dear Todd - May the road rise up to meet you - May the wind be always at your back - And may God hold you in the hollow of his hand - Love and Congratulations. Mom, Dad, Craig, Scot.

Monte R. Newman - Your family congratulates you on graduating from such an elite school. We are truly proud of you. Best wishes to you and the class of '81.

To David - The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step! Love, Your proud Mom and Dad

Congratulations to Doug Heimbach! We are very proud of you. Good Luck from sisters, Sheri, Jill and Carol. The past four years leave unforgettable friends and memories. Love always, Mom, Dad and Grandma.

Congratulations Jeffry L. Edgar!! Prayers are answered and dreams come true; You're 4.0 with this crew! Love, Mom, Dad, Mark, Lisa, Et Al.

Congratulations to Rick Roberts of 23 Co! Good luck at Pensacola. With loving pride from the families of Roberts, Lecesne, Damaske, Noreau.

Brad, We are proud of you. Semper Fi Love, Mom, Dad, and Barbara.

John Henry Davis
God gave us quality clay,
We gave Navy a well turned urn.
Navy fired it, glazed it,
and fired it again.
You are that vessel,
To carry fire to melt the sword
of a vengeful enemy.
To carry water to slake the
thirst of a hopeful world.
Love, Mom and Dad.

A salute to Glenn Ziegler and the Mids of 13th Company - Who made our tail-gate parties super!! With our love, Dad, Mom, and Wayne.

To a rare son for a job well done. Congratulations, Nick, From Dad, Mom, Grandmother, Tom, Andy, Peg, Fetneh, Coco, Sadaka and Jeepers.

John Hetrick - We never doubted! Congratulations & love from all.

Ted: Best Wishes, Maryann and Chuck.

Good Luck, Chevy. Luv - Diana and Dobe.

Congratulations Teddy. Aunt Zora.

Congratulations to Ted. We are so proud of you - On land or in the air Love — Mom and Dad — Toozy and Guppy The Wirginis Family.

Good Luck Bob Murtha. We love you. Dad, Mom, Brian, and Cassandra.

Bookends Time it was and what a time it was . . . Long ago . . . Have a photograph. Preserve your memories . . . . . . Our memories with love Geo. and Florann From home to Wm. Burnett.

Well Done, Class of '81! Fred C. Garza & Family (Mike-23rd CO).

Ensigns Eric Massa & Snoopy "Nothing makes a prince so much esteemed as great enterprises and setting a fine example." Dad & Mom.

Our hearts swell with pride as the Grads of 15 Co pass in review with a great girl, our Noreen. God bless you and your careers. Smooth sailing! Mom and Dad McQuade and Family.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to Timothy Jarman. We are very proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad and Alex.

"Happy sailing to whatever you wish to do." Mom and Dad.

Howard Menger signs 1160 S. Dixie Vero Beach, Fla. Howard & Connie M. Congratulate their son, Eric Menger on his graduation from USNA. May God be his constant companion.

Felicitamos a la promocion de '81! Les deseamos un mar tranquilo y un clima serena. La Familia Gallegos.

Congratulations and Best Wishes to the Class of '81 from the family of Michael G. Mayer 36th Co. We love you Mike. From Tim, Laura, Lisa, Kerry, and Mom.

Congratulations David Foster. We're very proud of you! Proverbs 3:5,6. Love, Dad, Mother, Margie, Don & Cindy, Kathy, Grandmothers and Sport.

Congratulations and best wishes for future success and happiness to our son, Doug Weatherford. Col. and Mrs. E. Weatherford USMC and Scott.

Mabuhay! Lauro Agill Jr You came a long way. With love and pride from Mom, Dad, Jackie, Van, Cindy, Jocelyn & Their Families & Kins.

Congratulations to our son, Steve Metz, Well done! From Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Tim McLarney! We are proud of your accomplishments. Good luck with the Marines! Mom & Dad.

Congratulations to 2nd Lt. Mike Porter We are very proud of your accomplishment Love Dad, Mom, Michele, Rick, and Brian.

Congratulations Pat and 19th Co. Capt. and Mrs. Donovan.

With pride, love and happiness, we congratulate Ensign Doug Stewart. God bless you. Mom, Dad, Barb, Fred. To our Co 31 friends - not to worry.

Mochail - Congratulations and well done on 4 long years of hard work! Best of luck in your future career in the CEC. We're all very proud of you! Love Always, Your Family.

Congratulations Kenny! Good job! Mom, Stew, Lynn, Pat, Earl, Kathy.

Congratulations and smooth sailing to the class of 81, to 05 Company, and our son Art Scrivener.
The Scriveners.

Midshipman Thomas Hoffman '81 We are all very proud of you. . . . Mom . . . Dad . . . Jim . . . Larry . . .

Congrats Ens. Hubal. Love, Mom & Dad.

Best Wishes to the USNA Class of 1981. Doug and Eloise Payne.

Midshipman Alma Lau '81
32nd Co. USNA
Aloha! Alma - Hawaii's 1st gal Midn.
We are proud of you
God bless and be with you always.
Love, Sis, Mom, and Dad

To David Wagner - The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step! Love, Proud Mom and Dad.

Good Luck to all our friends in the 5th Co. - The J D Berry's.

Best Wishes to the class of 1981
Mr. & Mrs. Milton F. Barton & Kim.

Congrats Roberto Garcia, Mom & Paul.

The O'Flaherty clan salutes Kevin.

Joel Michael Anderson, 5th Co. You dared to dream your dream now it's coming true. May the spirit of America burn as bright as our love, pride, and joy does for you.
Mom and all your family.

ENS. Jeff Castleton you have the "Right Stuff" and we are all so proud. Now is indeed the "End of the Beginning" Congrats from Mom - Dad - Connie - Bob - Both Grandmas and all. PS, Thanks for the boat and the Audi.

With loving pride to our only son and brother, Jeff Brandt. Mom, Dad, Carol, Susan, Laura, Erika, Patty.

What a shot what a shooter Allen Wencl We are proud of you. Mom, Dad, Cindy, and Family.

Don Seybold - You made it son, It's no surprise - We believed. The man you are, brings pride - We believed. It's been tough, reaching your goal we know you worked hard. We knew you'd succeed, for as we believed we knew you did too. With Love - Mom.

Congratulations David John Tallon. Our love and admiration to the finest son, brother, grandson and nephew we could ever have. God bless. Mom, Dad, Robb, Weko, Grams.

Proud of you Phil — Antonino Family.

Congratulations to Stephen Zirkle. We are proud of you. Best wishes for a successful naval career. Love, Mom, Dad, Brothers & Sisters.

Midshipman Mark T. Mulligan
Mark - With your combination of intelligence & integrity you will help make the world a better place than you found it.
With love and pride,
Mom, Cyn, and Diane.

To Mark, Best wishes for a happy and fulling life and career. Love, Aunt Helen.

Congrats Mark. Mom, Dad, Cary, Tamara.

To Ensign Bob Womer, First Company: A Tare Victor George from both ends of the Pacific. You made us all proud. Love, Mom and Dad.

Philip Skopek 6th Co. Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Skopek thank the Academy personnel who have helped the class of 81 in their goal. May God bless the graduates and our son Philip in their service to our country.

Best wishes Peter and Ina, in the years to come, Love, Mom and Dad.

Mark, We are very proud of you. Mom, Dad, Jay, and Grandparents.

Congratulations Ens. Craig Pruden Fly Navy, We're proud of you - Love, Mom, Dad, Glenn, Barbara and Lucky.

Congratulations to Jim Roberts! We are proud of you, God bless and be with you always, Love, Mom, Dad, Betty, Bobby, Artie, and Teresa.

Congratulations to Butch Davis. "Proud" is an understatement! Knew you'd come up a winner, smooth sailing from here on. Love Mom, Dad, Bunni, Marc, Gran, Papa.

Congratulations! Jim Unger!
Be proud and happy!
God watch over you always!
Love, Mom & Dad

Mark D. Patton AF 21 NAVY 20
Congratulations!
David L. Patton Brig. General USAF.

Congratulations Jim Bender, USMC. We are proud of you Mom, Dad & Brice.

Robert Sager, We proudly congratulate you on your success! Mom, Dad, Steve and Sam.

"May the wind be always at your back . . . May God hold you in the palm of his hand." Thank you, John for an accomplishment that fills us with joy, Love, and pride. Mom, Dad, The Girls, and A. W.

Well Done, David Mutzabaugh! Congratulations from Dad, Mom, Karen, and Rick.

J. Rock - Way to go!!
Congratulations Omedeto! Its smooth sailing now. We're real proud of you - Mom, Ann, Bob, Dr. K. Kadowaki & "The Rock."

Ina Gomez 14th Co.
Congratulations! We wish you and Peter the greatest possible success and happiness. With all our love, Ben and Rose.

Congratulations Ensign Don Ross! We're so proud of you! Our love and prayers go with you wherever you go. Dad, Mom, Dan, Ramona, Marisa, Aunt Rosie, Grandpa, and Grandma.

Good Luck & God Bless you, Gene. We have been very proud of you. Mom, Dad, Dave, Lynne, Laura & Tim.

Neil Hogg, 20th Company. Congratulations! We are so proud of you. Love, Mum, Dad, and Janice.

Congratulations Greg Nosal & classmates. Good Luck & God Bless you in your climb to the stars. Love, Your proud Family - Mom, Dad, Mark, Paul, Tod.

Congratulations & Smooth Sailing Class of 81. Mr. & Mrs. Frank Armstrong.

Congratulations to a Dynamite Mid Blast off to a great future, Jim. Family & Crew Ahlgrimm Explosives

Congratulations to Jay and the firsties of Co. 23. From, Jim and Gail Hudson

Way to go, Ken Liss, Ex-BBB. You always knew you'd make it. Congratulations and all our love. Now onward and upward with all of us cheering you on.
Mom, Dad, Le, Michael and Soxy

Congratulations and smooth sailing to the entire Class of 1981. We will always be proud of you. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gallo and Family.

Ensign James Bradley Jones you did it your way. God Bless and protect you. Love, Mom, Bob, Ronna, Lori, Lucas, and Faithful Tubby and Puff Puff.

Congratulations David Carty. We are very proud of you. Love, Your Family.

Congratulations Midshipman Larioza Good Luck & Best Wishes. We love ya.

Midshipman Thomas Hartline '81. We are proud of your achievements. May your head be in the clouds as you *Shuttle* thru life. Mom, Dad & Deb.

God Speed and Happy Landings, David Gilliland, Love Mom, Dad & Donna.

Well done John.
May you have smooth seas and following winds.
Ma and Pa Clay

Ensign David M. Judy
Knew you could, knew you would! Much love and pride, Mom and Dad.

Ensign Greg Denkler - Nice Save! Though the games may be over remember that our cheers go on. Love from your proud Mom and Dad.

You've come a long way Johnny! Congratulations! Ris, Jojo & KK.

To Stuart Swetland and the Class of 81, May your future be bright with accomplishments, smooth sailing, hope and love! Mom & Dad.

Congratulations Ben! We're proud of you. Remember, "No man can be a great officer who is not infinitely patient of details . . . " Mr. & Mrs. I. G. Pancho.

If, indeed, people rarely succeed at anything unless they have fun doing it — enjoy yourself, CORY JON GREEN!! Congratulations with your family's expression of love!!

James C. Tanner. From your family The skies the limit, Happy landings Don't forget your umbrella, Chris.

Gregg. Congratulations!!
We're proud of you!!
Love and God Bless
Mom, Dad, Trina, Chet, Sallie.

Bobby - You "light" up our lives - God be with you always, Love from your very proud family. Bolivar, N.Y.

Congratulations Steve Kim! Aloha Nui Loa and smooth flying! Love - Mom, Dad, Andy, Dick, Ron & Tina.

Jeni, You did it with flying colors. Mr. & Mrs. Martin H. Joyce, Jr.

Congratulations Mike McKinnon on a job well done! God Bless and keep you safe. Love, Mom, Dad, and Martin.

Congratulations Ensign Tony Gurnee and the wonderful grads on Co. 30. Harold, Joan & Martha Gurnee & Boney Fuller.

Ensign David Burton, All Germany is proud of you! Helmut Schmidt.

Congratulations Bill, for a job well done, Best Wishes for your future. Mom, Dad, Sister Joy Hlopak.

Now hear this, Who said it couldn't be done? After four years of tears sweat, and prayers the impossible has been accomplished. Another obstacle and another triumph. God Bless the Academy.

Well done, Dave. We are all proud of you. Love and best wishes ever. Mom, Dad, Chris, Michele, Julie.

Ollie, Congratulations for a job well done. God bless. Love Mom & Dad.

Michael D. Hawley, Thanks for making us proud. Mom, Dad & Clan.

Congratulations an Hudson - Best of luck - as always Mom, Dad, Lee & Don.

Congratulations and happy landings to Tom Doyle 25th Co. Mom & Dad.

Midshipman Kirk S. Lippold '81
7th Co. USNA
Annapolis, MD 21412

Midshipman Gregory Rhodes '81
22nd Co. USNA
Annapolis, MD 21412
Midshipman Patricia L. Lasell '81
25th Co. USNA
Annapolis, MD 21412

Captain and Mrs. Max H. Lasell
920 Camino Ricardo
Moraga, CA 94556

To Ens. Chris Cooke, Over a road paved with hard work, sweat, frustration, and memories you made it to the end. Congratulations on this fine achievement. May God watch over you as you fulfill your dream of flight. With Love, Natalie.

Congratulations Ensign Earl Hampton Jr. Best wishes in your future and good luck in Getting your wings. Love Mom, Dad and Hal.

Parents of Richard M. Welch Jr. 81

Congratulations Eric! Keep reaching for the stars! Mom & Dad.

Flights of fancy become flights of reality. Good luck, Naval Airmen. Dick & Janet Armour.

To "our" crew (IV-LT): Congrats on taking the Gaines Cup. Love that white water! Dick & Janet Armour.

To Brad Foreman: We are very proud of you. We love you and our prayers will be with you. Love, The Family.

Congratulations Kenneth Thompson We love you and are proud of you! Love, Mom & Dad.

Congratulations Kenneth Thompson Thanks for making the "Impossible Dream" come true. Love, Gram and Gramps.

Leo, You did it!! We are pleased, honored, congratulate you and wish you continued success as you embark on the voyage to the future! With Love — — — Your Ma and Pa.

Congratulations Jay R. Huston We are proud of you. Good luck in the future. Love Mom, Mark and Lee.

Eric James Lindenbaum 9th Co. Congratulations and well done! Mom, Dad, and Karenlee.

To Michael J. Van Brocklin Congratulations, Mike We are proud of you. Best wishes also To the Class of 1981 The Van Brocklins: Eber, Ellen, Bob, Dorothy, Joan, and Patricia.

Well done, Rick we're proud of you our love and prayers go with you, Mom and Dad, D. J., Moe, Susan, Robert, Cece, and Papa.

Bob Tuefel: SOLID GOLD! Love, Helen, Georgie, Georgia, Dad, Mom, Gram, Family, and Friends.

Ensign Robert M. Cavett - Congratulations - We love you and praise God for His loving care. We are so proud of you - 3 cheers for the Glee Club - Your Family

Good luck and good sailing into the sky Mary Allen Brigden. We're proud of you. Love Mom, Dad, Patrick, Libby, Sara, Jane, Irene, Johnny, Brigid, Billy, and Charles.

Congratulations to Kathy Holt. May God Bless you with smooth sailing. Mom, Dad, Liz, Hank, Nancy — Much Love.

To Daniel Kevin Lyons who hung tight and emerged a real winner and true champion. We love you and are proud of you. Mother, Dad and Family.

From blue waters to blue sky well done my son!
To David Hardesty, 18th Co. We are super proud of you! Mom, Dad, and Steve.

Bravo, Vincent Smarjesse! Look back with pride - forward with confidence God's Blessings. Mom, Dad, Crew & G/G.

Mike, Meg, Pat, Tim, Matt & Mark wish their sister M. K. Tuohey best luck.

Grads of Napster Class of 77 — well done and good luck - Mr. & Mrs. Tuohey.

Congratulations Ensign Bill Drake, 28th Company, on a job well done for yourself and for us. Our love and respect always. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and well done Ens. Pearick. Love Dad, Mom, Cheryl, Michael, Daniel , and Uncle Harold.

Memories of skiing in the Poconos, driving the Z28 with the CB, weekends in Arlington & holidays at Regency. Congratulations Ensign Arndt. Victoria.

With great pride, love and admiration: Congratulations Ensign Craig F. Arndt and our many friends in 15 Company. Continued success and God Bless. We love you, Mom, Dad, Grandma, Ottawa, Denver, Littleton and Lake Worth.

Congratulations Henry Aszklar Jr. From Mom and Dad, George, Nancy.

Congrats Frank Voler - We are proud of you. Good luck always. Our love & prayers - Mama, Tata, John & Grandprts.

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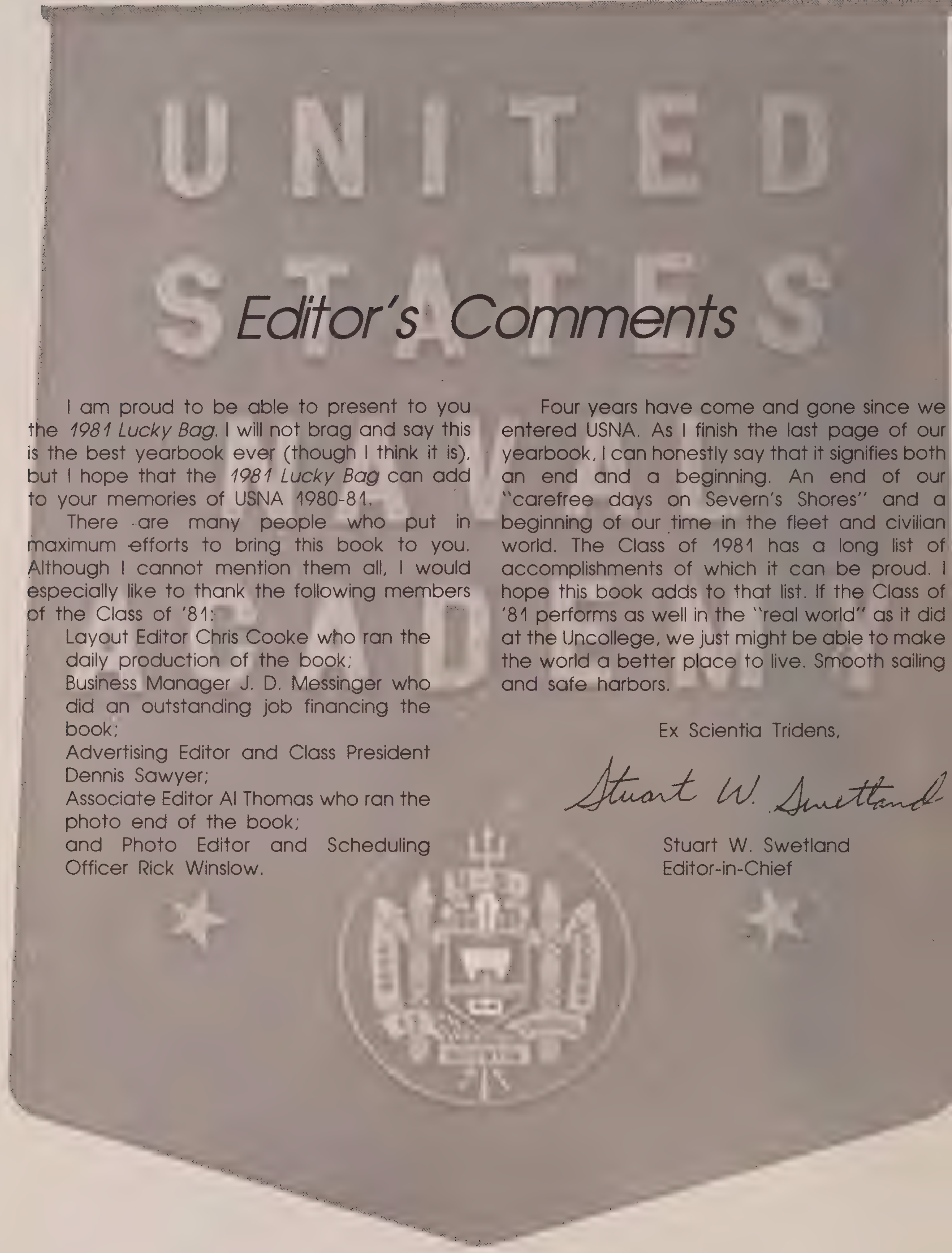

Editor's Comments

I am proud to be able to present to you the *1981 Lucky Bag*. I will not brag and say this is the best yearbook ever (though I think it is), but I hope that the *1981 Lucky Bag* can add to your memories of USNA 1980-81.

There are many people who put in maximum efforts to bring this book to you. Although I cannot mention them all, I would especially like to thank the following members of the Class of '81:

Layout Editor Chris Cooke who ran the daily production of the book;
Business Manager J. D. Messinger who did an outstanding job financing the book;
Advertising Editor and Class President Dennis Sawyer;
Associate Editor Al Thomas who ran the photo end of the book;
and Photo Editor and Scheduling Officer Rick Winslow.

Four years have come and gone since we entered USNA. As I finish the last page of our yearbook, I can honestly say that it signifies both an end and a beginning. An end of our "carefree days on Severn's Shores" and a beginning of our time in the fleet and civilian world. The Class of 1981 has a long list of accomplishments of which it can be proud. I hope this book adds to that list. If the Class of '81 performs as well in the "real world" as it did at the Uncollege, we just might be able to make the world a better place to live. Smooth sailing and safe harbors.

Ex Scientia Tridens,

Stuart W. Swetland

Stuart W. Swetland
Editor-in-Chief

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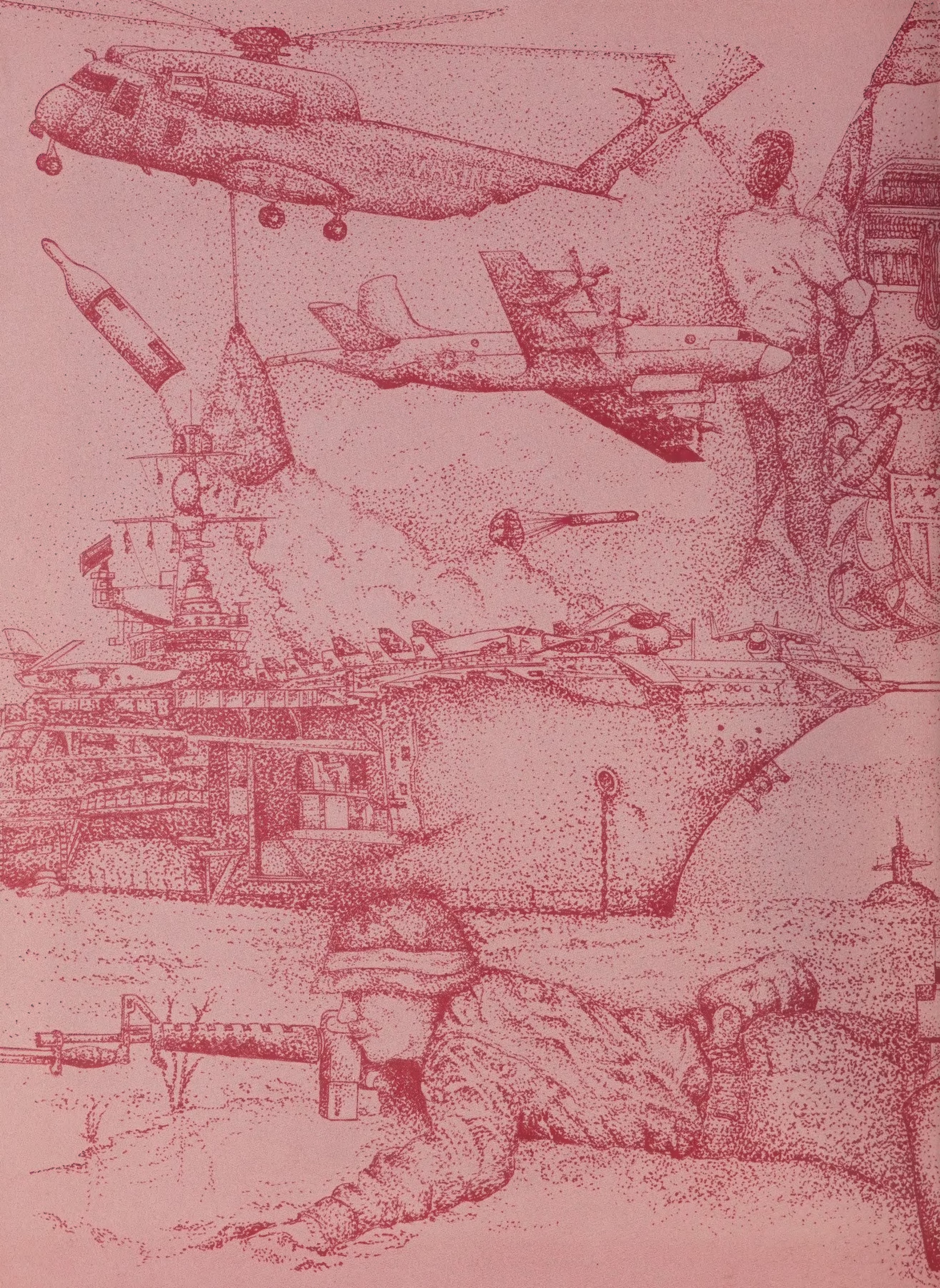

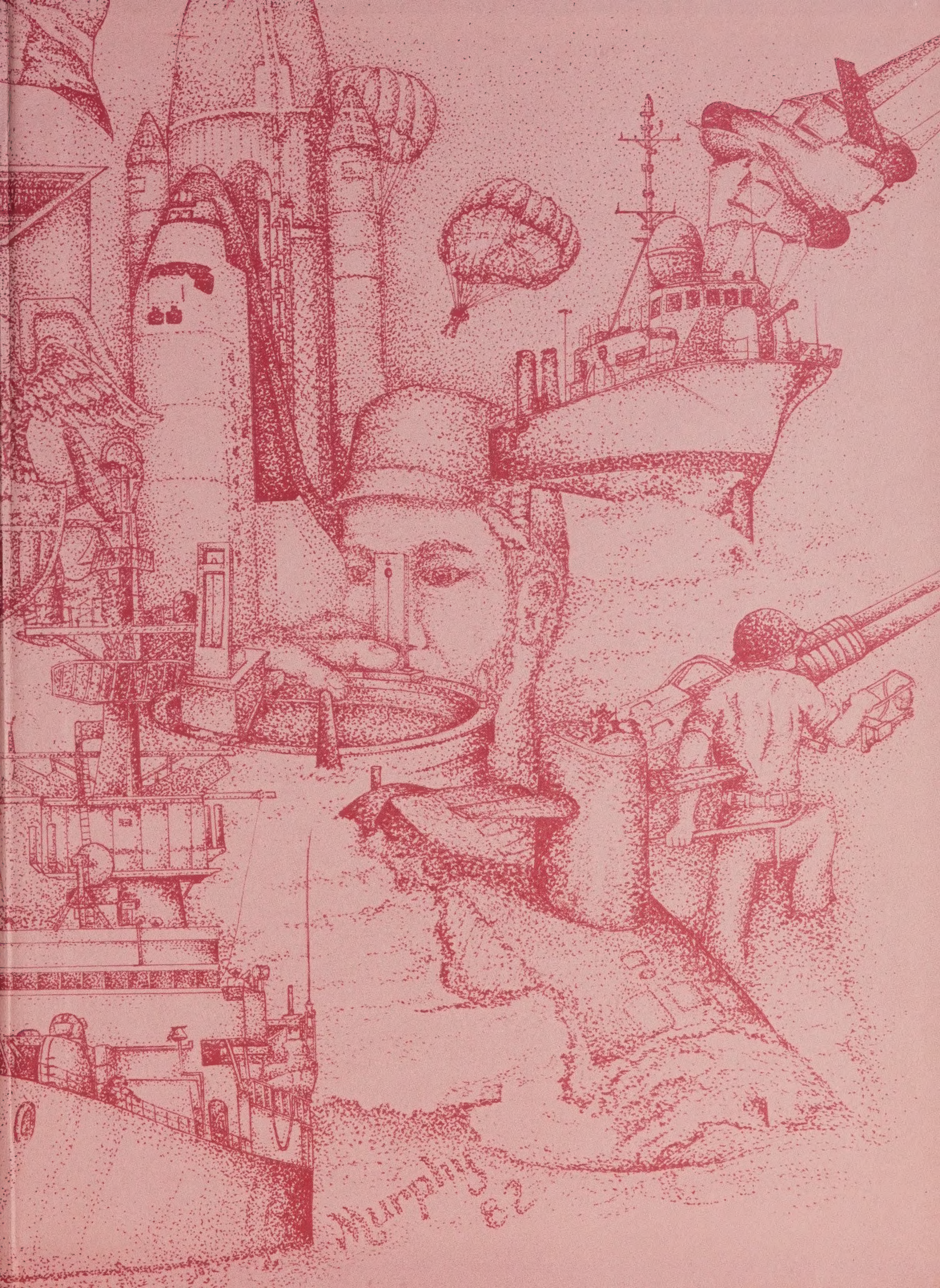
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